



SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.

One summer eve, with pensive thought,
I wandered on the sea-beat shore,
Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
I gathered shells in days before.
I gathered shells, &c.

The plashing waves like music fell,
Responsive to my fancy wild,
A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child.
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I thought I was again a child.

I stooped upon the pebbly strand,
To cull the toys that round me lay,
But as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away.
I threw them, &c.

"Oh, thus," I said, "in every stage,
By toys our fancy is beguiled,
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child."
We gather shells, &c.

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THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

See the ribbons gaily streaming,
I'm a soldier now Lizette ;
Yes, of battle I am dreaming
And the honours I shall get,
With a sabre by my side,
And a helmet on my brow,
And a proud steed to ride,
I shall rush on the foe.
Yes, I flatter me, Lizette,

'Tis a life that well will suit
The gay life of a young recruit.

We shall march away to-morrow,
At the break of the day ;
And the trumpets will be sounding,
And the merry cymbals play ;
Yet before I say good bye,
And a last sad parting take,
As a proof of your love,
Wear this gift for my sake.
Then cheer up, my own Lizette,
Let not grief your beauty stain,
Soon you'll see the recruit again.

Shame, Lizette, to still be weeping,
While there's fame in store for me ;
Think when home I am returning,
What a joyful day 'twill be,
When to church you're fondly led,
Like some lady smartly drest,
And a hero you shall wed,
With a medal on his breast.
Ah ! there's not a maiden fair,
But with welcome will salute,
The gay bride of the young recruit.

