

William Walsh.

But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes ;
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes !

When, in rage, he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep !
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting
That a Love^r forsaken,
A new Love may get ;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set !
And that he could die
Whenever he would ;
But that he could live
But as long as he could !
How grievous soever
The torment might grow ;
He scorned to endeavour
To finish it so !

But bold, unconcerned
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly returned
To his cottage again.
