

These pictured scenes of future joy
Were castles in the air,
The gentle maiden that I love
My lot may never share.
The welcome sound of childish glee
I long so much to hear !
Will never fall in grim St. Paul
Upon a convict's ear !

Ah ! no, 'tis age alone that dwells
Within these dungeon walls,
The bloom of youth soon fades away
And dark despair appalls.
The dismal moans of fallen men
Invade the prison air,
And bitter cries, with curses, rise
To heaven, instead of prayer !

I love to hear the storm king howl
Around my prison cell,
It e'er reminds me of that last
Sad parting in the dell.
Oh, tender, tender were the tones
Of my sweet Highland maid,
That said "good bye," with tearful eye,
In Marsden's lonely glade !