

Ill-fated bird, with fearless tread,  
 What though the deed all else reprove—  
 Yet thou has lost thy tuneful head  
 That yet might warble though the grove.

ACKBIRD.

# TO THE HUMANE MRS. FOOT AND CARLETON.

The humble petition of John Sweeney, aged eighty four, in behalf  
 of his little black dog, for which he is to pay tribute on Friday next,  
 by order of your Worships.

I'm now full four score years or more,  
 And had my share of misery—  
 Your worship's pity I implore,  
 And ask this fond request of ye—

Full six long years my darling boy  
 These aged eyes did not behold,  
 Who bravely did his arms employ  
 And fought for conquest, not for gold.

When parting from his aged sire,  
 A filial pledge he gave to me—  
 This faithful dog, to guard my fire,  
 And to his post like true to be.

This little favorite many a year,  
 Took shelter in my humble cot,  
 And when my much loved dog drew near,  
 My veteran son was not forgot.