

## 2D VERSE.

Vainly I woo—to cheat my bosom's sadness, Revel and wine that I may all forget,— Wine-cups and mirth wake not my soul to gladness, While thoughts of her so wildly haunt it yet. Oh! had she lov'd—and loved me but sincerely, I had not been what now I weep to be.—
Oh! had she lov'd—as I lov'd her so dearly, Life had not been all gloom and tears to me.