

O ! if in earthly forms there be
 Aught which exists eternally ;
 O ! if to weary soul is given
 A calm, an intellectual heaven,
 Where, freed from every earthly pain,
 The lov'd, the lost shall meet again,
 There let me meet my Helen dear,
 Whose death made me a wand'rer here !
 I see her as when first we met,
 (Tho' 'twere happiness to forget,)
 The tartan of the Cameron
 Was loosely o'er her shoulders flung ;
 Her hair was jet, her forehead high,
 And tho' the Celt lurk'd in her eye,
 Yet it but added a wild grace
 To features of her mountain race ;
 Her form to the majestic 'rose ;
 Her breast, pure as her mountain snows ;
 Her soul, tho' it had felt few shocks,
 Was like the torrent 'mongst her rocks,
 Pure, but impetuous, yet was turn'd
 To virtue, in her cause it burn'd ;
 She knew no creed, yet scar'd away
 The eagle hovering o'er his prey.
 Hers was the land of rugged forms,
 Of danger mid' careering storms,
 Which tuned her soul to piety ;
 Or reverence of sublimity ;
 For she was nature's devotee,
 From ev'ry man's worship free.
 She had a brother whom she lov'd,
 But he our mutual flame reprov'd.