

I never have been false to thee

"I never have been false to thee!"

The heart I gave thee still is thine;
Though thou hast been untrue to me,
And I no more may call thee mine
I've loved, as woman ever loves,

With constant soul in good or ill:—
Thou'st proved, as man too often proves,
A rover, but I love thee still.

Get. think not that my spirit stoops
To bind thee captive in my train—
Love's not a flower, at sunset droops,
But smiles when comes her god again!
Thy words, which fall unheeded now,
Could once my heart-strings madly thrill;
Love's golden chain and burning vow
Are broken—but I love thee still!

Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,
When love dispelled the clouds of care,