

Yes! by Alfred's gen'rous name,  
 By laurell'd Edward's warriors brave,  
 By lofty Hampden's love of fame,  
 And noble Sydney's sacred grave,  
 By valour's triumphs, virtue's wrongs,  
 By all who struggled, fought and died,  
 Shall Independence rule our songs,  
 Shall freedom be our only guide.  
 Long as we view yon lamp of fire;  
 Long as we feel its genial ray,  
 May freedom British hearts inspire,  
 May honour rule with sovereign sway;  
 Live Independence! reign supreme!  
 Ours be thy more than charter'd plan,  
 And never may we Britons deem,  
 Who spurn the noblest rights of man.  
*London.* G. D.

## SONG.

MAD MARGERY.

POOR Margery sits on the shore, by the  
 willow,  
 And woe-worn her looks, for distracted is  
 she;  
 To the wind she complains, to the white  
 foaming billow,  
 And oft is the sea weed poor Margery's  
 pillow;  
 Her treasure's entomb'd in the sea.  
 Poor Margery lov'd and a youth more en-  
 chanting,  
 Ne'er woo'd a fair maiden, or sail'd the  
 salt wave.  
 Their bliss to complete but a few years  
 were wanting,  
 For glory he left her, his tender heart  
 panting,  
 But soon found a watery grave.  
 Poor Margery long watch'd her lover's  
 returning,  
 Oft fond expectation the ship brought in  
 view;  
 Peace at length wav'd her olive, with  
 pain'd bosom burning,  
 She heard the sad tidings, which chang'd  
 hope to mourning,  
 How his loss was bewail'd by the crew.  
 Now faded's the face many a rustic call'd  
 pretty;  
 All sun-burnt her cheeks, sunk and lan-  
 guid her eyes;  
 To the loud-screaming sea-bird she sings  
 her wild ditty,  
 But shuns ev'ry stranger, or laughs at their  
 pity,  
 And weeps when a vessel she spies.  
 At her breast hangs the token of love,  
 giv'n at parting,  
 Which daily she washes with love's pain-  
 ful tears;

Now vacantly gazing, now frantic, up-  
 starting,  
 Rememb'rance across her disorder'd brain  
 darting,  
 The voice of her lover she hears.  
 No more must the morning awake her to  
 gladness,  
 No more her torn bosom can harbour  
 sweet peace:  
 Ah! poor luckless maiden! abandon'd to  
 sadness,  
 He who rides on the wind can alone hear  
 thy madness,  
 And bid all thy sorrowings cease!  
*Belfast.* A.

## HYMNS OF CHARITY.

HYMN I.

O THOU, who from thy heav'n of love,  
 To man in mercy came,  
 And took, descending from above,  
 His nature and his name.

HUMANITY, thou sent of God,  
 When earth was heard to mourn,  
 To trace the steps our Saviour trod,  
 And wait 'till his return.

Here, angel virtue, shake thy plumes,  
 Their incense, here, impart,  
 And wing the willing hand that comes  
 With succour from the heart.

Faith, at thy side, shall close attend,  
 And point her golden rod,  
 And Hope, still bright'ning to the end,  
 Here seeks her parent God.

O God, may these three graces bind  
 In one resplendent zone,  
 The destinies of human kind  
 And hang them to thy throne.

HYMN II.

WHY did the will of heav'n ordain  
 A world so mix'd with woe?  
 Why pour down want, disease and pain,  
 On wretched men below?

It was the will of God to leave  
 Those ills for man to mend,  
 Nor let affliction pass the grave,  
 Before it found a friend.

It was by sympathetic ties,  
 The human race to bind,  
 To warm the heart, and fill the eyes,  
 With pity for our kind.

Pity, that, like the heavenly bow,  
 On darkest cloud doth shine,  
 And makes, with her celestial glow,  
 The human race divine.