THE GODERICH SIGNAL.

TWO SHILLINGS. TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR. "THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER."

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Poetry.

From the Dundas Warder.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY MARRIOTT.

O sing to me my sister!
It will be like Summer rain
On the flower that withers slowly
Where it never can bloom again!
The tears upon my weary heart
Are dreyrie, sad by sun—
O sing to me, sweet sister
For I am wondrous lone!

Ye were wont to sing to me!
There were sons of plaintive mountainsong,
And some of joyous glee!
But wile ye now the saddest one
Of one the saddest lay
As ye rest aneath the willow
Shall find me far away!
'Tis hard to feel and lightsome heart
Should feel be left forlorn!
'Tis hard that love should wither
Should feel be left forlorn!
'Tis hard that love should wither
With its hopes but half unwreathed,
Yet sing! though by thy singing
It can never now be heard.
Fee to wile me to the air,
But I look into my bosom
And find no sunlight there!
I only feel of earthly joys
By those that hatred sleep,
But I have to sorrow in my heart—
And sister, let me weep!

Thou sing to me, my sister!
It will fall like Summer rain
On the flower that withers slowly
Where it never can bloom again!
Warmth and sunshine have departed
A song to me, sweet sister
For I am wondrous lone!

Sweet sister! I am weary
Sweet sister! I am weary
Sweet sister! I am weary