

SONGS.

Oh ! how my bosom throbbed, my brow
T With keen anxiety did burn,
'Afraid to hear the withering "no !"
A I with disdain thy passion spurn !"

T But when instead of a repulse,
Thy bosom heaved, thy eyes gushed tears,
i And, yielding, fell into my arms,
With fond embrace to drown my fears !

No tongue can tell, no pen portray,
T The load from off my heart removed ;—
think e'en now I hear thee say—
" Oh long and dearly have I loved !"

oft lingering near this sacred spot,
V Long happy years flit through my brain ;
Vows oft repeated—ne'er forgot—
Recur with their first force again.

come, then, my Anna, let us stay
Within our old retreat awhile,
And muse on the approaching day,
When we shall both rest near yon pile.
