

THE OAKEN BUCKET.

Where are THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH ?

WHERE are the friends of my youth,
Say, where are those cherish'd ones gone?
And why have they dropped with the leaf,
Ah, why have they left me to mourn?
Their voices still sound in mine ear,
Their features I see in my dreams,
And the world is a wilderness dear,
As a wide spreading desert it seems.

Where are the friends, &c.

Where are the friends of my youth,
Say, can I e'er again, such ties can I ever
renew ?

Or feel those warm pulses again,
Which beat for the dear ones I knew ;
The world as a winter is cold,
Each charm seems to vanish away,
My heart is now blighted and old,
It shares in all nature's decay.

Where are the friends, &c.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

BACKWARD ! turn backward, oh, Time, in
your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night.
Mother, come back from the echoless shore ;
Take me again to your heart as of yore ;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care ;
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair ;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep ;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

CHORUS.

Clasp'd to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.
Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone ;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours :
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

What can a Poor MAIDEN DO ?

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WERE it not for these men, we should ne'er
do amiss,
Nor papas nor mammas disobey,
But, alas ! when with sighs, they demand a kiss—
Why what can a poor maiden say ?
She cries no—then cries hush,
Then looks down with a blush,
While he swears to his vows he'll prove true ;
And with one by your side,
Who won't be denied,—
Why what can a poor maiden do ?

While they guess there's a heart pleading for them
within.

'Tis in vain that our lips say them nay :
But, alas ! if they once are determined to win—
Why what can a poor maiden say ?

She cries no—with a blush,
He persists—she cries hush :
If she fly, still the lovers pursue :
Those men we may fear,
Yet without them, oh, dear !
Why—what can a poor maiden do ?

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THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-
hood,

When fond recollection present them to view ;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew :
The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well ;
The old oaken bucket,
The iron bound bucket,

The moss covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss covered bucket I hail as a treasure,
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield :
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sigh for the bucket which hangs in the well ;

The old oaken bucket,
The iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket which hung in the well.

