

Upon a light construction ;
And ne'er a wag dare tilt it o'er,
Nor try to raise a ruction.
'Twas with myself she fell in love ;
She in the forest met me ;
And sure it was the powers above
That helped her, then, to get me.
She'll tramp no more, though, at the store,
My queen may sell a basket ;
For she is poor ; and I am sure
Her crown's beyond her casket.
She handles horse and rig and whip ;
She can't afford a coachman,
There's grace and strength about her lip ;
Her faither was a Scotchman.

PENSIVE WEE LADY.

Pensive, little, pious lady
Tripping through the wood ;
Been to church with cousin Freddy ;
Scarcely understood
What the wise and learned preacher
Meant to say, or said ;
Yet the Truth will surely teach her ;
Do not be afraid.
Though the templer never can her
Graceful shape ignore ;