



**OH, NO! WE NEVER
MENTION HER.**

Oh, no! we never mention her,
Her name is never heard,
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.

From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret ;
And when they win a smile from me
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene,
The charms that others see ;
But were I in a foreign land
They'd find no change in me.

'Tis true, that I behold no more,
The valley where we met ;
Nor do I see the hawthorn tree,
But how can I forget.

For oh ! there are so many things,
Recall the past to me ;
The breeze upon the sunny hills,
The billows of the sea.

The rosy tint that decks the sky,
Before the sun is set ;
Aye, every leaf I look upon,
Forbids me to forget.

They tell me she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay ;
They hint that she forgets me,
But I heed not what they say.

Like me perhaps, she struggles with,
With each feeling of regret ;
But if she loves as I have loved,
She never can forget.



**LUCY, DEAR, WAKE
TO THE SPRING.**

Lucy, dear ! Lucy, dear ! wake to the
spring,
Hark ! how the village bells merrily ring ;
Joy's on the earth, in the sky, on the sea,
Lucy, dear ! Lucy, dear ! come down to me

All have gone forth to welcome the day—
Lads with their tabors, and maids crown'd
with May.
Who'll be the queen, and who'll be the king
Lucy, dear ! Lucy, dear ! wake to the spring.

Bees humming gaily, sip the bright dew,
All now is waiting, dear Lucy, for you ;
Joy's on the earth, in the sky, on the sea,
Lucy, dear ! Lucy, dear ! then come down
to me.

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