

My father stood with frantic air,

And gaz'd upon the Maiden;

Whose heart was broke by sad despair,

And mind with sorrow laden:

His bosom throb'd to see such woe,

Oppress the hapless ranger;

Then loud he cried, thy pangs, forego,

Thou'rt weldome blue ey'd stranger.

Her eyes now opd, her bosom ceas'd,

To pant with wild emotion,

Yet while her thankful love increas'd,

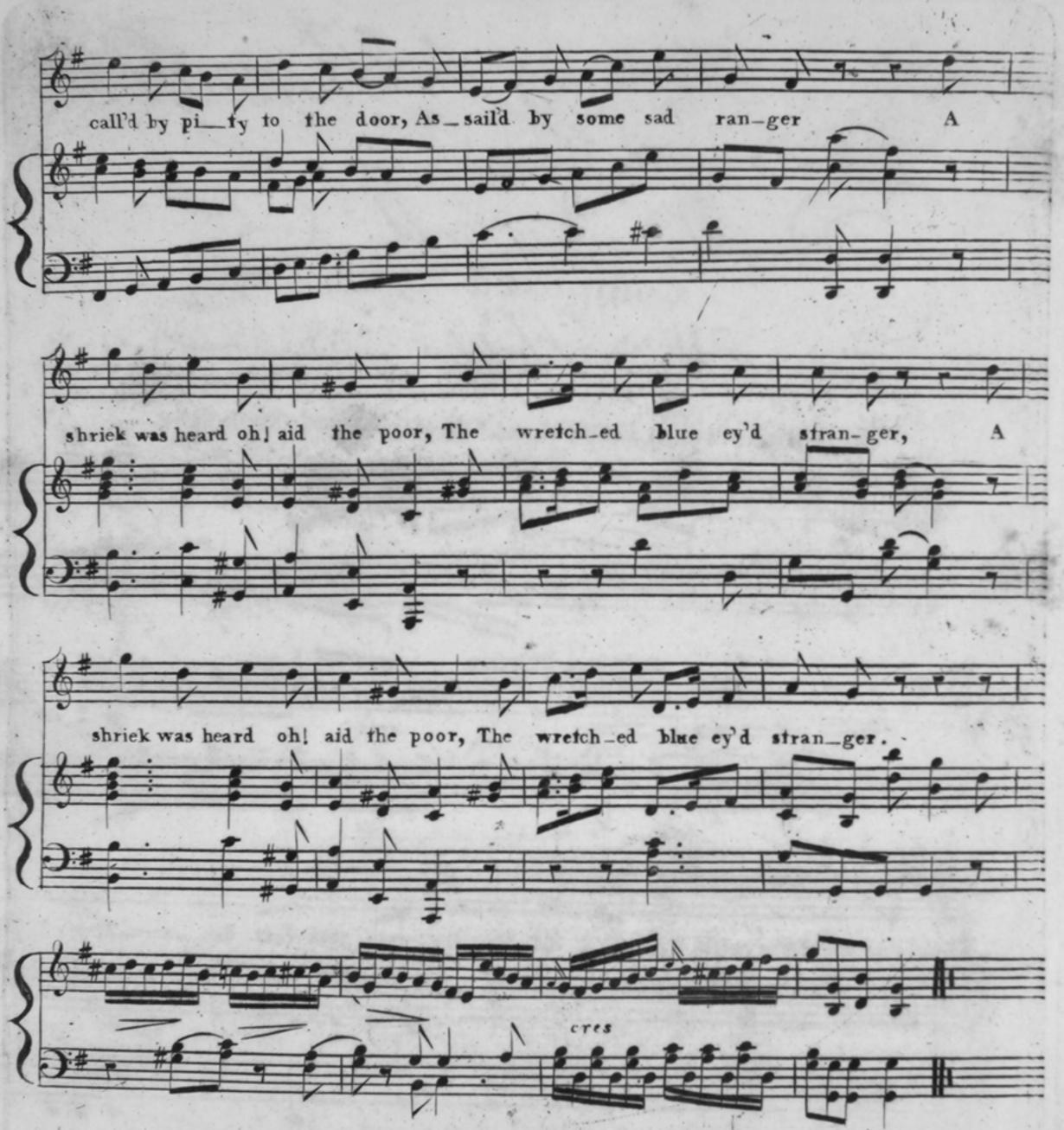
Tears flow'd from sorrow's ocean:

Twas gratitude the source of good,

That mark'd the hapless ranger;

For whom returns a genuine flood,

To bless the blue ey'd stranger.



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