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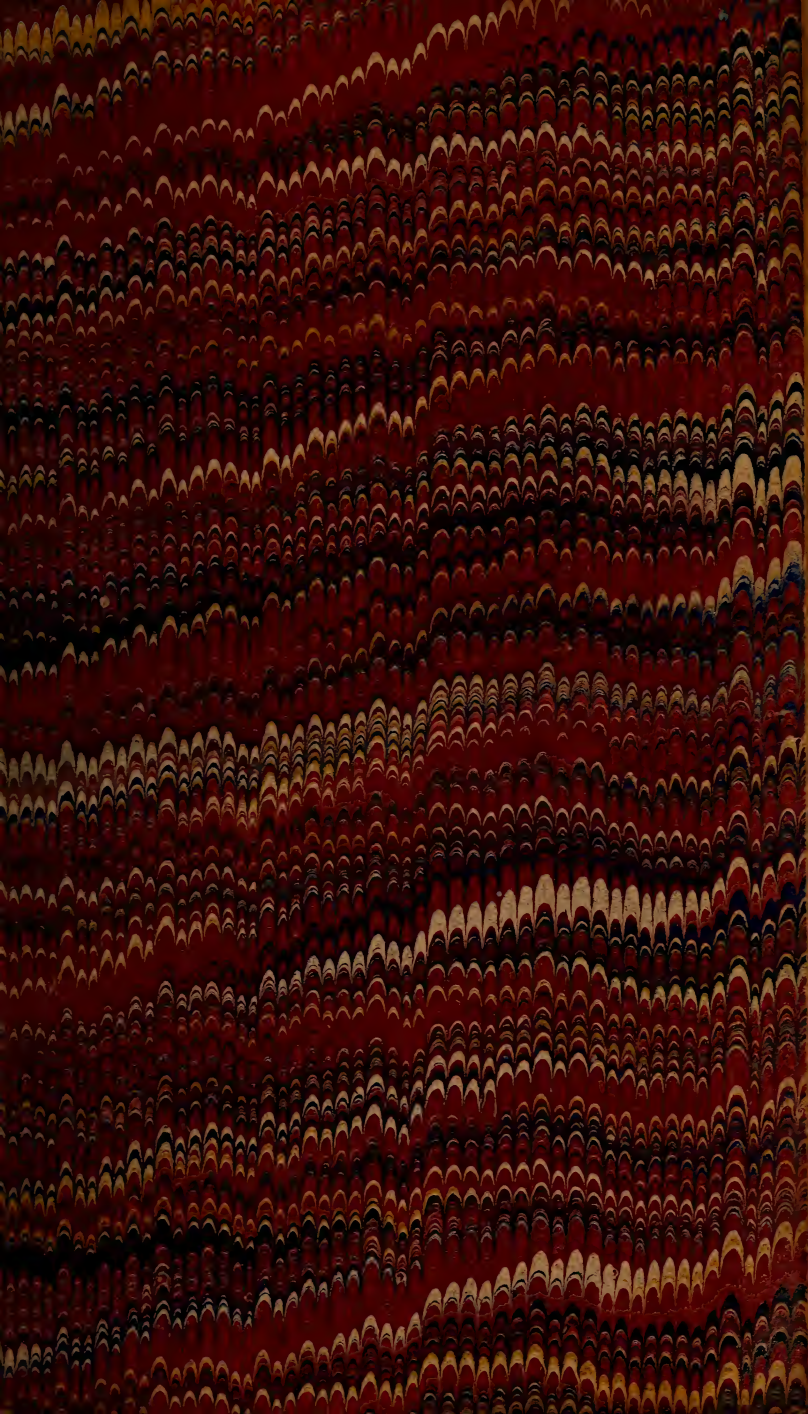
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.















**RURAL POETRY.**

THE COMPANION

OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY

# RURAL POETRY.


BY ANDREW BUCHANAN.

---

“Grant me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,  
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene.  
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest;  
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is bless'd.  
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows;  
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.” YOUNG.

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AND J. LAIRD, CRIEFF.

1817.

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Ms. 26 Jan. 1913

## PREFACE.

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*The following Poems were occasionally written during the scanty intervals of a laborious employment, and owe their present appearance before the Public to a respectable list of Subscribers, to whom the Author returns his most grateful thanks. He has not enjoyed the aid of literature, nor indeed any other guide, except the ear, in the composition of his verses; and therefore hopes the candid reader will not rigorously demand of him the pure diction of the classical scholar.*

*To the man of taste and literature he bows with all the deference due to superior intellect; he is perfectly aware that to such his volume will appear with not a few defects. He has not intentionally written any thing inconsistent with Christian morality, or the rational love of his country; and if they afford a little harmless amusement to those who, like himself, tread*

*the vale of humble life, their publication will not be altogether useless.*

*He hopes the design of the poem entitled "Rough Reform" will not be mistaken;—he is a hearty friend to peaceful, prudent Reformation, either in Church or State; and it is only the dreadful idea of Reform by violent means he endeavours to reprobate.*

CRIEFF,  
24th July, 1817. }

ERRATA.

- Page 31, line 15, for "She, she," read "See, she."  
p. 39, l. 19, for "rigidly," read "rapidly."  
p. 53, l. 23, for "light," read "night."  
p. 54, l. 12, for "veil," read "vale."  
p. 54, l. 17, for "waes," read "woes."  
p. 80, l. 21, for "frae," read "from."  
p. 80, l. 22, for "waes," read "woes."*

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# STATISTICAL

## TABLE

Year	Population	Area	Income
1850	100,000	10,000	1,000,000
1855	120,000	12,000	1,200,000
1860	150,000	15,000	1,500,000
1865	180,000	18,000	1,800,000
1870	200,000	20,000	2,000,000
1875	220,000	22,000	2,200,000
1880	250,000	25,000	2,500,000
1885	280,000	28,000	2,800,000
1890	300,000	30,000	3,000,000
1895	320,000	32,000	3,200,000
1900	350,000	35,000	3,500,000
1905	380,000	38,000	3,800,000
1910	400,000	40,000	4,000,000
1915	420,000	42,000	4,200,000
1920	450,000	45,000	4,500,000
1925	480,000	48,000	4,800,000
1930	500,000	50,000	5,000,000
1935	520,000	52,000	5,200,000
1940	550,000	55,000	5,500,000
1945	580,000	58,000	5,800,000
1950	600,000	60,000	6,000,000
1955	620,000	62,000	6,200,000
1960	650,000	65,000	6,500,000
1965	680,000	68,000	6,800,000
1970	700,000	70,000	7,000,000
1975	720,000	72,000	7,200,000
1980	750,000	75,000	7,500,000
1985	780,000	78,000	7,800,000
1990	800,000	80,000	8,000,000
1995	820,000	82,000	8,200,000
2000	850,000	85,000	8,500,000
2005	880,000	88,000	8,800,000
2010	900,000	90,000	9,000,000
2015	920,000	92,000	9,200,000
2020	950,000	95,000	9,500,000
2025	980,000	98,000	9,800,000
2030	1,000,000	100,000	10,000,000



# RURAL POETRY.

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## *Emigration.*

A DIALOGUE, IN SCOTTISH VERSE.

---

“ O place me in some heaven-protected isle,  
Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile.”

---

COWPER.

SANDY had-risen wi' the Lark,  
An' was fu' cheery at his wark,  
When comin' up the loan he saw  
His cousin Geordy very braw;  
Yet in his face he thought there stood  
A thoughtfu' melancholy mood,  
As if wi' secret woe oppress'd;  
Yet blythely thus he him address'd:—

SANDY.

Guid mornin', Geordy; how gaes a'?  
I hardly kent ye, grown sae braw.  
Whare are ye gaun the day sae air?  
I'm sure its no to kirk or fair.  
I thought ye had begun the plewin',  
But now I think ve're for the woin';

B.

That ye're in love I'll gie my aith,  
 Ye're clad sae weel in braw braid claith.  
 I hope ye will successfu' prove,  
 An' get a kind return o' love.

## GEORDY.

Na, Sandy, woin's no the thing  
 That maks me early on the wing;  
 But Henry 's come frae India,  
 An' or a month he's gaun awa.  
 Losh! man, he's made a vast o' cash  
 In that braw land, wi' little fash;  
 An' I hae taen an unco notion  
 To try my luck ayont the ocean;  
 I'm thus far on my road to see him,  
 To try if I can bargain wi' him.  
 My mither's 'gainst it very sair;  
 My father disna greatly care.  
 He thinks the thing that's very true,  
 There's naething makin' at the plew;  
 An' Henry says, a cautious chiel  
 In that fair land does unco weel,  
 An' that (ye ken) he'll ne'er do here  
 Whare ilka thing 's confounded dear.  
 If there, I shortly wad grow rich,  
 An' mak a fortune in a twitch.  
 What think ye, friend?—for I cam here  
 Your very best advice to speer.

## SANDY.

Ay, Geordy lad, I didna ken  
 That ye was in the travelling vein;  
 Yet if I thought your plan were right

I'd second it wi' a' my might;  
 But think, my friend, before ye gae,  
 What guid ye get for what ye lae;  
 Come weigh the odds, nor rashly gang  
 Wild beasts and savages amang.  
 Ye lae a land o' mental light  
 For Superstition's blackest night,  
 Your native land o' love and peace,  
 The happy scene o' gospel grace,  
 Ye lae to dwell 'mang harden'd Jews,  
 Turks, Infidels, and fierce Hindoos.  
 Auld Scotland's bloomin' vallies fair  
 Ye lae for sickly Indian air;  
 Ye griev' your friends and cross the main,  
 A little Cash is a' ye gain.  
 Alas! how dear a bargain's wealth  
 When got at the expence o' health.  
 Thousands to India hae gane,  
 Nae mair to see their native hame.  
 What signifies a little gain  
 When laid upon a bed of pain!  
 Far frae a soothing friendly face  
 To bid your fears and languor cease,  
 Or kind relations' fonder care,  
 An' Scotland's healthy mountain air.

Thae chields 'bout foreign lands that bla'  
 They never tell their fauts ava,  
 But ay their bonny side relate. }  
 Puir Ignorance soon grips the bait }  
 That hauls her headlong to her fate. }  
 I trow ye ne'er heard Henry tell  
 About their savage monsters fell.  
 Their rivers swarm wi' alligators,

Their woods are fu' o' ugly satyrs,  
Death, frowning, rides the sultry breeze,  
An' puggies girn frae aff their trees;  
While ilka cave an' lanely brake  
Conceals a frightfu' deadly snake.  
Fierce lions watch their steps behind,  
An' tygers snuff them in the wind,  
While the fell lynx' and panther's cry,  
Waukens the midnight lullaby.  
How dull at evenin' there your lane,  
To mind the rural scenes o' hame,  
Whare, fearless, aft at dewy gloamin'  
Thro' Scotland's woods fu' careless roamin'  
Ye heard the woodlark's plaintive note,  
When wand'rin' slowly to your cot;  
An' here, on misty Simmer morn,  
How sweet to view the springin' corn!  
Clear dew-draps crownin' ilka blade;  
How sweet the green, wi' gowans clad,  
When ilka hill and flow'ry knowe  
Reflects the mornin's ruddy glow,  
An' frae the copse or blossom'd thorn  
The lintie gayly hails the morn.  
An' whan the day grows warm an' high  
To mossy grottos sweet to fly.  
Beneath the gloom o' drippin' rock,  
Wi' ivy green, an' crown'd wi' oak,  
There let me sit, an' muse alane,  
Till noontide heat is fairly gane.  
Or by the edge o' shady stream,  
O' fays or fairies let me dream;  
O' spectres an' hobgoblins fell,  
The theme o' minstrels like mysell.

Or, wand'rin' through my native woods,  
 Mark how the sun unfaulds the buds,  
 Whare the green ivy and woodbine,  
 Around the elms and ashes twine;  
 And then my frame securely stretch  
 Beneath the shade o' glossy beech,  
 An' hear the tenants o' the shade  
 Carol their artless serenade,  
 Syne tune my woodland harp and sing,  
 Till ilka sleepin' echo ring.

## GEORDY.

Ay, Sandy, weel ye like to sing  
 About our cheerfu' pleasant spring,  
 But there they say its ever gay  
 As it is here in June or May;  
 Aye green an' shady are their bowers,  
 Their vallies ever crown'd wi' flowers;  
 An', save a shower o' rain or twa,  
 They hae nae winter there ava.  
 How different here! pale Winter lours,  
 An' quickly fade the shades and bowers;  
 Sleet, frost, and snaw, is a' the cheer  
 We hae five months o' ilka year.

