



'The Land of the West.

Oh, come to the West, love—oh, come there with me,
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea—
Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne—
Oh, come to the West, and I'll make thee my own;
I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
And you'll say there's no land like the land of the West.

The South hath its roses and bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue;
Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best,
Oh, what is the South to the beautiful West!
Then come there with me, and the rose on thy mouth
Will be sweeter to me than the flowers of the South.

The North has its snow towers of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting day;
There the Storm King may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft breathing zephyr he plays in the West!
Then come to the West, where no cold wind doth blow,
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow.

The sun in the gorgeous East chaseth the night,
When he rises refresh'd in his glory and might—
But where doth he go when he takes his sweet rest—
Oh, doth he not haste to the beautiful West.
Then come there with me, 'tis the land I love best—
'Tis the land of my sires, 'tis my own darling West.

(65.)



I'd be a Gipsy.

I'd be a gipsy, merry and free,
Roving abroad like the bird or the bee.
Nought to controul me, sportive and wild,
All thro' the summer day free as a child
What are the bright halls of splendour and pleasure?
What the saloons of the brilliant and gay?
They cannot render the life-giving treasure
That freedom and health to the gipsy convey.
I'd be a gipsy, &c.

I'd be a gipsy, 'neath the blue sky,
Tinged with the stars that shine brightly on high:
The turf for my pillow, and all the night long,
Loll'd to repose by the nightingale's song,
Roving all day where the merry band wander'd,
Telling the fate of the brave and the fair;
Shunning the world and the wealth that is squander'd,
With just coin enough to be free as the air.
I'd be a gipsy, &c.

The Blighted Flower.

I had a flower within my garden growing,
I nourish'd it with fond and anxious care;
Rich in each charm of nature's own bestowing,
Of tints unrivall'd, and of fragrance rare.
In evil hour there came about my dwelling
One who had blighted many a flower before;
He saw my gem—all other flowers excelling,
He smiled upon it, and it bloom'd no more!

Next day I found it wither'd and degraded,
Cast by the spoiler carelessly away;
Its freshness gone—its varied beauties faded,
Despis'd, forsaken, hastening to decay!
Vainly I strove the faded spark to cherish;
Naught now remains of what was once so dear,
Only with life shall fond remembrance perish,
Or cease to flow the unavailing tear!

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

