

A LATTER DAY PASTORAL.

Phyllis, the shepherdess, having found sheep farming a profitless pursuit, leaves the plains of Thessaly and takes care of a herd of boarders. Corydon, who follows her to her brown stone retreat, thus serenades his lady-love:

CORYDON.

Come away from your tea and tripe,
Come to the hills with me;
There I will tune my oaten pipe—
There where the cherry bloom is ripe—
I'll sing of love to thee!

PHYLLIS.

Nay, Corydon, I may not come,
And leave my herd of boarders here;
The third story has called for ice—
The fourth for beer!



CORYDON.

Oh! leave that carrion crew,
And seek the hills with me;
Thy handmaidens the tea can brew—
And eke warm up the mutton stew—
I'll sing of love to thee!

PHYLLIS.

Nay, Corydon, tempt not my heart,
For then the fourth floor clerk, you see,
Who owes me shekels five, would skip
Right privily!

CORYDON.

Come away—ah! prithee, come—
All silent is the street.
Yon sky is overcast and glum—
Mine airy garb is shiversome—
Come while the night is Sweet.

PHYLLIS.

Nay, Corydon, here must I bide;
My Afric just has chimed the gong;
I go—i go, my flocks to feed—
I go to stay their hungry greed;
Ta-ta! So long!

(Exit from the window.)

Ernest De Lancey Pierson.

