

THE POND IN THE MEADOW.

Oh, well I remember the pond in the meadow,
Surrounded by bushes and weeds rank and green,
Where a few stunted trees waved their branches together,
And form'd o'er the dark stagnant water a screen.

And strange were the tales of the pond in the meadow,
And eager we listen'd with eyes open'd wide
To these tales often told by poor Mary the Widow,
Who liv'd in a cottage the meadow beside.

Play not, my dear boys, near the pond in the meadow ;
The mermaid is waiting to pull you beneath :
Climb not for a bird's nest, the bough it may sliver,
And the mermaid will drag you to darkness and death.

I've ventur'd to look in the pond in the meadow,
When the leaves they were green and summer's sun bright ;
But thoughts of the mermaid then filled me with terror,
Nor dare I have look'd in the darkness of night.

I look now in vain for the pond in the meadow :
The bushes and weeds and the trees are cut down,
And children now fearless the buttercups gather,
For the pond is fill'd up and the mermaid is gone.