



THERE'S A LETTER IN THE CANDLE.

There is a letter in the candle,
It points direct to me,
Like a little star it shineth,
From whomsoever can it be
Shine brighter, still brighter,
Like a little summer ray:
And I dare to guess the writer,
For it drives suspense away.

Chorus

Bright star of hope,
Shed your beams on me,
And send a loving message
From far across the sea

Hope and fear alike perplex me,
Oh superstition dread
How many idle fancies,
You conjuncture in my head
When those we love are absent,
How wantonly you play,
Every shadow seems a substance,
To drive suspense away

How gladly I remember,
It's two short months, no more
Since a letter in the candle,
Shone out as bright before,
The darling little message
Came soft and prompt to me,
This one's only from the same,
How welcome shall it be.



NORAH O'NEILL.

I'm lonely to-night, love without you,
I sigh for a glance of your eye,
For sure there's a charm, love, about you,
Whenever I know you are nigh,
Like a beam of the stars that are shining
The glance of your eye can reveal,
Your voice is so sweet and beguiling,
I love you dear Norah O'Neill.

Then never you think that I'll doubt you,
My love I can never conceal,
But I'm lonely-to-night love without you,
My darling sweet Norah O'Neill.

The nightingale sang in the wildwood,
As if every note that it knew,
Was taught by the sweet voice of childhood,
Then I thought my dear Norah of you;
My love I've been dreaming about you,
And you know not how happy I feel,
But I'm sad love, when parted long from you,
My darling sweet Norah O'Neill.

Oh why should I shed tears of sorrow,
Or why should my hope lose its place,
I'll meet you my darling to-morrow,
And smile on thy beautiful face,
Meet me, oh! say you will meet me,
With a kiss at the end of the lane,
And I promise that whenever I greet thee,
I'll never, be lonely again.

