





Ah, wretch! in his anguish, he cry'd,
From country and liberty torn;
Ah! Maraton would thou had'st died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne:
Flow ye tears, down my cheek's ever flow,
Soft sleep from eye-lids depart,
And still let the arrow of woe

Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

3d Verse.

But hark!—on the silence of night,.

My Adela's accents I hear:—

And, mournful, beneath the wan light,
I see her lov'd image appear:

O Maraton!—haste thee she cries,
Here the reign of oppression is o'er;

The Tyrant is robb'd of his Prize,
And Adela sorrows no more.