



BLACK GATE.

—○○○○—

I now attempt my choral to clang,
And the ten-stringed harp I'll trang,
To sing the praise which I relate,
Of all my friends of the Black Gate.

With cheer I hail both old and young,
And lively tune my muse in song,
And may I all your hearts elate,
In rising praise to the Black Gate.

Sublime the thought which I now bring,
Your kindness truly makes me sing,
May comfort flow in worldly straight,
And give your pence at gay Black Gate.

Long may rich solace o'er you shine,
In rays transcendant and divine,
May plenty glide along in state,
And charm the Colliers at Black Gate.

Enrich'd with bliss in life below,
And every bosom fondly glow,
And blooming grace each heart elate,
And trade increase at the Black Gate.

Success to commerce fair and trade,
May both revive and no more fade,
And joy abound and elevate,
Each honest heart at good Black Gate.

And may the engine nimbly go,
While mirth and concord sweetly flow,
And trains trip on with speedy rate,
And prosper trade at gay Black Gate.

And now ye Colliers good and kind,
Agree as one, pure upright mind,
All hail to you in every state,
And grant success to fair Black Gate.

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She sat within the Abbey

WALLS.

A Maiden was there from her father's halls,
A being born to love and bless,
Who sat within the Abbey Walls,
The living form of loveliness.
A lovelier face I ne'er met,
For she was beauty's brightest gem,
And her waving tresses of silken jet,
Where festooned with a diadem.

Her lips which sham'd the rose's red,
Proclaim'd what words can never speak,
Though eighteen summers scarce had shed,
Their warmth upon her crimson cheek.
But faintly falls description's praise,
'Twere vain to picture such a scene,
And even royalty was mark'd to gaze,
Admiringly on beauty's queen.

