



THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

KEEN blows the wind o'er the braes o'
Gleniffer,

The mill castle's turrets are covered wi' snaw
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my
lover,

Among the broom bushes by the Stanley's
green shaw.

The wild flowers o' Simmer were spread a' sae
bonnie,

The mavis sang sweet fra the green barken
tree

ut far to the camp they hae march'd my dear
Johnnie,
nd now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilka thing around us was blithesome and
cheerie,

Then ilka thing around us was bonnie and
braw;

Now naething is heard but the wind whistling
dreary,

And naething is seen but the wide spreading
snaw.

The trees are a bare, and the birds mute and
dowie,

They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as
they flee,

And chirp out their plaints seeming wae for my
Johnnie,

'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

You could sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak
mountain,

And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky
brae,

While down the deep glen brows the snaw-flood-
ed mountain,

That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.

It's no' it's loud roar on the win'try winds swell-
in',

It's no the cold blast brings the tear to my e'e,
For O, gin' I saw my bonnie Scots callant,

The dark dayse' winter were simmer ta' me.



POOR LITTLE JOE.

WHILE strolling one night, through London's gay
throng,

I met a poor boy he was singing a song,
Although he was singing he wanted for bread,
Although he was singing he wished he was dead.
Cold blew the blast, down came the snow,
No place of shelter, nowhere to go,
No mother to guide him, in the glare she lay low,
Cast on the wide world was poor little Joe.

Chorus

In the streets he will wander, forgot by the gay,
With a tear in his eye, he will kneel down and pray,
He'd no friend but his maker, his parents were dead,
Poor Joe he was dying by inches for bread.

A carriage rolled by with a lady inside,
She fondly carressed her boy—infant child,
Joe followed the carriage, she'd not even smiled—
As I gazed on his face, I saw that he cried.
I looked at this waif, and thought it was odd,
Is this poor ragged urchin forgotten by god?
Then, I saw in the gaslight, by his short coming breath
And his careworn face, he was marked out by death.

Those that were wealthy, they heeded him not,
Poor Joe the street Arab, how sad was his lot!
He knew not his father, he died long ago,
Sad was the suffering of poor little Joe.
I spoke to him kindly, it made his heart glad,
Although he was ragged, he was grateful poor lad,
With tears in his eyes, he was thinking I know,
Of his mother and father that poor little Joe.

The lights had gone out, and the clock had struck one,
When home came a Policeman, whose duty was done,
And it seem'd by the tramp of his dull heavy tread,
As though he was seeking the starving and dead:
Oh! what is this? the Policeman then said;
It was poor little Joe—on a step he lay dead,
With his face turned to heaven, all covered with snow,
Died in the cold streets, did poor little Joe. [

