Before the Battle

Mary told

The aunt and Mary

He had but loved

Eloise and her lady
Before the Battle
Just before the battle mother
I am thinking most of you
While upon the field where watching
With the enemy in view
Comrades brave around me lying
Filled with thoughts of home and God
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the soil

Oh! long to see you mother and the loving ones at home
But I'll never leave our home
Till in honour I can come

Hark! I hear the bugle sounding
It is the signal for the fight
May God protect us mother as he always does the right

Hear the battle cry of freedom
As it swells up in the air
Well rally round the standard
Or well perish nobly there
Fare well, Mother you may never
Press me to your heart again
But if you'll not forget me, Mother
If I'm numbered with the slain

Come love, Come
Down by the canebrake close to the mill
There lived a yellow girl her name was Nancy Till
She knewed that I loved her she knewed it long
Ise goin' to surrender and I'll sing this song
This come love come, the boat lies low she lies high and dry on the
Come love come, won't you come along with me and I'll take you down to

Tennessee

Open the window do, love do, and listen the music as playing for
The whispering of love so soft and low
Harmonize me voice with the old Banjo
Come love, come
Softly the casement begins to rise
The stars are shining above in the skies.
The moon is declining behind yonder hill
Reflecting her rays on you my fancy, come love.

Hear you well me love I bust now away
I've a long way to travel before the break of day.
The next time I comes be ready for to go
As sailing on the banks of the Ohio.

-Chorus-

Come love, come the boat low
She lies high and dry on the Ohio.
Come love, come want you come along wid me
An' ple'ase take yer down to Jerusel.
Willie and Mary

The day was spent the moon shone bright
The village clock struck eight
Young Mary hastened with delight
Unto the garden gate.

But what was there that made her sad, the gate was there but not
Which made poor Mary sigh and say, 'was there ever a poor girl so sad as

She traced the garden here and there
Till the village struck nine
Young Mary said unto herself
'You shall not be mine
You promised to beat the gate at eight you never keep me waiting
For I tell all such creatures see they never shall make such a fool of me.

She traced the garden here until there
Till the village clock struck ten
And Willie caught her in his arms
Never never to part again
For he had been to buy the ring that day.
And he had been such a long, long way
And how could Mary so cruel prove as to vanish the lad
She so dearly loved and so dearly loved

Up with the morning sun they rose
To church, they went away
And all the village joyous was
Upon that wedding day, now in a cot by the river side
Where Willie with Mary doth reside she bless the night
That she did wait for her absent Willie at the garden gate
That I but loved

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
And I'll off to the wars again
For my peaceful home hath no charms for me
The battle field no pain
For the lady I love will soon be a bride
With a diadem on her brow
Oh, had I but loved with a boyish love
I would have been better now

Repeat these last lines
She took me away from my martial land
She gave me a silken suit
I thought no more of my master's sword
As I played on my master's lute
She seemed to think me a boy above
Her pages of low degree
Oh had I but loved with loyal love
It would have been better for me
Repeat
I'll hide in my Breast every selfish care
I'll flush my pale cheeks with wine
Then smiles await for the bridal pair
I hasten to give them mine
I'll sing and I'll laugh though my heart may break
I'll walk in the festive train
And if I survive I will mount my steed
And I'll off to the wars again
But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine
In my helmet tangle it down
And then on the field of Palestine
I'll seek an early doom
And by the sires sons hand I fall
Met the noble and the brave
One tear from my lady love is all
I'll ask for a warriors grave

Elia and her Lady
One of Englands proudest daughters
Dwelling in a castle tall
Mine are many fruitful acres
Mine are great ancestral hall
Liveried stables throng around me
Come and go at my command
And those grudging service render
To the lady of the land
But Elia loves her mistress a simple little maid
And often Elia's loving lips upon my hands are laid

Elia brings my robes of velvet
Slashing them with tender care
And her fingers softly linger twining with my glittering he
Eulie knows that Jan lonely, and the service of her hand
Cries with a gentle pity to the lady of the land
For Eulie knows that stoutly brown she binds the gem above
Unlike her own will never wear the diadem of love

My strong and sturdy gardener, loves Eulie as this life
And when mistress leaves the hall, will make the child his peer
And through my fields and meadows, they'll wander hand in hand
And hers will be the brightest home, on all her lady's land
For while she stoutly hold beyond owms me as mistress there
A husband who is lover too takes Eulie in his care

When Parliament shall close her doors to keep the Easter tide
St George's name shall strong with guests who wait to greet a bride
The day the gentleman wins his wife, a peer will claim the hand
A coronet will deck the brow of the lady of the land
When Eulie speaks her tender vow to him, she loves so dear
My married hand will lie in that of England's proudest peer

A coronet gilds Eulie's brow, like that that gleams on mine
No ermine dresses her little form, or gold or jewels shine
No lips speak words to me, or thus to kiss my hand
The love is hers, mine the place of a lady in the land
The matter, that same commands, will greet the statesman's wife
The homage paid to wealth and name shall fill up a loveless life.

Some day the pageant will be over, and at the close of life
When death shall claim, with stern command
Both peer and peasant wife, this may wear a crown of gold
Shaped by an angel hand, and love may warm the lonely heart
Of the lady of the land, all love to her, all wealth to me.
As on this earth been given
A fairer balance will be struck yet, and the stars in heaven.
Lines on the death of Capt. William Bartlett

Weep, weep for the loved one so early departed
Industries patron and steadfast man's friend
Ah, well may thy people with grief be sad hearted
At Thy sudden untimely and premature end

In the prime of his manhood the height of his glory
Dear William is parted from us to depart
His benevolent deeds will live ever in story
Revered by each Bayobertain on heart

May be closely be folded in the arms of the Savior
In the dwelling of peace and of infinite love
Where the beneficent works of his earthly behavior
Will be gems in his crown of bright glory above

Ah, who is the man among those that are spared us
That can treat us with kindness like him that is gone
There are only the few that know well there is no one
equal to the good he for them would have done
In political matters he stood for the faithful
No malice within his great breast could be found
Neither country nor creed did he ever degrade
All with him stood alike who were true to the

His fame would have equaled the brightest achievements
Which many great warriors of statesman have won
And keenly indeed will we feel our bereavement
For his station was filled and his work was well done

When dangers start a cloud seemed to gather around us
He stepped to the front like a general brave
All around him like lions stood those who with anguish
In a short time did follow his corpse to the grave

Death thou art a stern and impartial invader
Of the Monarch's high throne and the humble mans lot
And our sorrowing friend may God comfort and aid her
Must bow to the curse of humanity's lot
Let us bear it with patience for God has decreed it.
May those who are mourning his loss bear in mind
how he always did the good to lay in the way
"Of the people employment that good might be found"

And thou upon whom the fond eye of the people
is anxiously looking thy future to sear
Like thy parent be true in thy honorable station
And strive in all things to be just such a man
And as you dear ones do to comfort your mother
With filial love and affectionate care
And may meek resignation all murmuring smother
And faith be your solace in answer to prayer

Lucinda. God bless thee and comfort and strengthen
Till you meet again on that radiant shore
Where Heavens pure joy through eternity lengthen
And sorrow and starting and death are no more
Should you learn any song that is
Though ever so little I have gained my end
Or should you know already what is fit
Try be not ever fond of censuring it.
But fairly join the Critic and the formed
Small faults excuse and what you can
For be a Writer ever so wise and wary
He may in some particular Minutiae.

