

Tum demùm exactis non infeliciter annis,
Sortiri tacitum lapidem, aut sub cespite condi!

On a GOLDFINCH starved to Death in his Cage.

I.

T I M E was when I was free as air,
The thistles downy feed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

2.

But gawdy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel were all in vain
And of a transient date,
For caught and caged and starved to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my wrongs,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure o' ev'ry ill!
More cruelty could none express,
And I, if you had shewn me less
Had been your pris'ner still.

The PINE APPLE *and the* BEE

THE pine apples in triple row,
Were basking hot and all in blow,
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd,
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame,
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied,

But