



I SAW HER AT THE FANCY FAIR.

I saw her at the fancy fair,
Where youth and beauty joyful met—
The loveliest of the lovely there,
Ne'er shall I that dear girl forget—that girl forget.

No one could pass her coldly by :
Fairer than all she was, yet meek ;
Heaven was in her diamond eye,
And roses crimson'd o'er her cheek,—and roses
crimson'd o'er her cheek.

To nature's gayest scenes she lent
A sweet, a soul-enchanting spell ;
At home, abroad, where'er she went,
How lov'd, how courted, none can tell—none,
none can tell.

Mid dazzling splendour there array'd,
She urg'd the sacred claims of woe ;
As gracefully her tresses play'd
O'er neck that mock'd the mountain snow,
O'er neck—o'er neck that mock'd the mountain
snow.

THE THORN.

From the white blossom'd sloe, my dear Chloe re-
quested

A sprig, her fair breast to adorn ;
No, by heavens ! I exclaimed, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn !

Then I show'd her the ring, and implor'd her to
marry :

She blush'd like the dawning of morn ;
Yes, I'll consent, she replied, if you'll promise,
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.
No, by heavens ! I exclaimed, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn ! (3.)