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PROPHECIES

OF

Thomas the Rhymer ;

THE ANCIENT SCOTCH PROPHET,

Containing the wonderful fulfilment of many
of his Predictions ; and those not
yet accomplished.

Collected, Examined, and now Promulgated

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WITH, SUBJOINED, AN ACCOUNT OF THE

Battle of Bannockburn,

so fatal to Tyranny, and favourable to the
Scottish Independence.

ALSO, THE

Cottager's Saturday Night.

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SHORT ACCOUNT

OF

Sir Thomas Learmant,

THE RHYMER.

SIR THOMAS LEARMANT, commonly called Thomas Rhymer, was born in the east corner of Fife, of a good family. His Prophecies have been more credited than any that were ever recorded in the Scots Chronicle, as they have been well attested, what of them is past, and what they allude to, in this present century and period, and of his dark sayings yet to come.

He told many mystical prophecies anent all the Kings of Europe, and what fell out according to his prediction, in this ancient kingdom of Scotland; what is past, present, and to come.

This brief account is taken from the Records of Cryle, near which place he was born and brought up.

His father was said to be Laird of Balcomie,

and the records of that family is extant in the Rolls, for their assisting at several councils for the honour of Scotland. And Sir Thomas Rhymer's prophecies and sayings are still held in esteem.

He lived in the reign of Alexander III. King of Scotland, in the year one thousand two hundred and forty-eight, much regarded, and knighted by that king that same year.

The first of his prophecies ever taken to be faithfully observed, was, That there should be a storm on a certain day, that would surprise all Scotland. Now, some gentlemen being with him that day, they began to joke him, and said, Sir Thomas, you are now mistaken, and we shall stay and see your mistake, as we have heard so much of your prophecies. He told them to stay an hour longer, and they would see and believe. And in less time than the hour, an express arrived to Sir Thomas, from Edinburgh, of the death of Margaret, Queen to Alexander III. who died that day. Upon receiving the news, Sir Thomas told them that this was the storm, and it would give rise to greater commotions in Scotland.

After the death of Queen Margaret, the King married Isabel, daughter to the Earl of Driux; and Sir Thomas told within a few months of an earthquake at Kinghorn, that would make Scotland tremble. An express accordingly came to Clyde to Sir Thomas, that the King had fallen from his horse at Kinghorn, and broke his neck.

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After the death of Alexander, he left no heirs except a grandchild, Margaret, daughter to the King of Norway, who also soon died; but a short time before her death, she was betrothed to Edward, king of England. After this there were great commotions anent the succession to the crown of Scotland, which occasioned great bloodshed, particularly betwixt Bruce and Baliol, which you have recorded in the Scottish Histories.

The pride of Spain, and the deceitful conduct of the French, as also concerning the Dutch, is all foretold.—Likewise the Scots battles of Torwood, Bothwelbridge, Malplackie, Killycrankie, Sheriff-muir, Proud Preston, near Glad's-muir, Falkirk, Culloden, and the Camps in Morayshire, and on the Windmill brae at Aberdeen, by General Coop, and at Dunbar.

In forty-five, eighty-two and three,
Sir Thomas' Works doth certify.



THE
PROPHECIES

OF
Thomas the Rhymer.

AS to his prophetic sayings, they are hard to be understood, because they are pointed out by the Coat of Arms which appertain to so many different kingdoms and persons. Yet we may observe how he has pointed out plainly, many things which have come to pass in our days; such as the extirpation of the noble race of the Stewarts, the Revolution, Sheriff-muir, where he says,

That three Ships and a Shield,
That day shall keep the field;
And be the Antelope's build.

These three ships and a shield, are in the Duke of Argyle's arms.

And even every particular of the rebellion in 1745 and 1746. When pointing at it, he says,

A Chieftain unchosen,
Shall choose forth himself,
And rule the realm as his own.

When speaking of King Charles, he calls him 'A sly Fox-bird, who would turn to Christ with the wyles of tods and foxes.' Meaning his swearing of the covenants.