Maria P. Andrews

Maria P. Andrews
Where can the heart have peace. peace
When crushed by pain and woe. woe
Where can it truly find a rest. rest
Free from the tempting Joe. Joe

2 Can grandeur lend a charm
When all is dark despair
Can music strains shed mirth
When no happy feeling there

Can grandeur lend a charm
When all is dark despair
Can music strains shed mirth
When no happy feeling there

Mama
love thy neighbour as thyself Scripture
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Maria Patience Andrews Port de Grave
The rank and splendour cannot cleanse
The tainted spots of sin
Nor can it spur the Spirit on
That glorious goal to win.

Even beauty's power is vain
It can no longer cheer
No longer through its potent spell
Per the mind where all is fear.
They sadly fail the world's lights
Only lead and lure astray
No beaming star they give
To guide us on our way.

They sadly fail the world's lights
Only lead and lure astray
No beaming star they give
To guide us on our way.
But faith and love those Sacred Stars
Of gracious God has given
They bring the heart true peace
And light that comes from heaven

But faith and love those Sacred Stars
As gracious God has given
They bring the heart true peace
And light that comes from heaven

Written by Geo. L. Perry
And Maria P. Andrews
A Spanish Cavalier sat beneath a tree
And on his Guitar Play'd a tune dear
The music so sweet I love to repeat
Those words I will tell to you dear
Chorus Say Love Say When I am far away
Sometimes you will think of me Dear
A bright sunny day will soon fade away
Mind what I say and be true Dear
I'm off to the war to the war I must go
To fight for my Country and you dear
If I should fall on you I will call
I'll call on my Country and you Dear
Chorus Say Love Say

When the war is o'er back I'll return
Return Return to my Country and you Dear
But if I am slain You may search in vain
To on the battle field you will find me then
Dear Chorus Say Love Say

Joseph H. Bartlett
Feb. 26/83
Will you love me when I'm old
When the dance is over and I retire to rest
It's on my pillow thinking of him who I love best.
A Place in thy Memory

A place in thy memory dearest
It's all that I obtain
To pause and look back when thou hast
The sound of my name
Another day I too thee dearer
Another day I win and I go
I care not if she be dearer
So I am remembered there

Remember the not as a lover
Whose hope has been cast
Whose bosom can never recover
The sight it hath lost
As a young bride remembers the brother
She loves tho' she never may see
As a sister remembers a brother
O Dearest remember me
Could I be thy true loves nearest
Couldst thou smile on me
I would be the fondest and nearest
That ever loved thee
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming
That never may burst when time
And heaven that made thee all glooming
He made thee to wither on mine

Remember one, then oh remember
My calm light love
The bleak as the blasts of November
May life I may prove
That life will the lonely be sweet
If its purest enjoyments should be
A smile and thine word when we met
And a place in thy memory
Farewell false girl I have you
In sorrow grief and pain
My absence cannot grieve you
Soon you'll hear a stranger's name
I'm forsaken for another
With gold and wealth in store
So farewell father and mother
I'm despised for being poor

Farewell false girl the ocean
Shall part us over more
Who loved you with devotion
Who despised for being poor
There came a wealthy stranger
Far from a foreign shore
He wooed and then he won her
From me for I was poor
We have lived and loved in childhood
We vowed we'd never part
Spent many a long hour in the wild
But she nearly broke my heart
As we the bells were chiming
As the carriages passed by
Paid lads and lasses smiling
Still a tear beamed in her eye

Shall I never more behold her
Nor hear her sweet voice again
I'm enlisted for a soldier
To die on the battle plain
May poverty never distress her
But happiness in store
And in sorrowing I will bless her
Who despised for being poor
Oh herring red oh herring red
How art good with potatoes or with bread
Ofttimes on the as we promote
If it were not for the the we all been dead
We eat thy all but bones and read
That the Cat I all beneath the bed
So it blow the pipe and beat the drum
That all the world may know it
I am no less I cannot confess
Oh Gift to the poet Manuel Mendez
Flora's gone one fairer flower
In to fair as Flora's treasure
There I placed in Phyllis Towns
She is pleased I this my treasure
Something Medows tears to say
Come of wantons here to sing
Could so many eye grow one desire
She heart may calmly beat but not profound
Love not Love not
Dear [Name], do you remember
When we last did meet
How you told me that you loved me
Kneeling at my feet
Oh how proud you stood before me
In your suit of threads
When you vowed to me and shouted over to be true
Oh how weeping sad and lonely hope and pleasure pain
When that cruel war is our friends may never met again

Oh if amidst the din of battle one
Noble you should fall
Yet far away from those who love you
Home to hear your call
Who would whisper words of comfort
Who would keep the good from pain
Oh the many cruel flames gather in my heart
Oh the many cruel flames gather in my heart
Oh when the summer breeze is sighing
Gently rocking the trees
Oh when the autumn leaves are falling
Sadly treading the floor
Then dreamers I see the bying
On the battle plain.
Gle lonely sounds the even dying falling out in vain
Ah chorus
The Dying Light Commerce

Love not

Love not Love not ye. hapless sons of clay in
Earth's gayest breaths are made of fading flowers
Things that are made to fade and fall away.
Ere they have blossomed out for a few short years.

Love not Love not the one you love may change
The day may cease to smile on you
The kindling flaming eye grow cold and strange
The heart may warmly beat but not forever.

Love not Love not.
Love not! Love not! the one you love may die.
May perish from the gay and gladsome world
The silent star, the blue and smiling sky
May steal o'er his grave as once upon his bed
Love not!
Love not! Love not! a warning vainly said
In present days as in years gone by
Love things a halo round each dear one stand
Faint and immortal before they fade or die
Love not! Love not! loving

Darkies Song

Say darkies hafe you seen the massas
Wid de snuffish on his face
Go long de road, some time dis mornin
Like he gwine to deh the place
He sit a smote way up de river
Where de Tenchum gunboats lay
He took his hat and he left boy sudden
And I spes he's run awaay
De massa man who de darbies stay who
It must be now de kingdom comin'
And de year of jubilee

He six foot one way two foot tredder And he weigh the hundred pound
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor
And he won't go halfway round
He drill so much day call him capper
And he get so cheerfull tawk
I spec he's try and foot dem yandies
Fot to think he's contraband—Chorus De Massa

De darbies feel so bery lonesome
In the loghouse on de lawn
Dey mose de things to Massa's parlor
Fot to keep it white he's gone
Dawm wine and cider in the hitchen
Fand de darbies dey'll haff some
I spec dey'll all be confiscated
When de fenthin sojers come
De abuser he make us trouble
And he drive us round a spell
He lock him up in de smoke house cellar
And de boy trown in de well
De which is lost, de handcuff broken
But de massa' ll have his pay
He is de muf big muf ought to know better.
Den to went and run away.

