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Song.

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DOES Pity give, tho' Fate denies,  
And to my wounds her balm impart ;  
O speak ! with those expressive eyes ;  
Let one low sigh escape thine heart.

The gazing croud shall never guess  
What anxious, watchful love can see ;  
Nor know what those soft looks express,  
Nor dream that sigh is meant for me.

Ah ! words are useless, words are vain,  
'Tis thy gen'rous sympathy to prove ;  
And well, that sigh, those looks explain,  
That Clara mourns my hapless love.

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