

That gems this green pathway,
I will tell you Lucy, dear,
Why I love the Wild Wood Jay.

Mid these thick bushes wild
Plainly our steps are heard,
The crackling branch has hushed
To stillness the singing bird.
When in childhood the forest track
Of't became my favorite way,
Its stillness was cheered as now,
By the cry of the Wild Wood Jay.

Gay was her plumage blue
Upon my youthful sight,
Still memory so dear
Does make its beauty bright.
A tale dwells in that lov'd sound
Of many a by gone day,
Of young life's hopes and dreams,
The waker the Wild Wood Jay.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

The snow lay on the battle field,
A winding sheet for the frozen dead.
And many a dying warrior's gore
Had stained the snowy covering red.
Fate now had stayed the conqueror's blow,
The boundless sway of Napoleon's reign,
And Moscow's frost and Russia's snow