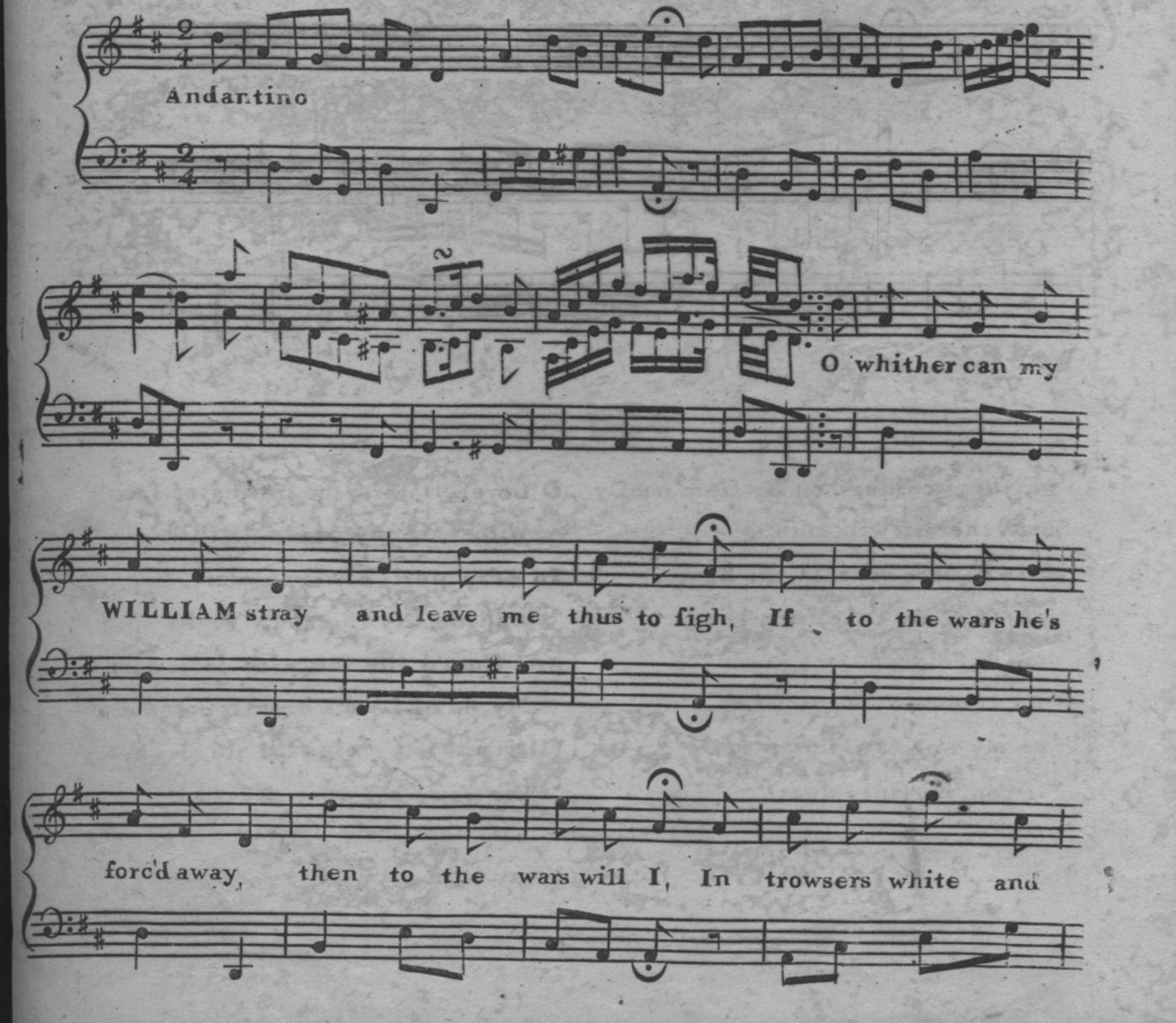


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That there I will not be, Is there a place beneath the Sky, Can keep my Love from me! If thou a Soldiers fate pursue, Why then, devoid of fear, I'll be my Love, a Soldier too For you, my only dear!

Ah whither, would'st thou By from me fly. O Love, I'll dare the frowns of fate, With thee my Souls delight In ev'ry peril on thee wait, And be thy shield in Fight And shou'd the foe with fatal dart, My WILLIAM's breaft come near, Ill strike my poignard to his heart, For you, my only Dear!