Two Orphans

The coming bright stars they were shining
The moon hams thone clear on our land
Our city was in peace and quietness
The hour of midnight hear at hand
But here do you hear the Cry fire
How CHARRED the folks they so sound
Our Brooklyn theatre is burning
Was burning fast to the ground.

Oh me my God! Can forget the two orphans
Will luck seem to be in its wake.
It seems that gloom brought to our city
The lives of our dear friends to take

The doors they were open at Seven
The curtains were drawn up at Eight
And those that got seats they were happy
Outside they stood sad that were late
They play it went on very smoothly
Still sparks from the search as they did fly
I was then that men, women, and children
O God save their lives they did cry

Next morning amid the black win
O God what was right met our eyes
The dead they were lying in all shapes
And some that none could recognize
Poor mothers were sleeping and crying
For sons that were out all that night
O God may their souls rest in heaven
Among the acts innocents bright
What means this large gathering of people
Who took a car to Greenbush Clay
And what means this long line of hearses
With lots bloomed in feathered array
Far out in the centre of Greenwood
Where the wind make the lone willow sighs
This their that the funeral is going
The poor unknown dead their to the
Her bright smiles haunt me still

Five years since last I've met
We never met again
I have struggled to forget
But the struggle is in vain
For her voice lives on the breeze
And her spirit comes at will
In the midnight on the seas
Her bright smile haunts me still

And so we wondered how life drew us on
I have sailed great aerial ships
I have trod the desert path
I have seen the storm arise
Like a giant in his wrath
Every danger I have known
That a reckless life can fill
Yet her presence hath not flown
Her bright smile haunts me still

At the first sweet dawn of light
When I gaze upon the deep
Her form still greets my sight
While the stars their wights keep
When I close my aching eyes
Sweet dreams my senses fill
And from sleep when I arise
Her bright smile haunts me still

Fiddles we heard the other day Chang
Then as we turned to our homeward
We lifted our voices and sang
The Beginning And the End

Over the President one two went forth
On the first bright day of Spring
When the leaves first came out from the trees and the birds began to sing
And just a leaf that was new that day
Was fresher at heart than we
And not a hair in the feathered choir
More restless with joy could be
I said that life over flowed with love
That Earth was a pleasant place
For my heart was full of his love for me
And I gazed on his pleasant face

A wide brown grass and a blank gray sky
And never a stirring thing in it
And we two walking the very path
That we had trodden in Spring
Not a word nor sign nor symbol he told
Though the pain hit our hearts worse
For the sweet sweet song that began to sing
Dead away with a never more
At last I said in my bitter scorn
I wish we had never met
And then he prayed with a choking sob

That I might be happy yet
And so we parted beneath a tree
Whose leaves were yellow and red
Her went away and I sat and wept
And called but he did not hear

One or two prints in the morning snow
Up to the churchyard gate
And the only sound on the frosty air
When the robin calls her mate
Again I stand by the side of him
Whom I walked with long ago
But I am left alone in the world
And she is beneath the snow
And yet I feel we are nearer now
Then ever we used to be
Angel is far more merciful
Then a mortal man can be
And he forgives me for all the pain
Of the cruel words I said
And he knows how I wept on the shore
With the blank grey sky overhead

The Trench Chants

The last post but now shall ring
Their will be one vacant chair
We shall longer to carry these pages
When only we breathe one among

They one year ago we gathered
Joy and sin the multitudes are

What the golden chalice we drank?
A few tired, old soldiers, far from home,
Now almost, or almost, do we come.
In the streets of freedom, they tell me, though
That onlyitories are anguish,
Swapping over our heart strings.
The Flag of old England
Now the thunder of war is scarcely at an end
And the noises just died away
But who knows how soon it may break out again
And bloodshed once more hold the sway
But our dear island is always secure
In spite of the force which our foes may procure
'Tis the Flag that always floats softly on shore
'Tis the Union Jack of old England
Chorus
'Tis the Flag that guides the sailor on his way
The Flag that fills our foes with dismay
The Flag that always carries the sway
'Tis the Union Jack of old England
The Russian's green Flag has done wonders of late
And now it floats proudly on high
They've conquered the French and William the great
Says he'd just like to have but a sigh
But were not to be frighted by such men as he
For are we not christened the sons of the sea
Let him think on Trafalgar and then he will see
How we fought for the Flag of old England

The Russians great army a million of men
Have been trying what bluster they could do
They find it's no use for old England keeps cool
And still to her Flag remains true
We don't want to fight but we wont run away
We wish all that's here to remember the day
When we fought them they ran far away
At the sight of the Flag of old England

And long may the glorious banner wave
O'er mountain and river and sea
A token to friends and a warning to foes
For our country is happy and free
We don't want to fight but we want running
We wish all that here to remember the day
There are thousands starving on the Queen's ship
Who have fought for the flag of old England
Yes the flag

The Gipsy's Warning
Trust him not the gentle lady
Though his voice be low and sweet
Heed not him who kneels before thee
Softly pleading at thy feet
Now thy life is in its morning
Blood not this thy happy lot
Listen to the gipsy's warning
Gentle lady trust him not

Lady once there lived a maiden
Young and pure and like the fair
But she avoided he avoided and won her
Till'd her gentle heart with care
Then he heeded not her weeping
He cared not her life to save
Soon she perished now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave

Lady, turn not from me so coldly
For I have only told thee truth
From a stern and withering sorrow
Lady, I would shield thee from all danger
I would shield thee from the tempter's snare
I have warned thee, now beware

Take your gold I do not want it
Lady, I have prayed for this
Prayed that I may one day foil him
Rob him of expected bliss
Aye, I see thine art filled with wonder
Yet my look so fierce and wild
Lady in the Church yard yonder
Sleeps the gipsy's only child

A last adieu
Adieu sweet girl a last adieu
We part to meet no more
Adieu to peace to hope to you
And to my native shore

By fortune had propitious smiled
Thy love had made me blest
But she like's sorrows child
By sadness dire oppress

I go to India's sultry clime
Oh ! never to return
Beneath some lonely embowering line
Will be thy soldier's urn

No hindered spirit there shall sweep Or passive musings stray
My image thou alone wilt keep And Grief's soft tribute pay
Anne Lisle