When speaking of the battle of Prestonpans, in the year 1745, he names the very two neighbouring villages to the spot of ground whereon it was fought, viz. Coyleford-green, and Seton, saying, 'Between Seton and the sea, sorrow should be wrought by the light of the moon.'—Which act really came to pass that morning the battle of Prestonpans was fought. But how the Lion was hurt at this time, and not perceived, is yet a mystery. Some are of opinion, that it was by taking away the power or superiority from the chiefs of the Highland Clans, so that they cannot raise men in such a short time as formerly.

These are a few observations on things already come to pass; and as to what is yet to come, there is some remark will yet happen, when the time draws nigh: such as, 'When Tarbet's Craigs are tumbled into the sea. And the next season or summer thereafter, great sorrow and bloodshed happen to this realm, the chief thereof especially; such as barling on sleds, and chopping off heads.' This Tarbet stands near the root of the river Clyde; but whether its being tumbled into the sea shall happen by an earthquake, thunder, or by the hands of men, is a mystery unknown.

There is also mention made of a Lord with a locken or double hand, which certainly is of royal blood, and will breed great stir and confusion in Britain. This man is alive at this very present age, and of the Stewarts' race, now in Italy.

There is plainly pointed out, that in his time, a great battle should be seen in Fife.

Where saddled horses should be seen,
Ty'd unto the trees green.

Not only in Fife, but the four chief rivers of the realm, there should be a battle on each of them, that should make the rivers run with blood, viz. Tweed, Clyde, Forth, and Tay.

Last of all, a bloody desperate battle in Northumberland, on the river Tyne. Also great havoc and slaughter about the broad walls of Berwick. All these things are yet to come to pass; and when the first appears, the rest will soon follow after.

PART II.

When HEMP is come and also gone,
Scotland and England shall be one.

Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, Elizabeth.
VIII. VI. of Spain,
Q. M's Husb.

HEMP.

Praised be GOD alone,
For HEMP is come and gone,
And left us old Albion,
By peace join'd in one.

The explication of the foregoing prophecy concerning Hemp being come and also gone; leav-

leaving Scotland and England joined in one. is fulfilled in the late king William, who came out of Holland, which, in old times, was vulgarly called the land of Hemp, and the joining of the two nations together, signifies the union.

These things were foretold by the two Scots Prophets in the reign of King Arthur. First, by the marvellous Merlin, who is said to be got by a devil, who ravished a young woman, his mother, in a wood near Coldstream, in the south of Scotland. Afterwards, to the same purpose, these and many more strange things were foretold by Thomas Lermant, vulgarly called Thomas Rhymer, because he spoke all his propheticall sayings in rhyme, and so darkly that they could not be understood until they came to pass.

But of all the prophets that ever were in Scotland, none of them attained to such credit, because many of his predictions referred to our own country, and were accomplished in the last and present century.

Thomas the Rhymer's
PROPHECIES,
IN VERSE.

1 **S** COTLAND be sad now and lament,
For honours thou hast lost,
But yet rejoice in better times,
Which will repay the cost.

2 Tho' unto thraldom you should be,
 Brought by your enemies;
 You shall have freedom from them all,
 And enjoy your liberties.

3 The grave of the most noble Prince,
 To all is great regret,
 The subject to law, who doth leave
 The kingdom and estate.

4 O anguish great! where every kind
 And ages doth lament:
 Whom bitter death has ta'en away,
 Shall Scotland sore repent.

Lately a land of rich increase,
 A nation stout and true,
 Has lost their former dear estate,
 Which they did hold of due.

By hard conflict, and by the chance
 Of noble Fortune's force,
 Thy hap and thy prosperity
 May turn into worse.

Tho' wont to won, may be subdued,
 And come in under yoke;
 Strangers may reign, and you destroy,
 What likes him by sword's stroke.

A foreign foe whom neither thy force,
 Nor manners do approve,
 Woe is to thee, by guile and slight,
 Will only win above.