## SANDY.

When ilka thing about the farm  
 Is weel secur'd frae Winter's harm,  
 Then cauld November's rain and sleet  
 Just gars us prize the Simmer's heat.  
 When lang December nights set in,  
 An' storms o' drift and snaw begin,  
 We bar the door against the storm,

An' round the fire a circle form,  
 Then hear auld curious Granny tell  
 'Bout mony an unco witchcraft spell,  
 Brisk fairy tricks and brownies' wark,  
 An' spunkies blinkin' through the dark;  
 Or hear her sing, in mournfu' mood,  
 About the Babes in lanely wood,  
 Left by the wretch wha sought their blood. }  
 Or if a theme that's mair refin'd  
 Wad better suit the thoughtfu' mind,  
 Then mark on Truth's historic page  
 The guid and ill o' every age,  
 An' how through a' their windin' lines,  
 A Providence divinely shines.  
 Or hear great Milton sing sublime  
 'Bout Eden and the birth o' Time;  
 An' tell how Hornie, (spirit vile!  
 Did fair unthinkin' Eve beguile,  
 An' got her and her future race  
 Exil'd frae that enchantin' place;  
 Or muse owre Pope's harmonious page;  
 Or Cowper's numbers, tunefu' sage!  
 That sweetly sang, to please the fair,  
 The birth o' sofa, stool and chair.  
 (Religion's bard! thy pious strain  
 Reclaims the lost, arrests the vain;  
 While Fancy, Wit, and Genius join  
 To form thy rapt'rous song divine.)  
 Or if ye lo'e the Scottish Muse,  
 Ye've naething but to pick and chuse.  
 Hark! its auld Ossian's harp that rings;  
 Sublimely sweet he sweeps the strings;  
 Still, in his never-dying song,

Gigantic Fingal strides along.  
 Auldfarren Henry shall ye tell  
 How awfu' Wallace bure the bell,  
 And 'midst the field o' slaughter stood  
 Wi' armour dyed in south'ren blood.  
 Syne Ramsay, Ferguson, or Burns,  
 Ye may tak up an' read by turns,  
 Or recent bards o' famous note,  
 Like Scottish Virgil, Walter Scott;  
 Or Campbell's nervous flowing lay,  
 Eneugh to steal the soul away;  
 Or fam'd Montgomery, wise and good,  
 Wha sings o' warlds afore the flood;  
 How Jubal fand the Muse's bower,  
 Who taught him Song's enchantin' power,  
 The heart in willing chains to bind,  
 An' charm the fathers o' mankind.  
 Or Ettrick's wildly warblin' swain,  
 Excell'd by nane on a' the plain;  
 Wha sings o' Royal Mary's Wake  
 In strains wad made her bosom ake  
 Alternately wi' hope an' fear,  
 An' dew'd her roses wi' a tear.  
 Or that wise chield they ca' MacNeil,  
 Wha Scotland's Skaith has sung sae weel,  
 An' tells, in tunefu' heamil rhyme,  
 How Scotsmen liv'd in bygane time,  
 Wha now, alas! are grown sae braw,  
 They eat an' drink an' spend it a'.  
 There's mony mae sic like, forbye,  
 Wha wake the lyre to rapture high.  
 Thus sweetly pass our winter nights,  
 Till supper things be set to rights,

Then feast, wi' thankfu' blythe content,  
 On what kind Providence has sent;  
 An' gie the kye and horse their due,  
 And syne behaud, wi' raptur'd view;  
 Each little star that decks the lift  
 Dim twinklin through the whirlin drift,  
 An' whyles the moon, fair Queen o' night!  
 Shoot through the storm her usefu' light,  
 To cheer the lanely trav'ler's sight. }  
 Then calm retire an' bar the door  
 Against the howlin' wintry roar,  
 An' reverent worship Heaven's King,  
 Wha walks upon the tempest's wing;  
 Syne slip fu' canny to our beds,  
 While Sleep her poppies round us sheds.

When past the storm and shades o' night,  
 Then what a glorious shining sight!  
 The landscape drest in spotless white  
 Inspires wi' innocent delight;  
 Deep snawy wreaths the valley fills,  
 An' cleeds wi' ermine robe the hills  
 That catch sublime the mornin' rays  
 O' Phœbus gleamin' thro' the haze.  
 The redbreast, banish'd frae the field,  
 About the houses seeks a bield;  
 First fearfu' flits about the door,  
 Syne briskly jumps along the floor,  
 An' chaunts a cheerfu' Simmer lay  
 His Winter lodgings to repay.  
 The threshin' owre, an' cattle fed,  
 We hie awa to curlin' glad.  
 Thus free o' care an' fear an' a',  
 Our cheery Winter slips awa;



Soon bloomin' Spring bursts on the view,  
An' sets us aff to haud the Plew.

In thae far warlds ye think sae braw,  
Though seldom fash'd wi' frost and snaw,  
Yet Geordy lad your far mista'en  
If ye o' lastin' Simmer dream.  
Their wild tornadoes, fiercely drivin',  
I greatly fear wad spill your thrivin'.  
Frae every airth the tempest flees,  
An' mingles air an' earth an' seas;  
Tears up hale forests in its course,  
An' blaws the riggin aff your house;  
Wi' that a spout o' water fa's  
An' soops awa the very wa's;  
An' ilka thing for mony a rood,  
Is carried down the roarin' flood.  
Nae house nor hald to scoug the blast!  
How Geordy would you stand aghast  
To hear the pealing thunders roll,  
An' lightnings flash frae pole to pole,  
While earthquakes shake the frightened shore,  
An' furious ocean joins the roar.  
An' a' your gowden prospects fair  
Hurl down the gulf o' black despair.  
Sic storms as these and rainy weather  
They hae ilk year for months thegither;  
And now, my friend, ye'll hardly venture  
To ca' this but a sham o' winter.

## GEORDY.

Na, Sandy lad, if that's the case  
I trow its no sae guid a place.  
To see his a' gaun wi' the spate

Wad gar a chield leuk unco blate.  
 I winna gae, if thus perplext  
 Wi' folk an' beasts, an' tempests vext;  
 Yet after a' I maist think shame  
 Ance to propos't, then stay at hame;  
 Far sooner would I gae awa  
 A while to North America,  
 Whare Rab Carwhin, and Pate, his brither,  
 An' Jock, are a' turn'd lairds thegither.  
 There I might get a cheap bit farm  
 An' ne'er a beast to do me harm.

## SANDY.

Ay, but there is, I can assure ye,  
 Beasts not a few cou'd soon devour ye,  
 Nor can I see your gain ava  
 Though ye were in America,  
 For there, I trow, there's mony ane  
 Wha, if they could, wad soon come hame;  
 But then their siller's a' in land,  
 An' nane to tak it aff their hand,  
 Sae they maun stay an' fondly dream  
 Owre a' the joys they left at hame.  
 They want, besides, (that's warst ava)  
 The strong protecting arm o' law  
 To gie the injur'd due redress,  
 Nor let the strong the weak oppress.  
 An' though their laws were just as guid  
 As ony heard o' since the flood,  
 They canna bind, wi' proper vigour,  
 The wild untutor'd treach'rous Niger,  
 Wha taks your goods when want pursues him,  
 An' cuts ye down if ye refuse him.

Nae doubt, wi' money in your hand,  
Ye soon may get a cheap bit land,  
Providin' that you like to gae  
Back twathree hundred miles or sae,  
An' there beside some lanely river,  
Tak up your dwallin' place for ever;  
But then its cover'd owre wi' wood,  
As ancient as auld Noah's flood.  
To cut it down maun be your care,  
For mony years, baith late and air;  
Thus spend your days in clearin' bogs  
An' cuttin' wood an' holin' clogs,  
An' widin' on 'mang snakes and vermin,  
At every step your fears alarmin';  
Without a friend to cheer your labour.  
Be wise and stay at hame, dear neighbour.  
For its owre late, when there, to mind  
The lovely scenes ye left behind;  
Whare aft ye wont, on hallow'd day,  
Wi' willing feet, to wend away,  
At sound o' bell, wi' due repair,  
To worship in the house o' prayer.  
The thought o' this wad mak ye sigh,  
An' lift a sad deplorin' eye  
'Mang wilds unmeasur'd stretch'd around,  
That never heard the joyful sound.  
Your native vale and broomy braes,  
Whare cheerfu' pass'd your youthfu' days,  
Will smile wi' twice ten thousand charms,  
For ever vanish'd frae your arms.  
For, settled there, ye maun stand too  
Whether ye like to bide or no;  
While a' your dreams o' gear and riche-

Vanish at ance like tricks o' witches.  
 An' sure he's dreamin' wha expects  
 Great happiness 'mang savage blecks.

## GEORDY.

Vow man, I ne'er had sic a view  
 O' things as I hae got frae you;  
 I think, for a' the length I've gane,  
 I'd better turn and wander hame.

## SANDY.

Ay, do sae Geordy; never fear  
 But that ye'll get enough o' gear;  
 For meat and claise ye'll never want;  
 Nor need ye be o' siller scant.  
 Steer clear o' that infernal itch  
 O' scrapin' hard to be thought rich,  
 For happiness lies not in wealth,  
 But in sweet peace, content and health.  
 Be wi' your native land content:  
 Of this my friend ye'll ne'er repent.  
 Some grumblin' discontented saul  
 Sets off forthwith for Montreal,  
 Pronounces them a' fools and frantic  
 Wha wait on this side th' Atlantic,  
 Nor does he ever stay to think,  
 Till landed on St Lawrence' brink,  
 An' round him sees a warld o' wark,  
 An' toilworn men stript to the sark,  
 Snake haunted wilds and thickets reddin'  
 An' kebars for their hovels sneddin';  
 There he himsell maun just fa' too  
 An' work as here he us'd to do;

His travel, time and siller lost,  
 The blockhead soon learns, to his cost,  
 What he lang syne might learn'd at school,  
 That he was a consummate fool.

Were Kirk and State and Press enslav'd,  
 I own it wad be right to leav't,  
 An' try to find some better place;  
 But nane o' thae things is the case.  
 No—every thing that's guid is free,  
 On every hand, frae sea to sea,  
 An' naething do our laws restrain,  
 But evil deeds o' evil men.

Sae ne'er believe thae clishmaclavers  
 'Bout foreign lands—just perfect havers,  
 Invented by a set o' fellows  
 Whase doings weel deserve the gallows,  
 To vex poor folk wi' discontent  
 Is a' their aim and hale intent.

Oh! Scotland, lovely are thy woods,  
 Green flow'ry howes an' shining floods,  
 When Spring and Simmer paint thy plains,  
 An' Hope elates thy trusty swains.  
 How blythe thy rustling reapers sound,  
 When canty Hairst is smilin' round.  
 An' when grim Winter rides the air,  
 An' lays thy fields and forests bare,  
 Plac'd in some lanely cliff on high,  
 Let me behaud the tempest fly,  
 An' hear the dashing billows roar  
 Around thy rocky wave-worn shore.  
 Oh! Winter, nurse o' solemn thought,  
 By thee to calm reflection brought,  
 I see a great Almighty Power

Direct the storm, distil the shower,  
 Gie Spring her robe o' cheerfu' green,  
 Cool Simmer wi' a sylvan screen,  
 An' frae his all-supporting hand  
 Pour plenty owre thy happy land;  
 Commanding cruel war to roar  
 Far frae our heaven-protected shore,  
 An' granting Revelation's ray,  
 A guide to never-ending day.  
 Sae let wha will o' trav'lin' dream,  
 Auld Scotland still shall be my hame.