Down near the waving willow
Beth the sunbeams smile
Shadow'd o'er the murmuring waters
Dwell sweet Annie Lisle

Fair as a forest lily
Never thought of guile
Had its home within the bosom
Of sweet Annie Lisle

Wave willow, waver waters
Golden sunbeams smile
Earthly music cannot waken, lovely Annie Lisle

Sweet came the happy chiming
Of the sabbath bell
Borne on the morning breezes
Down the woody dell

On a bed of pain and anguish
Lay dear Annie Lisle
Changed were the lovely features
Gone the happy smile  Wave willow

Fall bells of sabbath morning
I shall never more

Hear your sweet and holy music

On this earthly shore

Arms clad in heavenly beauty

Feet on me and smile

Waiting for the longing spirit

Of sweet Annie Lisle  Wave willow

Raise me in your arms dear Mother
Let me once more look

On the green and swaying willow
And the flowing brooks

Hark those strains of angel music
From the choirs above

Dearest Mother I am going

Truly God is love

Wave willows murmur wavers Golden sunbeams

Earthly music cannot make Lovely Annie Lisle
Rock Me to Sleep

Backward turn, backward A time in your flight
Make me a child again just for to-night
Mother come back from the echoless shore
Take me again to your heart as of yore.
Rip from my forehead the arrows of care
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair
Over my shoulders your loving watch keep
Rock me to sleep. Mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward turn, backward A tide of the years
I have grown weary of toil and of tears
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain
Take them and give me my childhood again
I have grown weary of dust and decay
Weary of slinging my soul wealth away
Weary of sowing for others to reap
Rock me to sleep. Mother, rock me to sleep.
Tired of the hollow she once the untrue
Brother of Brother My heart calls for you
Many a summer the grass has grown green
Blossom'd and faded our faces between
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to night for your presence again
Come from the silence so long and so deep
Rock me to sleep Mother rock me to sleep

Over my heart in the years that have flown
No love like Mother love ever has shown
No other devotion abides and endures
Patient, unselfish and faithful like yours
None like a Mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world weary brain
Shimmers soft as calm did my heavy lids creep
Rock me to sleep Mother rock me to sleep

Come let your brown hair just lighted with gold
Fall on your shoulders again as of old
Set it drop over my slumberers to night
Shading my faint eyes away from the light
For with its slumbering shadows once more
Haply will throng all the visions of yore
Lovingly softly its bright silvery sleep
Rock me to sleep. Mother, rock me to sleep

Mother, O mother the years have been long
Since last I listened your lullaby song
Sing them and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhoods years have been only a dream
Placed to your heart in a loving embrace
With your lullaby slashed just sweeping my face
Never here after to wake or to sleep
Rock me to sleep. Mother, rock me to sleep

Dreaming of home and another
Dreaming of home dear old home
Home of my childhood and another
Oft when I awake this sweet to find
I've been dreaming of home and another
Mother dear whisper to one now
Come tell one of my sister and my brother
For I feel thy hand upon my brow
While I'm dreaming of home and mother

Childhood has come come again
Sleeping I see my dear Mother
I see her lovely form beside the bed
While I'm dreaming of home and mother
Angels come soothing me to rest
I can feel their presence as home other
For they sweetly say I shall be blest
With bright visions of home and mother.

Sleep salmy sleep close my eyes
Sleep me till dreaming of brother
Hark her voice I seem to hear
When I'm dreaming of home and mother
Home dear home childhoods happy home
Where I've played with sister and with brother.
It was the sweetest joy when we did roam
Over hill and through dale with brother

Canadian Boat Song

Faintly as toll the evening chime
Our voices keep time and our oars keep time
Soon as the woods on shore look dim
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn
Now brothers row the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylight's past

Why should we yet our sails unfurl
There is not a breath the blue waves fit to curl
Soon as the wind blows off the shore
Sweetly we'll rest our weary oars
Blow, oreg! blow the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylight past

Utawa's tide you trembling draw
Shall see us float over thy surge alone
Saint of this green isle hear our prayer
Oh grant us cool heaven and favouring air
Blow breeses blow the stream inns fast
The raphs are dear and the daylight fast

Annie Laurie
Maxwell's brake she knows
Where early falls the dew
Twas there that Annie Laurie
Give me her promise true
Give me her promise true
Which never forgot shall be
And for Annie Annie Laurie
I'll lay her down and see

Her brow is like the Swan's drudt
Her neck is like the Swan
And her face it is the fairest
That ever the sun shone on
That her the sun shine on
And dark blue is her ee
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
Hail say the down and dee

Like dew on the gowan lying
Of the sea her fairy feet
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet
Her voice is low and sweet
And she's all the world to me
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
Hail say the down and dee

If all you've now been saying
Both from the heart proceed
Then upon those words relying
Your Annie is blest in deed
Your Annie is blest indeed
And future years will prove
That in wedding Annie Laurie
you'll deign repent your love

That's what I'll do
What will you do love when I am going
With white sails flowing the seas beyond
What will you do love if waves divide us
And friends behind us for being fond.

If waves divide and friends be chiding
In faith abiding I'll still be true
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean
With deep devotion that's what I'll do

What will you do love if distant tidings
The fond confidings should undermine
That I abiding in sultry skies
Shouldthinks other eyes were as bright as thine.
Oh fame it not love though quiet and shame
There on thy name I'd still be true
Put that heart of thine should another share it
I could not bear it What would I do

What will you do love when home returning
With hopes high burning with wealth for you
And our bargain was bouncing on foreign foam
Should be lost near home Oh what would you do

If you were smiled love I'd bless the Groove
In grant of sorrow that left one you
And I'd welcome thee from the roving hill
My heart thy pillow that's what I'd do

Nilly is it you do dear
Oh Nilly is it dear drunk drunk again
You did not tell me true dear
You said you would abstain
From intoxicating hooch
You did not tell me true
All in this wretched poverty
What ever shall we do in vain
Chorus My heart is nearly broke my hopes they're all
You said you join teetotal but you're drunk again.

Oh Willy you're a foolish man to drink in such a way.
A suit of black you used to wear upon the sabbath
But now in rags and dirt a drunkard you may roam.
Reflect you little family you're once happy home.

The other night you were so drunk scarce able to stand.
You beat me because I wouldn't comply with your command.
I gave you money for to spend you know that very same day
I had to pawn my dress and shirt the landlord for to pay.

Oh hardly I ever thought on the day that you and swore
That we should bear our little ones a crying out for bread.
It's all this cursed drink by home it has destroyed
Which makes me curse and rae the day that I became
your bride.
Hearts of Oak

Come cheer up my lads let's sing together
To add something more to this wonderful year
To honor we call you not poor you like slaves
For who are so free as the sons of the waving

Chorus
Hearts of oak are our ships
Jolly bars are our arrow
We always are ready
Steady boys steady
We'll fight and we'll conquer
Again and again.

