

On Lady Thornton's arm he hung,
 And words of jealous care did flow,
 On Oswald's ear now from her tongue.

Dear Hattie's life is in thy hand ;
 She said, be tender of her now,
 Nor cause my anxious aching heart,
 In sorrow to the grave to bow ;
 Beware nor tell her how ye did,
 Forbid thee come to us again ;
 Twould give her tender bosom now,
 More anguish than death's fatal pain.

'Swear to me now, and I will swear,
 My blessings on thy future life,
 And save thy young defenceless heart,
 Amid its thunderstorms of strife ;
 And Oswald gave his sacred word ;
 Then was conducted to the room,
 Where Hattie Thornton's dying head,
 Was sinking gently to the tomb.

He heard her say in dying tones,
 I see the river and the friend,
 That will not leave my fluttering soul,
 When life and all its show shall end ;
 I feel him lifting up my head ;
 He takes me by my trembling hand,
 And will conduct on angels' wings,
 My spirit to that spirit land.

So Grey went in, and then her eyes,
 Were fixed upon his own a while,
 And in a moment on her lips,
 There played a sweet seraphic smile ;