

Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time ;
 Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
 Bid me good morning.

—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

THE LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee !
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy—love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?
 Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will be thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee !

—*James Hogg.*

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup
 And I'll not look for wine.