

## SONG.

WHERE the green ivy twining,  
 Binds round the burn's brow, *burns*  
 I heard a voice complaining  
 In numbers sad and low.

“ Alas! she's gone for ever,  
 Now low in earth she lies;  
 And I, forlorn, shall never  
 Behold those speaking eyes.

“ The pangs of grief beguiling,  
 She sooth'd our parting hour;  
 Amidst her tears soft smiling,  
 Like sunbeams thro' a shower.

“ But, ah! she's gone for ever,  
 Now low in earth she lies,  
 And I, forlorn, must never  
 Behold those speaking eyes.”

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