

# “PARTED”

BY

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She wrapped her soul in a lace of lies,  
With a prime deceit to pin it;  
And I thought I was gaining a fearsome prize,  
So I staked my soul to win it.

We wed and parted on her complaint,  
And both were a bit of barter,  
Tho' I'll confess that I'm no saint,  
I'll swear that she's no martyr.