

Farewell, Ungrateful Traitor!

John Dryden

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Farewell, ungrateful traitor!
Farewell, my perjur'd swain!
Let never injur'd creature
Believe a man again.
The pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing,
But 't is too short a blessing,
And love too long a pain.

"T is easy to deceive us,
In pity of your pain;
But when we love, you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descried it,
There is no bliss beside it;
But she that once has tried it,
Will never love again.

The passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
But when the charm is ended,
The charmer you disdain.
your love by ours we measure,
Till we have lost our treasure;
But dying is a pleasure,
When living is a pain.