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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ON THE CORNISH SHORE.

SHE is standing by the wicket
 Of her olden Cornish home,
 And she listens to the breakers
 That are dashing into foam;
 Then her eyes with tears are filling,
 And her sighs she cannot stay,
 As her lover draws her closer still,
 The while she hears him say:
 "While still shall dash the breakers
 On this rugged Cornish shore,
 I shall love you, I shall love you,
 As time passes, more and more!"

O'er their heads the stars are peeping,
 Yet the word they cannot say
 That may be the last between them
 P'r'aps for ever and a day!
 Still their hands are locked together,
 And their hearts together beat,
 Till a silent kiss, and he is gone,
 The while his lips repeat:
 "Till cease to dash the breakers
 On this rugged Cornish shore,
 I shall love you, near or distant,
 As to-day, for evermore!"



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"THIS RUGGED CORNISH SHORE."