Hame Geordy gaed, an' at the term  
 He teuk a snod weel lyin' farm,  
 An' got a thrifty prudent wife,  
 An' pass'd in peace his usefu' life.

~~~~~

*To Public Spirit.*

SORDID Selfishness, away—  
 Public Spirit! speed thy coming;  
 Envy shuns thy potent ray,  
 Low deceit and crooked cunning.

Hear the family of Pain  
 Still thy powerful aid solicit;  
 Let them not implore in vain,  
 Kindly deign a gracious visit.

Prudence waits to lead the way,  
 Zeal her flaming torch displaying,

Meek Compassion's milder ray,  
Love that never brooks delaying.

See the poor unpitied slave,  
'Neath the knotted scourges kneeling,  
Stretch thy powerful arm to save,  
Crush the wretches void of feeling.

Mark the dungeon tenant, poor,  
Victim of ungracious usage;  
His the sad unsocial hour,  
Anxious heart and meagre visage.

They who cause his cruel smart,  
Gay in thoughtless pleasure living,  
Melt their hard unfeeling heart  
Make them gentle and forgiving.

Mark the tyrants' haughty frown,  
Villains high in power and station,  
Hurl the human monsters down.  
Break the rod of vile oppression.

See Ambitions' crimson car  
Still its deathful way pursuing,  
Where she sits, with frowning War,  
Planning scenes of woe and ruin;

In their eye fell envy lurks,  
Urging on their restless fever.  
Come, and from fair Nature's works,  
'Raze their hated names for ever.

See wild Superstition's sway,  
False delusive peace bestowing;

Sottish Ignorance her prey,  
Prone to senseless idols bowing.

Grim her blood-stain'd devotees,  
Altars sacred to destruction.  
Love her horrid temple flees.  
Public Spirit! send instruction.

Free the poor bewilder'd race;  
Crush their priestcraft, vain and idle;  
Guide them to the Prince of Peace;  
Send them thy best gift, the Bible,

Thus to scatter blessings round,  
Gen'rous power to thee is given;  
Virtue cherish, Vice confound,  
Then ascend thy native heaven.

Love shall then supply thy place,  
From her lofty sphere descending,  
And unite the human race  
In sweet concord, never ending.



*To Pity.*

Gentle Pity! welcome here;  
Well I know thee by that tear,  
By that gently rising sigh,  
By that glist'ning downcast eye.  
Such thy look as angels throw  
On us mortals here below,



So the lily bends its head,  
Marking minor flowrets fade.

Gentle Pity! deign to dwell  
In my low sequester'd cell.  
Cherub of celestial birth!  
Often deign to visit Earth;  
Kindly soothe the suff'rer's pain;  
Loose the captive's galling chain.  
When pale want and sickness lour  
In the chambers of the poor,  
Visit them, O melting maid!  
Hover o'er the dying bed.  
Thou canst many ills redress;  
Thou canst make our sorrows less;  
Thou canst soothe the orphan's plaint;  
Cheer the wand'rer, weak and faint;  
Hush the drooping mourner's moan;  
Take the houseless stranger home.  
While thy tender accents flow  
Smiles illumine the face of woe.

Gentle Pity! deign to dwell  
In my low sequester'd cell.  
When the battle rages loud,  
'Neath a smoky sulph'rous cloud,  
And the trumpet's swelling strain  
Drowns the piercing cry of pain;  
When the wounded and the dying  
On the bloody plain are lying;  
Where, O Pity! are you then?  
Fly to the ensanguin'd plain.  
Thou canst soften hearts of steel;  
Teach the men of blood to feel.

There the father—husband, lies,  
 Mad ambition's sacrifice;  
 Blooming youths resign their breath  
 'Midst the wreck of woe and death;  
 There the lover's tender fires  
 Rudely quench'd in blood expires;  
 Thousands all unnotic'd sink.  
 Teach the sons of war to think  
 O'er the widow'd mother's sighs;  
 O'er the wailing orphan's cries;  
 O'er the virgin's mournful strain;  
 O'er the parent's hope in vain.  
 Picture these before them fresh—  
 Turn their hearts of stone to flesh.  
 Thus, O heaven-descended maid!  
 Every human breast pervade,  
 Till ambition's frenzy cease;  
 Till the endless reign of peace.  
 Then the loud acclaim of praise  
 Mankind to thy name shall raise;  
 Gratitude, with streaming eyes,  
 Glad shall hail thee to the skies;  
 There, dissolv'd in purest love,  
 Thou shalt reign supreme above.  
 Then, from this sequester'd cell,  
 Raise me up with thee to dwell.

~~~~~

*To the Lark.*

WEE merry minstrel o' the dawn,  
 Up-springin' frae the daisied lawn,

Whare dewy gems, profusely sawn,  
     Glance on the sight,  
 When Night's black curtains backward drawn  
     Displays the light.

Unkend to Care's embitter'd fang,  
 Aye cheery flows your early sang,  
 Unfelt, unfear'd the venom'd stang  
     O' cruel pain.

Foul fa' the hand wad do thee wrang,  
     Or spill thy-strain.

Now, slowly, owre the mountain top,  
 Gray skiffs o' mist in ether float,  
 And, rous'd by thee, ilk tunefu' throat  
     Rings thro' the woods,  
 While, far aboon, is heard your note  
     Amang the cluds.

What power unseen can thus inspire  
 Thae notes o' thine that never tire!  
 Sweet melodist! nae mortal lyre  
     Can match thy lay,  
 When, warm wi' Nature's native fire,  
     Ye hail the day.

Perhaps when thus ye climb the sphere  
 The hymns o' heaven ye whyles may hear;  
 The cadence sweet may reach your ear,  
     O' song sublime,  
 Which, ilka morn, attracts ye near  
     That blissfu' clime.

Like they, wi' gratefu' heart, ye sing  
 The praise o' Nature's bounteous King

Wha weaves the bloomin' robe o' spring  
 Wi' countless dies;  
 An' taught ye thus, on soaring wing,  
 To seek the skies.

Maun ye alane the silence break,  
 And raptur'd own what a' partake,  
 An' Man nae joyfu' anthem wake  
 O' praise, like thee,  
 To Him wha suffer'd for his sake  
 Upon the tree.

Forbid it, Gratitude and Love!  
 Ye twinklin' gems that roll above  
 Shew forth His glory as ye move,  
 Baith Sun and Moon,  
 Ilk fountain, river, hill and grove,  
 His praise attune.

Ye brutal tribes your homage bring,  
 Ye feather'd choirs o' every wing,  
 Wi' favor'd men, unite to sing  
 His mighty name;  
 At dawning morn and day's decline  
 Renew the theme.



*Address to the Morning Star.*

BRIGHT forerunner of the sun,  
 Star of Morning! haste and come;  
 Come from thy mysterious bower,  
 Glad to cheer the morning hour,

Now when fresher breathes the gale  
 O'er the hill and o'er the vale,  
 Now when every dewy spray  
 Nods a welcome to thy ray.  
 Now the Lark, on vig'rous wing,  
 Mounts aloft thy praise to sing,  
 And the twinkling orbs around,  
 Beck'ning through the blue profound,  
 Seem in fancy's ear to say  
 'Come, bright wonder! come away.'

Yet, alas! unmingled bliss  
 Dwells not in a world like this.  
 Those there are to whom thy ray  
 Ushers in a dreadful day:  
 Felon, through his grated door,  
 Marks the moonbeam on the floor,  
 Starts, and oft mistakes thy ray  
 For the dawn of fatal day,  
 Come to seal his awful doom.

(Wretched man! 'twill come too soon.)  
 Ah! 'twould ease his speechless pain  
 Were you ne'er to rise again;  
 Would dun Night, with deepest cover,  
 Veil this hated morn for ever.

Drown'd in sleep the wretched ly,  
 Morning wakes them but to sigh.  
 Vain thy beam—no blest to-morrow  
 Dawns upon the child of sorrow.  
 Yet there are, (sweet Nature's shame,)  
 Men who hate thy lovely beam;  
 Yes—there are who flee the light,  
 Sons of violence and night.  
 Falt'ring guilt, (fair Virtue's scorn,)

Shrinks before the eye of morn;  
And the midnight debauchee  
Never spends a thought on thee;  
No—he shames the sober moon;  
Staggers home and sleeps till noon.  
Fashion's vot'ries, whim-inspir'd,  
Now, just now, to rest retir'd,  
Morning's beamy diadem  
Has no charm at all for them;  
Midnight ball and glimmering taper,  
Mirth and music please them better,  
Pleasures these that never cloy;  
Bliss supreme, without alloy.  
Peace to such, who dream they live,  
All the peace that sound can give;  
Why should Reason's sober beam  
E'er intrude to spoil their dream?  
Yet though such neglect thy ray,  
Come, fair star! yet come away.  
Now the bugle's early swell  
Wakes the tenants of the vale;  
See, his dreamless slumbers o'er,  
Blooming shepherd, at his door,  
Views the east with wistful eyes,  
Lovely star! to hail thy rise;  
And the nymph, with beechen pail,  
Skims with dewy feet the dale.  
Now the Poet, wayward still,  
Wanders wild the thymy hill,  
Rapt in dreams of spectre fell,  
Haunted hall, or fairy dell.  
When thy lustre meets his eye  
Wildest tones of minstrelsy

Die afar along the wold  
 From his harp of antique mold.  
 Labour, as he yokes the team,  
 Eyes with silent joy thy beam;  
 Exercise and Health are seen  
 Bounding o'er the flow'ry green;  
 And the cock, with trumpet shrill,  
 Calls thee from behind thy hill.  
 Bright forerunner of the sun,  
 Star of Morning! haste and come.



*To Hope.*

GRIM Despondency! away—  
 Gentle Hope, again returning,  
 Mild forbids your longer stay,  
 Bright her beamy lamp is burning.

She, she waves her magic wand,  
 Straight arise, in fair procession,  
 Future joys, a lovely band,  
 In a long and gay succession.

“Yield not to despair,” she cries,  
 “Though to-day be dim with sorrow;  
 Soon shall fairer scenes arise;  
 Happiness will come to-morrow.

“Oft the storm, on sable wing,  
 Howls along with nightly ravage;  
 Yet, when morning splendour spring,  
 Sinks to rest the tempest savage.”

Hope! the sailor feels thy power,  
Hov'ring o'er his humble pillow,  
At the dreary midnight hour  
Rocked by the roaring billow;

Green, to raptur'd fancy's eye,  
Rise his native mountains, gayly  
Smiles his lowly cottage nigh,  
Bosom'd in the woody valley;

Now he thinks he almost hears  
Friendship's tender salutation;  
Wife and children's joyful tears  
Sees in fond anticipation.

Fickle Fate! thy stroke forbear—  
Grant his humble expectation;  
Force not Disappointment's tear;  
Crush him not with sad vexation.

Mark the soldier, Valour's son,  
Brave the field of death and danger,  
No impending perils shun,  
Coward fear to him a stranger;

Hope! thou prompt'st his nervous arm;  
Hope of vic'try, fame and glory;  
These suppress each weak alarm;  
These inspire the bloody foray.

Hope inspir'd, the merchant oft  
Trusts to wind and sea his riches.  
All the dupes of pleasure soft  
Unsubstantial Hope bewitches.

Earthly Hopes are weak, alas!  
Pain to soothe, or care to banish;



Christian Hope can these redress;  
When approach'd they often vanish.

Christian Hope is Hope refin'd;  
More sublime and sure its joys;  
Objects of a nobler kind  
Every raptur'd thought employs.

Sure his hope, the child of faith,  
Still with flesh and sense contending,  
Loves the narrow shining path,  
Leads to pleasures never ending.

'Midst the stormy scenes of Time  
Christian Hope elates the spirit,  
Viewing oft a fairer clime,  
Which the victor shall inherit.

Hope in death the righteous have;  
Hope their fainting flesh supporting;  
Hope of vict'ry o'er the grave;  
Hope of future bliss transporting.

Blessed Hope! that dies away  
Only in the full possession;  
Where immortal fountains play,  
Lost in bliss beyond expression.



*To the Cuckoo.*

SWEET bird! ye're welcome back agen,  
I like to hear your canty strain,

When wandrin' early on the plain,  
                                 Resound Cuckoo;  
 There's nane o' a' the feather'd train  
                                 Can sing like you.

At your approach cauld Winter flees,  
 An' fragrant blossoms deck the trees,  
 And saft the kindly wastlin breeze  
                                 Sougls thro' the shaw;  
 While Phœbus, warm, the kintra frees  
                                 Frae frost an' snaw.

Yet, Gowk, ye're unco seldom seen;  
 Ye're naething but a simmer frien';  
 Aften through winter dark I grein  
                                 For your return;  
 Yet tho' I should greet out my een,  
                                 In vain I mourn.

What ails ye at auld Scotland's shore  
 When bloomin' Spring and Simmer's o'er;  
 When bauld the drivin' tempests roar  
                                 O' sleet an' snaw,  
 Frae wintry blasts an' cranreugh hoar  
                                 Ye slink awa,

Nor lets me hear your cheering note,  
 At morn or e'ening, round my cot,  
 Till wintry storms are a' forgot,  
                                 An' Spring appear,  
 An' daizies decking ilka spot  
                                 Invite ye here.

Whare flee ye till in sickan haste?  
 D'ye explore the farthest east;

On gums and spices sweet to feast,  
     And sic like cheer;  
 And syne come back to tak a taste  
     O' what grows here.

Wing ye your annual way to France?  
 Tell thae daft chieles, if they advance  
 And try owre Scotland's knowes to prance,  
     In warlike state,  
 Grim death, frae braid claymore or lance,  
     Shall be their fate.

Gay bird! your travels still pursue;  
 There's mony Simmer friends by you;  
 When siller sheds its fost'ring dew,  
     An' plenty flows,  
 Ilk little saul will scrape and bow.  
     Dissembling foes!

If Fortune frown and mak me poor,  
 Fu' soon they look baith cauld an' sour;  
 To thole stern Poverty's snell shower  
     I stand alane;  
 Their friendship, like a simmer flower,  
     Is quickly gane.

Sic thankless friends are waur than thee,  
 Wha never waits our Hairst to pree;  
 But till they sup our last drap bree  
     They will stand by;  
 Syne, when we hae nae mair to gie,  
     They quickly fly.

The friend be mine that will stand fast  
 Amid stern Fortune's bitter blast,

Adhering firmly to the last;  
   Unlike to you,  
 Wha, after Spring and Simmer's past,  
   Bids us adieu.