- 9 This mighty nation was to-fore,
 Invincible and stout ;
 Will yield slowly to destiny,
 Great pity is but doubt.
- 10 In former age the Scots renown
 Did flourish goodly gay ;
 But yet, alas ! will be overcome
 With a great dark decay.
- 11 Then mark and see what is the cause
 Of this so wond'rous fall !
 Contempt of faith, falsehood, deceit,
 The wrath of God withal.
- 12 Unsatiabie greed of worldly gain,
 Oppression, cries of poor ;
 A perpetual and slanderous race,
 No justice put in ure.
- 13 The haughty pride of mighty men,
 Of former vice chief cause,
 The nutriture of wickedness,
 An unjust match of laws.
- 14 Therefore this cause the prophets
 Of long time did presage ;
 And now has happen'd every point
 Into your present age.
- 15 Since fate is so, now Scotland learn
 In patience to abide
 Slanders, great fears, and sudden plagus,
 And great dolours beside.

- 16 For out of thee shall people rise,
 With divers happiness ;
 And yet a pen can scarcely write,
 Thy hurt, skaith, and distress.
- 17 And yet beware thou not distrust,
 Aitho' o'erwhelm'd with grief,
 Thy stroke is not perpetual,
 For thou shalt find relief.
- 18 I do suppose, altho' too late,
 Old prophecies shall hold,
 Hope thou in God's goodness evermore,
 And mercies manifold.
- 19 For thou that now a patient is,
 And seemeth to be bound ;
 At liberty shall free be set,
 And with empire be crown'd.
- 20 From high above shall grace come down,
 And thy state, Scotland, be,
 In latter ends, more prosperous
 Than former age did see.
- 21 Old prophecies foretell to thee,
 A warlike heir he's born,
 Who shall recover new your right,
 Advance this kingdom's horn.
- 22 Then shall fair Scotland be advanc'd
 Above her enemies power ;
 Her cruel foes shall be dispersed
 And scatter'd from her bower.

23 Fair Scotia's enemies may invade,
 But not escape a plague:
 With sword, and thirst, and tears, and pest,
 With fears, and such like ague.

24 And after enemies thrown down,
 And mastered in war,
 Then Scotland in peace and quietness,
 Pass joyful days for ever,

But that the curious may be more fully informed concerning the aforesaid predictions, with respect to their being exactly fulfilled, they are referred to the Scottish Histories.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

Battle of Bannockburn.

EDWARD II. of England, kept up the same claim upon Scotland, which his father had began; and after several unsuccessful attempts to establish it, he resolved to make a great effort and with one blow reduce that turbulent nation, which had put so many signal affronts upon his father and himself.

In the spring, 1314, he assembled the most

numerous army that had ever crossed the borders, composed of different nations, amounting to above a hundred thousand effective men, beside a huge multitude of attendants, who came along in hopes of sharing in the plunder of a conquered enemy. At the head of these he marched northward, with an uncommon parade, and in full confidence of victory.

Robert Bruce, the son of that Robert Bruce who held a conference with Wallace upon the banks of the Carron, and grandson to him who had been competitor with Baliol, had, in 1306, been crowned King of Scotland; and being informed of Edward's formidable preparations, he raised an army of thirty thousand of his subjects, to oppose him. This armament bore but a small proportion to that of Edward's, but it was composed of soldiers, who were hardened by long practice of war, and who now carried upon the point of their sword, liberty and honour, and every thing that was dear to them. With these Robert took up his station in the neighbourhood of Stirling, and waited for Edward's arrival.

The two armies came in sight of each other, in the month of June; and soon after, a bloody battle was fought, in which the Scots obtained a victory, the most celebrated of any in the annals of that kingdom. The procedure of this memorable event, was as follows:—

The English having marched from Edinburgh to Falkirk in one day, and upon the morrow, setting out thence towards Stirling, encamped to the northward of Torwood. About Upper Bannockburn, and backward upon the muir of Plean, in the neighbourhood of the Roman Causeway,

pieces of broken pots, and other vessels, have been found; and upon rocks near the surface, marks of fire have been discovered, where it was supposed the soldiers had made ready their provisions. Barbour, the author of King Robert Bruce's life, speaks as if their camp had stretched so far northward as to occupy a part of Carse Ground; and so vast a multitude must doubtless have covered a large tract of the country.

