

BEE'S WING.

Air—The sea!



The Bee! the Bee! the bonny Bee!
 The light, the brisk, the ever free,
 Without a scratch, without a wound,
 She travels the north race-courses round,
 She plays with the nags, she mocks their speed,
 Or, like an arrow, shoots ahead!

*Jack's on the Bee! Jack's on the Bee,
 He is where he would ever be,
 With the weight above, or the weight below,
 She wins! she wins! where'er I go,
 If a horse should come that ne'er lost before,
 What matter? he must yield to her.

Jack feels, oh yes? he feels a pride,
 When his favourite mare he does bestride,
 With every muscle and nerve in play,
 She's sure to bear the prize away,
 And let the field of commoners know,
 They never a yard with her can go!

I never a high-bred racer see,
 But more and more I love the Bee,
 Her sprightly air, her fairy form!
 O'er all possess a matchless charm,
 And well I know if the weight be fair,
 Nought! nought! can beat my favourite mare!

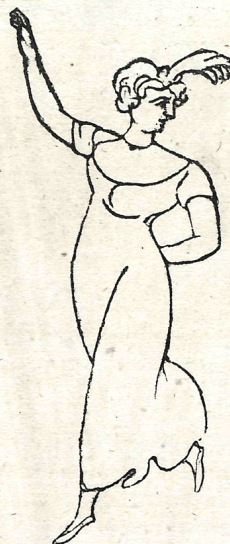
The sky was clear, and bright the sun,
 In the hour when first I saw her run,
 And beauty's phalanx, bright and bland,
 In virgin splendor, graced the strand!
 And never was seen such smiling eyes,
 As mark'd the moment she won the prize,

And since that proud and joyous day,
 Full twenty prizes she's borne away,
 And never has known an adverse fate,
 But when defeated with over weight!
 And scarce again may we hope to see,
 A racer like the bonny Bee!!!

*Cartwright

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TO MARY.

Some sing of Julia, some of Jean,
 And some call Ann their deary,
 But I will weave my humble verse,
 In praise of my sweet Mary!

Bright locks of gold and sparkling eyes!
 What stripling's heart can pry?
 And where do these so brilliant shine,
 As in my lovely Mary!

Her face! ah no, all language fails,
 Each feature's stamp'd with fairy,
 The rose and lilly strive in vain,
 To match the bloom of Mary.

Her voice! that lute I love to hear,
 To discord so contrary,
 Conveys sweet music to mine ear,
 Which none can breathe but Mary!

Her shape, ye Gods t'is too divine,
 'Mongst human-kind to tarry,
 An Angel from its native skies,
 Lives in the form of Mary!

The heart! soft passion's trembling throne,
 Once fix'd will never vary,
 And he has more than wealth can give,
 Who claims the heart of Mary!

