

A Lament for a Young Friend

WHO GOT MARRIED AND LEFT PETROLIA IN 1873.

Alake, but this winter is lang, lang an' dreary,
 An' cauld is the blast frae the north roaring loud,
 An' wae are our hearts, an' naething leuks cheery,
 While nature lies dead wi' the snaw for its shroud.
 An' weel may we mourn, an' be dowie an' eerie;
 An' lanely an' feckless, I trow are we a',
 Since Jeanie has left us, the pride o' the village,
 Has left us, an' now she is wed an' awa.

We hearna her jolly laugh ringing sae loudly,
 We hearna her voice like the lintie sae sweet,
 We see na her face aye wi' smiles covered over,
 Nor hear we the steps o' her twa fairy feet.
 We hearna her speaking in accents sae sweetly,
 For leal was her heart, aye, an' tender as weel,
 She aye had a word that wad answer completely,
 For the poor in distress she keenly could feel.

She trippet alang like a bird in a meadow,
 While some Scottish ditty she sweetly would sing,
 Lang, lang, she'll be missed whan her free fitting
 shadow,

Nae mair can be seen sure pleasures to bring.
 May blessin's attend her aroun' her ain dwelling,
 May peace an' contentment aye fa' to her lot,
 An' while the cauld warld wi' trouble is swelling,
 May pleasure an' joy pervade in her cot.

 LINES,

ON SEEING A FLOCK OF SNOW BIRDS OUT OF THE
 WINDOW, DECEMBER, 1871.

The day is cauld, wi' flichts o' snaw,
 An' wild an' rough the north win's blaw,
 Wi' flocks o' snow-birds fleein' roun',
 On weeds to pick they aft sit down.
 Puir things, ye'd think their feet wad freeze,
 As they are carried by the breeze;
 But Gude provides them wi' his han',
 And never deviates frae the plan