

And bids an Eden bloom around,
Where nought but bog and moor was
found ;
These toils give o'er, your thoughts
employ,
Your former labours to destroy,
Let every pine, each royal oak,
Yield to the sturdy woodman's stroke,
Spare not a root, but boldly grub,
From towering tree, to humble shrub,
Fir, poplar, alder, beech, lime, larch,
And in their stead, plant groves of birch ;
Let these through every vale and glade,
Expand their salutary shade ;
Then when our wits their homes forsake,
And solitary rambles take,
To court the Muse, and lose their wits,
To cure them of their frantic fits,
This tree before their haggard eyes,
In solemn majesty may rise,
And as above their heads it waves,
Its dreadful duncce-denouncing leaves,
May seem, with awful hollow roar,
To murmur, " go and sin no more ! "

SELECTED POETRY.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Said to be written by Dean Swift.

WITH a whirl of thought, oppress,
I sunk from reverie to rest ;
A horrid vision seiz'd my head....
I saw the graves give up their dead.
Jove, arm'd with terror bursts the skies,
And thunder roars, and lightning flies,
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne.
While each pale sinner shook his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens and said :
" Offending race of human-kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind !
You who, through frailty, stept aside,
And you who never fell....through pride ;
You who, in different sects, were sham'd,
And come to see each other damn'd.
(So some folks told you, but they knew,
No more of Jove's designs than you)
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more :
I, to such blockheads set my wit !—
I, damn such fools ! go, go, you're BIT, "

ELEGY

ON THE SLAIN IN FLODDEN FIELD,

Written shortly after the battle.

I HAVE heard of a liting, at our ewes'
milking,
Lasses a liting 'fore the break of day ;
But now there's a moaning, on every green
loaning,
That our bra' foresters are aw wede away.
At boughs in the morning, no blythe lads
are scorning.

The lassies are lonely, dowie and wae ;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and
sabbin,
Eche one lifts her leglin and hies her
away.
At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies
are roaming
'Mong stacks, with the lasses at bogie to
play ;
But ilk one sits dreary, lamenting her
deary,
The flowers of the forest that are aw
wede away.
At har'st, in the sheering, nae youngsters
are jeering,
The bansters are runkled, lyart and gay,
At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae
fleeching
Since our bra' for'sters are aw wede
away.
O dool for the order, sent our lads to the
border,
The English, for anes, by guile gat the
day ;
The flowers of the forest, that anes shone
the foremost,
The pride of our land lies cauld in the
clay.
We'll hear nae mair liting at our ewes'
milking,
The women aad bairns are aw dowie
and wae ;
Sighing and moaning ilka green loaning,
Since our bra' for'sters are aw wede
away.

VERSES,

BY LORD SURREY, ON HIS MISTRESS.

GIVE place ye lovers, here before,
That spent your boasts, and bragges in
vain,
My lady's beauty passeth more,
The best of yours (I dare well say'n.)
Than doth the sunne the candle light,
Or brightest day, the darkest night.
And thereto, hath a troth as just,
As bad Penelope the faire ;
For what she says, you may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were,
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfite mould,
The like to whom she could not paint ;
With wringing hands, how did she cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore, with raging minde,
(Her kingdom only set aparte)
There was no loss: by law of kinde,
That could have gone so near her heart,
And this was chiefly all her payne,
She could not make the like agayn.