

## SONG,

WRITTEN FOR AN IRISH AIR.

THE morning air plays on my face,  
 And through the grey mist peering  
 The softened sun I sweetly trace,  
 Wood, muir and mountain cheering.

Larks aloft are singing,  
 Hares from covert springing,  
 And o'er the fen the wild-duck brood  
 Their early way are winging.

Bright every dewy hawthorn shines,  
 Sweet every herb is growing,  
 To him whose willing heart inclines  
 The way that he is going.

Clearly do I see now  
 What will shortly be now ;

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Each I

Bears

Still n

While

I'm patting at her door poor Tray,

Who fawns and welcomes me now.

How slowly moves the rising latch!

How quick my heart is beating!

That worldly dame is on the watch  
To frown upon our meeting.

Fy! why should I mind her,

See who stands behind her,

Whose eye upon her traveller looks

The sweeter and the kinder.

O every bounding step I take,

Each hour the clock is telling,

Bears me o'er mountain, bourn and brake  
Still nearer to her dwelling.

Day is shining brighter,

Limbs are moving lighter,

While every thought to Nora's love,

But binds my love the tighter.

RISH AIR.

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