

ST. PETER'S WELL.

(By Alexander B. Barr.)

St. Peter's well was a holy well,  
Sainted in days of old,  
He has finished, long since, his vigil spell,  
And sleeps in the churchyard mould.

CHORUS:

Then drink of the well with its sainted spell,  
Though its magic power be fled.  
The cruse is broken, the saint forgotten,  
And the legend past and dead.

He had blessed the waters with virtues rare,  
By bell, by mass and by rood,  
And the legend tells, he who drinketh there  
Has a spirit of matchless good.

And how weary soe'er his wanderings may be,  
Through lands that are distant and wild,  
The blessing shall bear him o'er mountain and sea,  
To the place where he trod when a child.

Though grey be his beard and wrinkled his brow,  
And weak be the steps of his age,  
The spell of the saint, it matters not how,  
Can his bitterest griefs assuage.

And bringing him back, whether rich or poor,  
Whether vagabond, wise or gay,  
Insures him a draught of water that's pure,  
And a grave in the village clay.

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TO THE SNOWDROP.

Oh, thou herald of brighter days to come,  
Sweet emblem of the sunny beams,  
Thy life's but short, and will soon be run,  
Like by-past, happy, midnight dreams.

REPRODUCED BY THE ALBERTA