

O N T H E

ST BERNARD'S CANARY BIRDS.

SWEET is the subject of my verse,

Then let the softest notes rehearse

The simple tale of woe ;

Two pretty birds, by love endear'd,

Elate on airy pinions rear'd,

In mutual flight did go

To yonder grove, where neither strife,

Nor jarring scenes of busy life,

Could hurt the little pair ;

They knew the master good and kind,

Of tender heart, and equal mind,

And thought to settle there.

In sweetest notes his praise they sung,

In yonder yew bush hatch'd their young,

Yet shyly shun'd his care ;

Around

Around the season seem'd to smile,
They knew not nature could beguile,
So flew in open air,

Their infant brood had caught the wing,
Their little throats were tun'd to sing,
When lo! the killing frost
Did on each tender bloffom feize;
Chill, helpless 'mong the hoary trees,
They fell, for ever lost.

Yet shall some pretty babe relate
Their timeless end, but happy fate,
Too apt to find an urn;
And other songsters, as they fly,
Shall view them with a plaintive eye,
But envy while they mourn.