

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

*Lines written on Rob Porter and Bessie Miller
Urney Cloneygowan, Kings County, Ireland.*

There's a house in our midst, it stand on a hill,
'Tis the home of a maiden with blushes that thrill,
The youths, who would woo the fairest of girls,
With houses and lands and natural curls.

This maiden so fair with glances of fire,
Once claimed for her beau, the son of a sire;
Now Bessie and Robert, for these were their names,
Were one in heart, in purpose and aims.

Till alas, on a day as I venture to guess,
Poor Bobbie was robbed of his own dearest Bess,
By a gallant young man, who, had whispered in truth,
Your a darling sweet girl and the joy of my youth.

I love you for cattle, for houses and land,
And for everything else that this voice will command,
They're yours till to-day but mine from to-morrow,
With such plenty in store, we'll never know sorrow.

It chanced Robert found out the state of the case,
And he sighed, as he said "My steps shall ne'er trace,"
The walks in her beautiful garden of flowers,
The rest in the seats and the kiss in the bowers.

Now oft on a day, when he passes her door,
As memories return, he says we're no more,
And the saddest thing that appears to the scene,
Is always of Bess and what might have been,