

And, hark ! at the top of this leafy hall,
 How, one to the other, they lovingly call :—
 " Come up, come up ! " they seem to say,
 " Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play ! "

" Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
 Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air ! "
 And the birds below give back the cry,
 " We come, we come to the branches high ! "
 How pleasant the life of the bird must be,
 Living in love in a leafy tree.
 And away through the air what joy to go,
 And to look on the green, bright earth below !

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud,
 And to sing in the thunder-halls aloud ;
 To spread out the wings for a wild free flight
 With the upper cloud-winds,—oh, what delight !
 Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
 Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
 And to see how the water-drops are kissed
 Into green, and yellow, and amethyst !

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Wherever it listeth there to flee :
 To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
 Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls ;
 Then wheeling about, with its mate at play,
 Above, and below, and among the spray,
 Hither and thither, with screams as wild :
 As the laughing mirth of a rosy child !

What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
 To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees ;
 Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
 The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
 And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
 That gladden some fairy region old.
 On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
 On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

MARY HOWITT.

" How blest the farmer's simple life !
 How pure the joy it yields !
 Far from the world's tempestuous strife ;
 Free 'mid the scented fields !