

U.N.B. ARCHIVES
O'er round I ask it forth a tear
To him the friend ~~that~~^{thou} far away
5th

And you kind hearted sister fair
I sing farewell to all your
The impression of your pleasing air
Withapture off my bosom warm
Alas the social winter, night
No more returns, while breath we draw
Till sisters & brothers all unite
In that open lodge that far away