

Butterfly Fancy

There's a spry little fly
 With a bright, golden eye,
 And his name is Butterfly Fancy;
 In the rose of the world
 He lies cosily curled
 Where the critics, blind owlets! can't see.

For they'd gobble him up,
 Fairy wings—coral cup;
 And pledge him a toast in an ink-horn.
 Oh! sure 'twould be cruel,
 Just to flavor their gruel,
 To make our poor butterfly forlorn.

Let the poet, kind friend,
 Long his bright race defend,
 With pinions all purple and sheeny;
 And they'll lend him their wings,
 And they'll show him the springs
 That flow from the fount Hippocrene.