



Low hung the dark clouds on Plinlimmon's tall peak,
And slowly, yet surely, the winter drew near ;
When Ellen, sweet Ellen, a tear on her cheek,
Exclaimed as we parted, " In May I'll be here."

How swiftly I ran up the mountain's steep height,
To catch the last glimpse of an object so dear !
And, when I no longer could keep her in sight,
I thought on her promise,.... " In May I'll be here."

Now gladly I mark from Plinlimmon's tall peak
The low-hanging vapours and clouds disappear,
And climb the rough mountain, thence Ellen to seek,
Repeating her promise.... "In May I'll be here."

But vainly I gaze the wide prospect around,
'T is May, yet no Ellen returning is near:
Oh, when shall I see her! when feel my heart bound,
As sweetly she cries, "It is May, and I'm here!"