

# Donald & Mora.

Violin

Slow

When mer - ry hearts were gay, Careless of aught but play

Poor Flo - - ra flit a - - way, Sadning to Mo - - ra.

Loose flow'd her coal black hair, Quick heav'd her bo - - som bare, and

thus to the troubled air She vented her Sor - - row.

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## DONALD AND FLORA.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,  
 Careless of ought but play,  
 Poor Flora slipt away,  
     Sadd'ning, to Mora:  
 Loose flow'd her coal-black hair,  
 Quick heat'd her bosom bare;  
 Thus to the troubled air  
     She vented her sorrow.

“ Loud howls the Northern blast,  
 “ Bleak is the dreary waste;  
 “ Haste thee, O Donald! haste,  
     “ Haste to thy Flora:  
 “ Twice twelve long months are o'er;  
 “ Since, on a foreign shore,  
 “ You promis'd to fight no more,  
     “ But meet me in Mora.

“ Where now is Donald dear?  
 “ (Maids cry with taunting sneer),  
 “ Say, is he still sincere  
     “ To his lov'd Flora?  
 “ Parents upbraid my moan,  
 “ Each heart is turn'd to stone;  
 “ Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,  
     “ Friendless in Mora!

“ Come then, oh come away!  
 “ Donald, no longer stay;  
 “ Where can my rover stray  
     “ From his dear Flora?  
 “ Ah! sure he ne'er could be  
 “ False to his vows and me;  
 “ O heaven! is not yonder he,  
     “ Bounding in Mora?”

“ Never, O wretched fair!  
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger),  
 “ Never shall Donald mair  
     “ Meet his lov'd Flora!  
 “ Cold, cold beyond the main,  
 “ Donald, thy love, lies slain;  
 “ He sent me to sooth thy pain,  
     “ Weeping in Mora.

“ Well fought our gallant men;  
 “ Headed by brave Burgoyne,  
 “ Our heroes were thrice led on  
     “ To British glory:  
 “ But ah! tho' our foes did flee,  
 “ Sad was the loss to thee,  
 “ While ev'ry fresh victory  
     “ Drown'd us in sorrow.

“ Here take this trusty blade  
 “ (Donald expiring said),  
 “ Give it to yon dear maid,  
     “ Weeping in Mora:  
 “ Tell her, oh Allen! tell,  
 “ Donald most bravely fell,  
 “ And that in his last farewell  
     “ He thought on his Flora.”

Mute stood the trembling fair,  
 Speechless with wild despair;  
 Then, striking her bosom bare,  
     Sigh'd out, poor Flora!  
 O Donald! oh welladay!  
 Was all the fond heart could say;  
 At length the sound died away  
     Feebly in Mora.