



The LYRE.

N^o. 40.

MY MARION, MY MARION!

Poetry & Music original.

My Marion, my Ma-ri-on! My dear, my joy, my pride,
 My life, my love, my little one, Thy mother's by thy side: Then
 smile and glad thy mother's heart, And shew how good and
 sweet thou art, And shew how good and sweet thou art.

My Marion, my Marion,
 Thy fairy arms entwine
 Around my neck, while I my child
 Encircle thee in mine.
 Sweet babe, may Heaven around thy head,
 Its arms of love and safety spread.

My babe, my child, my Marion,
 Thy mother hears thy cry,
 Nothing shall harm my Marion,
 While I, thy shield, am by.
 Then sleep, and o'er thy fancy gleam,
 Such thoughts as angels would besee.

I'll cherish thee, my Marion,
 In childhood, and in youth,
 And lead thy steps the paths upon
 Of happiness and truth;
 And when thy mother's taken from thee,
 O cherish still her memory.

