

TO A LADY

Who when driving one evening, on a road after-
wards often travelled, called a black pig
which followed the buggy.

A—rose bud, a black pig,
N—ow what comes or goes,
N—ever may my eyes grow dim
I—nterchanging looks with him,
E—'er I see the rose.

TO "THE ROSE."

ALL beautiful this western star,
A court whose form would grace ;
Awaking flames and fancies new,
Awaking feelings soft and true,
Awaking with those eyes of blue,
And that expressive face.

Now listen to my song again,
Nor think it insincere ;
New is the stand I fain would take,
New as the morning light can break,
No fancied actor half awake,
Now dreamy dreams are clear.

No mystic picture now is seen,
No lengthy rhyme to tire,
No selfish motive can I feel,
Nor feelings better to conceal,
Nor aught I here may not reveal,
No look but to admire.