

## TO ANNIE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

SISTER, sweet sister, years have passed away,  
Since first, 'mid warm hearts, sunny, frank and true,  
I commenced rhyming on thy natal day,  
On the green sod where Erin's shamrock grew.

'Twas in that age that ne'er returns again,  
Whose tears are but as dew on Summer flowers ;  
And young, warm hearts beat kindly round us then,  
And eyes beamed brightly, answering love to ours

And now an exile from my native land,  
Thinking of well remembered, loved Grace Hill,  
To mine own sister verses I will send,  
Worthless, yet proving that I love her still

It is thy birthday, and I am alone,  
Thinking of that dear land that gave us birth ,  
The land of hearts that beat to truth alone,  
The brightest emerald gem of all the earth.

These fond regrets that press around my heart,  
And bring a pain I cannot rise above,  
Makes thee still dearer here, alone, apart,  
For fate has left me nothing else to love.

Changing life and ever swallowing death,  
Have taken what I loved against my will,  
But, never mind, for thou, kind hearted, true,  
Changeless and noble, thou art left me still.

Happy returns I surely wish thee, Ann,  
In this new land that's fated to be ours ,  
And may you have a happy heart, that can  
Enjoy the sunshine, and endure the showers.