

**OLD
DOG TRAY.**

W. S. FORTEY, Printer and Publisher, 2 & 3,
Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, London.

THE morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last,
It brings a dream of a once happy day.
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away ;
He is gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find,
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I call'd my own,
Have vanished one by one,
The loved ones, the dear ones have
all pass'd away ;
Their happy smiles are flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He is gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find,
A better friend than old dog Tray.

When thoughts recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast,
I know that he feels what my break-
ing heart would say ;
Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek,
A better friend than old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away ;
He is gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find,
A better friend than old dog Tray.



Good-bye, Sweetheart!
GOOD-BYE.

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THE bright stars fade, the morn is
breaking,
The dew drops pearl each bud and
leaf,
And I from thee my leave am taking,
With bliss too brief, with bliss too
brief.
How sinks my heart with fond alarms,
The tear is 'biding in mine eye,
For time doth thrust me from thine
arms,
Good-bye. sweetheart! good-bye,
good-bye!

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,
Loud swells the song of chanticleer,
The lev'ret bounds o'er earth's soft
flooring,
Yet I am here! yet I am here.
For since night's gems from heaven did
fade,
And morn to floral lips doth hie,
I could not leave thee, tho' I said,
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!

