



ISLE OF BEAUTY

FARE-THEE-WELL.

Shades of evening close not o'er us,
 Leave our lonely bark awhile,
 Morn alas! will not restore us,
 Yonder dim and distant Isle;
 Though my fancy can discover,
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell,
 Darker shadows round 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?
 Through the mist that floats above us,
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
 Like a voice from those who love us,
 Breathing fondly—fare-thee-well.

When the waves are round me breaking,
 As I pace the deck along,
 And my eye in vain is seeking,
 Some green leaf to rest upon;
 What would I not give to wander,
 Where my old companions dwell,
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
 Isle of beauty—fare-thee-well.

THE WELSH HARPER.

Over the sunny hills I stray,
 Tuning many a rustic lay,
 And sometimes in the shadow'd vales
 I sing of love and battle tales;
 Merrily thus I spend my life,
 Tho' poor, my breast is free from strife,
 The blithe Old Harper call'd am I,
 In the Welsh vales 'mid mountains high.

Sometimes before a castle gate,
 In song, a battle I relate;
 Or how a lord in shepherd's guise,
 Found favour in a maiden's eyes;
 With rich and poor, a welcome guest,
 Nor cares intrude upon my breast;
 The blithe Old Harper call'd am I,
 In the Welsh vales 'mid mountains high.

When Sol illumines the western sky,
 And evening zephyrs softly sigh;
 Oft times in village green I play,
 While round me dance the rustics gay,
 And oft when veil'd by sable night,
 The wand'ring shepherds I delight;
 The blithe Old Harper call'd am I,
 In the Welsh vales 'mid mountains high.

YES, I WILL LEAVE THE FESTIVE SCENE.

Yes, I will leave the festive scene,
 The gay and courtly throng,
 To wander thro' the forests green,
 And listen to thy song.
 The waters like a mirror seem
 For every beaming star;
 Then haste to yonder silent stream,
 And strike the light guitar.
 Then haste, &c.

And when thou tell'st of one, whose tears
 Were shed for her true knight,
 Bethink thee of thy maiden's fears,
 When thou wert in the fight;
 Nor longer brave the battle plain,
 Nor roam from me afar,
 But sing hope's long forgotten strain,
 And strike the light guitar.
 But sing, &c.

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