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I SIT by the mossy fountain; on the top of the hill of winds. One tree is rustling above me. Dark waves roll over the heath. The lake is troubled below. The deer descend from the hill. No hunter at a distance is seen; no whistling cow-herd is nigh. It is mid-day: but all is silent. Sad are my thoughts as I sit alone. Didst thou but appear, O my love, a wanderer on the heath! thy hair floating on the wind behind thee; thy bosom heaving on the sigh; thine eyes full of tears for thy friends, whom the mist of the hill had concealed! Thee I would comfort, my love, and bring thee to thy father's house.

BUT is it she that there appears, like a beam of light on the heath? bright
as

as the moon in autumn, as the sun in a summer-storm? — She speaks: but how weak her voice! like the breeze in the reeds of the pool. Hark!

RETURNEST thou safe from the war? Where are thy friends, my love? I heard of thy death on the hill; I heard and mourned thee, Shilric!

YES, my fair, I return; but I alone of my race. Thou shalt see them no more: their graves I raised on the plain. But why art thou on the desert hill? why on the heath, alone?

ALONE I am, O Shilric! alone in the winter-house. With grief for thee I expired. Shilric, I am pale in the tomb.

SHE fleets, she fails away; as grey mist before the wind! — and, wilt thou
not

not stay, my love? Stay and behold
 my tears? fair thou appearest, my love!
 fair thou wast, when alive!

By the mossy fountain I will sit; on
 the top of the hill of winds. When
 mid-day is silent around, converse, O
 my love, with me! come on the wings
 of the gale! on the blast of the moun-
 tain, come! Let me hear thy voice, as
 thou passest, when mid-day is silent a-
 round.