

For O, a mother's tender care
They early were denied ;
Their gentle mother, young and fair,
In early life had died.

Fair Helen's praises could be heard
From almost every tongue ;
For she was amiable and kind,
Accomplished and young.

And many a suitor to her came,
And kind attentions paid ;
But there was only one could gain
The heart of this fair maid.

James Brown, who was the favoured one,
Who stole her heart away,
Was an esteemed, rich merchant's son,
So courteous, kind and gay.

The father saw his daughter's choice,
The home she soon would share ;
But O, to part with her ! it was
A trial hard to bear.

" My child," he cried, " may Heaven on you
Her richest blessings send,
And may your husband still be true
Until this life will end."