

MARBLE HALLS.

I DREAMT that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side :
And of all who assembled within those walls
That I was the hope and the pride ;
I had riches too great to count, could boast
Of a high ancestral name ;
And I also dreamt (which charmed me most)
That you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors besought my hand,
That knights upon bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could with-
stand,
That they pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim ;
Yet I also dreamt (which charmed me most)
That you loved me still the same.

My Bark is Bound- ing Near.

O H, listen, dearest lady,
It is thine own one calls
Pale stars are o'er thee shining
Dim twilight round thee falls
Come, come, this heart awaits thee,
My lady love appear,
Come fly with me across the lake,
My bark is bounding near.
Come fly, &c.

Oh, hasten, dearest lady,
As o'er yon tide we rove,
Each silvery wave shall echo
Sweet notes of minstrel's love.
And vows of truth I'll breath to thee,
I'll kiss away each tear,
Then fly with me across the lake,
My bark is bounding near.
Then fly, &c.

Maiden, I'LL Ne'er deceive thee.

MAIDEN, I will ne'er deceive thee,
Never wrong thee, never grieve thee
Take this hand, and we will go
Where the early violets grow :
In the still and shady grove,
Where I dare to tell of love.
Maiden, smile, or ere we part,
Chainless, give me back my heart.
Maiden, I will ne'er, &c.

Happy was I ere I knew thee—
Wherefore should thy chains pursue me,
Like the rainbow's fitful beam,
Like thy image in the stream?
When I think thy bosom won,
Gleed that brow, and hope is gone.
Maiden, I will ne'er, &c.



PIRATE CREW.

W. M'Call, Printer, Cartwright
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O'ER the wild world of waters we roam
ever free,
Sea kings & rovers, bold pirates are we ;
We own no dominion, what matter? we sail
Light-hearted and true in the loud roaring
gale ;

We love the blue waters as we ride o'er the
billow,
The strong timbers creak, and the masts
shake like willow ;
But fearless in danger, we brave the mad
foam,
Ever free on the deep, the wide ocean our
home.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Merry the life of the bold pirate crew,
Dauntless and daring the deeds that we do
Hurrah, the black banner is nail'd to the
mast,
Death to the foe as it waves in the blast.
" Crowd sail ! a strange vessel is heaving in
sight,"
Shouts the pirate aloft, " She's our's to-
night,"
Now we dash through the foam bearing
down on our prize,
No quarter we give to the stranger that flies

Clear the decks, ever brave are the pirates
in battle,
The strong timber creaks, the loud cannons
rattle ;
Now we board her in triumph and bear her
away,
Three cheers for the prize, as we bound
o'er the spray.

Merry the life, &c.

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STANDARD BEARER

UPON the tented field, a Minstrel
Knight
Beside his standard, lonely watch is
keeping,
And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, and sings while all
are sleeping.
The lady of my love, I will not name,
Altho' I wear her colors as a token,
But I will fight, for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag, where first our
vows were spoken.
Beneath the flag, &c.

The night is past, the conflict comes with
dawn,
The minstrel knight is seen each foe de-
fying,
While death and carnage onward still are
borne ;
His song is heard, 'mid thousands round
him dying.
The lady of my love, &c.

Stern death, now sated, quits the gory plain
The life blood, from the warrior bard is
streaming,
Still on his head, he rests his head with
pain,
And faintly sings, his eye with fervour
beaming.
The lady of my love, I will not name,
I still preserve her colors as a token
I fought and fell, for liberty and fame,
And never has my knightly vow been
broken.
And never has, &c.

Love Not

LOVE not, love not, ye hopeless sons of
clay,
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly
flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away
When they have blossom'd but a few short
hours. Love not, love not.

Love not, love not : the thing you love may
die—
May perish from the gay & glad some earth
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.
Love not, love not.

Love not, love not : the thing you love may
change ;
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you ;
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and
strange ;
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true
Love not, love not.

Love not, love not : oh ! warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by :
Love flings a halo round the tear one's head
Faultless, immortal—till they change or die
Love not, love not.

