

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1872.

For the Beltane light will no be o'eb.
Ere ye are far awa
And towering hills and rolling floods
Will lie between us twa -
When many long years have passed and gane bye
And Time's ruining hand has made both faces jee -
Wha then can tell when we next meet again,
"If I will love Katie or Katie love me"?

To Mary McGill - 1847 -

I must confess my Mary dear
That your charms in love have bound me
I'd give the world but for one night
To lie with my arms around thee -
Oh! lightly would the hours slip past
Aye the longest night in winter
By kissing and embracing thee
But alas I dare not venture -
Far bannier lads are courting thee
And richer far than I am
And truer love they yet may be
For my sake pass not by them
For I could smile and wish thee joy
Thou'gt to another married.
One farewell kiss all I would ask
Ere ye are far awa -