

## THE STRUGGLE.

A THOUSAND sighs that bursting rise,  
 Bid STREPHON here remain,  
 Yet SALLY cried, with woman's pride,  
 Oh ne'er return again.

Awhile to stand, and take her hand,  
 Besought the blooming swain;  
 Away she flies, and thus replies,  
 Oh ne'er return again.

O speak the truth, nor scorn the youth,  
 These struggles are in vain;  
 He goes away, now can you say,  
 Oh ne'er return again.

How dark's the night, he's out of sight,  
 Unheard I'll breath my pain;  
 Ye zephyrs sigh, although I die,  
 Oh ne'er return again.

Nor

Nor e'er reveal how much I feel,  
 In forcing this disdain ;  
 Tho' death should tell I lov'd thee well,  
 Oh ne'er return again.

This wounded heart, that bleeds to part,  
 Was never us'd to feign ;  
 Unmov'd you go, then never know,  
 Oh ne'er return again.