We never see our foes but we wish them to stay
They never see us but they wish us away
Still they run when we follow to run them ashore
For if they won't fight us we cannot do more

They swear they'll invade us their terrible foe
They frighten our women, our children and beast
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get on
Still Britain's they'll find to receive them a hosp
Britannia triumphant, her ships sweep the sea
Her standard is Justice — her watch-word, "Bef蕾d."
Then cheer up my lads with one heart, let us sing
Our soldier, our sailor, our statesman, and Queen

The Green Little Shamrock

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
Twas St. Patrick himself sure that did set it.
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile
And with dew from his eyes often wet it the plain.
It thrives through the bog through the brake through.
And he called it the Dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

Chorus: The sweet little shamrock the dear little
The sweet little green little shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant, it still grows in our land
Fright and fair as the daughters of Erie
Who's smile can bewitch who's eyes can command
In each climate that each shall appear in
And shine, they the bog through the brake through the
Such like, their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.
This dear little plant that springs from our soil
When its three little leaves are expanded
Denotes from our stalk we together should rise
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.

Our sailors on the sea
At night when we are lying
On our beds secure and warm
We hear the coming wind
That tells the coming of the storm
When thunder roars and lightning play
Around with fiendish glee
On such a night may God protect
Our sailors on the sea

Chorus. Amid the raging of the storm
We humbly ask of Thee
O Father in the mercy save
Our sailors on the sea

The sailor little thinks when he
Gets out upon the wave.
May his way

The worn-out ship in which he sails
will bear him to his grave.

Should storms arise, her rotten planks
In pieces soon would go.
Yet ships like these are sent to sea
That men may richer grow.

Chorus.

Such things we often hear about
And the wealthy merchant thrives.
But about the precious freight
Of precious human lives.

Poor honest Jack from such a fate
Protected ought to be.
So let each do his best to save
Our sailors on the sea.

Chorus.
Oh Meet Me by Moonlight

Oh Where Oh Where is my Willy
Oh Where can my Willy be gone
He is gone across the wide ocean
I never shall see him again

Oh Meet Me Oh Meet Me by Moonlight
Oh Meet Me by Moonlight Alone
I have a sweet story to tell you
To be told by the Moonlight alone

I have two large ships on the ocean
All laden with silver and gold
And that I will give to my own true love
A sailor just nineteen years old

Chorus

Oh had I the wings of an angel
I fly the wide ocean all round
I fly to the arms of my own true love
And on his sweet bosom repose
Whippoorwill
Oh greet me when daylight is fading
And is darkening into the night
When song birds whose voices are singing
And the day is far vanished from sight
And then I will tell to you darling
Of the love that I've cherished so long
If you will but meet me at evening
Then you hear the first Whippoorwill's song
Chorus Whippoorwill Whippoorwill Whippoorwill
When you hear the first Whippoorwill's song
Oh greet me Oh greet me
Then you hear the first Whippoorwill's song
Chorus Whippoorwill Whippoorwill Whippoorwill

'Tis said that whatever sweet feelings
May be throbbing within a fond heart
When listening to Whippoorwill singing
For a twelve-month they will never depart
So then we will meet in the woodland
Far away from the hurrying throng
And whisper our love to each other
When we hear the first whip-poor-will's song.

And in the long years of the future
Though our duties may part us a while
And on the return of this evening
We be severed by many a mile
Yet deep in our bosoms well cherish
The affection so fervent and strong
We pledged to each other this evening
When we heard the first whip-poor-will's song.

Lord of Barleigh
For her ear he whispers daily
If my heart by signs can tell
Maiden, I have watched thee daily
And I think thou lovest me well
She replies in accents fainter
There is Gone I love like thee
He is but a landscape painter
And a village maiden she.
He to lips that softly slumber,
Presses his without reproach.
Leads her to the village altar:
And they leaves her father's roof.
I can make thee marriage present.
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant.
And I love thee more than life.

They fly parks and lodges going
See the lovely castle stand
Summer troots about them glowing
Made a murmure through the land.
From deep thought himself he doth say to her that loves him well
Let us see those houses handsome
Where the wealthy nobles dwell.
So she goes by him attended
Hears him lovingly converse
Sees whatever fair and splendid.
Lay Schwitz his home and hers.
Parke with Oak and Chestnut Shady
Parke and orderly gardens great
Ancient homes of lord and lady
Built for pleasure and for state
All she shows her makes him dearer
Eyes close she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing dearer
Where they twain will spend there day

Thus her heart rejoices greatly
Till a gateway she discerns
With princely bearing stately
And beneath the gate she turns
Sees a transit noble majestic
Then all those she saw before
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door
And they speak in gentle manner
When they answer to his call
While he treads with footsteps former
Leading on from hall to hall
And while now she wonders blindly for the meaning can divine
Proudly turns he round and kindly all of this is divine. And thine
Here he lives in state and bounty Lord of Burleigh fair and free
Not a lord in all the county so great a lord as he

And a gentle concert made he
And her noble mind was such
That she grew a noble lady
And the people loved her much
But a trouble weigh'd upon her
And perplexed her mightily and more
With the garden of an hour
Into which she was not born
What will you do
When I am dead and gone
When weary days give place to night
When weary night to dawn
When never a day nor night can bring
The one for whom your sorrowing

When peacefully I'm lying
With folded hands at rest
And on my unresponsive lips
Your last good-bye is rest
Will your heart your head cry out in anguish
For her who sleeps her last long sleep

I know it will my darling
And you will miss me so
It almost seems as if you'll need
My comfort in your woe
When sunny breezes softly wave
And wintry snowdrifts on my grave
Then hold me closer, darling,
And love me while you may.
As you will wish that you had loved
When I am laid away.
Where gentle kisses cannot reach,
And ears are deaf to loving speech.

When in the busy morning
Or when at quiet eve,
You long for her that cannot come,
My darling do not grieve.
I ask your heart these words to keep:
He giveth his beloved sleep.

