

The protestations falsely made,
Destroyed his peace on earth.

"If wise my choice, he yet had lived,
His loss I now deplore;
Sad as my own—who may perhaps
A longer time endure.

"To expiate the bitter wrong;
Repent, that light words vain
And lightly spoken, won my love,
Inflicting bitter pain

"On one so noble and so true;
And will he never know,
How I lament his early doom
And my unending woe?"

Earth was a desert evermore;
Unheeded, wealth or pride;
A few more years of splendid grief.
And then the lady died.—