ELIZABETH THOMAS

“The Forsaken Wife”

Methinks, ’tis strange you can’t afford

One pitying look, one parting word;

Humanity claims this as due,

But what’s humanity to you?

Cruel man! I am not blind,

Your infidelity I find;

Your want of love my ruin shows,

My broken heart, your broken vows.

Yet maugre all your rigid hate,

I will be true in spite of fate;

And one preeminence I’ll claim,

To be for ever still the same.

Show me a man that dare be true,

That dares to suffer what I do;

That can for ever sigh unheard,

And ever love without regard:

I then will own your prior claim

To love, to honour, and to fame;

But till that time, my dear, adieu,

I yet superior am to you.