

THE MAIDS OF MORVEN,  
AN ELEGIAC ODE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MARY VISCOUNTESS RUTHVEN,  
DAUGHTER OF THE EXCELLENT EARL AND COUNTESS OF  
LEVEN AND MELVIL.

WHERE fair-hair'd Oscar's laid to sleep,  
A thousand drooping maidens weep;  
Their golden tresses now they tear,  
And wildly give them to the air;  
Hark! now they raise the song of woe,  
See how their tears in torrents flow;  
And whilst his dirge they plaintive sing,  
With echo sad the caverns ring;  
See Malvina bends, and weeps  
O'er the turf where Oscar sleeps;

Mark that sigh ; it was her last :

Now her sorrows all are past.

With Oscar now she treads the sky ;

Lo ! she wings her flight on high.

Maids of Morven, cease to weep,

For Malvina's hush'd to sleep.

With Oscar now in air she flits :

In Odin's hall with him she fits.

Banish grief, let sorrow cease,

Since their bodies rest in peace.

Cease, lovely Daughters of the Dale,

O'er Malvina cease to wail.