

*W. H. G.*

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**THE DESERTED BRIDE.**  
Poetry and Melody  
by  
**THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY Esq.**  
THE  
Symphonies and Accompaniments,  
by  
**HENRY R BISHOP.**

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**VOCE.**

*Espressiono.*

Am I then so soon deserted, Is my boasted beauty gone? Was I sought, & was I courted

For my gold alone? Ah! dear girls, my grief be hold!

Love will not be bought with gold.

ad lib

In my home the lover found me, Then, these eyes had ne'er been dim, Many friends were

p

smiling round me, Yet I welcom'd him! Oh! — how could you change such

bliss, False one, to a doom like this.

ad lib

3  
 Yet I lov'd you, and I swerve not  
 From the love I once profess;  
 Though such duty you deserve not,  
 I'll not love you less:  
 No, I came with my free will,  
 And alas! I love you still.

4  
 Take my gold, ah! could I weave it  
 Into love's own precious chain;  
 Trust me, I would freely give it,  
 Were it mine again:  
 Faithful love, forgets its pride,  
 Come to your deserted bride.

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