



IT'S BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER

'Tis but a little faded flower,
But oh how fondly dear,
'I will bring me back one golden hour,
Through many, through many a weary
I would not to the world impart, [year.
The secret, the secret of ~~my~~ power,
But treasured in my utmost heart
I keep my faded flower.

'Tis but a little faded flower,
But oh how fondly dear,
'I will bring me back one golden hour,
Through many through many a weary [year

Where is the heart that does not keep,
Within it's inmost core,
Some fond remembrance hidden deep.
Of days, of days that are no more,
Who hath not saved some trifling thing,
More prized, more prized than jewels
A faded flower a broken ring, --- [rare,
A tress of golden hair.

'Tis but a little faded flower,
Once the fairest in May,
B brings me back my childhood hours,
Through woods where out we used to [stray.
But years have pass'd and I have known,
Youth's day dreams, youth's day dreams
Past like this faded flower, [fly away,
They pine and pass away.

SWEET BELLE MAHONE,

soon beyond the harbour bar, shall my bark be sailing
far,
O'er the world I wander lone, Sweet Belle Mahone,
O'er thy grave I weep good bye, hear, oh, hear, my
lonely cry,
Oh, without the what am I, sweet Belle Mahone,

Sweet Belle Mahone, Sweet Belle Mahone,
Wait for me at heavens gate, sweet Bell Mahone.

Lonely like a withered tree, what is all the world to me,
Life and light were all in thee, sweet Belle Mahone,
Daisies pale are growing o'er all my heart can e'er adore
Shall I never meet the more, sweet Belle Mahone,

Calmly, sweetly slumber on, only one I call my own.
While in tears I wander lone, sweet Belle Mahone,
Faded now seems everything, but when comes eternal
spring,
With thee I'll be wandering, sweet Belle Mahone,

I'LL BE ALL SMILES TO NIGHT.

I'll deck my brow with flowers,
The false one will be there,
And the gems another gave me,
Shall shine amid my hair.
Not even those who love me,
Shall think my heart less light,
Oh! None shall know my sorrow,
Oh! None, &c.

I'll sing the songs he taught me,
Without a trembling voice,
And with the gay and happy,
Oh! how I will rejoice.
When flat'ers gather round me,
I'll hail them with delight,
Tho' my heart may break to-morrow,
I'll be all smiles to night.
Tho' my heart, &c.