Maria Patch
Try the Lord in prayer
Of a morning face the place an receive me
When do you want an Army for such a sea
And true and quickly from morn the morning sunrise
With love

Why do you look so low
She knows we are gone & know
She to Lord in tears why here

The Sawdust from the breakfast floor

The slatons right this spot which shall be
The hallows right the dawns dawn shall be
She to me & across the sea
She shall with the hallows dawn shall be
I hear my days my days bring away they make me rise
Clear these she shamed and more her hands pluck the guand

Why do you look so low
They are now that only now
They to Lord in tears why here

Of all the verses as you know

Name Joe
The Bawm pipes the watch below
Yes ho lads ho yes ho yes ho
Then here's a health afore we go
Yes ho lads ho yes ho
A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea
Can keep our bones from Daisy Jones where'er we lie
And may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee
Yes ho lads ho yes ho a sailor's wife a
I'll Hang my Harp
I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
And off to the wars again
For my peaceful home hath no charm for me
The battle field no pain
For the lady I love will soon be a bride
With a diadem on her brow
Oh why did she flatter my boisterous pride
She's going to leave me now—Repeat

She took me away from my warlike lord
She gave me a silken suit
Ithought no more of my masters show
As I played on my masters lute
She seemed to think me a boy above
Her page of low degree
Oh had I but loved with a boisterous love
It would have been better for me
I'll hide in my breast every selfish care
I'll flush my pale cheeks with wine
When smiles await for the bridie pair
I'll hasten to give them mine breath
I'll sing and I'll laugh to my heart's may
And I'll walk in the festive train
And if I survive I'll mount my steed
And I'll off to the wars again

But one golden tress of her hair I'll win
In my helmet sable blue
And then on the fields of Palestine
I'll seek an early doom
And if by the Saracens hand I'll fall
With the noble and the brave
One tear from my lady love is all
I'll ask for a warrior's grave
One tear from my lady is all
I ask for a warrior's grave
The end
Them that swims in sin shall sink in sorrow

Them that swims in sin shall sink in sorrow

Them that swims in sin shall sink in sorrow

Them that swims in sin shall sink in sorrow

Them that swims in sin shall sink in sorrow

Them that swims in sin shall sink in sorrow

Mrs. David Melville
Engine Room Artificer

My dear Frith: Mrs. S. Jenedos

Halifax N.S.

Mr. David Melville
Engine Room Artificer

H. Mrs. S. Jenedos

Them that swim in Halifax N.S

Mary Cannors Porchave
Far Away
Where is now the merry party
Remember long ago
Laughing round the Christmas fire
Lightened by its ruddy glow
Or in summer balmy evening
In the fields umosting the day
They have all dispersed and wandered
Far away, far away
They have all dispersed and wandered
Far away, far away

Some have gone to lands far distant
And with strangers found a home
Some upon the world of waters
All their lives are forced to roam
Some have gone from us for ever
Longer here they might not stay
They have reached a fairer region, far away, far away
They have reached a fairer region, far away, far away
There are still some few remaining
Who remind us of the past
But they've changed as all things change
Nothing in this world can last
Years roll on and pass for ever
What is coming who can say
Away
Are these closes many may lie far away far
Are these closes many may lie far away far
In the glimming the my darling
When the lights are dim and low
And the ghost shadows falling
Softly come and softly go
When the sunshades begin falling
But to a gentle watchman's care
Jest a faint thump of paw and dim on
As paw did once impage.
In the glimming the my darling
Think not better of me
Though I passed away in silence
Left my lonely yet fast fur
Up my head was raised with longing
What had been could near be
It was best to hear saw this dear
Best for saw and best for me
In the glimmer in my darling
When dead lines are falling fast
Jest in my song thence forever
An end each sad memory of the past.
May God be with you and happy forever, as the heavens are above.
My hope is that you will see me.
In that land far, far away,
you will be safe and carefree.

Israel Paine, Patient's Assistant.

Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Mark 10, 14.

As much as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Matthew 25, 40.

For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love which ye have shewed towards his name so that ye have ministered to the saints and fed them.

Hebrews 6, 10.
Gleanings From The Log

Of HM Troop Ship Malabar composed by J. A. Hunt A.B.

My ship is called the Malabar
A Troopship which you know
From Portsmouth out to India
Three times a year both go

On February the twenty-eighth
In eighteen eighty-two
We steamed out of the Harbour
As all our steam ships do

When well clear of the Channel
The wind began to blow
And in the Bay of Biscay
The seas ran high you know

We made all things snug about
As the wind was ahead
We sent down our top gale mast
We could not have the lead
At twelve o'clock at midnight
On March the very first day
Our ship she pitched so heavily
That our Jibboom carried away

Our engines too broke down
A sail set on our stays
Was blown away and left us
At the mercy of the waves

Our ship behaved most nobly
For three days in the gale
We trusted to our engines
We could not set the sail

But when we passed Cape Finisterre
And well clear of the Bay
We altered course and then our ship
Sped lightly on her way
The Gut of Gibralter
We passed on March the sixth
And then with fine fair weather
We crossed our upper sticks

Then on we went to Malta
Which we reached on March the tenth
When safely moored unto the lady
The coal on board was sent

When clear of Malta harbour
Fore and haft sail we staid
And then we shaped our course
For the harbour of Not Said

Port Said the fortieth day of March
After passing the river Nile
A Turkish gun boat here we found
Who played our idletime
We passed her then straight to the busy
Our ship was made fast well
And at four P.M. we entered
The famous Suez Canal

Then through the Suez Canal
We slowly wend our way
Till in the Bitter lakes
Our ship was anchored.

One hour only here we lay
To allow some ships to pass
Then within ten miles of Suez
That night our ship made fast

On Friday March the seventeenth
The clock had just struck ten
We entered into Suez
We got our mail then.
H. M. S. "Curiglus"
We found we anchored there
We discharged our supernumeraries
And sent on board our gear

Just four hours we here remained
When we got under weigh,
Then through the Gulf of Suez
We steamed for Bombay

We sighted many an island
And many a Cape passed we
Now we had the happiest time
Of a sailor's life at sea

Many were the games proposed
To pass the time away
Sangs was sung but the Tug of War
Was the topic of the day
On the twenty first of March
More land we passed by
The Twelve Apostles islands
A gunboat did lie

Her boats out surveying
Her name it was the Dawn
We slackened speed and spoke to her
Just four hours after dawn

Through Hills gates the Red sea passed
We next past Aden harbour
With beautiful fine weather
The sea could not be calmer

In the evening of the twenty eight
We had a farewell play
With songs and jokes and dancing
We closed a jovial days
At three A. M. in the morning
On March the twenty-ninth
Our ship was steaming steadily
We sighted Calcutta light

Then early in the morning
Just after break of day
With ropes hauled taut and yards all squared
We entered in Bombay

Thus our passage out to India
If you reckon all delays
Was made with little danger
In nine and twenty days

Then we disembarked the troops
Their baggage all got out
We coaled our ship and painted her
Hard work without a doubt
Eight days in Bombay we remained
At work from light 'til dark
On the fifth of April
Some troops they did embark

Full fourteen hundred souls
The next day we received
At four P. M. slipped from the bowy
And Bombay we did leave

Now our bows points to old England
On the same old trackless track
The same way that we did come out
The same way we go back

With fair winds and fine weather
Our course it was laid
On the eighteenth of April
Sues harbour we reached
Then through the Canal
For days only two
For on the twentieth of April
Port Said came in view

An Italian Turkish and Frenchman
Men of war we here did see
We cocked our ship and at nine from
We once more put to sea

Then when the pilot left us
Our course we had to alter
On the twenty-third of April
We entered into Malta

The pride of England do we see
In Malta we did see
For all our largest Ironclads are
In the Mediterranean Sea
On entering into Malta
It is a pretty sight
This day being Sunday
We landed here all right.

