

Among the few, whose gen'rous nature  
Has held this hapless being dear,  
Wilt thou, ELVIRA, gentlest creature,  
Say, wilt thou drop one pitying tear?

Yes, pity in thy bosom pleading,  
Shall dim with tears those sparkling eyes,  
When chance, thy heedless footsteps leading,  
Shall bring thee where thy lover lies.---

Each gayer thought awhile suspended,  
A sigh shall own his hard, hard lot;  
His truth and love be then commended,  
His num'rous failings then forgot.---

F I N I S.