

THE DYING SHEPHERDESS.

Farewell ye glades and mountains,
Farewell thou kindly earth !
Farewell ye streams and fountains !
And the village of my birth !
Farewell, oh happy sunshine !
Farewell my friends so dear !
Farewell ye shady valleys
Where wild birds warble clear !

Oh lay me 'neath the cedars,
And the grass so green and tall,
Where all the pleasant summer
The lights and shadows fall,
Near the solitary ruins,
With their old romantic pines,
Where the birds live unmolested,
And the sunlight sweetly shines.

Ye village maids—companions,
In childhood glad and gay,
Remember me I pray you,
When my soul is far away.