*The Cottager's Reflections on visiting the  
 Scenes of his Youth.*

---

" Return'd to view  
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew—  
 Rememb'rance wakes, with all her busy train,  
 Swells in my breast, and turns the past to pain."

GOLDSMITH.

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Ah! rueful change—what scenes appear,—  
 (Rude Harp, my feelings vent.)  
 Where many a youthful happy year  
 In peace and love I spent.

Yet still yon aged beechen shade  
 Adorns the lovely spot  
 Where often, when a child, I play'd  
 Around my father's cot.

There, smiling elves, we'd oft convene,  
 Hard by the streamlet's brink,  
 And form the daizies on the green  
 In many a flow'ry link.

Our fathers, too, (peace to their manes!)  
 Set by the cottage door,

Would list, well pleas'd, our artless strains,  
And dream their childhood o'er.

Sweet harmless scenes of guiltless love,  
Sweet favorite resorts,  
Adieu!—yet oft regret ye move;  
Adieu! sweet infant sports.

For, ah! this seems a foreign land;  
No cottage, rising sweet,  
Encircled green with ivy band,  
My lonely steps invite.

Yon pebble-bottom'd crystal burn  
No more reflects the day;  
Close hid in reeds it seems to mourn,  
As slow it glides away.

No cheerful sound accents the gale  
That sweeps along the glade,  
Except the lone Owl's plaintive wail,  
Embower'd in yonder shade.

No more the voice of blooming Spring  
Shall rouse the cottage swains  
To hear the warbling lavrock sing,  
And cultivate the plains.

No more shall flow'ry Simmer's heat  
Invite the children gay  
To wanton in yon streamlet sweet,  
Soft shaded from the ray.

No more these fields, on Autumn morn,  
With yellow plenty glow;

Nor joyful reapers *stook* the corn,  
In many a goodly row.

No more the Kirn, at harvest's close,  
Solace the toil-worn hind;  
(Sweet scenes! where mirth and plenty flow,  
With innocence combin'd.)

No more, through Winter's piercing reign,  
Their blazing hearths invite  
The circle, chanting many a strain  
Of rudest numbers sweet.

No more the pensive Redbreast's note  
Beguiles the snowy day;  
(Sweet little minstrel of the cot,  
Through Winter's rigid sway.)

Oh! scenes which Time can ne'er erase,  
No more ye meet my eye;  
The morn and evening song of praise  
No more ascends on high.

Ah! no—Improvement's cruel hand,  
With unrelenting sway,  
Hath scatter'd wide the virtuous band,  
And swept the cot away.

Some, on a hostile foreign shore,  
Undaunted meet the foe;  
Some brave the Ocean's stormy roar;  
And many sleep below.

Some, in the crowded city pent,  
Ply hard their sickly trades,

While fancy dreams that sweet content  
Pervades their native shades.

The rest, alas! (yet happy they,)  
Have found an early grave;  
While o'er them bloom the gowans gay  
And soft the Yew-trees wave.

Departed friends, a long adieu!  
No more on earth we meet.  
The storms of life are o'er with you;  
Your happiness complete.

Low lye the homes that once were ours,  
And boding silence reigns;  
No footstep bends the dewy flowers,  
Along the lonely plains.

No more, my harp!—sweet scenes, adieu!  
The retrospect gives pain;  
Yet oft shall fancy mourn o'er you.—  
Adieu! my native plain.



*To Friendship.*

Who is she that so rigidly urges her flight  
From the seats of mild cœncord and love?  
Sure some lovely cherub, in chariot of light,  
Descends from the regions above,

Whose smile shoots a beam of delight through the  
soul,  
Softly gilding the dark sullen gloom of despair,

Like the gay-colour'd rainbow when loud thunders roll, [pole,  
 Or the moon-beam when darkness envelopes the  
 And ghosts ride the storm-troubl'd air.

'Tis Friendship.—Sweet Friendship,—bright off-  
 Her Author, Supporter and End. [spring of God,  
 The land of my fathers be it thy abode;  
 'Thy reign o'er her children extend.

For often ye wont, in the times that are past,  
 O'er the vales and wild mountains of Scotland to  
 Cementing her heroes in-unity fast, [roam;  
 Where rock-shelter'd hamlets repel the rude blast,  
 Stern Valour's unconquered home.

And still thy mild spirit, mysteriously strong,  
 Their care-troubl'd bosoms will shew,  
 While the wild wintry billows of Time roll along,  
 And the winds of Adversity blow.

Fell Jealousy shuns the bright glance of thine eye;  
 The grim hov'ring demons of Discord are fled;  
 How swiftly the low lowering clouds of Envy,  
 And thick fogs of Selfishness break from the sky,  
 While Harmony smiles in their stead.

Sweet soother of languor! how hapless their case  
 Who ne'er knew the delights of thy smile!  
 My heart springs enamour'd to meet thy embrace,  
 And rest in thy bosom a while.

Thy power never ending, unknown to decay,  
 Shall ascend when the changes of Time are no  
 more,



And preside o'er immortals in regions of day,  
 The companion of Angels, who raptur'd stray  
 On Eternity's unknown shore.



*Expostulation.*

WHY 'bout Italian scenery tell us;—  
 It canna match our native vallyes;  
 Nae wilds sae sweet, sae rudely grand,  
 Are seen in that degen'rate land.  
 Or why in strains poetic fash us  
 Wi' that auld fashion'd hill Parnassus;  
 What though in deathless sang renown'd,  
 Wi' ever-during verdure crown'd,  
 Say, can it mair sublimely shaw  
 Than Benechoin deep clad wi' snaw;  
 Or can its far-fam'd woods and rills,  
 Match Drumachargan's sylvan hills;  
 Or thine, romantic Ochtertyre!  
 Eneugh to wake an angel's lyre;  
 Whare Art and Nature lang hae striv'n  
 To form a sublunary heaven.  
 Ne'er shall I seek my limbs to lave  
 In fam'd Castalia's drumly wave,  
 While Erne and Turrit murmur clearer,  
 Streams that, to me at least, are dearer.  
 A waught o' them will do mair guid  
 Than Helicon's poetic flood;  
 And sweeter blooms Strathearn lasses  
 Than a' the wood-nymphs o' Parnassus.

O ye wha pour'd the tunefu' fire  
 Through Ossian's breast, and strung his lyre;  
 Wha, smilin', heard auld Douglas sing,  
 And Beattie's Minstrel numbers ring,  
 Oh! ance again return a while,  
 An' mak our norlan' mountains smile.  
 And lo! the song-inspiring train  
 Frae south'ren vales return again;  
 Owre Katrine's wave the harp they strung,  
 And sweet immortal measures rung;  
 The bold romantic charmin' spot  
 Wauken'd the magic lyre o' Scott,  
 Wha sung each wild and sylvan feature,  
 And form'd a looking-glass to Nature.  
 Benvorlich's top, and Benvenue,  
 Arrested then the Muse's view.  
 Yet soon may kindred melting strains  
 Immortalize Strathearn plains:  
 Her wildwoods green—her hills and floods—  
 And blossom'd plains, a haunt for gods,—  
 No' mair for foreign ferlies rove,  
 But find the Muse in ilka grove.



*To Health.*

BLOOMING Health! of thee possess'd,  
 I can be supremely bless'd,  
 Where Arabian vallies smile,  
 Or in Britain's happy isle;  
 On the land or roaring sea;  
 Any where is sweet with thee.

Glad with thee I'd deserts roam  
'Neath the burning torrid zone,  
Or where Borean tempests roar  
On a Scandinavian shore;  
If thy presence thou bestow,  
Welcome worlds of frost and snow.  
Though dame Fortune angry lour,  
Having thee I dare be poor;  
Never shall I covet wealth  
'Rest of thee, O blooming Health!  
Blest with thee, O maid divine!  
Poor or rich, in any clime,  
In a cottage I could dwell,  
Or a gloomy dungeon cell;  
Better there than unconfi'd,  
Leaving thee, sweet Health! behind.  
What would pale Disease and Pain  
Give thy favor to regain!  
Rich Peru or India's wealth  
Cannot buy thy smile, O Health!  
Having thee, we have a treasure;  
Losing thee, farewell to pleasure.  
Mountain shepherd on the glade  
Often sees thee, buxom maid!  
Sees thee trip the Scottish mountains,  
Sip her cooling crystal fountains;  
Or, with lillies decked gayly,  
Sporting in the dewy valley;  
Sweeping through the hazel grove  
Prompting music,—prompting love.  
O'er her moors and fells ye roam;  
Still ye love a Scottish home.



*Epistle to a Student,—1816.*

'Twas just yestreen, nae further gane,  
 On Erne banks I mus'd alane;  
 When lo! the Genius o' the stream  
                                 Burst on my view;—  
 What then I felt I canna name,  
                                 At sight sae new.

Though growin' dark I could discern  
 His stalwart form and visage stern,  
 (So Wallace look'd, auld Scotland's bairn,  
                                 In times of old,)  
 The Scottish Harp hung owre his arm,  
                                 Of antique mould.

A dirk he wore, and philibeg,  
 The garter bound his manly leg;  
 (A dress gies Britain's faes a fleg;)  
                                 And in his hand  
 He wav'd (though rusty, keen and gleg)  
                                 An awfu' brand.

With look erect he seem'd to spy  
 The scenes o' dark futurity.  
 His sword he sheath'd, and pensively  
                                 The Harp he strung;  
 The tear seem'd trembling in his eye  
                                 While thus he sung:—

“ Ah! why should Reflection awaken my strain!  
 Unheeded I murmur—unheeded repine;—

For the youths of Strathearn have fled from the  
plain;

And Solitude, Silence and Winter are mine. [tide  
Ere the dark mountain torrent had swollen my  
They hie them away to the bleak Fife shore;  
For Edina's proud towers, or the banks of the  
Clyde, [before.

They relinquish the pleasures that charm'd them

“ Yet say, can they boast an asylum from care?  
Do the groves more inviting these vallies adorn?  
Ah! no—but the gardens of Science are there,  
Expanding their blossoms that smile at the storm.  
'Tis these that entice my young fav'rites away,  
And eclipse the more simple delights of the plain;  
Unmindful how oft in the warm sunny day,  
In my stream deeply plunging they cool'd every  
vein.

“ Far distant the day, yet I faintly discern  
A scene that shall yet be unfolded by Time,  
When the red beam of evening that trembles on  
Erne

Shall gild her fair College with splendor sublime.  
A fountain of knowledge,—there Learning shall  
dwell,

And the streams of Improvement abundantly flow;  
At the call of Fame's trumpet shall speed to the  
vale

The youth of the Danube, the Seine and the Po.

“ The Botanist then shall delighted explore  
Each herb and wild flow'ret that blooms on our  
plains;

Here keen-ey'd Astronomy upward shall soar,  
 And Philosophy sagely investigate man.  
 Where my shade loving Druids oft strung the  
     bold lyre, [foe,  
 And my sons of stern freedom o'erthrew the proud  
 There the poet shall feel the celestial fire,  
 And the champion of freedom, the patriot, glow.  
 "Till the dull torpid reign of stern Winter roll  
     o'er,  
 To the coral pav'd caverns of Neptune I'll fly,  
 Where the light-footed Genii old Ocean explore,  
 And toss the green billows aloft to the sky.  
 Then sleep, airy harp! nor awaken thy strain  
 Till bright blooming Flora step forth in her prime;  
 When my favorite youths shall return to the plain  
 Then wake my rude numbers to rapture sublime."

He said, and vanish'd from my sight  
 Like phantom on the wing of night;  
 The gale breath'd keener from the hill;  
 And all was clear, and cold, and still.



*To Content.*

Who art thou with brow serene,  
 And the cheerful placid mien;  
 And the mildly piercing eye,  
 Viewing dark futurity;  
 Calmly meeting each event;  
 Yes—I know thee, sweet Content!

Why, O gentle power! so shy?  
Why elude the searching eye?  
Tell me where thou lov'st to dwell;  
Lead me to thy sylvan cell.

Spring of every bliss below!  
Happiness thy smiles bestow.

Bosom'd deep in verdant bowers,  
See ascend yon haughty towers;  
There, in chambers of the great,  
Dost thou loll in silken state?  
Or their sumptuous feasts admire;  
Splendid halls and gay attire;  
Music's softest, sweetest strains;  
Gaudy plumes and sweeping trains;  
'Midst the scene of mirth and wine  
Does Content the garland twine;  
Sure no sorrows here molest,  
This, Content! must be thy rest.  
Ah! Ambition, Lux'ry there  
Banish thee, celestial fair!

Spring of every bliss below!  
Happiness thy smiles bestow.

Mark yon ancient castle halls;  
Hoary turrets,—mouldering walls;  
No enliv'ning sprightly strain  
Cheers that haggard miser's den;  
Never turns his iron door  
To the stranger or the poor;  
Dost thou there, Content, take pleasure  
Summing up his yellow treasure?  
Or exult when thousands more  
Swell his useless shining store?

