"ONE STRUGGLE MORE,"

A Ballad,

BY

LORD BYRON,

FROM

A Set of Songs,

Composed and Dedicated to

THOMAS MOORE ESQRE

BY

MRS ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.

Ent. at Sta. Hall. *Price 2/-*

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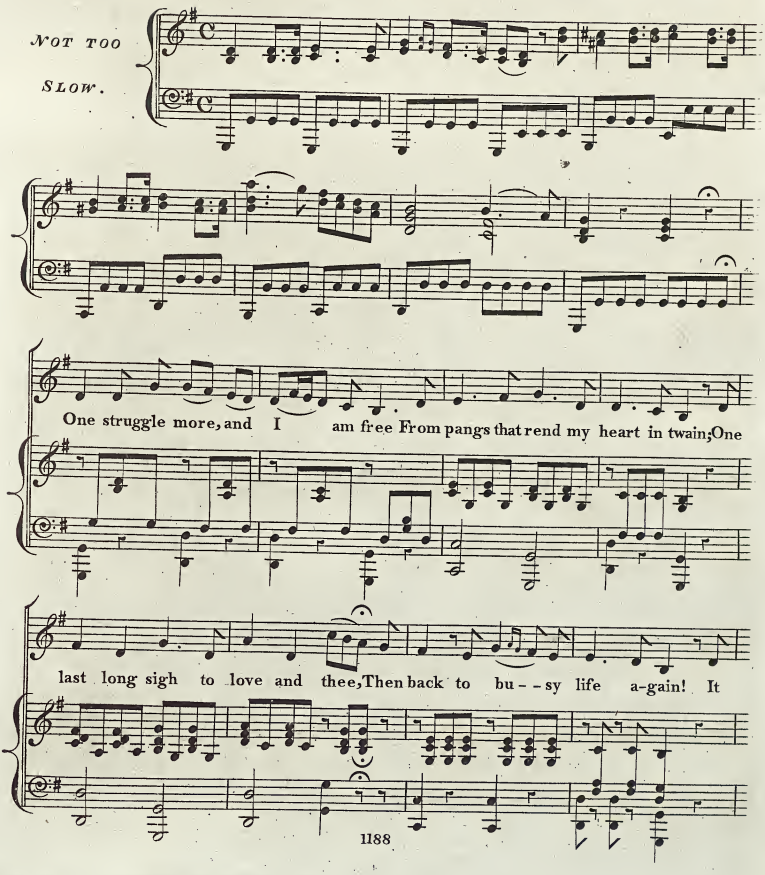
ONE STRUGGLE MORE.



suits me well to mingle now With things that never pleas'd be-fore, Tho' ev'ry

joy has fled be - low, What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the Ban-quet bring!

Man was not form'd to live a-lone; I'll be that light, un-mean-ing thing That

ad lib: *with great feeling & tenderness*

smiles with all, and weeps with none. It was not thus in days more dear, It never

would have been, but thou Hast fled, and left me lone - - ly here, Thou'rt nothing,

all are nothing now! In

vain my Lyre would light - ly breathe, The smile that sorrow fain would wear But

mocks the woe that lurks beneath, Like ro-ses o'er a sepul - chre, Tho'

gay companions o'er the bowl Dispel a - while the sense of

ad lib:

ill, Tho' pleasure fires the madd'ning soul, The heart, the

Slow, with Melancholy expression.

heart is lone-ly still.