

SONG.

In the cupboard always peeping,
In the kitchen calmly sleeping,
Up the sheds and fences leaping—
That's old Tabby.

But our Tabby's constant calling
On our ears no more is falling ;
How we miss his minor squalling !
Poor old Tabby !

SONG.

The wild wind whistles aloft, aloft,
And whistles aloft in glee,
And the maples toss their branches up,
And the pine-trees wave so free,
And the pine-trees wave so free, so free,
And the pine-trees wave so free.