



THE IVY GREEN.

AH! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old;
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lonely and cold.
 The wall must be crumbled, the stone decay'd,
 To please his dainty whim;
 And the mouldering dust that years have made,
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wing
 And a staunch old head hath he,
 How closely he twineth—how tightly he clings,
 To his friend, the huge oak tree!
 And slily he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 As he joyously hugs, and crawleth around
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where grim death hath been
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and works decayed,
 And nation's have scatter'd been;
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade,
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days,
 Shall fatten on the past;
 For the stateliest building man can raise,
 Is the ivy's food at last.



WOODMAN

Spare that Tree.

Woodman spare that tree,
 Touch not a single bough—
 In youth it shelter'd me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand,
 That placed it near this cot;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,
 Say, would'st thou hack it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
 Cut not its earthbound ties—
 Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now tow'ring in the skies.

Oft, when a careless child,
 Beneath its shade I heard
 The wood notes sweet and wild,
 Of many a forest bird.
 My mother kiss'd me here,
 My father press'd my hand,
 I ask thee, with a tear,
 Oh, let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend,
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree, the storm still brave,
 And, woodman, leave the spot,
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

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