

The triumph bards in song extol,
 They dying never know.
 Oh glory ! oh glory !
 Who glory's blazoned shrine would seek
 Must tenderness disclaim,
 Not for the sensitive and weak
 The laurel wreath of fame,
 The laurel wreath of fame.
 Ah ! happy he, though glory smile
 With wanton wile to lure,
 From peaceful blessings to beguile,
 In sweet content secure.
 The victor proud may blood deride,
 But bitterness will cling ;
 For glory's mantle cannot hide
 The pangs its horrors bring,
 Can never, never hide
 The pangs its horrors bring.

ROMANCE.

INEZ.

1.

Of my heart, you are truly the master
 It beats in response to your sway,
 At your rage, pit a patting the faster,
 Desiring to love and obey.
 And a tender submission that's owing
 The duty myself I would choose,
 But my tongue its perversity showing
 To answer your plaint doth refuse.

Refrain.—Do not, my own, be prying,
 Do not impatience show,
 Though now I am denying.
 'Tis not for long love so.
 My confiding Pedrillo,
 Doubt deriding Pedrillo,
 Do not impatience show,
 Do not bother me so,
 For its all you will know.

2.

Why my silence should fill you with sadness
 Is certainly strange, why in grief
 To most men 't would mean only gladness,
 From clatter of woman, relief.