

Levi Pennington

People

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The Dismal Swamp

Levi T. Pennington
George Fox University

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"THE DISMAL SWAMP."

"They made her^a grave too cold and damp
For a heart so warm and true,
But she's gone to the lake in the Dismal Swamp
Where all night long by a fire-fly's lamp
She paddles her white canoe.
And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see
And her paddle I soon shall hear
Long and loving our life shall be
And I'll hide the maid in a cyprasstree.
When the footstep of death is near,
When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds
His path is rugged and sore.
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds
And man never trod before.
He saw the lake and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played.
"Welcome, he said, my dear one's light."
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of that death cold maid.
The name of that death cold maid,

Till he hollowed a boat of the birch^{bark}
Which carried him off from shore.
Far, far he followed the meteor spark.
The winds were high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.
But oft by the Indian hunter's camp
This maiden and lover so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a fire-fly's lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.
And paddle their white canoe.