The Scottish army was posted about a mile to the northward, upon several small eminences, south from the present village of St. Ninians. Upon the summit of one of these eminences, now called Broek's-Brae, is a stone sunk into the earth, with a round hole in it, near three inches in diameter, and much the same in depth, in which, according to tradition, King Robert's standard was fixed, the royal tent having been erected near it. This stone is well known in that neighbourhood by the name of the Bore-stone. The small river of Bannockburn, remarkable for its steep and rugged banks, ran in a narrow valley between the two camps.

The Castle of Stirling was still in the hands of the English. Edward Bruce, the King's brother, had, in the spring of the year, laid seige to it, but found himself obliged to abandon the enterprize; only by a treaty between that Prince and Mowbray, the Governor, it was agreed, that, if the garrison received no relief from England before a year expired, they should surrender to the Scots.

The day preceding the battle, a strong body of cavalry, to the number of eight hundred, was detached from the English camp, under the conduct of Lord Clifford, to the relief of that garrison.

son. These having marched through some hollow grounds, upon the edge of the Carse, had passed the Scots army before they were observed. The King himself was the first that perceived them, and desiring Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, to look towards the place where they were, told him, that a rose had fallen from his chaplet. Randolph considering this as a reproach, because he had the charge of that part through which the English had marched, immediately set out after them with a party of five-hundred horse, and coming up with them in the plain where the same village of New-House now stands, a sharp action ensued; in sight of both armies, and of the garrison of Stirling. It was fought with valour on both sides; and it was for some time doubtful where victory should turn. King Robert, attended by some of his officers, beheld this re-encounter from a rising ground, supposed to be the round hill, immediately upon the west of St. Ninians, now called Cock-shot-hill. James Douglas, perceiving the distress of Randolph, who was greatly inferior to the enemy in number, asked leave to go to his support. This King Robert at first refused, but afterwards consented. Douglas put his soldiers in motion; observing, however, as he was on the way, that the victory was upon the point of being won without his assistance, he stopped short, that his friend might have the unrivalled glory of it.—The English were entirely defeated, and many of them slain; and Randolph returned to the camp amidst acclamations of universal joy. To perpetuate the memory of this victory, two stones were reared up in the field, and are still to be seen there. They stand in a

spot which has lately been enclosed for a garden at the north end of the village of New-House, and about a quarter of a mile from the Borough-Port of Stirling.

This victory gave new spirits to the whole army, and made them so eager for the general engagement, that the night, though among the shortest of the year, seemed long to them. At length appeared the dawn of that important day, which was to decide whether Scotland was henceforth to be an independent kingdom, or subject to a foreign yoke. Early all was in motion in both armies; religious sentiments were mingled with the military ardour of the Scots: a solemn mass, in the manner of those times, was said by the Abbot of Inchaffery, a monastery in Strathearn, who also administered the sacrament to the king, and the great officers about him; while inferior priests did the same to the rest of the army. After this, they formed in order of battle, in a track of ground called Nether Touchadam, which lies along the declivity of a gentle rising hill. This situation had been previously chosen, because of its advantages. Upon the right they had a range of steep rocks, now called Murray's Craig, and in their front were steep banks of the rivulet of Bannockburn. Not far behind them was a wood, some vestiges of which still remain. Upon the left was a morass, now called Milton-bog, from its vicinity to a small village of that name; much of this bog is still undrained, and a part of it is at present a mill-dam. As it was then the middle of summer, it was almost quite dry. But King Robert had recourse to a stratagem in order to prevent any attack from that quar-

er. He had ordered many ditches and pits to be dug in the morass, and stakes sharpened at both ends to be driven into them, and the whole to be covered over again with green turf, so that the ground had still the appearance of being firm. He also caused crow-feet, or sharp-pointed irons to be scattered throughout the morass; some of which have been found there in the memory of people still living; the same manoeuvres were likewise carried on for a little way, along the front of the left wing; for there the banks for about two hundred yards, being flatter than they are any where else, it was the only place where the enemies could pass the river in any sort of order. By means of these artificial improvements, joined to the natural strength of the ground, the Scotch army stood as within an intrenchment, and the invisible pits and ditches answered to the concealed batteries of modern times.

