

Some fruit they will eat,
But grudge it them not ;
For the good that they do
Should not be forgot.

They keep down the insects,
Whose rapid increase
Would injure our harvests,
Till harvest would cease.

With their songs they amuse
Our wearisome hours ;
And their presence enlivens
The shadiest bowers.

Then forgive their slight faults—
They make ample amends ;
And do not forget—
They're the farmer's best friends !

Caradoc, March 22, 1858.

A II

