

THE SONG
OF
THE WANDERING LADY,

FOUNDED ON A TRUE STORY.

THROUGH dreary wilds forlorn I go

When loud the storms of winter blow ;

On me they waste their rage in vain,

For I can feel nor joy nor pain.

My sheep, companions kind and true,

Yes, I can feel a pang for you ;

Come gather round, and I will keep

The watch, and sing while you shall sleep.

Ah, these were once my lover's care,

Of all the flock he held them dear ;

With me they left their native fold,

And brav'd the winds of winter cold.

They follow wheresoe'er I lead,
And while I sit and see them feed,
Methinks the sunny days return
Ere yet my heart had learnt to mourn.

To mourn a father's cruel pride,
By whose rash hand my lover died;
O cruel, cruel was the deed,
That caus'd so kind a heart to bleed.

O youth belov'd, thy voice no more
Can peace to my sad soul restore;
To seek thy native hills I fly,
Where thou wert born I go to die!

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