

**A RHYME OF THE
NORTH COUNTRIE**

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A Rhyme of the North Countrie by A. M. Gleeman

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A. M. GLEEMAN

**A RHYME OF THE
NORTH COUNTRIE**

A RHYME

OF THE

“NORTH COUNTRY.”

A

R H Y M E

OF THE

NORTH COUNTRY.

BY

A. M. GLEEMAN.

[By J. C. Moffat]

CINCINNATI:

J. A. & U. P. JAMES, WALNUT STREET,
BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH.

1847.

R. B. P.

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ASSOC. LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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Examined, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1897, by

J. A. & U. P. JAMES,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ohio.

We been harpers, said Adler Yonge,
Come out of the North Countrie.

Ballad of King Estmere.

O! take away your wealth, your fame,
Your honours, treasures vile;
And give me, in their stead, a home,
A love, and love's sweet smile.

Russian Song.

"Looks out, looks out, my banldest man,
Looke out unto the storm;
And, if ye cannot get sight o' land,
Do ye see the dawin o' morn?"

"Oh! alace! alace! my master dear,"
Spak then that ae best man,
"Nor licht, nor land, nor living thing
Do I spy on any hand."

Master of Weemys.

W O R 19 FEB '36

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WHERE the green forests of the leafy West
Wave o'er a realm of hope, whose visions
 throng
Bright as the dreams of young enthusiast,
 An exile from the "North Countrie" of song
Had chosen his abode. And yet his heart,
 Amid the toils whereby he did adorn
His woodland residence, would often long
 For that dear land beneath the rising morn,
Dear to his youth and measures of his art;
 For still like echoes to his soul were borne
Melodious fragments of its ancient lays;
 And for the children of another clime,
From lingering legends of his early days,
And memories of the past, he wove this humble
 rhyme.

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