

I ventured once to break
(As you perhaps may recollect)
Her precept for your sake; 10

And when your linn^oet^o on a day, ^{o a species of small finch}
Passing his prison door,
Had flutter'd all his strength away, 15
And panting press'd the floor;

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
Not destined to my tooth,
I only kiss'd his ruffled wing,
And lick'd the feathers smooth. 20

Let my obedience then excuse
My disobedience now,
Nor some reproof yourself refuse
From your aggrieved bow-wow;

If killing birds be such a crime, 25
(Which I can hardly see.)
What think you, sir, of killing time
With verse address'd to me?