

VIRGINIA FREE PRESS AND FARMERS' REPOSITORY.

POETRY

THE KATYDID.
I love to hear thy sweet voices,
Whereto then art bidden?
Then busy little dormouse,
Thou pretty Katydid!

They minister me of gentlefolks—
Old gentlefolks are they—

—To see a woodland thing
Such as I have not seen.

—They art a female, Katydid!

I know it by the full,

That quivers there thy piercing notes,

As peaceful and still,

I think there is a host of you,

Beneath the hill-slopes;

A host of sister Katydid,

And many more,

And many more,</