

THE IRY IN THE DUNGEON.
BY CHARLES MACKAY.
The irt in a dungeon sleep,
Unfed by hand, unheated by dew;
The walls are damp, the floors are strong,
Care-moistures foul and odors rank.
But through the dungeon grating high,
There fell a sunbeam from the sky;
It slept upon the grateful floor,
In silent gladness ever to be there.
The irt felt a tremor shoot
Through all his fibres to the root;
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It strove to blossom into day.
I grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb—
Long hid the darkness been its home,
But well it knew, though veiled in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.
Its clinging robes grew deep and strong,
In its the current of the air,
Its tender branches flourished fair.
It reached the beam! it thrilled, it curled,
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world;
It rose, towards the dungeon-bars,
It looked upon the sunbeams there,
It felt the life of bursting spring,
It heard the happy skylark sing.
It caught the breath of morns and eves,
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.
By rains and dews and sunshine fed,
Over the outer world it sought to tread,
And in the day-bloom waving free,
It grew into a steadfast tree.
Up that solitary place,
Its verdure thrives adorning grace;
The morning breeze becomes its friend,
And sang its praises from its nest.
Wouldst know the moral of the rhyme?
Behold the heavenly light and climb;
To every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's interminable day.

SONG.
BY BARRY CORNWALL.
Sing a lowing dirge,
A tender cradle measure, soft and low,
Not sad, not long,
But as when we were young,
When time, now old, was flying,
Over the sunny season, bright and sweet,
And rare the melody, and soft the feet,
Amongst a crowd of flowers all about,
The bell is ringing in the time-worn tower;
Sing over the living,
He who goes late was here,
As fresh as morning in its best hour,
A song to each brief season,
Winter and shining summer, both belong,
For some sweet reason,
One or two of the cotter still a song.

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