



A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep ;
 Where the scattered waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep.
 Like an eagle caged I pine
 On this dull unchanging shore :
 Oh ! give me the flashing brine,
 The spray and the tempest's roar.

A life, &c.

Once more on the deck I stand,
 Of my own swift sailing craft,
 And bid farewell to the land ;
 The gale follows far abaft ;
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,
 Like an ocean-bird set free ;
 Like the ocean-bird, our home
 We find far out on the sea.

A life, &c.

The land is no longer in view ;
 The clouds have begun to frown ;
 But with a stout vessel and crew,
 We'll say let the storm come down ;
 And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the winds and the waters rave,
 A life on the heaving sea.
 A home on the surging wave.

A life, &c.

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[18]

BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY

In green Caledonia there ne'er were twa lovers,
 Sae enraptured and happy in each ither's arms,
 As Burns the sweet bard, and his dear Highland Mary,
 And fondly and sweetly he sang o' her charms :
 And lang will his sang, sae enchantin' and bonny,
 Be heard wi' delight on his ain native plains,
 And lang will the name o' his dear Highland Mary,
 Be sacred to love, in his heart melting strains.

O ! 'twas a May day, and flowers o' the Simmer,
 Where blooming in wildness a' lovely and fair,
 That our twa lovers met in a grove o' green bowers,
 Which grew on the banks o' the clear winding Ayr,
 And O, tae them baith 'twas a meeting fu' tender,
 As it was the last for a while they could hae',
 Sae love's present raptures they tasted thegither,
 'Till the red setting sun show'd the close of the day.

O, Mary, dear Mary, exclaimed her fond lover,
 Ye carry my heart to the Highlands with thee,
 Every burnie and bank, every grove and green bower,
 May talk o' the love o' my lassie and me :
 My life's sweetest treasure, my ain charming Mary
 To thee I'll be ever devoted and true,
 For the heart that is beating sae fast in this bosom,
 Is a heart that can never love any but you.

O, dinna bide lang in the Highlands, my Mary,
 O, dinna bide lang in the Highlands frae me,
 For I love thee sincerely, I love thee o'er dearly
 To be happy, sae far, my dear Mary frae thee,
 I winna bide lang, my dear lad, in the Highlands,
 I canna bide lang, for ye winna be there
 Altho' I hae friends I like weel in the Highlands,
 The ane I love best's on the banks o' the Ayr.

Then he kissed her red lips, they were sweeter than roses,
 And he strained her lily-white breast to his heart,
 And her tears fell like dew-drops at e'en on his bosom,
 As she said, my fond lover, alas we maun part,
 Then farewell, he said, and flew frae his Mary,
 O, farewell said Mary, she could sae na mair,
 Oh ! little they kent they had parted for ever,
 When they parted that night on the banks of the Ayr.

Yet the green simmer saw but a few sunny mornings
 Till she in the bloom of her beauty and pride,
 Was laid in her grave, like a bonny young flower,
 In Greenock kirk-yard on the banks of the Clyde,
 An' Burns the sweet bird of his ain Caledonia,
 Lamented his Mary in many a sad strain—
 Ah, sad did he weep for his dear Highland Mary,
 And ne'er did heart love sae deeply again.

Then bring me the lilies, and bring me the roses,
 And bring me the daisies that grow in the vale,
 And bring me the dew of the mild Summer evening,
 And bring me the breath of the sweet scented gale,
 And bring me the sigh of a fond lover's bosom,
 And bring me the tear of a fond lover's e'e,
 And I'll pour them a' down on thy grave Highland Mary,
 For the sake o' thy Burns who so dearly lo'ed thee.