No--you hate his savage cell;  
 There you never, never dwell.  
 Spring of every bliss below!  
 Happiness thy smiles bestow.

From that lab'rer's humble roof  
 State and Avarice stand aloof,  
 With the simple inmates dwell  
 Piety with azure veil.  
 Brownest bread, and blooming health,  
 All their fare, and all their wealth.  
 Scarce even diligence succeeds  
 To supply their daily needs;  
 Dost thou ever soothe their toil?  
 Yes--ye sometimes deign a smile;  
 Yet, alas! pale Discontent  
 Oft thy soothing smiles prevent;  
 Thus the Sun's effulgent ray  
 Sometimes gilds a cloudy day,  
 Soon the envious shades unite,  
 And obscure his cheering light.  
 Spring of every bliss below!  
 Happiness thy smiles bestow.

See that cottage on the plain,  
 There resides the rural swain;  
 O'er it Peace her wing extends,  
 Plenty sweet her step attends;  
 Luxury is there unknown,  
 Want is never heard to moan;  
 There the houseless wand'rer, poor,  
 Ever finds an open door;  
 There, with Love and Temp'rance, dwell  
 Chastity with snowy veil,



Piety, with upward eye,  
 Blooming Health, and Charity;  
 O'er the artless cottage train  
 All the milder virtues reign;  
 Dost thou here, Content! reside?  
 Yes—retir'd from wealthy pride,  
 Meagre want, and avarice' cell,  
 There with competence you dwell.  
 There, Content! thy smiles bestow,  
 Every bliss enjoy'd below.



*To Gold.*

GOLD! thee I sing, all-powerful Gold!  
 Thou God, rever'd by young and old;  
 Thou toy that keep'st weak man in play  
 From childhood to his closing day.  
 Thou whet'st grim War's destructive brand;  
 And Peace returns at thy command.  
 What makes the Merchant brave the deep?  
 What makes poor Disappointment weep?  
 What lifts one man above another,  
 And makes a brother cheat a brother?  
 What props a while a sinking throne?  
 What makes poor Misery pine alone?  
 Why, Grandeur! why that haughty eye?  
 What prompts pale Poverty's sad sigh?  
 What opens Charity's fair hand,  
 And scatters blessings o'er a land?  
 What hardens human hearts to steel?

What makes Intemperance to reel?  
 What drives the robber to his fate,  
 And prompts to love, and kindles hate?  
 What shakes the gamester with alarm,  
 And braces Labour's nervous arm?  
 What makes the ruthless sailor bold,  
 And lawyer knavish? what but Gold.  
 Gold! after thee what millions press,  
 Mistaking thee for happiness.  
 Ye cause much good, and every ill,  
 Yet art a useful evil still.  
 The love of thee 's the root of evil;  
 Transforms a miser to a devil.

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*Address to the Bee.*

SWEET little artful harmless Bee!  
 Accept sic praise as I can gie.  
 What though your stature 's unco wee,  
                     Yet bauld and crouse;  
 Nae slothfu' dirty thing I see  
                     About your house.

In vain we leuk thro' halls o' state  
 For stores sae sweet, or rooms sae neat;  
 Sic diligence baith air and late,  
                     Wi' order due,  
 And every thing sae snod and feat  
                     Ne'er meets the view.

Refresh'd and trimm'd, your little buik  
 On sunny mornin' wanders out,

Ilk flower wi' matchless skill ye suck,  
 And dewy bell,  
 Yet disna spill their bonny look,  
 Or pleasant smell.

When, far frae noise o' busy town,  
 I range the muir or verdant howm,  
 Frae flower to flower, wi' gentle boom,  
 I see you flit,  
 Or on the purple heather bloom  
 Ye gayly sit.

Hame sweetly laden to your cell  
 Ye swiftly flee owre muir and fell,  
 And there lay up, 'gainst winter snell,  
 Your balmy store,  
 In hopes fu' canny there to dwell  
 When tempests roar.

Alas! in vain the time ye spend;  
 Owre quickly comes your dolefu' end.  
 Soon cursed brumstane fumes ascend  
 And choak your breath,  
 While dire convulsive throes attend  
 Your cruel death.

'Mang plans o' death sure this is ane  
 Mair savage than was ever taen.  
 Oh Justice! Pity! whither gaen  
 Frae human hearts,  
 And left them thus mair hard than stane,  
 To try sic arts.

Oh! needy man, ne'er covet more  
 Than half their sweet delicious store,

Sae may they see cauld Winter o'er  
 An' Spring appear,  
 Then will they busy as before,  
 Provide ye cheer.

You, too, ye larger spotted chield  
 Wha has nae scape your buik to shield,  
 Content, taks up wi' humble bield;  
 In some feal dyke,  
 Or foggy hillock in the field,  
 Ye mak your byke.

Wi' sweets, frae mony wild flowers stole,  
 Ye store the dark yet cozy hole,  
 Ne'er dreading' ruthless wooden pole  
 Will e'er come near,  
 Or that the thievish mining mole  
 Your gear will steer.

Yet oft, alas! ye're sair mista'en;  
 Your hole is mark'd—your peace is gane;  
 Soon little rascals, mony ane,  
 Wi' savage pleasure,  
 Regardless o' your buzzing mane,  
 Howk out your treasure.

Stop, little plund'ers, and attend;  
 How will thae little creatures fend  
 When cauld November rains descend,  
 Their treasure lost;  
 Pale Want maun bring them to their end,  
 And nippin' frost.

Yet that same bonny spotted Bee  
 Has right as guid to live as thee;

Cease then, and let him wander free,  
     Whare'er he likes;  
 And never think it harmless glee  
     To herry bykes.

Sweet Artists! let me learn frae you  
 Industrious virtue to pursue;  
 And still wi' Prudence keep in view  
     Life's wint'ry days;  
 While Temperance o' rosy hue  
     Her sceptre sways.

Ye malcontents may here discern  
 The proper method to govern;  
 Nae lawless mob, nor despot arm,  
     Dare here controul;  
 Guid laws, dispens'd wi' Justice stern,  
     O'errules the whole.

Sic laws are thine, my native isle!  
 That naething curb but actions vile;  
 While virtuous Freedom's bauldest smile  
     Is ever seen;  
 And peace and pleasure sport the while  
     Owre every green.



*Address to the Evening Star.*

HAIL, sparkling messenger of light!  
 Arriv'd to cheer the falling shades,  
 While the dew-bent spray reflects thy ray  
     Along the dusky glades.

Fair twinkling friend of early love!  
Lighting the nymph to the twilight bower,  
Where the love-lorn youth, with heart of truth,  
Awaits the raptur'd hour.

Oft let me climb, while shines thy beam,  
The Knock with sylvan honors crown'd,  
When the deep ton'd hum of Erne is dumb,  
And Nature listens round.

There, wand'ring pensive let me view  
The last faint streak of parting light;  
And mark, on the glade, the last dun shade  
That wraps the veil in night.

There with thy beam let truth descend,  
And teach while pleasures charm the mind;  
Though they promise high, how soon they fly!  
And leave remorse behind.

Oh! now poor Mis'ry feels her waes,  
While memory bleeds the livelong night, [eye,  
With the deep deep sigh, and the tear-swol'n  
That shuns the cheerful light.

And see the fearless madman roam,  
All unconscious of thy lovely beam,  
While the demons foul unhinge his soul,  
And darken his horrid dream.

And now the low-born slaves of Vice,  
Unblushing, spurn'd thy modest ray,  
With the falling shade to the tavern sped,  
While Ruin led the way.

Now let me tread the twilight glade

Where the cheerful fairy tribes are seen,  
I may view perchance their mystic dance,  
All dight in comely green.

Or view, from Turlom's tow'ring top,  
The Streamers' wild fantastic dance,  
While the Comets blaze, and the meteor plays  
Along the blue expanse.

Or walk yon church-yard's lonely round,  
When the night has reach'd her sable noon,  
And the pale ghosts roam from the world un-  
Athwart the sullen gloom. [known,

Adieu! adieu! propitious Star!  
For the midnight hag begins her spell; [tomb,  
And the spectres, come from the murd'rer's  
Prepare the rites of hell.



*To a Child.*

LITTLE busy blooming child!  
Fair as primrose 'midst the wild,  
Rounding Pleasure's fairy ring  
Light as Summer insects wing,  
Cheerful as the blushing dawn,  
Playful as the mountain lamb,  
Mild as softest vernal air,  
Pleas'd with toys, unknown to care,  
Sorrow ne'er disturbs thy rest,  
Content you smile, with little bless'd.  
Happy age of fancied bliss!

Sweet illusive happiness!  
Still indulge thy careless play;  
Soon thy pleasures pass away.  
Sorrow's shafts, (unwary blossom!)  
Soon, too soon shall wound thy bosom;  
And the thousand ills of life  
Kindle up unceasing strife.  
Soon shall Passion's tyrant sway  
Try to lead thy youth astray;  
And the poison'd springs within  
Struggle to break forth in sin.  
Still for heedless youth to tread  
Vice her thousand snares hath spread,  
Hiding well her gorgon train,  
Sorrow, shame, remorse and pain;  
Demons foul, awaiting still  
Where Corruption rules the will;  
Where, the force of Reason crush'd,  
And the voice of conscience hush'd,  
Guilt pursues her onward path,  
Leading to eternal death.  
When arriv'd at years mature,  
Other evils spread their lure;  
If in Plenty's lap ye roll,  
There Ambition fires the soul;  
Pride is there, with scornful eye;  
Pleasure's luscious bower is nigh.  
Reason blinding—Sense alluring—  
Vice's vot'ries fast securing.  
If on Life's rude common thrown,  
Where Misfortune rears her throne,  
Frowning o'er the sterile waste,  
Poverty thy constant guest,



Want and Disappointment there  
 Cloud the gloomy brow of care;  
 While thy pleasures, short and few,  
 Pass away like early dew.  
 Nor can hoary age display  
 Symptoms of a better day:  
 There wrinkled Melancholy  
 Points to youth mispent in folly,  
 Stooping down the vale of years,  
 Life in retrospect appears  
 What it is,—a painful dream;—  
 Bliss, a momentary gleam.  
 While, advancing, meets the eye  
 Vast unknown Eternity.

Piety alone is wise;  
 Seeks her blessings in the skies;  
 Kindly calls and leads the way  
 To the climes of endless day.  
 Be it thine to follow still  
 Up fair Virtue's rugged hill;  
 Ne'er let Sloth your ardour stop  
 Bliss immortal's at the top.



*Epistle to a Poetical Friend.*

To answer your kind letter weel,  
 Oh for the numbers o' MacNiel!  
 And Robin's fire, wha weel could speel  
     The steeps o' fame;  
 Right weel ye, droll auldfarren chiel,  
     Deserve sic strain.

Vain wish, alas! nae fav'ring muse,  
 Sheds on my head her gentle dew;  
 Sae ye maun kindly, Sir, excuse  
                                   My strain, tho' dry;  
 I canna decently refuse  
                                   A frank reply.

How dare ye Sir, when sour'd wi' spleen,  
 Slash down your sangs wi' whittle keen;  
 The tears drap frae the Muses' een,  
                                   An' stain their face;  
 Ye'll tempt them to desert ye clean.  
                                   Oh! waefu' case.

Nae mair o' this;—free flow your sang  
 The woods and bloomin' wilds amang;  
 And sell your whittle to the gang  
                                   O' rhymin' quacks,  
 Wha for their warks, baith dull and lang,  
                                   Deserve their whauks.

Peace to sic lads! but as for thee,  
 The best advice that I can gie,  
 Is just to tune, wi' canty glee,  
                                   Your harp to joy;  
 And if ye're pleas'd wi' friend like me,  
                                   It's done, my boy.

Your dwellin' may wi' Virgil's vie;  
 In every grove the Muse is nigh;  
 Whare the wild streams o' Machany  
                                   Fa' owre the linn,  
 And charm the ravish'd ear and eye  
                                   Wi' thund'rin' din.

Sweet stream! 'twas on thy rural banks  
 That first I sey'd my youthful shanks,  
 And loupit brisk owre knowes and stanks,  
     Yard, dyke or stile;  
 Yet aften got but little thanks  
     For a' my toil.

Aft too, I mind, till e'enin' bell  
 I've wander'd aff and play'd mysell  
 In that wee wood whare Murray fell  
     By ruthless hands,  
 Whare yet at night, O strange to tell!  
     His spectre stands.

So said my nurse, a beldam auld;  
 Wha aften queerest stories tauld;  
 When bleak December storms blew bauld,  
     The livelang night,  
 She aften gard my blood run cauld  
     Wi' perfect fright;

'Bout Worricow wi' een a' glancin',  
 And fairies clad in green advancin',  
 And witches auld on broomsticks prancin'  
     To deeds unlawfu',  
 Wi' deils and glowrin' bogles dancin'  
     In concert awfu'!

