 A Ballata,


Intatstat:Hall.
London Sivinted by lieverue ass Mitchell . Hose Jellew to his Royal Hlighnigfo the
 There may by had by the same Author Bounding Billow - When Damon z languished. S. C .



Deep si--lence hush'd the mid-night scene sweet sleep had scald each




2
When trembling Mary's bed beside A pale, pale Spectre stood to view, And thrice his ghastly head he shook, And cried, behold thy Edwin true, Behold now fix'd in death these eyes My sorrows all at length are over, Beneath yon sod I soundly sleep, But Mary thou shalt sleep no more,

3
The Phantom flod-the rosy dawn Awakes to genial joy the morn,

- But genial joy nor rosy dawn Shalt more to Mary's soul return,
Guilt-haunted, she the scene broods oder,
A Ghost in ev'ry shade she sees.
A voice she hears in ev'ry breeze,
Cry, Mary, thou shalt sleep no more.

