

Mary Brown.

To the Air of "Mary Blane."

The pride of all the vale around,
The praise of each young clown,
Still reign'd that modest, lovely maid,
The artless Mary Brown.
Her eyes were bright as rubies, oh!
Nought e'er could make her frown;—
Some bow'd that ev'ry charm and grace
Had met in Mary Brown.
Oh! may Fate guard sweet Mary Brown!
Still heaven's smile her course pursue!
Oh! may Fate shield fair Mary Brown,
And life's best gifts pour down!

I stroll'd, one day, to Mary's church—
The hour Sol's beams did crown;
When, with a merry group in white,
There smiled our Mary Brown.
Oh! gladsome 'twas indeed to view
How Hymen's aid can crown;—
In bridal robes and innocence,
What queen like Mary Brown!
Oh! may Fate guard, &c.

It chanced, when some twelve months had sped,
To the same Fane I came,
When lo!—and nursing near the fount—
Stood her so known to fame.
A happy wife—a mother now,—
With joys each cross to drown;—
If duty's blest reward you'd know,
Learn but of Mary Brown.
Oh! still proceed, good Mary Brown!
Though virtue gains its meed e'en here;
Oh! still go on, good Mary Brown!
Till won's the last great crown.

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