

TO AN ORIOLE.

SEEN MAY, 1861.

Why from thy southern home,
 Why dost thou roam so far?
 Thou art too bright to come
 Thus, like a wandering star,
 To these cold shores of ours.

Oh, quickly spread thy wing,
 Linger no longer here,
 Haste, ere the night shall bring
 Chill that thou couldst not bear,
 Back to thy land of flowers!

Haste! though the charmed eye,
 Rests on thy glowing plume,
 Haste! let me see thee fly;
 Seek'st thou a living tomb?
 This is no place for thee!