

A B C.

Oh, thou Alpha Beta row,
Fun and freedom's earliest foe,
Shall I e'er forget the primer,
Thumbed beside some Mrs. Trimmer,
While mighty problem held me fast
To know if Z were first or last?
And all Pandora had for me
Was emptied forth in A B C.

Teazing things of time and trouble,
Fount of many a rolling bubble,
How I strived with pouting pain
To get thee quartered on my brain;
But when the giant feat was done
How nobly wide the field I'd won!
Wit, Reason, Wisdom, all might be
Enjoyed through simple A B C.

Steps that lead to topmost height
Of worldly fame and human might,
Ye win the orator's renown,
The poet's bays, the scholar's gown:
Philosophers must bend and say
'Twas ye who op'd their glorious way.
Sage, statesman, critic, where is he
Who's not obliged to A B C?

Eliza Cook.

SAY, OH! SAY YOU LOVE ME!

By the gloom that shades my heart
When, fair girl, from thee I part;
By the deep impassioned sigh,
Half suppressed when thou art nigh;
By the heaving of my breast,
When thy hand by mine is pressed;
By these fervent signs betray'd,
Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid?
Then say, oh! say you love me!

By the joy that thrills my frame
To hear another praise thy name;
By my mingled dread the while,
Lest that one should woo thy smile;
By the flush that dyes my cheek,
Telling what I ne'er could speak;
By these fervent signs betray'd,
Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid?
Then say, oh! say, you love me!

Heart and soul more fond than mine,
Trust me, never can be thine;
Heart and soul, whose passion pure,
Long as life shall thus endure.
Take, oh! take me! let me live
On the hope thy smiles can give;
See me kneel before my throne,
Take, oh! take me for thine own!
And say, oh! say, you love me!

Eliza Cook.

THE SPINSTER'S SONG.

Now lads, an there's ony among ye,
Wad like just upon me to ca',
Ye'll find me no ill to be courted,
For shyness I hae put awa.
And if ye should want a bit wife
Ye'll ken to what quarter to draw,
And e'en should we no mak a bargain,
We'll aye get a kissie or twa.

THE LOVER'S WREATH.

With tender vine-leaves wreath thy brow,
And I shall fancy that I see
In the bright eye that laughs below
The dark grape on its parent tree.
'Tis but a whim, but oh! entwine
My wreath round that dear brow of thine.

Weave of the clover-leaves a wreath
Fresh sparkling with a summer-shower,
And I shall in my fair one's breath
Breathe the soft fragrance of the flower.
'Tis but a whim, but oh! do thou
Entwine my wreath around thy brow.

Oh! twine green rose-leaves round thy head
And I shall dream the flowers are there,
The moss-rose on thy rich cheek spread,
The white upon thy forehead fair:
'Tis but a whim, but oh! entwine
My wreath round that dear brow of thine.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily, the flowers die away:
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!
Just live a live of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop, without decrepitude or pain, into the tomb.

The gay and glorious creatures! they neither toil nor
spin,
Yet lo! what goodly raiment they're all apparelled in;
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiamed with light.

The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never
pall;
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all!
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy, blessed
air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely
share.

The happy, careless creatures! of time they take no heed,
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;
Nor when 'tis gone cry mournfully, "would God that it
were day!"

And when their lives are over they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy nature's breast:
No pain have they in dying, no shrinking from decay,
Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they!

Caroline Bowles.

JOHN BULL

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,
And on his counter beat the d——'s tattoo.
His wars were ended, and the victory won,
But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John;
And authors vouch, 'twas still this worthy's way
"Never to grumble till he came to pay;
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,
The work too little and the pay too much."

Yet, grumbler that he is, so kind and hearty,
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,
Poor John had well-nigh wept for Bonaparte!

Sir W. Scott.