



GO HOME, GO HOME.

Go home, go home to your rest, young man, The
 sky looks cold in the west, young man, For should
 we rove thro' Morne's grove, A noontide walk is the
 best, young man. Go sleep, the heavens look
 pale, young man, And sighs are heard in the
 gale, young man, A walk in the night, by the
 dim moonlight, A maiden might chance to bewail young man.

When all the worlds awake, young man,
 A proffer of love I may take, young man,
 But the star of truth,
 The guide of my youth,
 Never pointed to midnight wake, young man,
 Go sleep till rise of the sun young man,
 The Sage's eye to shun, young man,
 For he's watching the flight
 Of daemons to night,
 And may happen to take thee for one, young man.

'TWERE BETTER FAR WE NEER HAD MET.

'Twere better far we neer had met, If met to part so
 soon, 'Twere but to change to cold regret, The glow of
 pleasure's noon, To cloud the sunty path of joy, E'en
 whilst it gayest shone, And leave each flower to
 wither there, Uncherished and a lone.

Around the board where memory twines
 With friendships kindest ties,
 A world of sweet remembrances
 How blest each moment flies!

While o'er and o'er, in thought we roam
 Each balmy native dell,
 Oh! who could think of parting then,
 Oh! who could say farewell!



