

No wonder then if Sylvia grieve,
 She only feels her lover's woe ;
 She breathes a soul to her I give—
 What more on earth can I bestow ?

THE SCHOOLBOY CRIB AND BLACKBIRD.

Sweet sable bird, with orange beak,
 And fluttering wings and tongue so glib,
 How overjoyed am I to take
 So plump a prisoner in my crib.

Thy shriller notes me little move,
 Thou warbling songster you should blush,
 To lurk so silent in the grove,
 As if bleak winter bade thee hush.

In vain you plead, thou tuneless thing,
 What tho' to kill thee I am loathe,
 'Twill not wait nine months till spring*
 Why death meantime may take us both.

The feeble wren pours out his lay,
 The blushing red-breast lends his aid,
 The lark proclaims the break of day,
 Whilst you keep chattering in the shade.

Thou shameless bird that will not sing,
 I've rightly caught thee by surprise,
 What luxuries to me you bring—
 Prepare for death ! the schoolboy cries.

* The blackbird sings but three months in the year.