

These joys, alas, are o'er!—I now must fly,
And at Akkoo-lee, or lone Noo-wook,* die."

SHE—"Ah! do not leave me, Too-loo-a-ghioo
dear,

Stop! stop! and love your Awa-runnie here;
Forgive my taunts, from pride, I own, they rose—
Here! seal forgiveness on my profer'd nose;
Rub me a Koo-nik,† tender as your heart,
And never from each other will we part.
For you my two Toog-lee-gas‡ will I tie,
And in my singing, with all others vie;
For well I know you love the sweet Magh-ma,§
And featly dance to the Amna Ayaa;||

* Two distant settlements.

† An affectionate way of rubbing noses, equal to an European kiss.

‡ Pigtales worn on each side.

§ A kind of hoarse ventriloquism.

|| The usual song.