

THE YOUNG HEIR TO HIS PEASANT LASS.

Lovely Agnes, though we part,
Hear the throbbing of my heart,
It beats for thee, and thee alone,
For thee, my beautiful, my own;
Language fails me to impart,
Or depict this glowing heart,
But list, O list, unto my vow,
Ever I'll love thee as now.

Tho' asunder we shall be,
Our hearts will beat in unity,
Nothing shall my true love sever,
Absence make me fonder ever;
Tho' it is a trial sore,
Yet I'll love thee more and more,
Tho' this parting we regret,
The joy of meeting we have yet.

Tho' from thee I'm forc'd away,
Hope shall cheer me night and day,
They think to wean my heart from thee,
When other faces I shall see,
But no, thy image is engraven,
Thou art my only hope, my haven,
And spite of all this world beside,
If life be mine, thou'lt be my bride.

Tho' I am a wealthy heir,
Tho' thou art a peasant fair,
For thee I would this wealth forego,
A peasant's life would undergo,
Rather than part from thee, my lass,
My wealth and gold shall from me pass,
Before I cease to love thee dear,
Every misfortune I will bear.

Agnes, dry those lovely eyes,
Do not heave such bitter sighs,
Thou this parting must sustain,
But soon, O soon we'll meet again;
Then we meet never to part,
For nothing shall my purpose thwart,
No joys will then our joys surpass,
When thou art mine, my peasant lass.