At half past one on Monday
After Coaling our Ship
With the Admirals permission
From the busy we bid ship

When we fairly got to Sea
Head winds they did prevail
I was very dirty weather
We could not set the sail

But soon we got fine weather
All being well below
Those famous Hills we sighted
Their summits crowned with snow
Then following the land
I mean the Spanish coast
We soon passed Gibraltar
Old England's pride and boast
St. Vincent passed and Finisterre
Across the Bay of Biscay
We experienced fine weather
Although our ship was fishes
A splendid breeze we got right aft
And at seven o'clock at night
On the second of May
We passed Cape Vultur light
I was rather foggy weather
In the Channel that night
In the morning when it lifted
We saw the Isle of Wight
When around the Isle of Wight
The land to us so dear
Was plainly seen by all on board
As for Spithead we steer

Straight up the harbours we go
Our ship was soon made fast
Three cheers for dear old England
Safe home again at last

Hold's not all are here
Five died upon the way
Some were well and healthy
When they left Bombay

Let's give them a passing thought
How we are safe at home
And pray they God protect us
Wherever we may roam
Friends abroad. Whereas Jack
you hear a female say
I haven't had a letter
Since you left Bombay

We are welcomed back to England
By all earth's dearest ties
War, sailors, and our soldiers
Cry, welcome to their shores

This three and sixty days
And hours twenty one
Since we left this harbour
And our voyage out begun

And now any log is ended
Do not judge harshly, I cry
Remember who has written it
An amateur Ann J
Maria P Andrews
St. John
Home Again

Home again, home again from a foreign shore
And oh, it fills my heart with joy.

To meet my friends once more,
Here I drop the starting tear.

To erode old oceans foam
But now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.

Happy hearts, happy hearts,
With mine have laughed in glee.
But oh, the friends I've loved in youth
Seem happier far to me.

And if my guide should be the fate
Which bids me longer roam,
Still now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.

Music sweet, music sweet,
Gathers round the place.
And oh I feel the childhood charm
That time cannot efface
Then give me but my homestead roof
I'll ask no palace now
For I can live a happy life
With those I love at home
the end

The Bridge

I stood on the bridge at midnight
As the clocks were striking the hour
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church tower
And like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers
A flood of thought came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears
How often Oh how often
In the days that had gone by
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on Maine and sky
How often Oh how often
I had wished that that eluding tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er that ocean wild and wide

2nd verse
For my heart was hot and restless
And my life was full of care
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.
But now it has fallen from me
And is buried in the sea.
And only the sorrow of others
Throw its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden frieze
Like the bough of balm from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years
And for ever and for ever
As long as the river flows
As long as the heart has passion
As long as life has moes
The moon and its brother, reflection
And its shadow shall appear
As the symbole of love in heaven.
And its mawering image there
Baby's Cradle

Little empty cradle treasured now with care
The sky precious it has flown
How I missed the locks of curly golden hair
Peeking through thy tiny snow-white bed
Chorus: Baby's left the cradle for the golden shore
O'er the silvery waters it as flown
Gone to join the angels peace forevermore
Empty is the cradle Baby's gone

When the dimple cheek and little laughing eye
From the wimple fellow it as flown
How I come with gladness now I look and sigh
Empty is the cradle Baby's gone
Chorus
Near a shady valley lies a grassy mound
Underneath my little darling sleeps.
Blossoms sweet and roses clustered all around
Overhead the willow silent weeps.

Chorus
There I laid my loved one in that long ago
And my heart it do so sadly moan.
But she's with the angels and I fear I would weep.
Empty is the cradle baby's gone.

The end

Fathers come home
Yes Mary my Mary your fathers come home.
You waited through all the long night,
He was deaf to your pleadings for reason was dumb.
But Oh it came back with the light.
It seems like a dream or a terrible dream.
But alas now I know it was true.

For Benny is dead but your fathers come home.

Dear Mary to mother and you.
Oh no more through the dark dreary hours.
Little Mary in sadness shall roam
With how glad to her ears are the words that she
Dear Mary your father's come home.

2 Please Mary tell mother that fathers come home
And kneels by our little boys bed in despair.
And he prays for God's help that the husband
The place of the boy that is dead.

And say though he left her forsaken to weep
All alone to bear sorrow and pain.
He'll never more cause her a harm or a tear
If once she will trust him again.
Oh no more shall the mischief and weep
All in vain for the loved ones to come.
For all gone are her fears as the message she hears.
Tell mother that fathers come home.

3 Yes Mary tell mother your father has left
The drink that has made him so bad.
You can say he has taken the temple's pledge.
I know it will make her heart glad
And tell her he waits to clash mother and child.
And he vows on his knees to be true
For fathers come home to his reason at length
Dear Mary to Mother and you
Oh no more to the Mother and child
Shall the night black and desolate come
For the fire shall be bright and their hearts shall delight
While saying Dear fathers come home

Take this letter to my Mother
For across the deep blue sea
It will fill her heart with pleasure
She'll be glad to hear from me
How she meet when last we parted
How her heart was filled with pain
When she said Good night God bless you
We may never meet again

Take this letter to my Mother
It is filled with words of joy
Tell her that her prayers are answered
God protects her darling boy
Tell her to be glad and cheerful
Pray for me when ere I roam
Till ere long I turn my footsteps
Back towards my dear old home

1. Take this letter to my mother
   It is filled with words of love
   If on earth I never meet her
   Tell her that we'll meet above

   Where there is no hour of parting
   All is peace and love and joy

   God will bless my dear old Mother
   And protect her darling boy

Mother, I rest in thy dreams

Lying on my dying bed
Into the dark and silent night
Praying for the coming day
Came a vision to thy sight
Near me stood the one I loved
In the sunlights' mellow gleam
Holding me unto her breast
Mother kissed me in my dreams.
The Stormy Cloud
I oft seen you smiling Dear Mother
Your loving face beaming with joy
And why are you weeping Dear Mother
Be cheerful and answer your boy
For it's hard to be leaving old England
When loving ones round me I see
I would cheerfully it Dear Mother
If God carry your blessings with me
Chorus Then give me your blessings Dear Mother
Keep not O keep not for me
There's a stormy cloud hangs over old England
And my fortunes across the blue sea

It's a cold winter's night Dearest Mother
And our cottage all thatched with snow
Could you see us forgotten and grieve
Deserted by all that you know
There's a squire scarce a space from our shelter
And he's counting over wealth by the score
If you'd ask but one stick from his dwellings
He would send you to jail evermore

Chorus

Could I see my poor sister refining
Sick and cold on a bed of cold straw
Unable to give her a shelter

Oh to keep her from death's grave and shun
Oh no I would rather be leaving
Canada's flattering shore

So farewell now to all those who are grieving
And old England goodbye evermore

Chorus

Farewell to the shores of old England
Farewell to those rollickers so brave
When you boast of an Englishman's freedom
There the first ones that would make you a slave

Our freedom has proved you a tyrant
Our dockyards has shown that none free
They take the bread from our wives and our children
And transport us across the blue sea

Chorus

the end
Bill's Rose

Bill's dead and gone to glory, so is Bill's sister. Well, where's a tale I know about them were I a poet I wouldn't be lost, it comes with perfume laden like a breath of country air. Passed down a filthy alley bringing fragrant odors there.

