

AULD LANG SYNE.

Oh! aft I've thought upon the hours
I spent in early years;
When Fancy strew'd my path wi' flow'rs,
And life was free frae cares.
Oh! aft I've thought upon the days
When life was in its prime—
The days o' youth, the blissfu' days
Of auld lang syne :
Of auld lang syne sae dear,
Of auld lang syne ;
Oh! dear to me, must ever be,
The days o' lang syne.

When late I sought the village, where
I roamed a careless boy;
How chang'd! alas! a' seem'd sae drear,
An' sad where once was joy.
The trees were fell'd, which graced the brook
Yet still the sun did shine,
And sported o'er its breast, as erst,
In auld lang syne :
In auld lang syne, &c.

No more upon the village green,
The sportive children play'd ;
No more the aged sires were seen
Beneath the hawthorn's shade.
The dial frae the kirk was ta'en
That told me aft the time,
An' a' seem'd alter'd sin the days
Of auld lang syne.
Of auld lang syne, &c.

The cot where did my parents dwell,
Was mould'ring in decay ;
No more its smoke rose o'er the dell,
But a' in ruin lay.
No cheerfu' fire glowed on that hearth,
Where once, wi' friends o' mine,
I sat at eve, an' heard the tale
Of auld lang syne.
Of auld lang syne, &c.

Yet still I love the school-boy spot,
Tho' a' my friends are gane
(Those friends, who ne'er can be forgot)
An' I am left alane :
The well-known scenes o' boyish sports
To cheer me a' combine ;
An' recollection, pleas'd looks back
On auld lang syne.
On auld lang syne, &c.

Sweet village! ne'er I'll leave thee more :
When a' my days shall cease,
In thy kirk-yard, my troubles o'er,
Ill rest mysel' in peace.
Ay! tho' I have a wanderer been,
In many a distant clime,
No more I'll leave the spot which tells
Of auld lang syne.
Of auld lang syne, &c.



I HAVE SENT BACK EVERY 'TOKEN

I have sent back ev'ry token
Which you gave me long ago,
When those fond vows first were spoken
Which are cancelled now, I know.
I resign them, but to-morrow
Oh, how lonely shall I be,
They have sooth'd me in my sorrow,
They reminded me of thee!

Take thy dear harp—'twill forsake me,
As all other joys depart—
But, alas, thou canst not make me
Chase its music from my heart.
Though I lose it, and these numbers
Which I waken are the last,
Fancy oft will bless my slumbers
With the sweet notes of the past.

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK THAT WHERE'ER WE ROVE.

Oh, 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear ;
And that when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.
The heart, like a tendrill, accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing,
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.

Then, oh, what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something still that is dear ;
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near
'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest if the rose be not there
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes ;
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a fair.

Love's wing, and the peacock's, are nearly alike ;
They are both of them bright, but the're changeable too :
And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.
Then, oh, what pleasure where'er we rove,
To be doomed to find something still that is dear
And to know when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips that are near.

J. H. DIXON.

Geo. Walker, Jun., Printer, Sadler-Street, Durham.

