

132    *The Poet Bidden to Manhattan Island.*

Your *notes* shall soon be falling dew, —  
Most mystical of transformations !

Your heart, dear Poet, surely yields ;  
And soon you'll leave your uplands flowery,  
Forsaking fresh and bowery fields,  
For "pastures new" — upon the Bowery !  
You've piped at home, where none could pay,  
Till now, I trust, your wits are riper.  
Make no delay, but come this way,  
And pipe for them that pay the piper !