

Donald & Mora.

Violin

Slow

When mer - ry hearts were gay, Careless of aught but play

Poor Flo - - ra flit a - - way, Sadning to Mo - - ra.

Loose flow'd her coal black hair, Quick heav'd her bo - - som bare, and

thus to the troubled air She vented her Sor - - row.

5 6 8 6 6 4 5 2 6 6

10 10

6 5 6 6 6 5

6 4 5 7 7 4 6 6 4 5 7

6 5 3 6 4 6 5 6 6 6 5 3

DONALD AND FLORA.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
 Careless of ought but play,
 Poor Flora slipt away,
 Sadd'ning, to Mora:
 Loose flow'd her coal-black hair,
 Quick heat'd her bosom bare;
 'Thus to the troubled air
 She vented her sorrow.

" Loud howls the Northern blast,
 " Bleak is the dreary waste;
 " Haste thee, O Donald! haste,
 " Haste to thy Flora:
 " Twice twelve long months are o'er;
 " Since, on a foreign shore,
 " You promis'd to fight no more,
 " But meet me in Mora.

" Where now is Donald dear?
 " (Maids cry with taunting sneer),
 " Say, is he still sincere
 " To his lov'd Flora?
 " Parents upbraid my moan,
 " Each heart is turn'd to stone;
 " Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,
 " Friendless in Mora!

" Come then, oh come away!
 " Donald, no longer stay;
 " Where can my rover stray
 " From his dear Flora?
 " Ah! sure he ne'er could be
 " False to his vows and me;
 " O heaven! is not yonder he,
 " Bounding in Mora?"

" Never, O wretched fair!
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger),
 " Never shall Donald mair
 " Meet his lov'd Flora!
 " Cold, cold beyond the main,
 " Donald, thy love, lies slain;
 " He sent me to sooth thy pain,
 " Weeping in Mora.

" Well fought our gallant men;
 " Headed by brave Burgoyne,
 " Our heroes were thrice led on
 " To British glory:
 " But ah! tho' our foes did flee,
 " Sad was the loss to thee,
 " While ev'ry fresh victory
 " Drown'd us in sorrow.

" Here take this trusty blade
 " (Donald expiring said),
 " Give it to you dear maid,
 " Weeping in Mora:
 " Tell her, oh Allen! tell,
 " Donald most bravely fell,
 " And that in his last farewell
 " He thought on his Flora."

Mute stood the trembling fair,
 Speechless with wild despair;
 Then, striking her bosom bare,
 Sigh'd out, poor Flora!
 O Donald! oh welladay!
 Was all the fond heart could say;
 At length the sound died away
 Feebly in Mora.