



SHE LIVES NOT A MILE FROM THE MEADOW.

I love and am loved by a maid,
In form and in features the rarest,
And while in each virtue array'd,
The pride of the hamlet and fairest.
Not a swain but is loud in her praise,
And sings of the charms she possesses;
And while on her person they gaze,
Not a tongue but her beauty confesses,
And she lives not a mile from the meadow.
Tho' rich ones and great ones have tried
To purchase her charms by each proffer;
Still Phoebe would insult deride,
And scorn both the tempter and offer.
Encircled in chastity's shield,
Nor slander itself could revile her;
For Phoebe, no, never would yield,
For calumny's tongue to beguile her,
And she lives, &c.
And Phoebe the maid of the grove,
To art and deception a stranger,
Has listened to hymen and love,
To guard her from insult and danger.
Oh! yes; and each power divine,
Shall see such affection requited,
For Phoebe has sworn to be mine,
And heaven shall see us united.

And she lives, &c.

MY OWN BLUE BELL.

My own bell, the pretty blue bell,
I never rove where the roses dwell;
My lips you view of your own bright hue,
And oh never doubt but my heart's true blue.
Though oft, I own, I've foolishly flown
To peep at each bud that has newly blown
I now have done with folly and fun,
For there's nothing like constancy under the sun.
My own blue bell, &c.

Some belles are blues, invoking the muse,
And talking of vast intellectual views;
Their crow-quill's tip in the ink they dip,
And prate with the love of a learned lip;
Blue belles like these may be wise as they please,
But I love my own blue bell that bends in the breeze;
Pride passes her by, but she charms my eye,
With a tint that resembles the cloudless sky.
My own blue bell, &c.

RISE GENTLE MOON.

Day has gone down o'er the Baltic's broad billow,
Evening has sigh'd her last to the lone willow,
The Baltic's broad billow.
Evening has sighed her last to the lone willow,
Night hurries on, earth and ocean to cover,
Rise, gentle moon, and light me to my lover.
'Twas by thy beam he first stole forth to woo me,
Brighter since then hast thou ever seemed to me,
First stole forth to woo me,
Brighter since then hast thou ever seemed to me,
Let the wild waves still the red sun roll over,
Thine is the light of all lights to a lover.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Upon the hill he turn'd, to take a last fond look,
Of the valley and the village church, and the cottage
by the brook.
He listened to the sounds so familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leant upon his sword, and wip'd away
a tear.
Beside that cottage porch, a girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowy scarf, that fluttered in the breeze;
She breath'd a prayer for him, a prayer he could not
hear,
But he paused to bless her as she knelt and wiped
away a tear.
He turn'd and left the spot, oh! do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart tho' tears were on
his cheek.
Go, watch the foremost ranks in danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a
tear.

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