



## THE MOON IS ON THE WATER.

When the moon is on the water,  
I will hasten love to thee,  
Of all earth's fairest daughters,  
Thou dearest art to me.

Tho' rude winds may ruffle the ocean,  
Still my bark shall tempt the sea,  
And in the strains of pure devotion,  
I will sing, love, songs to thee.

When my star of hope was waning  
There was one, but one heart true,  
And which shared without complaining,  
All the charms my bosom knew.

It was thine my charming Mary,  
Thou wert all the world to me,  
And however fortune vary,  
I will still be true to thee.

Thou wert true to me in childhood,  
When the rose bud on its tree,  
As it blossom'd in the wildwood,  
Was an emblem, love, of thee.

In thy youth thou wert still dearer,  
With the dawn of reason came,  
Thoughts that brought thee to me nearer,  
Tho' they bore nor yet love's name.

But thy womanhood unfolding,  
Won the secret from my heart,  
And my life was in thy holding,  
For 'twas death from thee to part.

I have loved thee, gentle Mary,  
I have loved thee through the past,  
And however fortune vary,  
I will love thee to the last.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

## DONALD'S RETURN TO GLENCOE.

As I was a walking one evening of late,  
When Flora's gay mantle the fields decorate,  
I carelessly wander'd where I did not know  
On the banks of a fountain that lies in Glencoe.

Like her whom the prize on Mount Ida had won,  
There approached me a lassie as bright as the sun ;  
The ribbons and tartans around her did flow,  
That once grac'd Mc' Donald, the pride of Glencoe.

With courage undaunted, I to her drew nigh,  
The red rose and lily on her cheek seem'd to vie ;  
I asked her name, and how far she did go,  
She answered me, " Kind sir, I'm bound to Glencoe."

I says, " my dear lassie, your enchanting smiles.  
And comely sweet features have my heart beguiled,  
If your kind affections on me you'll bestow,  
You'll bless the happy hour we met in Glencoe."

" Young man," she made answer, " your suit I disdain,  
I once had a sweetheart, young Donald his name—  
He went to the wars, about ten years ago,  
And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glencoe.

" Perhaps your young Donald regards not your name,  
But has placed his affections on some foreign dame,  
And may have forgotten for ought that you know,  
The lovely young lassie, he left in Glencoe,

" My Donald's true valour, when tried in the field,  
Like his gallant ancestors disdaining to yield,  
The Spaniards and French he will soon overthrow,  
And in splendour return to my arms in Glencoe.

" The power of the French, love, is hard to pull down,  
They have caused many heroes to die of their wounds,  
And with your own Donald it may happen so,  
The man you love dearly perhaps is laid low.

" My Donald can ne'er from his promise depart,  
For love, truth, and honour, are found in his heart ;  
And if I ne'er see him I single will go,  
And mourn for my Donald, the pride of Glencoe.

Now finding her constant, I pull'd out the glove,  
Which, at parting, she gave as a token of love,  
She hung on my breast, while tears down did flow,  
Saying, " Are you my Donald, returned to Glencoe."

" Cheer up, my dear Flora, your sorrows are o'er,  
While life does remain we will never part more ;  
The rude storms of war at a distance may blow,  
While in peace and contentment I reside in Glencoe.

