

Sing ! who sings

To her who weareth a hundred rings ?

Ah ! who is this lady fine ?

The VINE, boys, the VINE !

The mother of mighty wine.

A roamer is she

O'er wall and tree,

*And sometimes very good company.*

Alack a-day, poor Mother Vine ! if this is all that the poet can say of her.

Once there was a little voice,

Merry as the month of May,

That did cry, " Rejoice ! Rejoice !"

Now 'tis—flown away.

It was, we have no doubt, a very little puny voice, and small hope is there that it will be ever heard again by one who *thus* laments its departure. Such small beer dribble never comes from the heart of a true song-writer. The man that can say there never was " so fair a thing," " nothing so brave," " nothing so free," as a certain wild cherry-tree, may have pretty fanciful ideas ; he may have an imagination apt to run riot in soft sentimentality or refined sensualities ; but he is no song-writer.

Oh ! there never was yet so fair a thing,

By racing river or bubbling spring,

Nothing that ever so gaily grew,

Up from the ground when the skies were blue,

Nothing so brave—nothing so free,

As thou—my wild, wild chrery tree.

Jove ! how it danced in the gusty breeze !

Jove ! how it frolicked amongst the trees !

Dashing the pride of the poplar down,

Stripping the thorn of its hoary crown :

Oak or ash—what matter to thee ?

'Twas the same to my wild, wild cherry-tree.

What can be said of a man found throwing himself into hysterics over a " wild cherry-tree ?" Much license is allowed to the poet ; but if we saw any respectable middle-aged gentleman