

THE SEA MAIDEN.

Her eyes were brown, a lovely hue,
Her clustering curls were brown,
And now she's gone to heaven, sir,
And wears a shining crown.

She did not strive for beauty, sir,
Nor yet for worldly fame,
But in this town she's left behind
Many who love her name.

Her mother named her Margaret,
But soon that mother died,
And after she was gone, the child
Was always at my side.

I took her in my boat one day,
A wind rose from the west,
The boat upset and I could swim,
But she was sore distressed,

Because she knew I could not live
Unless I let her sink.
So she said "Father I will die,
'Tis best for me I think."

And then while I was struggling on
All weary toward the shore,