

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1872.

I bid you not remember me,
As I must free and thine -
But ever count me as a friend
And Friendship's Valentine -

- 9 -

"Katie loves me"

("My first attempt" on parting with Katie McColl
who left Fortingals for her home in the Island of Mull
Nov. 1844 -) - We never met again -

Now death's avenger's angry blast
Rears through the stormy sky
And winter drives his noisy car
Out o'er the cheerless plain -

But why should I fear then or wherefore be sad?
Oh what makes the tear glisten oft in my eye?
For what seems before me but joy and rejoicing
Since well I love Katie, and Katie loves me -

It is no the dreary winter storm
That gives me now complain
It is no the withered broomy breeze
That gives me any pain -

But ay there is something that well I could tell
And fear that some something I've mettle to dread
I look to the future in care and in sorrow
Thangh well I love Katie and Katie loves me -