Among the other occurrences of this memorable day, historians mention an incident of a singular nature. As the two armies were about to engage, the Abbot of Inchaffery posting himself before the Scots, with a crucifix in his hand, they all fell down upon their knees in act of devotion. The enemy, observing them in so uncommon a posture concluded that they were frightened unto submission, and that, by kneeling when they should be ready to fight, they meant to surrender at discretion, and only begged their lives; but they were soon deceived, when they saw them arise again, and stand to their arms with steady countenances. The English began the action by a brisk charge upon the left wing of the Scots, commanded by Randolph, near the spot where the bridge is now

thrown over the river at the small village of Chartershall. Hereabout was the only place where the river could be crossed in any order. — A large body of cavalry advanced to attack him in front, while another fetched a compass to fall upon his flank and rear, but before they could come to a close engagement, they fell into the snare that had been laid for them. Many of their horses were soon disabled by the sharp irons rushing into their feet; others tumbled into the concealed pits, and could not disentangle themselves. Pieces of the harnessing, with bits of broken spears, and other armour, still continue to be dug up in the bog.

In the beginning of the engagement, an incident happened, which though in itself of small moment, was rendered important by its consequences. King Robert was mounted on horseback, carrying a battle-axe in his hand, and upon his helmet he wore a high turban, in the form of a crown, by way of distinction. This, together with his activity, rendered him very conspicuous as he rode before the lines. An English Knight named Bohun, who was ranked among the bravest in Edward's army, came galloping furiously up to him, in order to engage with him in single combat, expecting by so eminent an act of chivalry, at once to put an end to the contest and gain immortal renown to himself, but the enterprising champion, having missed his blow, was immediately struck dead with the battle axe which the King carried in his hand. This was a sort of signal for the charge. So bold an attack upon their King, filled the Scots with sentiments of revenge; and the heroic achievement performed by him before their eyes, raised their spirits to the highest pitch; they rushed furiously upon the enemy,

ho, having by this time, passed the river in great numbers, gave them a warm reception.

A singular occurrence, which some accounts present as an accidental sally of patriotic enthusiasm, others as a premeditated stratagem of King Robert, suddenly altered the face of affairs, and contributed greatly to the victory. All the servants and attendants of the Scottish army, who, are said to have amounted to twenty thousand, had been ordered, before the battle, to retire behind Murray's Craig. But having, during the engagement, arranged themselves in martial form they marched to the top of the hill, and displaying banners, moved towards the field of battle with hideous shouts. The English perceiving this motely crowd, and taking them for a fresh reinforcement advancing to support the Scots, were seized with so great panic, that they began to give way in confusion. Buchanan says, that the King of England was the first who fled; but in this he contradicts all other historians, who affirm that he was among the last in the field. The Scots pursued; and great was the slaughter among the enemy, especially in passing the river, where they could keep no order, because of the irregularity of the ground. King Edward himself escaped with much difficulty; being closely pursued above forty miles, by Sir James Douglas, with a party of light horse. He was upon the point of being taken prisoner when he was received into the Castle of Dunbar by the Earl of March, who conveyed him to England by sea, in a fisher's boat; his immense army being entirely discomfited. The Scots lost only four thousand men; while the loss of the English amounted to above thirty thousand.

Cottager's Saturday Night

A POEM.

Containing a very pleasing and affecting Description of the piety and happiness of a Cottager and his Family.