Bill's pathway to the tomb. Rang a tale of elf and fairy land she tell the dying child till his eyes last half their anguish and her worn wan features缴 herself had heard haphazard caught amidst the Babelcroakished about by tingly baby playing at their Mothers door when she felt his wasted fingers gelly tighten as she told
how beyond the dismal alley lay a land of shining gold where when all the pain was over where when all the tears was.

It would be a white frocked angle with a gold thing on his head then she told some gabled story of a kind eyed Saviour's love how he built for little children great big playgrounds where they sang and played at hopscotch and at horses every day.
And where beadle and policeman never frighten them away
This was little idea of heaven just a little that she heard
With a little bit invented and a little bit inferred
But her brother lay and listened and he seemed to understand.
For he closed his eyes numerated he could see the happy land
Yes he whispered, "I can see it I can see it sister Nell"
The children seem so happy and they all so strong and
I can see them there with Jesus and His playing with the
Let us run away and join them if there is room for you.
She was eight this little maiden and her life had all been
In the garret and the alley where they starved to pay the
Where a drunken father curses and a drunken mother clav
Drag down forth into the gutter from the days downturned.
But she knew enough this outcast just to tell the wanting
You must die before you able all those blessings to enjoy
But she whispered Billy and I am not even ill
But I'll come to you dear brother Jesus promise that I will
You are dying little brother you are dying as so fast
I heard Father say to Mother that he knew you could not
They will put you in a coffin and you'll wake and be in
While I'm alone to suffer in this garden bleak and dead
Gently Jesu! will not leave me as I have not equalled and her name.
Ye who have answered Billy, best sister. beloved friend!
Something sister! that you cannot imagine.
I should like to remember how the mission almonds
Of the great green lovely meadow here we played and danced.
There the pine seed clippings grew dear near by as: mother's hand
Of where the dear great sound followed, not to my call.
I asked the dear great teacher what the pretty nature roses rose
And she told me remember that the pretty nature roses rose.
I have seen them since dear sister knew. I must that at one
Shall there be little Jesse but that night when mother.
In the silent street of Laval the rain had cleared away.
The little dun had risen and the wind had cleared away.
Running on and running eye till the night had cleared away.
The little dun around her limbs were shone away as the
In the little dun she was shone as the
But there came no flowering garden her keen hungry eyes to greet. 
She had traced the road by asking she had sought the way along 
She had found the famous meadow it was wreathed in cruel snow 
Not a buttercup or daisy not a single verdant blade 
Shone its head above its prison then she knelt her down 
With her eyes upcast to heaven down she sunk upon the ground 
And she prayed to God to show her where the roses might lie 
Then the cold blast mingled her senses and her sight grew strong 
And a sudden awful tremor seemed to seize her every limb 
Oh a rose she meant good Jesus just a rose to take to Bill 
And as she prayed a chariot then came thundering down the lane 
And a lady sat there by and with a red rose rare and sweet 
As she paused she flung it from her and it fell at Nellie's feet 
Just a word her lord had spoken caused her ladyship to stop 
And the rose had been her present so she flung it in a heap 
But the poor half blinded Nellie thought it falling from 
So she murmured thank you savour as she clasped her face 
Lo that night from out the sky a child's spirit passed away 
From dirt and sin and misery to where God's children fly 
To that night a wild fierce snowstorm burst in fury
In the mor they found Bell frozen with thred rose in her
Dilly dead and gone to glory so is Bellie sister fell
And I hold to say this happened in a land where angels
That the children met in heaven after all their earthly woe
And that fellie kissed her brother and said Bellie has gone
The end

A childs Dream

Oh Mother dear I've had a dream
So beautiful and new I've dreamt of heaven and its King.
Oh how I wish it was true.
I dreamt I was an angel fair so beautiful so bright
A crown of gold upon my head and I was dressed in light
And I had wings too.

Oh Mother dear I've had a dream
So beautiful and new I've dreamt of heaven and its King.
Oh how I wish it was true.
I dreamt I was an angel fair so beautiful so bright
A crown of gold upon my head and I was dressed in light
And I had wings too.

And was so glad and happy for more glad than I can tell
For one had brought me out a harp of harp of brightest gold
They taught me many songs of heaven. All songs of love untold
Then onwards upwards to the gate. From whence a sound there came
A sound as of a multitude Praising the Saviours name
And singing glory honour power. Unto the Lamb be given
Who has redeemed our souls to his god. And made us kings in heaven.
that we would not lose our minds if we tried to understand the meaning of the symbols on the board. The board was filled with symbols and numbers that seemed to have no connection to each other. The teacher spoke quickly, jumping from one topic to another, and it was hard to keep up. I found myself wondering if we would ever be able to understand the meaning of it all. The room was packed with students, all staring intently at the board, trying to make sense of the dots and lines that seemed to be moving in front of their eyes. It was a chaotic scene, and I couldn't help but feel lost.
The Teacher Taught

One sultry summer eve we went I and my little May Down to a stream beside the Trent Where water lilies lay Tell laden with the golden spray. For musing more to roam

Restrained well for all our soil We turned to seek our home. But we had wandered far away Intent upon the flowers

I saw the quickly closing day On the fast gathering showers With tiny hand close clasped in mine They joys she prattled over Until she saw the lightening showers And heard the thunder day.

Then the blue eyes looked up with dread The hasty footsteps and earnestly the sweet voice said, Runtrie are you afraid

I replied because I know How all these things must be Since certain changes in the earth, Cause electricity

And that the rolling noise we hear. On sudden heavy crash but the meeting of the air, After the lightening's flash of all my scientific lore. Moved not the little ones to be answered. I will soon be over God knows were not afraid I soon learned in simple farm. Here shall my trouble stay no more the thick storm And now when I'm afraid
He know when earthly tears fell clouds of sorrow fell
Amid heart with loneliness And wept tears stood
Whilst o'er this thorny path I roam His strength to give a
And through the midst valley lead me home Well know when