

Quick to verdant meads I'd lie me,
 Thither I my way would bend,
 When you Oaks would me securely
 From the tempest's rage defend.

Ever grateful are those arbours
 That to pleasing sleep invite,
 Ne'er a stream whose gentle murmurings
 Ne'er alarm but give delight.

THE PILGRIM, A BALLAD.

FOR TWO VOICES.

Pilgrim—O cheer thee, cheer thee Lady fair
 And trust me there's no danger,
 For I'm a Pilgrim worn with care
 A poor and lonely stranger.

Far far from friends and far from home,
 Bereft of joy and pleasure,
 Unceasing I must ever roam
 My harp is all my treasure.

Yes, Lady yes for many a day
 O'er Moors and heaths so dreary,
 I've wander'd far a toilsome way
 And now am faint and weary.

Lady—Pilgrim, a little onward go
 To yonder Lordly dwelling
 My Father will with pity glow
 When you your woes are telling.

Then Pilgrim there mayst thou remain
 E'er free from grief and danger,
 And be amongst my fathers train
 No more a lonely stranger.

Soon did the Rhymer eager brave,
 Old Oceans frowns upon the Atlantic wave,
 And ere the Moon had twice her courses told,
 Cape Diamonds height they anxiously behold;