

TO A CANARY.

IMPRISON'D songster, thou for me
Hath warbl'd many a cheerful lay,
Thy songs, so sweetly glad and free,
Revive my heart, from day to day.

The frost is keen, the wind is cold,
No wild-bird twitters from the spray,
But, still resounding as of old,
Thy voice thrills forth, and seems to say :

"Wake up! O sadden'd mortal, wake!
Shake off that anxious, careworn frown,
Thy hopes renew, fresh courage take,
Nor let your troubles weigh you down.

"See, I am happy all alone,
And, kept behind the prison bars,
I sing, and shouldst thou ever moan?
—A mortal free, beneath the stars.

"I fly around my narrow cage,
I sing the song that gladdens you,
But carking care thy thoughts engage,
While walking free, 'neath heaven's blue.

"My heart might faint, my spirit die,
Far from my kind, and from my home,
But cheerfully I sing and fly,
Beneath my narrow prison's dome.

"Oh, list, sad mortal to my song,
And, while thou hearest, mark it well,
And go thy cheerful way along,
Nor pray to know, what none can tell.