

## Dangerous Desire

Text: Lady Morgan

Musik: Morgain

Go, mind-created phantom, go,  
Hence, flatt'rer, wander,  
Lest of thee, my bosom's foe,  
I still grow fonder.

Thou viewless soother, hence away,  
I'll ne'er believe thee;  
For, deck'd in fancy's glowing ray,  
Thou'dst still deceive me.

Yet should I free thee much I fear  
Thou'dst idly rove,  
And thy course, arch betrayer, steer  
To him you love.

And if by him, incautious rover,  
As mine thou'rt known,  
Each bosom secret thou'dst discover:  
I'd guard my own.

Let go! and shouldst thou near his breast  
Still haply view  
Thy mistress still its idol guest,  
There rest thee too.

For then each doubting, hoping thrill  
Awak'd by thee,  
The sweetest certainty shall still  
To rest for me.