Six Ballads
from the Poem of the
Lady of the Lake
Composed by
Benjamin Carr
OP. VII.

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MARY

Slow

The heath this night must

by my lullaby the warders tread far

far from love and thee
I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon my vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught!
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless, thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought of thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!