

SHE WANDERED THRO'

She wandered thro' the forest green,
Unto the shady bower,
Where with her lover oft she sat
Full many a blissful hour;
But ah, alas, she went alone,
Alone she waited there,
And sorrowing tears fell from her eyes
For she was all despair.

'Twas but a week ago he there
Was seated by her side,
'Twas but a week ago he there
Swore to make her his bride;
But ah, alas, a cruel disease
Suddenly laid him low,
And he is dead and buried,
And now she is all woe.

No sound was heard, save but the sweet
Philomel to his love,
Or of the plaintive cooing
Of woodpigeon or dove;
She, like a spectre in that bower,
Sat 'neath the pale moon's ray,
O'ercame with frenzied sorrow, there
She pined herself away.

That day she had her lover seen
Laid in the narrow cell,
And O, her bitter anguish then,
No earthly tongue could tell;
She sought the wood, she sought the bower,
Here bitterly she sighed,
She broke her heart, and in that bower,
For her fond lover died.