

THE RED BREAST TO MISS WOODWARD.

High on a shelf where rich brocade
 With many a costly robe lay lying,
 A fearless robin long surveyed,
 And spent his time in ceaseless sighing.

Affection's warmest fancy there
 Long taught the bird to find good nature ;
 She fled the bower yet found a fair,
 Whose sweetness glowed in every feature.

Dear, gentle maid, whose look inspires
 The conscious bird at thy command,
 No greater liberty requires
 Than captivated by thy hand.

To thee with haste the flutterer goes,
 As birds were wont in Eden's bower,
 To wake fair Eve from soft repose,
 When she was sinless at that hour.

How blest to pour its morning lay,
 When all was innocence like thee ;
 And nature proudly did obey
 Like nymph endowed with sanctity.

Then heaven inspired the warbler's tongue,
 To pour its love in every glade ;
 Yet when lost Eve her bosom wrung,
 It fled the sadness of the shade.