

Mary Hambley. (Born 1824, Died 1842).

(A true story).

O'er the lonely forest cabin,  
Drops the shades of night.  
She, singing, irons out the clothes,  
By the flickering candle light.  
She sings of England's far-off land,  
She will see it now no more.  
A plaintive, mournful, saddened song,  
Of that rock-bound Cornish shore.

Not often did her parents go,  
To leave her there alone,  
But through the woods they went tonight,  
Till the early moon was gone.  
She thought of the ghostly tales she'd heard,  
And the Devil's dream come true.  
Till a tingling sense of fear came o'er  
For she thought what fiends can do.

Some eighteen summers made her there,  
As fair an English maid,  
As ever came from Cornish coasts,  
A bit of England, strayed.  
Her iron on the table hewn,  
From rough Ontario trees,  
Keeps time as bravely does her song,  
Sustain her fearful knees.

It may have been some neighbour's lad,  
Had made some hideous mask.  
He for the Halloween had come,  
Who knows what he might ask?  
But in the window, from the night  
The Devil's dance he led.  
And Mary seeing, shrieks in fright,  
And falls down, cold and dead.  
(George Henry Hambley).

(She would be my great-great Aunt, and came  
to Ontario with her father, Joseph Hambley in 1840)