

Waiting.

BY THE LATE ALEXANDER RAE GARVIE.

There's a girl in the garden, and she sings, how she sings!
"Oh! I would it were the summer, though these days of
May are dear;
For my lover will come hither when the honeysuckle clings
To the casement, and the butterfly shames blossoms with
its wings;
Yes, my darling will then whisper witching love-lore in my
ear."

There's a girl in the garden, and she sighs, how she sighs!
"Wherefore do the winds delay him, when they ought to
waft him on?
Yet, my love will keep the trysting ere the season's splendour
dies,
Though the glory of the last rose in the rank weeds withered
lies,
He will come before the pansies and the iris blooms are gone."

There's a girl in the garden, and she wails, how she wails!
While the wind derides her mourning as it drives the leaves
abroad,
"Never, never in the haven shall my sailor find his sails.
Nor with boisterous ballad-fragments blame the fury of the
gales,
For his failing to keep promise when on earth the summer
trode."

There's a girl in the garden, and she moans, how she moans!
As the snow is falling softly on her white and wasted face,
"Oh! I long to lie beside my kin where stand memorial
stones——"
But she hears her name now spoken in *his* sweet familiar
tones,
"Love, I come, though late, to greet you in our wonted trysting
place."