

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1872.

As Larks mount high in morning Wings  
The rising sun to cheer  
So we with light and joyous hearts  
Left hail the opening year -  
But Oh! long ere his noontide beams  
His cruel fates combine  
To blight the hopes we cherished well  
And change a Valentine  
When first life's opening scene I viewed  
From boyhood's sunny bowers  
Joy spunk its sweets in every grove  
My pathway strewed with flowers  
I sought a rose, a Summer rose  
Bound my heart to twine  
But blighting winter came and nipped  
My blooming Valentine -  
Time was when I could fondly love  
And kindly yours return  
But hope has spunk its cheering flame  
Love Memory's ashes burn -  
The withered flower, the blighted rose  
Will bloom with summer's shine  
But my love heart must ever mourn  
A long lost Valentine.  
Oh! Mary, not in future years  
My one request disdain  
Give me at times, a careless thought  
A link in Memory's chain.