

P O E T R Y.

B A L L A D

Written in 1786.

SOFT fell the dewa on Yarrow plain,
Beneath whose sward lies many a lover;
The bird of night renews her strain,
And o'er the wave pale spirits hover,

Distant the glittering moonbeam shone,
When Athol stray'd with steps of for-
row;
Ah, me!—what shadowy forms are yon
That wander on the banks of Yarrow!

Why screams the death bird from the tree?
Why bring the winds the voice of
mourning?
The scream, the winds, proclaim to me,
That Athol sees no more the morning.

Why sinks so low my heart with fear,
And why so chill my blood with hor-
ror?
Again the shadowy forms are near,
In all the eloquence of sorrow.

Is it?—It is my Mary's shade;
And near her sits her hapless lover;
How shall I meet the injur'd maid,
Or how my contrite heart discover?

No sound that senseless ear can reach,
Nor sees that eye my sorrows flowing?
Tho' well the wand'ring maid can teach,
To Athol all her woes are owing.

Those lips are now in silence closed,
And cold and pale that lovely bosom;
That form is to the worm exposed,
Who feeds him on the fallen blossom.

'Twas Athol's tongue convey'd the tale,
Which broke that heart with love and
sorrow,
Which bid the blooming cheek be pale,
And cold upon the banks of Yarrow.

'Twas Athol, urg'd by jealous fear,
Who feigned too well the guiltless sto-
ry,
Which fill'd that eye with many a tear,
And stain'd thy faithful Connal's glo-
ry.

Little did wretched Athol think
That Mary was so true a lover,

And little knew on Yarrow brink
How soon her senseless shade would ho-
ver.

The murmuring wave, the whispering
air,
That smites my guilty soul with horror,
The winds to Athol howl despair,
And bid him never see to-morrow.

Pale phantoms of the injur'd dead,
And reckless winds that hear my an-
guish,
'Twas here by love and sorrow led,
'Twas here that Mary ceased to lan-
guish:

Ye know that from this bleeding heart,
Which mourns the maiden lost forever
Her loved idea cannot part,
Nor long shall death our fortune sever.

My tears have fell on Mary's grave,
My hands have deck'd the sod with wil-
low;
Then haste thee Athol to the wave,
And rest thee on the watery pillow.

The wandering stream thy form shall hide,
Let some sod tell the passing rover
Where once the wretched Athol died,
A faithful, though a guilty lover.

One look he cast on Mary's grave,
High rose his heart with inward for-
row,
His hasty foot-steps sought the wave,
Low sunk the hapless youth in Yar-
row.

In the fair blossom of his age,
He fell bereft of life and glory;
O may his woes his crimes atwage,
And guiltless tears bedew his story.

VERSES on PETER PINDAR.

THRO' Ida's high woods, and along
the Scamander,
I fought all in vain to find out Peter Pin-
dar—
The classical Nymphs by the silver Mean-
der
Declar'd they believ'd him some paltry
verse grinder.