

Bounding o'er Mora!

“Never, O wretched fair,”
Sighed the sad messenger,
“Never shall Donald mair
Meet his loved Flora! 35

Cold as yon mountain snow
Donald thy love lies low!
He sent me to soothe thy woe,
Weeping in Mora. 40

“Well fought our valiant slain
On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British glory.
But ah! though our foes did flee, 45
Sad was each victory;
Youth, love, and loyalty,
Fell far from Mora!

“Here, take this love-wrought plaid,”
Donald expiring said; 50
“Give it to yon dear maid
Drooping in Mora.

Tell her, O Allan, tell!
Donald thus bravely fell,
And that in his last farewell 55
He thought on his Flora.”

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair;
Then, striking her bosom bare,
Sighed out, “poor Flora! 60
Ah Donald! — ah well-a-day!”
Was all the fond heart could say.
At length the sound died away
Feebly on Mora.

1778

(From *The Poetical Works of Hector MacNeill*. Third Edition, corrected and enlarged. Vol. 1. Edinburgh, 1812)