



JOHEN HESTER WITTE



The words of this song are intended as a respose to Moore's beautiful lines on the Lake of the Dismal Swamp, beginning "They made her a grave too cold and damp?"

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1836 by Geo: Willig Jr: in the clerks office of the district court of Maryland.

69-A



Come let us sail in my phantom bark,

And sport in its fox fire light;

Chase the swift bat with our meteor spark

'Till the sun drink the dews of night.

We'll skim o'er the waters blythe and gay,

Tho' the murderer's howl we hear;

And we'll seek a cave for the sun bright day,

Where we'll sleep 'till the stars appear.

Come to my bark, it is moor'd for thee,
The Whippoorwill warbles "come,"
You'll love, I'm sure, its sad melody;
For it sings o'er your lov'd ones tomb.
My fire\_fly lamp begins to burn dim,
The morn star is shining bright;
Now, away\_ away o'er, the lake I skim,
And I bid thee, dearest, good night.

The Lake Spirits song.