



Far, far upon the Sea.

Far, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
Upon the deck we gather young and old;
And view the flapping sail,
Swelling out before the gale,
Full and round without a wrinkle or a fold;
Or watch the waves that glide,
By the vessels stately side,
Or the wild sea birds that follow thro' the air;
Or we gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
We watch the sea birds follow thro' the air;
Or we gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lee,
We talk of pleasant days when we were young
And remember though we roam,
The sweet melodies of home,
The songs of happy childhood which we sung
And though we quit her shore,
To return to it no more,
Sound the glories that Britannia yet shall hear;
That Britons rule the waves,
And never shall be slaves,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lee,
Sound the glories that Britannia yet shall hear;
That Britons rule the waves,
And never shall be slaves,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the winds blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
What'er our country be,
The thought of it shall cheer us as we go;
And Scotland's sons shall join,
In the song of Auld lang Syne,
With voice by memory softened, clear and low,
And the men of Erin's Isle,
Battling sorrow with a smile,
Shall sing "St. Patrick's morning," void of care.
And thus we pass the day,
As we journey on the way,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
Whate'er our country be,
We'll sing our native music, void of care;
And thus we pass the day,
As we journey on our way,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

(69.)

The Old Arm Chair.

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a saintly prize;
I've bedew'd it with tears, I've embalm'd it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart:
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you know the spell?—a mother sat there
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair!

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat, with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and to teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide:
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and locks were grey;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
And turn'd from her bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on; but the last one sped,
My idol was shatter'd my earth-star fled.
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'Tis past, tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow,
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died!
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say 'tis a folly and a deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek,
But I love it, I love it! and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

The Lass o' Gowrie.

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gade down,
My lassie wi' a braw new gown
Cam o'er the hill to Gowrie.
The rosebud ting'd wi' morning show'r,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunnie bow'r,
But Kitty was the fairest flow'r
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I dang,
And said 'My lassie, will ye gang
To view the Carse o' Gowrie?'
I'll take ye to my father's ha'
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And make ye lady o' them a'—
The bravest wife in Gowrie!

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread,
She whisper'd modestly and said,
'I'll gang wie ye to Gowrie!'
The auld folks soon gae'd their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie!

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