Or brownie, spunkie, kelpie, satyr,  
 And a' sic visionary matter,  
 That weel the youthfu' mind can fetter  
     In chains o' steel.  
 Though Past and Reason tells me better  
     I mind them weel.



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*Second Letter to a Poetical Friend.*

OCTOBER, 1815.

OH Bard of the Forest, thy musical strain  
Comes soft o'er my soul like the sun after rain;  
Thy letters poetic are sweeter to me  
Than gold to the miser, or flowers to the bee.  
To paint lovely nature, to thee Sir is given,  
With pencil soft dipt in the colours of heaven.  
Inspire me, fair Nature! all powerful to charm,  
Give feeling and taste all thy sweets to discern,  
Though Summer with all her gay trappings be  
flown,

And the year's fading glories the forests embrown;  
Though Autumn on tiptoe is sighing farewell,  
Bequeathing her stores to the sons of the vale,  
And Nature to some uninviting appear,  
A Poet ne'er trembles when Winter is near;  
His harp still resounds thro' the winter clad vale,  
Tho' Nature shrink back from the keen moun-  
tain gale;

The Muse can the storm of its terrors disarm,  
And find e'en in Winter still something to charm.  
Tho' long the keen night, how enchanting the  
view!

How deep, how extensive the star-strewn blue!  
How brightly beams forth the effulgence of morn,  
When snow robes the mountain, and hoar-frost  
the thorn;

Full merrily passes the short wint'ry day,  
The season of rural amusement and play.

And Nature's late beauties we scarcely can mourn  
 Ere Spring's bloomy verdure begins to return.  
 The ermine clad snow-drop peeps modestly forth,  
 And April invites the Cuckoo to the north;  
 Then Winter, reluctant, stalks slowly away,  
 And yields to the dew-sprinkled blossoms of May.  
 The deep shady grove shall its verdure resume;  
 The sweet scented garden its varied perfume;  
 The lambs on the mountains shall frolic and play;  
 And Summer her countless attractions display;  
 The youths and the virgins shall marshal the  
 dance,

Enliv'ning the haunt of the Muse, D——ce.

Excuse me, dear R——, I must bid you adieu,  
 I forget to have done when writing to you;  
 I hope, at the farthest, in C——ff you'll be seen  
 To spend the witch-evening of fam'd *Halloween*;  
 Till then be the fair and the muse ever kind;  
 Adieu! and Heav'n bless you in body and mind.



*Peace anticipated.*—1813.

RUDEST Minstrel Harp, awaken;  
 Gentle zephyrs round thee play;  
 Sleep no longer thus forsaken;  
 Come, O Muses! come away;  
 Peace, returning,  
 Claims the Minstrel's votive lay.

Mark her yonder, slow advancing;  
 Hark! before her dies the storm;

See the gentle virtues dancing  
Round her fair angelic form;  
Sweetest odours  
On the passing breeze are borne.

With tremendous desolations,  
Widows' sighs and orphans' tears,  
War long shook pale Europe's nations;  
Welcome Peace at length appears.  
Mild her aspect;  
Quickly fly their gloomy fears.

Thus before the glow of Morning  
Fly the sable shades of Night,  
While, in ruddy splendor burning,  
Phœbus rises,—source of light!  
And the Sky-lark  
Heavenward bends his tuneful flight.

Broke the rod of fell Ambition;  
Past his cruel iron reign;  
Farewell, gloomy dark Suspicion!  
Peace, with Plenty in her train,  
Sweetest couple!  
Trips along the flow'ry plain.

Gentle Peace! pervade the world;  
Plenty soothe the lab'ers toil;  
Glad, with snowy sails unfurl'd,  
Commerce hails you with a smile.  
Ever triumph  
In Britannia's happy isle.

Ancient bards, in sacred vision,  
Saw a glorious future day,

When pale Envy, and division,  
From bright truth should flee away;  
And, enraptur'd,  
Peace assume unrival'd sway;

Saw the battle spear and sabre  
Form the pruning hook and share,  
And the toilworn hand of labour  
Nature's ruin'd wastes repair;  
And each valley  
Wave with yellow harvests fair.

Man to man, in warm affection,  
Sweetly knit in friendship's tie;  
Passion, under due subjection,  
Saw fell Pride and Envy die;  
And, to bless them,  
Love descending from the sky.

Frowning War, array'd in terror,  
Nature's works no more deface;  
Fled the gloomy night of error;  
Ignorance resigns her place;  
And bright Knowledge  
Shines in every human face.

Swift the circling hours are running;  
Years and ages fly away;  
Happy æra! speed thy coming;  
Nature mourns thy long delay.  
Gentle Goddess!  
Come and bless us with thy sway.

Thus the Muse, in rudest numbers,  
Soft indulg'd her pleasing theme;



Hush'd red War, and all his thunders,  
 Peace! enraptur'd with thy name;  
 Quite forgetting  
 That the whole is yet a dream.



*Ode written at the close of 1815.*

YES, Eighteen hundred and fifteen!  
 A year eventful thou hast been;  
       What varied scenes appear!  
 Thou saw'st grim War's tremendous brand  
 Hurl Princes from their high command,  
 Wide scatt'ring woes o'er every land,  
       That chill'd our hearts with fear.

Thou saw'st the scourge of human kind  
 Bereft of power, exil'd, confin'd  
       Far in yon eastern isle.  
 Fam'd Waterloo sustain'd the shock,  
 When angry Heaven's avenging stroke  
 His rod of mad ambition broke,  
       And gave him for a spoil.

Thou saw'st our British heroes bleed,  
 Yet soon a brighter scene succeed,  
       And Freedom raise her voice;  
 Thou saw'st with joy the cherub Peace  
 Descending in celestial grace,  
 While Discord fled before her face,  
       And War's tumultuous noise.

From eastern India's farthest climes

To where the setting sun reclines,  
     Far o'er the western wave;  
 To troubl'd Earth's remotest end  
 Thou saw'st her gentle reign extend,  
 While Love and Joy her steps attend,  
     And Mercy, prone to save.

Threat'ning thy seasons to deform,  
 Thou saw'st grim Winter's ling'ring storm  
     Protract the lab'rer's toil;  
 Yet potent suns and fost'ring rains  
 Soon fertiliz'd Britannia's plains,  
 Strew'd blessings on her happy swains,  
     And made glad Plenty smile.

Long, long, O Peace! protract thy reign;  
 Ye sons of men awake the strain,  
     And hymn the God of Peace,  
 Sweet prelude of the happy time  
 When all shall own her reign benign,  
 And sing secure beneath the vine;  
     And War for ever cease.

Even now the veil aside is drawn,  
 And lo! the feeble ling'ring dawn  
     Begins to streak the gloom;  
 The Sacred word from Britain given  
 Points erring Man the way to Heaven,  
 Unfolds how Sin may be forgiven  
     And Bliss beyond the tomb.

Even now, their idols cast away  
 To moles and bats,—behold they pray  
     To Jesus, Lord of all;  
 While sacred knowledge rolls along

Her rapid current clear and strong,  
 And grateful nations swell the song  
                                 Around this earthly ball.

O speed thy coming, glorious day!  
 When every shade shall fly away,  
                                 And every doubt remove;  
 When all, enlighten'd by the Word,  
 Shall serve the Universal Lord,  
 And, Nature's harmony restor'd,  
                                 Display unmingl'd love.

O Thou, the God whom Angels fear!  
 Whose goodness crowns the closing year,  
                                 Do thou thy word fulfil.  
 Proclaim with energy divine  
 Thy light is come—arise and shine,—  
 The glory of the Lord sublime  
                                 Shall stream o'er every hill.



*Verses at the commencement of 1816.*

AGAIN pale January leads forth  
 His storms across the plain;  
 Wild wasting from the frozen north,  
 They sweep the land and main.

O now commiserate their fate  
 Who plough the angry wave,  
 Where Ruin rides in dreadful state,  
 And points a wat'ry grave.

No sweets domestic charm their day  
From social bliss exil'd;  
No silv'ry moon nor polar ray  
Beams o'er the liquid wild.

And theirs who own the cheerless hut  
Of poverty and pain;  
Ye sons of wealth, Oh let them not  
Implore your help in vain.

And his—the Madman—self-exil'd—  
Distraction shakes his form,  
While o'er the moor he wanders wild,  
And braves the midnight storm.

Children of Pain! accept the tear  
From sympathy that flows;  
For Oh the heart is hard that ne'er  
Hath wept o'er human woes.—

While Winter wild, with fleet career,  
Rides on the roaring blast,  
Come let me hail the newborn year  
And ponder well the past.

Though swift its course and quickly hence,  
Yet trials have mark'd the way;  
And thousands saw the year commence  
Who now embrace the clay.

The widow weeps, and parents mourn  
Their children from them torn;  
Misfortune fears the year's return,  
With want, disease and scorn.

Yet Mercy's soft alluring form  
Hath countless blessings shed;  
Hath often calm'd the lowering storm,  
And sooth'd the dying bed.

Young Health displays her roseate bloom;  
Fair Plenty spreads her cheer;  
Peace shines through War's tremendous gloom,  
And hails the rising year.

To Him, the Universal Sire,  
Let grateful praise ascend;  
Who tunes to joy the mourner's lyre;  
Whose goodness knows no end.

While swift the circling seasons move,  
Reflection mourns the past;  
Let me the coming year improve  
As if it were my last.

It may be so,—for what is Man?  
The creature of a day;  
His years at most are but a span,  
A shade that flies away.

Religion! guide my steps through life,  
And waft me safely o'er  
To that fair land, unknown to strife,  
Where years revolve no more.

Where Joy the raptur'd anthem swells  
O'er all the blooming plains;  
Where Bliss supreme forever dwells,  
And Love immortal reigns.



*Address to a Unitarian Preacher.*

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“Denying the Lord that bought them.”

BIBLE.

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Puir cuif! pretendin' light to scatter;  
 Truth's lovely face wi' dirt ye spatter;  
 For me I trow I shanna flatter  
                                   Sic impudence;  
 A Frog might croak, or Pyet chatter,  
                                   Mair sober sense.

Scripture wi' you a nose o' wax is,  
 Your art infernal twists and raxes,  
 Syne whirls round error's blacken'd carcass  
                                   To serve a turn;  
 Wi' heart as rotten as Highland Braxies,  
                                   By mountain burn.

We learn by this Newlight ye've got,  
 That Man by Nature's *no* corrupt,  
 But a guid fiddle, if screw'd up  
                                   By skilful hands,  
 That sounds fu' sweetly ilka note  
                                   O' God's commands.

To blacken mair ilk dæmon feature  
 Ye threap Messiah's just a creature,  
 And no a God in human nature  
                                   To save the lost;

But Doomsday scenes will teach ye better,  
An' to your cost.

And, lest we should uneasy feel,  
Ye tell us plainly there's nae Deil,  
Nor endless fire whare sinners squeel  
In desperation;—  
If so, thanks t' ye, dainty chiel,  
For th' information.

But maybe I mistook mysell,  
And ye just only meant to tell  
Ye was incarnate Nick yersell,  
Wandrin' about;—  
And troth that ye come straught frae hell  
I dinna doubt.

But sure your sooty friends of late  
Hae chang'd their ancient rules o' state,  
For this is a newfangl'd gate  
To hide our ruin;  
And flat deny the gloomy fate  
For sinners brewin'.

I dread when Death shall ca' ye hence  
Ye'll find the Devil nae pretence;  
Nor a' your impudence a fence  
Against his flail;  
Ye'll find yersell, for a' your sense,  
The scorn o' hell.

What brought ye here ava, ye cauf?  
For you we coudna be ill aff,  
Unless, indeed, we chus'd to laugh  
At sickan nonsense;—





Even the splendid regal crown  
(More dependent than the clown),  
On a Nation's smile or frown  
Hangs in sad uncertainty.

Independent He, alone,  
Who Creation calls his own;  
Who in Heaven has his throne;  
Father of Eternity;

Yet in him the Saint can claim  
Independence, Power serene!  
Blessings great, of every name,  
Crowd his large inventory.

Present things, and things to come,  
Bliss sublime beyond the sun,  
While eternal ages run,  
Treasures of immensity.

He depends on earthly things  
Less, by far, than Lords or Kings;  
While his faith exulting wings  
Scenes of dim futurity.

He can view, without dismay,  
Hoary Time itself decay;  
Earth and Heaven fly away  
In a moment suddenly.

He can hear the sinner's fate  
Thunder'd from the Judgment-seat,  
And behold the Judge's state,  
With compos'd solemnity.

Glad his raptur'd thoughts arise;

Near he views the glorious prize,  
 Gift of Him who built the skies,  
     To his chosen family.

Landed on Emmanuel's shore,  
 Scenes of sin and sorrow o'er,  
 They enjoy for evermore  
     Most-supreme felicity.

