

Mar's Monody.

When gloamin' steals the shades of night,
 To fan day's fervid glow,
 Aft have we met, Love's dreams to tell,
 Dreams lovers only know.

The whispering broom its shadow lent,
 The woodruffe fragrance sweet,
 The mavis sang our vesper hymn
 And light our hearts did beat.

Aft did we meet, fondly we hoped,
 Life's generous bliss to share,
 But thou hast gone from mortal ken
 And left me to despair.

Lonely, each favourite haunt I seek
 With aching feverish brain;
 False hope! at some sweet sheltered spot,
 To see thy face again.

Joy fled with thee! no winsome smile
 To chase my grief away,
 I dream of thy endearing charms,
 But sorrow comes with day.

Our cup was full, brimful of bliss,
 We thought its sweets to drain,
 One draught was all! the quivering cup
 Passed from our lips again.

Fain would I lave in Jaru's sheen
 This weary broken heart,
 And join thee Jeanie in that clime
 Where friends shall never part.

Ah me! a strange mysterious spell;
 A dense sepulchral pall
 Enshrouds my soul—death's curtains fall
 Life's pulse ebbs fast!—farewell!