LISLE.

DOWN where the waving willows,
'Neath the sunbeams smile,
Shadowed o'er the murm'ring waters,
Dwelt sweet Annie Lisle,
Pure as the forest lily.
Never thought of guile,
Had it's home within the bosom,
Of loved Annie Lisle.
Wave willows murmur waters,
Golden sunbeams smile,
Earthly music cannot waken,
Lovely Annie Lisle.

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.

Toll bells of Sabbath morning,
I shall never more,
Hear your sweet and holy music,
On this earthly shore.
Forms clad in heavenly beauty,
Look on me and smile.
Waiting for the longing spirit,
Of sweet Annie Lisle.

Raise me in your arms, dear mother.

Let me once more look,
On the green and waving willows,
And the flowing brook.

Hark, those strains of angel music,
From the choir above
Dearest mother, I am going,
Truly, "God is love."

The chamois Hunter,—the chamois hunter. At early dawn he goes. From his home in the pleasant Chamourie, To cross the Alpine snows. His hearth is blazing cherrily, Yet he turns from its light, To dare the dreadful precipice. In the dreary, dreary night. Fare thee well, fare thee well. Thou bold chamois hunter, Fare thee well, fare thee well. Thou bold chamois hunter. The chamois hunter,—the chamois hunter, He hath a blooming bride, And he gazes on her beauty With a lover's ardent pride; Yet his bold and restless spirit, Even love canuot restrain, He grieves to see those sorrowing tears, But they are shed in vain. The chamois hunter,—the chamois hunter, A wild life leadeth he, And he pauses not at danger,

A wild life leadeth he,

And he pauses not at danger,

Tho' he knows his destiny;

For his forefathers perished

Chasing the mountain deer,

Who would seek a mightier mountain the mountain deer,

Who would seek a mightier monument Than the mighty glacier.

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