

THE COTTAGE MAID.

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One evening as I gently roved,
Down by yon murmuring river clear,
A handsome maid I chanc'd to spy,
Like Sol's bright ray she did appear,
With her rosy cheeks and milk-white skin,
Surpasses nature I declare,
This blooming rose of Erin's Isle,
There's none with her I can compare.

I stept up to this fair maid,
All with a complimentary smile,
My mind being captivated quite,
I stood and viewed her for awhile,
Saying are you Aurora, that bright star,
Or Flora that bedecks the plain,
For ever he is bless'd with she,
That could this rural Nymph obtain.

All in a lovely cottage fair,
Down by the Shannon she doth reside,
With spreading branches cover'd o'er,
All interwoven on every side.
With roses, pinks, and violets spread,
All around this lovely cottage maid,
She is honor'd by the feathered train,
Great homage to her they have paid.

Young man your application's great,
I know I'm but a rural swain,
Your company from me withdraw,
Some richer treasure you may gain,
I'm but a shepherd's daughter here,
That takes delight in silent pride,
All with my gentle bleating lambs,
Down by the lovely Shannon side.

I said fair maid if you'll consent,
To heal the anguish I endure,
And to relieve your captive slave,
That would be constant I am sure.
For you, my dear, I would not fear,
This earthly globe to travel round,
Were I to trace throughout this place,
Such a lovely maid could not be found.

I'm no enchanting youth of love,
She says, kind sir, that could ensnare,
Your company from me withdraw,
Unto some charmer that's more fair.
You are the maid that has enthrall'd,
My melting heart in Cupid's chains,
Your image still I must retain,
While I am sailing on the main.



ISLE OF BEAUTY.

SHADES of evening close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile,
Morn alas! will not restore us,
Yonder dim and distant isle.
Still my fancy can discover,
Sunny spots where friends may dwell
Darker shades around us hover,
Isle of beauty fare thee well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces,
Smile around the taper's light,
Who will fill our vacant places,
Who will sing our songs to night.
Thro' the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those that love us,
Breathing fondly fare thee well.

When the waves around me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eyes in vain is seeking,
Some green leaf to rest upon.
What would I not give to wander,
Where my own companions dwell,
Absence make the heart grow fonder,
Isle of beauty fare thee well.

