

Hattie Bell.

(MUSIC CAN BE HAD AT R. B. BUTLAND'S, TORONTO.)

DEATH has torn her from my bosom,
 One I loved so well ;
 Oh ! how dark the world will be now,
 Without Hattie Bell.
 Where the summer winds are singing,
 Through a lonely dell ;
 They have lain my spirit's idol,—
 Dearest Hattie Bell.

CHORUS.

Dearest Hattie Bell !
 Darling Hattie Bell !
 Where the summer winds are sighing,
 Thro' a lonely dell :
 They have lain my spirit's idol,—
 Dearest Hattie Bell.

Gloom is 'round the little cottage,
 Where she used to dwell ;
 Ev'ry leaflet seems to whisper,—
 Where is Hattie Bell ?
 Down among the twilight shadows,
 In a lonely dell,—
 Sweetly bloom the wild-wood flowers,
 Over Hattie Bell.

Dearest Hattie Bell, &c.

Underneath the weeping willow,
 By the river side,
 I am waiting where we parted,
 For my angel-bride ;
 And the winds that now are sighing
 Through that lonely dell,
 Tell me that I soon shall slumber
 With my Hattie Bell.

Dearest Hattie Bell, &c.