There the Holy One they see,  
 Who, to set his people free,  
 Bled upon the cursed tree;  
     Died in bitter agony.

In his radiant face divine  
 Matchless love and beauty shine;  
 Lost the shifting scenes of Time  
     In eternal extacy.



*To Peace.*—1815.

PEACE, sweet stranger! thee we hail;  
 Evermore in Europe dwell;  
 Thou, like heaven's showery bow,  
 Speaks goodwill to men below.  
 Gladness smiles in every land,  
 Scatter'd from thy angel hand;  
 Parents now no more shall mourn  
 Children never to return;  
 Nor the widow's bosom heave  
 O'er her slaughter'd husband's grave;  
 Nor her playful children sweet,

At their father's mem'ry weep.  
Clouds of sorrow break away,  
Gladness ushers in the day.  
Joy, brightening every face,  
Speaks thy glad return, sweet Peace!  
Mad Ambition's blood-stain'd car,  
And the prowling wolves of War,  
At whose mandate thousands bled,  
All are at thy presence fled;  
Like a vapour chas'd away  
By the radiant King of Day.  
Harmless now the trumpet's strain;  
Plenty follows in thy train;  
Dormant Art, with gladden'd eyes,  
Sees fair palaces arise;  
Joys on every hand to trace  
Bright Improvement's finish'd grace.  
These, sweet Peace! by thee are given,  
Blessings from thy native heaven.

Meek-ey'd stranger! ever reign;  
Stretch thy sceptre o'er the main.  
Men of every name and nation  
O'er the fields of wide creation,  
Range the dance and swell the song  
As thy chariot rolls along;  
Angels laud you as ye go,  
And all Eden blooms below;  
While Ambition's burning fever,  
And grim War, subside for ever.  
Yet where'er thy chariot rolls,  
Near the line, or near the poles,  
Near the gardens of the Sun,  
Where the hallow'd Ganges run,

Or, remote from vulgar eyes,  
 Brightens Lapland's dreary skies,  
 Still in Britain fix thy seat,  
 Stedfast as the throne of Fate.  
 With thy soul-enliv'ning smiles  
 Bless our sea-encircled isles.



*Parody on Gray's Elegy.*

THE bell now tolls the solemn hour of ten,  
 The Sabbath smiles, (away, ye clouds of care!)  
 The Beadle slowly wends across the plain,  
 With order due, to ope the house of prayer.

Now streamlets glitter in the sunny ray,  
 And Silence o'er the vale her sceptre sways,  
 Save where the blackbird pours an am'rous lay,  
 Or from the hamlet swells the voice of praise.

Save that, from yonder ancient sacred pile,  
 The rooks, disturb'd, awake their clam'rous strain;  
 And Echo answering from each mouldy aisle,  
 With note responsive, rings along the plain.

Beneath that tott'ring spire, within these walls,  
 With pulpit grac'd, and time-worn pews replete;  
 There, while the parson reads his lifeless drawls,  
 The toilworn cottagers securely sleep.

The hoarse precentor's rude attempt at praise,  
 The fleeting hour just ringing o'er their heads,  
 The parson's drowsy spec'ulative essays,  
 No more can rouse them from their uncouth beds.

No more for them their faithful pastor cares,  
(Remov'd from Earth beyond the starry sphere),  
No more for them ascend his fervent prayers,  
Nor down his cheek distils the silent tear.

Oft did they sit beneath the joyful sound,  
Oft did its cheering accents hope impart;  
How did their bosoms feel Conviction's wound!  
How did his warm instructions reach the heart!

Let not the slothful mock his arduous toil,  
His manners meek—his life unstain'd and pure;  
Nor Folly hear, with proud sarcastic smile,  
Their praise who preach the gospel to the poor.

The boast of orat'ry, the pomp of words,  
And all that Schools or Colleges e'er gave,  
A feeble refuge to the soul affords,  
If hid the doctrine that alone can save.

Nor you, ye sullen sceptics, vent a sneer;  
Ne'er can your hollow schemes acceptance find;  
Through tenfold darkness lies your blind career,  
While Terror frowns before, and Guilt behind.

Can rhet'ric's charms, or reason's boasted powers,  
Back from Destruction pluck degen'rate man;  
Can flinty rocks dissolve with gentle showers,  
Or Man unriddle Heaven's eternal plan?

Perhaps in garb of peace might yet be found  
Some heart that after boundless sway aspires,  
Hands that could scatter war and death around,  
Or light unhallow'd Persecution's fires;

But Knowledge now unfolds her ample page,

To charm, ennoble, and expand the mind;  
 And wholesome laws controul the bigot's rage,  
 And fetter fast the headstrong zealot blind.

Full many a coxcomb, ignorant and loud,  
 The cushion thumps, and Reason puts to flight;  
 Full many a heretic attracts the crowd,  
 And leads them downward to infernal night.

Some little Wolsey, who, with haughty stride,  
 In holy garb, a baron's pomp displays;  
 Some spotless Bonaparte may here reside;  
 Some Priestly, lost in error's winding maze.

The envied sweets of uncontroul'd command,  
 The endless cabals and intrigues of state,  
 The bigot laws that vex a suff'ring land,  
 And hurl with holy wrath the bolts of Fate;

The times forbid—nor these forbid alone—  
 Their growing vices nipt, their power confin'd;  
 Forbid to shake fair Truth's eternal throne,  
 And shut the gates of knowledge on mankind.

The Truth in veil of endless doubt to hide,  
 A zealous brother's efforts to despise,  
 In solemn guise to pamper lust and pride,  
 Would seem the only excellence they prize.

Unknown to them the faithful pastors toil;  
 With gun and beagles fleet they hie away;  
 Display at even' the forest's bleeding spoil,  
 And drink and fiddle out the useless day.

Yet even these men from insult to protect,  
 The sevenfold adamant shield of law,

In folly's spite, and bold avow'd neglect,  
Demands a tribute of respect and awe.

Their solemn face demure, and work divine,  
Inspire with confidence and fearless trust,  
Till, lost in luxury and sloth supine,  
They rouse abhorrence and excite disgust.

For who, to listless apathy a prey,  
Their souls to such conductors e'er resign'd;  
Who push aside bright Revelation's ray,  
And blunder on, and blindly lead the blind.

On hope more sure the Christian soul relies,  
A hope that wak'd Isaiah's hallow'd lyre; [skies,  
Even hope in Him whose fingers stretch'd the  
And at whose fiat Time shall soon expire.

For thee, who, heedless of fell Clerick rage,  
Dost in these lines their faults and follies rate,  
If chance thy mem'ry live a fleeting age,  
Some Poetaster shall enquire thy fate.

Haply some cottager, with hoary locks,  
May heave a feeling sigh and thus exclaim:—  
“Oft have I seen the boy unpen his flocks,  
And hail, with whistle shrill, the morning beam.

“There at the foot of yonder rising hill,  
That swells its bold projecting cliffs so high,  
(Strange wayward wight!) he lov'd to linger still,  
Charm'd with the tinkling stream's wild lullaby.

“Hard by yon sunny slope, now rich in corn,  
Oft have I seen him guide the rugged plow,

Or wield the sickle blythe on Autumn morn,  
While Health sat smiling on his youthful brow.

“One morn I miss’d him on th’ accustom’d plain,  
Mute was the song and whistle’s wonted glee;  
Another came—for him we look’d in vain,  
Nor in the shade, nor at the plough was he.

“The next we heard, that, to the city fled,  
He too had bid the grove a long farewell,  
Entangl’d in the vexing toils of trade.—  
The rest that Memorandum best can tell.”

### THE MEMORANDUM.

Here, though remote from scenes of early joy,  
Though trade demands his unremitting care,  
Though love and friendship’s sweets, that never  
    cloy,  
Smooth life’s rough path, and all his sorrows share;

Yet roving Fancy loves to linger still,  
In sylvan scenes that charm’d his youthful days,  
To mark the torrent tumbling down the hill,  
Or woodland songsters’ sweetly varied lays.

No farther seek his hist’ry to disclose,  
Nor proudly spurn his low obscure abode,  
Where, far frae Wealth and Want’s unnumber’d  
    waes,  
Dwells calm contented Toil,—the gift of God.



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*The Rhymers's Lament.*

A PARODY.

PITY the sorrows of a hapless Bard  
 Whose sanguine hopes begin to droop and fail;  
 Who fame pursues, the Poet's great reward,  
 And roams with pensive air the blossom'd dale.

These sullen looks my disappointment speak,  
 These languid eyes proclaim my recent tears;  
 The transient red that streaks my pallid cheek,  
 E'en while it speaks my hopes, betrays my fears.

Yon princely mansion on the rising ground,  
 Of tempting wealth and power the splendid  
 home;  
 Even there I hop'd a patron to have found,  
 But, ah! he frown'd and mutt'ring cry'd "be-  
 gone."

Hard is his lot who, destitute and poor,  
 Is out on life's rude common friendless cast;  
 About I turn'd me from his lordly door,  
 Drifting before Misfortune's sweeping blast.

Oh! yet bestow the envied meed of praise;  
 Keenly I feel Neglect's ungen'rous sting;  
 So shall contentment crown my latter days,  
 And Fancy yet may stretch her sportive wing.

Should I reveal the sources of my woe  
 Relenting pity would o'erwhelm your breast;

Soon would your tongues the airy boon bestow,  
And I, poor caitiff! find content and rest.

Heaven sends misfortunes,—why should I repine,  
Though forc'd to live unknown, and sigh for-  
lorn;

Yet think what painful anxious thoughts are mine,  
A wounded sp'rit how hardly to be borne.

A Ballad writer was my early lot,  
Then every village-echoed with my strains;  
But ah! I try'd to swell a bolder note,  
And rous'd to rage the critics' morbid brains.

My fame, once spotless as the mountain snow,  
No more through towns and villages is borne;  
By harpy critics doom'd to shades below,  
A mark of raillery, contempt and scorn.

My soul that once gave Fancy's flowers to bloom,  
And woke to harmony the vocal wire,  
Sinks, trembling sinks, in melancholy gloom,  
While o'er me creeps the chilling damp of fear.

“Pity the sorrows of a hapless Bard  
Whose sanguine hopes begin to droop and fail;  
Who fame pursues, the Poet's great reward,  
And roams with pensive air the blossom'd dale.”

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*Rough Reform.*

A DIALOGUE.

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“Meddle not with them that are given to change.”

SOLOMON.

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THE e'enin' sun, descendin' low,  
 Had set the Grampians in a glow,  
 And owre their lofty summit peeping,  
 His ruddy ray on Earn was sleeping;  
 When forth I wander'd to inhale  
 The cooling freshness o' the gale,  
 Down by yon steddin', warm and snug,  
 The rural cot o' Symon Hogg;  
 Whare in the cart-house he was scourin'  
 Some iron that rust had been devourin'.  
 It looked like some haufworn scythe,  
 Or blade had seen the forty-five;  
 When, steppin' slowly by the yard,  
 Came auld sagacious Peter Baird;  
 A chield whase prudence nane denies;  
 Age and reflection made him wise.  
 Round like mysel he had been walking,  
 And thus to Sym begun a talking.

PETER.

Guid e'enin', neighbour,—vow ye're thrang,  
 Tho' e'en the woodlark quats her sang,  
 And through the deep'ning shades o' gloamin'  
 The beetle's wizard note is bummin'.

And Symon, if I'm free to speer,  
What's this ye're rubbin' up sae clear?

SYMON.

I'm scouring up my Gutchers's sword,  
Lest Tyranny and I discord,  
Preparing, wi' the sooty cattle,  
To gie auld Despotism battle.

PETER.

Weel, Symon, troth I'm glad to hear it,  
I like to see a man o' spirit;  
For though just now we're bless'd wi' Peace,  
Yet War may shortly shaw his face;  
Then in grim-battle's louring front  
May Symon bravely bear the brunt,  
Still in your country's service staunch,  
And pour her vengeance on the French.

SYMON.

My friend, we needna gae sae far;  
There's cause eneugh at hame for war:  
Base chields in power, we dinna want,  
Whase pensions, taxes, war, and want,  
Hae plung'd us a' in sad distress;  
But now I think we'll hae redress.  
I trow braw pensioners are shakin';  
And e'en stout C.....h is quakin';  
We'll hurl him soon frae his high station,  
And headlong drive a Reformation;  
Pack aff the hale oppressive gang,  
Wha, troth, hae rul'd the roast owre lang.

## PETER.

Hegh! Symon lad, ye're fairly chang'd;  
 I'm wae to see ye sae derang'd.  
 Your inconsiderate harangue  
 Is just the fulsome nauseous slang  
 O' thae mad sons o' desperation,  
 Whase constant cry is "Reformation."  
 And if they wad reform themsel,  
 I trow, my friend, it would be well;  
 But say, before ye mak sic fuss,  
 What this same Reformation is.

