

SONG.

TUNE, "ERIN GO BRAH."

NOW Spring smiles once more, said the
youthful reformer,
The bird feeds the nestlings she shields
with her wing ;
Around their fond parents, that dread no
alarmer,
The kids and the lambkins disport in
a ring :
But I'm left defenceless, in yon tow'r
forlorn,
Immur'd lies my father, from home hush-
ly to'n ;
But while pow'r's selfish mamions his lofty
head scorn,
True patriots for *Burdett* will civic
wreaths bring.
Yet boast not, misanthropes, who've torn
the GRAND CHARTER;
The friend of mankind, whom you've
chain'd in a cell,
Would midst his electors come forth as a
martyr,
Ere for all your places their rights he
would sell ;
The proud, who on war waste the poor's
blood and treasure,
May toast his destruction, at banquets of
pleasure ;
But poor men, whom *Bankruptcy* pains
beyond measure,
Will bless Peace's friend o'er their coarse
scanty meal.
The craz'd consultation, an edifice bend-
ing,
He strove to support, and with wisdom and
love
Trac'd each time-torn crevice he purpos'd
amending,
And each long fall'n wreck that he meant
to restore ;
Then false men who sapp'd its unstable
foundation,
Forth issuing, forc'd him to leave his high
stator,
And bade him insultingly, preach reno-
vation
To Sydney's stern ghost in the dark
gloomy tow'r.
Yes in that dark tow'r, whose strong walls
everlasting,
Have stood through long ages the just to
surround,
All the mis'mes of bondage and calumny
tasting,
The *Burdetts* of other years press'd the
cold ground,
Thence *More*, mild opposer of vice and
delusion,
And bold *Raleigh* stalk'd to unjust execu-
tion ;

O ! my sire ! my wrong'd sire ! should
thy blood in profusion
Flow timely like theirs, thou't like them
be renown'd.
But hark how yon concourse cries "*Bur-
dett for ever !*"
And see how each ensigu's inscrib'd with
his name !
He is free !—he is free !—O ! ye powers,
never, never,
Again may the prison a pure patriot
claim !
Once more, with one voice they cry *Bur-
dett and freedom !*
Let them thus tell their wrongs and he'll
dutiously heed 'em ;
A whole injur'd people bid Britain's God
speed him,
And cloath her deceivers with terror and
shame.

Ballycarry.

TYRTAEUS

SELECTED POETRY.

*The two following pieces from the hand of the
imitable Gray, are not generally known,
at least do not appear in the common edi-
tions of his works.*

WITH beauty, with pleasure surrounded
to languish,
To weep without knowing the cause of my
anguish,
To steal from soft slumbers, and wish for
the morning,
To close my dull eyes, when I see it re-
turning,
Sighs sudden, and frequent, looks ever
dejected,
Words that steal from my tongue, by no
meaning connected,
Ah, say, fellow swans, how those symp-
toms beset me ?
They smile—but reply not ; sure Della
can tell me.

THIRSI, when he left me, swore,
In the spring he would return,
Ah, what means that springing flower.
And the bud that decks the thorn ?
'Twas the Nightingale that sung,
'Twas the Lark that upward sprung !

Sur tes genoux, belle Eugenie
A des couplets, on songeront en vain,
Le sentiment vient troubler le Genie,
Et le pupitre egare l'Ecrivain.
Plac'd on thy knee,
Fair Emily ;
I ne'er can be a verse inditer
Reclin'd on pleasure's brink,
I feel too much to think,
And the soft seat distracts the writer.

C.