NOVEMBER chill blow loud with angry
brow,

The short'ning winter's day is near a close
The mry beasts retreating from the plough;
The black'ning train of crows seek their repose
The toil-worn Cottager from labour goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades his mattocks, and his hoes
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend
And weary o'er the moor his course does homeward bend.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant young ones tottering stagger thro'
To meet their Dad with prattling noise and glee:
His little wood-fire sparkling cheerfully,
His clean hearth-stone, his thrifty wife's glad
smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does all his weary anxious cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

The elder children soon come dropping in,
 At service out, among the farmers round ;
 Some drive the plough, some herd, some careful run

A clever errand, to a neighb'ring town ;
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthful bloom, health sparkling in her eye.
 Comes home perhaps, to shew her braw new gown,
 Or else to lay her hard earn'd penny by,
 To help her parents dear if they in hardship lie.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's welfare kind inquires ;
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the news that he sees or hears ;
 The Parents' partial eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view !
 The mother with her needle and her shears,
 Makes old clothes look almost as well as new,
 The Father mixes all with admonition due.

Their Master's and their Mistress's command ;
 The Youngers all are warn'd to obey ;
 And mind their labours with a careful hand,
 And ne'er, tho' out of sight, to lurk or play ;
 And O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night,
 lest in Temptation's path ye go astray,
 Implore his counsel and assisting might ;
 They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord
 aright.

At hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
 Jenny, who knows the meaning of the same

Tells how a neighbour lad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her home,
 The cautious Mother marks the conscious flame,
 Sparkle in Jenny's eye, and flush her cheek ;
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name
 While Jenny hesitates afraid to speak ;
 Well-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's no wild
 worthless rake.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him in ;
 A comely youth : her joy the Mother shews ;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The Father talks of horses, fields, and cows,
 The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows with joy,
 But dash'd and bashful scarce can well behave.
 The Mother, with a woman's wiles can spy,
 What makes the Youth so bashful and so grave,
 Well-pleas'd to think her Child such suitor's
 like to have.

O happy Love ! where Love like this is found !
 O heart-felt pleasure ! bliss beyond compare !
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience, bids me thus declare—
 ' If Earth a draught of true delight can share.
 One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
 'Tis when a Youthful, loving, modest Pair,
 With hearts sincere breathe out the tender tale
 Walking o'er fragrant fields that scent the
 ev'ning gale.'

Is there in human form, that bears a heart—
 A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and truth
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth !
 Woe to his perjurd arts ! dissembling, smooth
 Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd ?

Is there no Pity, no relenting truth,
 Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child ?
 Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their destruc-
 tion wild !

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
 The oatmeal partridge cheap and wholesome food,
 The milk their only cow does well afford,
 That in the orchard peaceful chews her cud ;
 The Dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To please the Lad, the cheeses she would not sell,
 And oft he's prest, and oft he calls it good ;
 The frugal housewife, talkative will tell
 How 'twas a twelvemonth old, since flax was
 in the bell.

The cheerful Supper done with serious face,
 They round the embers form a circle wide ;
 The Sire turns o'er with Patriarchial grace,
 The huge big Bible, once his Father's pride,
 His hat is reverently laid aside,
 His hoary locks growing so thin and bare :
 From strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He takes a portion with judicious care ;
 And ' Let us worship God ! ' he says, with so-
 lemn air.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays ;
 Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever dwell in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Redeemer's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling Time, moves round in an eternal
 sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace except the heart!
 The power incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some Cottage far apart,
 May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the
 Soul;
 And in his Book of Life, the inmates poor enrol

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way,
 The Youngling Cottagers retire to rest;
 The parent-pair then secret homage pay
 And offer up to heaven the warm request:
 That he who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And deck's the lily fair in flow'ry pride:
 Would in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly in their hearts, with Grace Divine
 reside,

O BRITAIN! my most dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
 content!

And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion weak and vile!
 And from each Cot, may pray'r and praise be sent
 To God's high throne, that He may deign to
 smile,
 And like a wall of fire surround our much lov'd
 Isle.

FINIS.