

## BONNY BRIGHT-EYED LITTLE MAID.

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Bonny bright-eyed little maid,  
Meet me in yon mossy glade ;  
Pure and artless as a flower,  
Meet me in the evening hour.

When the sun sinks in the west,  
And the birds have gone to rest,  
Loved one spend an hour with me  
'Neath the bonny linden tree.

There we'll plan for future years,  
Plan for smiles but not for tears ;  
Life will be one golden day,  
Grief from us will flee away.

Soon, alas ! the trumpet's noise  
Called away both men and boys,  
And the maiden bade adieu  
To the bonny lad in blue.

Bravely fought he, bravely fell,  
For the land he loved so well.  
In a Southern grave he sleeps,  
Whilst at home his loved one weeps.