The deceived to the Deceiver!

False one! go, deceive another—
Vow to her as once to me;
Be it mine that flame to smother,
Fanned long, so bright, for thee.

He—y! thou hath flung behind thee,
What thou ne'er mayst meet again—
Go—no ties to me shall bind thee,
Though it tears my heart in twain.

Smile thou on—nor heed its bleeding,
Feeling, withering, in its youth;
Grief is on the ruins feeding,
And can better tell the truth

False one! thou one heart hast broken,
Faithful to the very grave;
Death shall prove how truly spoken,
Were the words its fondness gave.

S—e