

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

SONG FROM A FAIRY TALE.

Love lies bleeding,
Fevers feeding
On flesh which swords have stricken.
Should sweet blood clot and thicken?
How could they slay him so,
When were pleading
Such eyes as his, you know?
Such eyes, such woe!

THE LITTLE BROWN WOOD-MOUSE.

A little brown wood-mouse
His ample fur cloak doffed,
Then tied his comforter
Before he left the house ;
'Twas lamb's wool, bleached and soft.
To see his tail was there,
He turned his head ;
Then off he sped,
To look if beech-nuts were
Silver or red.

GUST-DISGUSTED GEESE.

The sun makes dust on the highways ;
The wind pokes fun at the geese ;
With feathers blown all sideways,
In walking they find no ease.

Let them spread wings, in it rushes,
As though to bulge out a sail ;
Away they're blown, on the bushes
To wreck like yawls in a gale.