

MADELINE

Or, A Story of Love.

DOWN by the rippling river
Whose sandy shallows shine,
Where weeping willows quiver,
I sit with Madeline;

And whisper love's sweet story
Within her pearly ear.—
Under the hawthorn hoary
In Maytime of the year.

Alone we stroll together
Beneath the shady trees,
Or ramble through the heather
Where plays the perfumed breeze.

Beneath the church's chancel
I stand with Madeline,
For she, sweet demure damsel,
Has promised to be mine.

We listen to the service
Uniting loving hearts,
Perhaps a little nervous
Awhile the preacher starts.