

The Pirate Lover.

Thou art gone from thy lover,
Thou lord of the sea!
The illusion is over
That bound me to thee;
I cannot regret thee,
Tho' dearest thou wert,
Nor can I forget thee,
Thou lord of my heart.

I loved thee too deeply
To hate thee and live,
I am blind to the brightest
My country can give;
But I cannot behold thee
In plunder and gore,
And thy Minnas can fold thee
In fondness no more.

Dar' over the billow
Thy black vessel rides;
The wave is thy pillow,
Thy pathway the tides;
Thy cannons are pointed,
Thy red flag on high,
Thy crew are undaunted,
But yet thou must die.

I thought thou wert brave,
As the sea-kings of old;
But thy heart is a slave
And a victim to gold:
My faith can be plighted
To none but the free;

Thy low heart has blighted
My fond hopes in thee.

I will not upbraid thee;
I leave thee to bear
The shame thou hast made thee
Its danger and care:
Its thy banner is streaming
Far over the sea,
O! my fond heart is dreaming
And breaking for thee.

My heart thou hast broken,
Thou lord of the wave!
Thou hast left me a token
To rest in my grave:
Tho' false, mean, and cruel,
Thou still must be dear,
And thy name, like a jewel,
Be treasured up here.