

THE SIREN.

A BALLAD—BY J. AUGUSTINE WADE.

(WITH AN ENGRAVING.)

I.

Come hither, come hither, sweet linnet ;
 Look here, what a nice golden cage ;
 'Twere better by far to dwell in it,
 Than bear with the rude tempest's rage.
 Here are hands that will feed and caress you,
 And fond lips that will say, "Pretty dear!"
 You shall have every joy that can bless you ;
 So fly into my cage without fear!"

"Oh, no, pretty maid," said the linnet ;
 "No golden-barr'd cages for me ;
 My prison's the wild-wood, and in it
 My songs are all happy and free!
 Happy and free! happy and free!
 My prison's the wild-wood, and in it
 My songs are all happy and free!"

II.

Away flew the bird : the poor maiden,
 Disconsolate, envied his wing—
 And with chains of captivity laden,
 Thus, thus her poor heart tried to sing.
 "You're right, pretty warbler ; a palace,
 Though rich, like the cage, it be found,
 Is nought without Liberty's chalice,
 To pour its sweet nectar around!

"Alas!" sigh'd the maiden, "dear linnet,
 A golden-barr'd homo is for me ;
 Oh, were it thy wild-wood, within it
 My songs would be happy and free!
 Happy and free, happy and free!
 Oh, were it thy wild-wood, within it
 My songs would be happy and free."