

THE DAYS WITHOUT ALLOY.

When I sit on market days amid the comers and the goers.

Oh ! full oft I have a vision of the days without alloy,
And a ship comes up the river with a jolly gang of towers,
And a "pull'e haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy ! heave, hoy !"

There is busy talk around me, all about mine ears it hum-
meth,

But the wooden wharves I look on, and a dancing, heav-
ing buoy,

For 'tis tidetime in the river, and she cometh—oh, she
cometh !

With a "pull'e haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy ! heave, hoy !"

Then I hear the water washing, never golden waves were
brighter,

And I hear the capstan creaking—'tis a sound that can-
not cloy.