

23 SERENADE. (WILLIAM.) "*Mary, love, the world reposes.*"

Mary, love, the world reposes,
 Silence reigns o'er all around ;
 Sleep with gentle arms encloses
 Weary man in rest profound ;
 Only whippoorwill and I are singing ;
 Love, dost hear the sound ?

At this hour, so calm and peaceful,
 'Tis my rest to think of thee ;
 Of thy face and form so graceful,
 Of thy heart so warm and free ;
 Only whippoorwill and I are singing ;
 Love, dost think of me ?

Still perchance though sweetly sleeping,
 In thy dreams my song may be,
 Hovering near and fondly keeping
 Every shadow far from thee
 Only whippoorwill and I are singing ;
 Love, dost think of me ?

24 DREAM-SONG. (MARY.) "*There's none so brave as Willie.*"

There's none so brave as Willie,
 None so strong and true ;
 There's none with such a noble heart,
 And Willie loves me too.

But when beneath the elm-tree's shade,
 At summer twilight hour,
 With manly voice he told his love,
 Why lost my tongue its power ?

Ah ! me ! 'tis strange, when he is near,
 That I can never tell,
 But fain would hide from him the truth
 My fond heart knows so well.

25 RECITATIVE AND SERENADE. (SNIPKINS.) "*My Katy.*"

Oh ! That wheelbarrow's always in my way, whenever I
 come out here in the night,
 And I'm sure to get a tumble over that or something else
 when'er I venture out here in the night.
 How dark ! how dark ! and lonely all around !
 'Tis a shame that the street lamps are not lighted ;
 I must say that I'm just a little frightened.
 But here I'll stay, and sing my serenade
 To Kate, sweet Kate, the pretty dairy-maid.