

Morvid dear maid with flaxen hair,
 And laughing eye of azure blue,
 Her bosom, cygnet down as fair,
 'Tis heaven those lovely orbs to view;
 'Twas then with love my heart was sway'd,
 For Morvid, beauteous cottage maid.
 Tho' I have oft in noble towers,
 Damsels fair and high-born seen,
 Displaying charms in festive bowers,
 Adorned with silks and jewels sheen,
 Yet still in russet robes array'd,
 Dearer to me my cottage maid.

Morvid too, occasionally sounded its strings, and with her voice gave effect to a beautiful national air and song, composed by the lamented Howell, and well adapted to this parting scene, the melody and words of which ever deeply touched the heart of the Knight whenever he heard them, and he had heard them often from Howell himself. After a pause, for it brought a few moments of sorrowful silence, he arose, and breaking off from the rose-bush some of the handsomer branches, fully decked with the most beauteous flowers, he wreathed it round the harp, then passionately exclaimed, "Oh! Morvid, maid of my heart, this shall now be called the Roseharp, and thou shalt be its Queen; these tuneful chords e'er long shall sound to notes of joy." Looking upwards he observed a Raven skimming along the air towards them, and as it hovered over them, it screamed aloud: "Oh!" said he, "callest thou on me, ill omen'd bird, but at this time thou shalt change thy nature, and become the harbinger of love and glory." An arrow sped from his bow, and the bird fell screaming at their feet.—Taking the plume, drawing out one feather, "Morvid, remember the screams of the Raven, and this flowery dell, wear this plume, and it will be blest," as he placed it in her zone; "it shall for thy sake ever brightly beam; know me now dear maid as the Knight of the Raven Plume; this and the Roseharp shall be my war cry—my banner—and noble, may princely warriors will support it, and lead us to honors and to fame; but alas! my love, I must away; the sun is now at its last moment, gilding the heights of Snowden, at this hour and here, I first beheld thee, and at this hour we here must separate: the Saints protect thee, and when some six or seven moons have passed away, I feel assured we meet again, yet should it happen I cannot come myself to claim my lovely bride, and nought but dire necessity, wounds or deadly sickness, will prevent me, I shall send a trusty companion, with this feather, which I shall now wear in my cap, with the token—Remember the Raven scream Dell.—Then haste thee Morvid, with Cynoric, thy mother and Edwal, and forget not the plume and the golden chain." Fervently embracing each other, and as he kissed the tears off her cheek—"fare thee well, my loveliest dearest Morvid, fare thee well." In anguish and desperation he hastily tore himself away, from the weeping maid.

Months passed away without any intelligence, except once after seven or eight months: a Minstrel wandered that way, and informed them that peace was now established amongst the