

Hector MacNeill (1746-1818)

## 2 *Donald and Flora*

A Ballad,  
on the death of a friend killed at the  
Battle of Saratoga. 1778.

When many hearts were gay,  
Careless of aught but play,  
Poor Flora slipt away  
    Sadd'ning to Mora.  
Loose flowed her coal-black hair,                     5  
Quick heaved her bosom bare,  
As thus to the troubled air  
    She vented her sorrow:

Loud howls the stormy west,  
Cold, cold is winter's blast: —                     10  
Haste then, O Donald, haste!  
    Haste to thy Flora!  
Twice twelve long months are o'er  
Since on a foreign shore  
You promised to fight no more,                     15  
    But meet me in Mora.

"Where now is Donald dear?"  
Maids cry with taunting sneer;  
"Say, is he still sincere  
    To his loved Flora?"                             20  
Parents upbraid my moan;  
Each heart is turned to stone; —  
Ah Flora! thou'rt now alone,  
    Friendless in Mora!

Come then, O come away!                             25  
Donald, no longer stay!

Where can my rover stray  
    From his loved Flora?  
Ah, sure he ne'er could be  
False to his vows and me! —                     30  
Oh heavens! is not yonder he

Bounding o'er Mora!

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

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

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