

The last happy hour that I pass'd with my Billy,
Was where yon lone hawthorne stands low in the
vale;

In beauty's full bloom was the primrose and lily,
Sweet sang the mavis, and soft sigh'd the gale:
In that hour of anguish, when with him I parted,
My beating heart hinted we'd ne'er meet again;
The chill pangs of anguish through my bosom darted,
And cold ran my blood when he sailed for Spain.

Though the fields do look gay with the flowers in full
blossom,

Admidst all the beauties of nature I pine;
Each sweet little songster but wounds my sad bosom,
It sings to its true love, and minds me of mine!—
When in broken slumbers I sink on my pillow,
My woes, unextinguish'd, bewilder my brain,
In wild wand'ring fancy I cross the green billow,
And sit by his grave on the mountains of Spain.

The sons of ambition doth gloss a false story,
To kindle young heroes in glory's career;
Pointing to fame in the prond path of glory,
That phantom by many is purchased too dear!
O! had I been there when my Billy was dying,
I'd fearlessly sought him 'mid heaps of the slain;
Aloft in my arms I had raised him when lying,
And soothed his last sigh on the mountains of Spain

END.

VICTORIA, B. C.:

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