

The Daw, in borrow'd feathers I deride,  
 Not the wild Goldfinch—singing by his side.

Adieu, the wintry wind blows hard around,  
 And nature in an icy chain is bound.  
 May Spring revive in England's happy Isle  
 With cheering hopes, and most propitious smile,  
 And may the war, and my sad exile end,  
 Prays with sincerity thy faithful friend.

*United States of America,*  
*December, 1813.*

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