

# 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.