THE

DISMAL SWAMP

QUARTETTE

As sung by the

Amphions of the Empire State

Music by

COVERT

ARRANGED FOR THE AMPHIIONS BY

PROF. T. WOOD.

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THE DISMAL SWAMP.

A young man at the South is said to have become fearfully and hopelessly deranged, by the death of his fiancée. In his madness he constantly asserted that she was not dead, but had gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp, a beautiful sheet of water situated in the midst of an extensive and dreary morass, inhabited only by wild beasts and loathsome reptiles. He often insisted upon going in search of her, and at length eluded the vigilance of his keepers and escaped, and as he was never again heard from, it was supposed that he perished in the attempt to find his lost one. In the above song the poet has attempted to give language and form to the vagaries of a diseased imagination, and to suggest a possible and pleasing termination to his perilous wanderings.

**TENOR.**

They made her a grave too cold and damp For a heart so warm and

**ALTO.**

They made her a grave too cold and damp For a heart so warm and

**SOPRANO.**

They made her a grave too cold and damp For a heart so warm and

**BASS.**

true, . . And she's gone to the lake of the dis-mal swamp Where all night long by her

true, . . And she's gone to the lake of the dis-mal swamp Where all night long by her

true, . . And she's gone to the lake of the dis-mal swamp Where all night long by her
fire-fly lamp she paddles her light canoe... Her fire-fly lamp I

fire-fly lamp she paddles her light canoe. Her fire-fly lamp I

fire-fly lamp she paddles her light canoe... Her fire-fly lamp I

her light canoe.

soon shall see, her paddle I soon shall hear;... Long and loving our

soon shall see, her paddle. I soon I soon shall hear; Long and loving our

soon shall see, her paddle I soon shall hear;... Long and loving our

I soon shall hear;

life shall be, and I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree. When the

life shall be, and I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree. When the

life shall be, and I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree. When the
2
Away to the dismal swamp he speeds,
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of weeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.
And when on earth he lay down to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blustering dew.

3
And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting, cried,—from his dream awake—
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the light canoe of my dear?"
He reached the lake, and a meteor spark
Quick over its surface played:
"Welcome," he cried; "my dear one's light;"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of that death-cold maid.

4
Till he made him a boat from birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
Long he followed that meteor spark,
The wind was high, and the night was dark,
And the boat returned no more.
And oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true,
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by their fire-fly lamp,
And to paddle their light canoe.