

MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1872.

On the Death of "Margaret Child"

1847

The sunbeams gild the woody heights
And through the waving branches play.
Unwished for - dream night retires
A joyless view returning day,
I wander here alone forlorn
And care me what may next befall -
Tears trickling down to mix wi' "shine"
Lamenting her that's taen awa -
In vain for me the floweret blooms
And sweetly blossoms every tree
Pale Death has cast his shadow o'er
My friend, my sister, where is she?
Ye warblers cease your plaintive strains
Ye green leaves aff your branches fall.
Come dreamy nature mourn wi' me
Death's left your fairest flower awa -
See down her "Lover's" manly cheeks,
The tears of woe are pushing fast -
The future seems a dreamy blank
Ye dawners view the blissful past,
Oh haste, oh haste, ye wintry winds
And clothe the Plains wi' fleecy snow
Oh Spring, maye never return again
Ye bring mee her that's taen awa -

- over -