

Oh where gentle west wind Oh where hast thou been
 What sweets hast thou rifled what friends hast thou seen
 Oh come to me now from my own distant vale
 Come richest of breezes and tell me thy tale
 Thy voice from the wilderness rustling and free
 Comes laden with incense far dearer to me
 Than riches or honors or joys of the dome
 Come breathe of the wildwood and tell of my home
 I've ridden with the eagle the tree covered hill
 I've skimmed with the swallow the lake and the rill
 I've sported with bees where the fields are in bloom
 And waived in the forest the Indians dark plume
 I've swung the wild roses the crimson thy bow
 I've seen thy dear friends in their festival hour
 When heaving the wine cup they drained to the
 And pledges of friendship have brought them with me
 I caught ere it fell from her eye the warm tear
 Of my mother who wept that her son was not near
 While father and brother and sisters wept
 As the pledge as they flushed with affection and pride
 I lingered to kiss the soft blush on the cheek
 Of a maiden who sighed for no pledge could she speak
 What half stifled sigh I have stolen away
 As smothered the rose buds I meet in my way
 Though dear to my soul is the tree covered hill
 And rich in remembrance the lake and the rill
 Though bird bee and blossom seem sweetened each day
 Oh take if though wilt their loved breathings away
 Oh give me dear west wind oh give ere you fly
 The voice of my friends and the tear and the sigh
 The gale of the mountains the pearls of the sea
 Take take but the sigh give oh give it to me

March 25th some idle thoughts passed through my
 head this P. E. S. C. H. L.

O'er the mist shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain
 Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave
 What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
 The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave
 Ye foam crested billows allow me to wait
 Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore
 Where the flower which bloomed in the sweetest green vale
 The pride of my bosom my Mary's no more
 No more by the banks of the streamlet well warded
 And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave
 No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her
 Till the dew drops of morning fall cold on her grave
 No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast
 I haste with the storm to a far distant shore
 Where unknown unlamented my ashes shall rest
 And joy shall revisit my brow no more

James R. Allen

I want you all to look at these few lines

'Tis too long years since last I saw
 The gentle Clementine
 But hope forbids me still to doubt
 That she may yet be mine

Old oceans waves divide us now
 Full many a hundred miles
 But future years I yet may see
 Enlivened by her smiles

In grief I left the lovely maid
 More lovely for her tears
 Which spoke her soul's sweet tenderness
 Her hearts foreboding fears
 Though circumstances then combined
 To drive me from her side
 Some happier day may yet restore
 The exile to his bride

I heard that rivals struggle hard
 To rob me of her love
 But all in vain they cannot change
 My faithful turtle dove

May heavens choicest blessings rest
 On gentle Clementine
 For hope forbids me still to doubt
 That she may yet be mine

Ja Ma

Think of me that was once
 happy