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The Fisherman's Daughter

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THE
**Fisherman's
 Daughter.**

Sec. 26.

"Why are you wandering alone on the shore?
 The wind it blows cold, and the white breakers roar"
 "Oh! I am wand'ring alone by the sea,
 To watch if my father's returning to me;
 For the gale it blew hard through the darkness of
 night,
 And I'm watching here since the dawning of light:
 Looking through tears o'er the dark rolling sea,
 To watch if my father's returning to me.

"Last night, when my father put forth on the deep,
 To our cottage returning, I lay down to sleep;
 But, while the calm of sweet sleep came to me,
 The voice of the tempest was waking the sea.
 I thought, in a dream, 'twas my father that spoke,
 But oh! to the voice of the tempest I woke;
 And the father I dreamt of was far on the sea:
 Ah! why in my dream call'd my father to me?"

"Vainly I look through the fast-driving gale,
 Hopeless I see what Hope fancies a sail;
 But 'tis only the wing of the seagull flits by,
 And my heart it sinks low at the bird's wailing cry:
 For the storm must blow high when the gull
 comes on shore.
 Oh! that the fisherman's gift were no more
 Than the gift of the wild bird—to soar o'er the sea!
 Good angels, your wings bear my father to me!"



GENTLE

Jennie Gray.

My heart is sad, I'll tell you why,
 If you'll listen to my lay;
 Which makes me weep when I sing
 Of my gentle Jennie Gray.
 But I never can forget the days,
 When with Jennie by my side,
 We talked of love and happiness,
 When she should be my bride.

CHORUS.

Hush the Banjo, toll the knell,
 I'm very sad to-day;
 I cannot work, so let me weep
 For my gentle Jennie Gray.

My Jennie had the sweetest face,
 And eyes of Sparkling jet;
 With lips like new born roses,
 She was my darling pet;
 But Death he call'd one morning,
 And took my love away,
 And left me lonely weeping,
 For my gentle Jennie Gray.

And in the ground they laid her,
 Close by the cabin door;
 A rude stone marks the spot,
 Where she sleeps to wake no more.
 While at her grave I'm weeping,
 At ev'ry close of day,
 I fancy that she's sleeping,
 And not dead, my Jennie Gray.