



The LINNET and the GOLDFINCH.

'T WAS when the Morn disclos'd her rosy Brow,
 And new-wak'd Heifers in the Pastures low,
 When little Songsters in the Gales respire :
 To *Mira's* Shades repair'd the woodland Choir;
 Perch'd on a Bough that shone with Morning Dew,
 The Linnet thus address'd the feather'd Crew.

The LINNET.

Say, my soft Sisters ; say, ye tuneful Throng ;
 Who now demands the Tribute of a Song ?
 Who call'd us here ? Who gave us leave to rove
 And warble in this late forbidden Grove ?
 Not long ago as *Mira*, mournful Maid,
 All pensive sat beneath the dusky Shade,
 Just o'er her Head I whistled on a Bough,
 But Discontent sat frowning on her Brow :
 Be gone thou too officious Bird, she cries ;
 (And turn'd on Me---- on Me her angry Eyes)

Go

Go from my Bowers, lead the tuneful Throng ;
 For *Artemisia* hears no more your Song.
 These flighted Shades can please the Fair no more ;
 Ye Hony-suckles shed your blooming Store ;
 Ye spreading Trees now let your Branches die ;
 And ye shrill Warblers from those Branches fly :
 She said : ---- the Bloffoms fell from ev'ry Tree,
 And we dejected from her Arbours flee ;
 We fled all mournful to the distant Plain :
 Then say who calls us to these Groves again.

The G O L D F I N C H.

By *Mira's* Order to this Grove we came,
Mira, whose Sonnets please the rural Dame :
 'Twas Yesternight she wav'd her Hand to me,
 As I sat whistling on a Chesnut-tree :
 Come here (she cry'd) ye soft aërial Choirs ;
 My Ear no more your sprightly Musick tires :
 Now I can listen all the Ev'ning long,
 For *Artemisia* will attend your Song :
 She comes : Ye Trees put on your best Array,
 And with fresh Odours greet the rising Day.

Breathe

Breathe sweet, ye Woodbines, and with Heads reclin'd
 Court the soft Whispers of the western Wind.
 Ye friendly Zephyrs, dry the dewy Ground;
 Shine bright, thou Sun; and laugh, ye Meads around:
 Thus *Mira* spoke.---- Once more the Blossoms glow,
 And milder Breezes o'er the Mountains blow.
 The smiling Grove once more renews its Charms,
 And Trees embracing twist their curling Arms;
 Safely to shelter the expected Fair,
 From the hot Sun-beams or the northern Air:
 Here we attend, and hop from Spray to Spray,
 'Till the kind Fates shall bring the wish'd-for Day.
 When She, of whom our *Mira* daily sings,
 Whose Name she whispers to the list'ning Springs,
 Shall bless these Shades---then, ye melodious Throng,
 Let each prepare 'em for the sprightly Song.
 Let the shrill Thrush begin her vary'd Strain,
 And the small Wren in softer Note complain.
 The piercing Linnet and the Lark agree,
 Less loud the Red-breast, Nightingale and me.
 Here ends the Goldfinch, and exulting springs;
 Her pleas'd Companions clap their joyful Wings.