

THE DEATH OF THE LINNET.

O, ALL ye loves and groves lament !
 And you of hearts humane ;
 Our darling linnet's breath is spent,
 And all our tears are vain.
 Its sweetly varied voice no more
 Shall strike my Delia's ear ;
 It visits now the Stygian shore,
 Whence no returns are here.

Sweet bird ! whose quick instinctive sense
 As well my Delia knew ;
 As she her mother, far from hence
 You prematurely flew :
 No more shalt thou expecting stand,
 From her a boon to wait ;
 No more pick sugar from her hand,
 Detain'd by cruel fate.

No more, when danger threatens nigh,
 Shalt thou ascend the wind ;
 To Delia's gentle bosom fly,
 There sweet asylum find.
 For ever stopt thy busy wing,
 Thy tongue in silence lies ;
 No kind return of grateful Spring
 Again shall bid thee rise.

Torpid and cold, thy beauteous frame
 Our sight no more shall charm ;
 Thy loss the deepest woe shall claim,
 The brightest eyes disarm.
 Long shall my Delia mourn thy doom,
 With undissembled woe,
 Before her clouded charms resume
 Their animating glow.

The Death of the Linnet.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

O all ye loves and groves lament, And you of hearts hu-

Tasto Solo

- mane, Our darling Linnet's breath is spent, And all our tears are vain.

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