## SYMON.

What is it—sure ye're no sae blind,  
 But ye may see't, if sae inclin'd:  
 A Parliament fu' o' corruption,  
 Taks every plan for our destruction,  
 By a few landholders elected,  
 While common folk are quite neglected;  
 And, Peter, it is our intent  
 To hae mae folk in Parliament;  
 Chiels that will fairly represent ye,  
 An' winna bribe, I shall indent ye.

## PETER.

Corruption, Symon, is not scarce,  
 Companion of the human race;  
 But whether there's a greater share  
 O' it in Parliament than elsewhere,  
 I shanna, Sym, pretend to say,  
 Far as it lies out o' my way.  
 It's easy to misrepresent  
 Things plann'd and done wi' guid intent;

The secret springs are hid frae us  
That moves them aft to that or this,  
And our newspaper information  
Is a weak ground o' condemnation.  
Us kintra folk are aften brunt  
Wi' blund'ring demagogues like HUNT,  
Pretendin' aye to be our friends,  
Just for their ain unhallow'd ends;  
Whereas they are our deadly foes.  
Their only aim is to oppose,  
And view, wi' dark malicious glowr,  
Whate'er is done by men in power;  
To please them were a vain attempt,  
Wha just exist on discontent.  
And whether mair Representation  
Wad much improve their situation  
Is hard to say;—of this I'm sure,  
'They wadna be a hair mair pure,  
Unless ye prove some hungry sinner,  
That kens na whare to get his dinner,  
Wad be mair sweer to tak a bribe  
Than them wha thousands hae beside.  
And though your system were begun  
Still the ambitious wad get in;  
And still the rich, though senseless, clown,  
Wad purchase votes for half a crown.  
Thus stubborn Ignorance wad rule,  
And Sense and Poverty sing dool.  
'Tis clear our present legislators  
Are better vers'd in civil matters  
Than us, or ony kintra body,  
Wha never made sic things our study.  
That they hae fauts I'll no deny,

But, Symon, sae hae you and I;  
 And ye may seek in vain right lang  
 For men that never can do wrang;  
 But there's less brib'ry I suppose  
 In parliament than say their foes;  
 For I observe, when there's occasion  
 They speak good sense and in good season.  
 I'm sure that aften for our guid  
 Wi' heart and hand they bauldly stood;  
 Widen'd our sacred privileges;\*  
 A blessing to a' future ages.  
 But say what crimes do ye alledge,  
 That thus sae high has rais'd your rage;  
 For, on the whole, it's my opinion,  
 They're no sae ill's ye ca' them, Symon.

SYMON.

They've foughten mair than twenty year  
 To fix a despotism here;  
 An' squander'd a' our bluid and gear  
 To fix the Pope in his auld chair;  
 And now I think it's mair than time  
 To visit on them ilka crime,  
 An' shew them an effectual gate  
 To heal the fest'ring wounds o' state;  
 Bring on them a' deserv'd destruction,  
 And in a halter hing corruption.  
 Say, when did Kings get God's commission  
 To practise knav'ry and oppression?  
 On what day o' Creation week  
 Us slaves were made to work and weep?

\* The Toleration Act.

Our choice o' gibbet, knife, or rope,  
Is a' our freedom and our hope.

PETER.

Sic questions were weel worth the brain  
O' that late patriot, THOMAS PAINE;  
Supported just wi' as guid reason,  
And every whit as much in season.  
'Twere easy, did I mean to mock ye,  
To speer enew o' things wad blot ye;  
But, Symon, its not my intention  
Vainly to puzzle your invention  
Wi' useless questions about kings,  
That trully little profit brings;  
But toil of body, or of mind,  
Heaven has entail'd on all mankind;  
And vainly are ye discontented  
Wi' that frae which nane are exempted.  
Your questions then we'll let alone,  
And to your ither fauts gae on.  
An' first, the war 'bout which your grudging  
Was nae crusade about religion,  
But a magnanimous effort  
To check a Tyrant's cruel sport,  
Wha, some years since, wi' blasting breath,  
Declar'd he'd root us aff the earth;  
Wi' Britains blood his drouth wad quench,  
An' leave us neither root nor branch;  
And though he hadna been sae ill,  
Yet had that soldier got his will,  
He soon wad raz'd our priviledges,  
An' swept away the boast of ages.  
Turn'd to a military school,



How wad we groan'd beneath his rule!  
While dreadfu' owre our ruin'd nation  
Had frown'd the peace o' desolation,  
And Atheism, blacken'd hag!  
Had owre us wav'd her dæmon flag;  
While Liberty, Religion, Law,  
Had serv'd to glut her hungry maw;  
Shut sacred knowledge starry gate,  
And thus forever seal'd our fate.  
The blood and treasure that it cost  
(At least to Britain) was not lost;  
Fae tho' I am to cruel war,  
I'd rather see again his car,  
And mingle on the tented plain,  
Amid the death denouncing strain,  
And in the cause o' freedom bleed,  
Than sic a system should succeed.  
So much for war; and for the *Pope*  
They neither put him down nor up;  
In this they rightly judg'd, I think,  
That by the sword he wadna sink.  
No—sacred Truth's eternal light  
Must banish superstitious night,  
Frae tenfold darkness free the mind,  
And give new vision to the blind.  
The Bible read through every nation  
Will prove the means of reformation;  
Its sacred light and glowing heat  
Will make Rome's bitter waters sweet.  
And what a despotism is  
We dinna ken, and that's our bliss;  
But were ye some few years in Spain,  
Ye'd feel it, and complain in vain;

Crush'd by a Hydra Inquisition,  
Grim brotherhood o' dark perdition,  
Wha calmly can leuk on, and smile,  
While Freedom mounts her funeral pile,  
And Piety resigns her life  
Beneath the sacrificer's knife;  
And Tyranny, wi' giant arm,  
Securely sits and mocks reform—  
Yes,—hard the storm, but near the breaking;  
The royal bark is rent and leaking;  
Revenge, wi' knitted brow, is louring,  
Valour, his twa edg'd sword is scouring;  
A little, and the storm shall blow,  
And sweep them to the shades below;  
Then, where their hideous ruin lies,  
Shall Truth's eternal temple rise,  
And Freedom's standard bright, unfurl'd,  
Wave o'er the renovatèd world;  
Then titled Tyranny shall die;  
In all its forms shall Slavery fly;  
Then shall the nat'ral rights o' men  
Be freely own'd, uor own'd in vain;  
While Truth and Right's eternal law  
Governs the rich aud rules the sma;  
And War's loud murder sounding knell,  
And mad Ambition, sink to hell.  
This day ye yet may live to see,  
When Spain shall be, as Britain, free.  
Were you Reformers there a year,  
Ye mair wad prize your blessings here;  
Whare virtuous Freedom loves to dwell,  
And Safety reigns in every vale.  
What! 'whelm the land in civil broils,

That vicious men may share our spoils;  
 Barefac'd, designing desperadoes,  
 Wha ne'er had liberty to lose;  
 Complaining ay 'bout this and that,  
 Nor kenning what they wad be at.  
 Though things are no aye to your mind;  
 Whare will you faultless rulers find?  
 Our debt, which nane denies is great,  
 Was borrow'd to avert our fate;  
 Compar'd wi' which, dear neighbour Symon,  
 The sum, though great, is no worth naming.  
 And if reform by force, ye hope,  
 Ye'll better "leuk before you loup."

## SYMON.

Now haud ye there,—the times are hard;—  
 To pay the taxes and the laird,  
 I trow, is no an easy matter,  
 An' Parliament might mak it better;—  
 Lang hae we fought and wish'd for Peace,  
 It's come, and wi' it black distress;  
 Aye,—true it is,—I mean nae libel,  
 Nor wad I wish to be a rebel;  
 A friend I am t' the Constitution,  
 Though knaves hae ta'en awa its fusion;  
 It's them I hate, and a' they're doing,  
 An' greatly dread mischief is brewing.

## PETER.

The very thought o't makes me wae;  
 I hope ye'll never see that day  
 Wad bury, in ae common grave,  
 Ilk thing worth keeping that we have.

For were the powerfu' arm o' Law  
 By force relax'd, then, (safe as a!)  
 What anarchy and desolation  
 Wad reign instead o' Reformation:  
 Grim War, wi' giant arm, wad tear,  
 Wi' ghastly Famine in his rear,  
 While ruthless Rapine in their train,  
 And Murder, scour the groaning plain.  
 Then thro' your lately happy cot  
 The storm wad howl a sullen note;  
 Your helpless bairns wi' hunger dying;  
 Your aged father feebly flying;  
 And villains ye ance thought your friends,  
 Behaving waur than ony fiends;  
 Then, for the merle's mellow note,  
 Ye'd hear the trumpet's brazen throat:  
 And murd'rer's, haunting ilka wood,  
 Watchin' their time to shed your blood,  
 Wi' twice ten thousand ither evils,  
 Wad gar Reformers leuk like devils;  
 While, frae the human bosom driven,  
 Truth, Love, and Mercy fly to heaven.  
 And why a' this--our trade is dull---  
 An' siller scarce--the times are ill---  
 An' Taxes (that sae black ye've painted)  
 At present canna weel be wanted---  
 And some may hae owre muckle pension,---  
 (Yet wad they hae the condescension  
 To stay at hame amang oursells,  
 And spend it in their native vales,  
 They thus might nourish droopin' trade,  
 And mak the pale mechanic glad;  
 For troth I see but little sense

In galloping awa to France,  
 To lae our gowd, and spend their days,  
 'Mang Britain's maist invet'rate faes.)  
 Yet sair I dread that Parliament  
 Cannot the evil times prevent;  
 Far deeper lies our cause o' pain  
 Than the mismanagements o' men:  
 It's clear we hae high Heaven offended,  
 Whose judgments have on us descended;  
 An' men o' every rank and station,  
 By individual reformation  
 Wad do mair guid, I trow, by far,  
 Than all the thunderbolts o' war;  
 This wad a thousand ills prevent,  
 And nip the buds o' discontent.

Oh, Discontent! thou fiend o' Hell,  
 Caus'd Hornie even in Heaven rebel,  
 And hurl'd him frae the seats o' bliss  
 To Ruin's bottomless abyss.  
 Though happy Eden bloom'd sae fair,  
 Yet soon ye found a corner there,  
 And spew'd your deadly venom thence,  
 That's poison'd Nature ever since;  
 An' still ye're at your ruthless work,  
 For War and Ruin is your sport.  
 Aye when this temper wad prevail  
 Throw in your blessings in the scale;  
 In even balance weigh your actions,  
 Nor rashly follow desp'rate factions;  
 For Sym, it maun be understood,  
 Nae man is hinder'd to do good;  
 An' sure a freedom to do evil  
 Wad only satisfy the devil.

Wad ye benevolence display,  
 Or lead the youth in wisdom's way,  
 Or labour to reclaim the fool,  
 Or point the rake to virtue's school,  
 Or ony ither virtuous action,  
 Whare is the man will mak objection?  
 The Pulpit's free, and sae's the Press,  
 And, if wrang'd, ye'll get redress;  
 Thus Freedom shields our happy isle,  
 And mild Religion deigns to smile;  
 While safe we sit beneath our shade,  
 Nane daring to make us afraid.  
 Soon shall our grievances blow over,  
 For evil disna last for ever;  
 The dormant energies o' Trade  
 Shall yet revive and mak ye glad.  
 Now, Symon, say wad it be wise  
 These sterlin' blessings to despise;  
 And, just to please some knaves' ambition,  
 In civil feuds embroil the nation?

SYMON.

Troth, Peter, what ye've said about it,  
 I maun confess, has made me doubt it;  
 I'll think on't ere I mair dispute it.

PETER.

Do sae, and now I maun be steppin',  
 For see, the gloamin' star is settin';  
 An', save the murmur o' the river,  
 Deep silence reigns the valley over;  
 While wide the fost'ring dews hae shed  
 Bright balmy drops on ilka blade;

And see the moon ascending bright  
To light me hame,—my friend, guid night.

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*A Crieff Fair.*

ROUSE thee, my friend, for see the fair commen-  
ces,—

What crowds are pouring in from every quarter!  
While, on the roads, carts, cattle, men and horses,  
Mingle promiscuous.

Yonder's the factor; see, he nods most gracious  
To hats that throng his path, pull'd off, obsequi-  
ous, [ 'em,  
From slavish heads that ne'er deserv'd to wear  
Cringing before him.

With whip in hand there goes the booted farmer,  
Studious of cattle, grain and rising prices,  
Elbowing the crowd he seeks the rich forestaller,  
Basest of felons.

There come the rural beauties, plump and rosy,  
Still as they move along with smiles alluring  
Yon rustics trim in holiday apparel,  
Ackwardly staring.

Here the forsaken virgin wanders slowly,  
Marking with aching heart her scoundrel lover  
With the fine feelings of the female bosom  
Cruelly sporting.

Here meet on this (long since) the day appointed,  
 The debtor poor and eager creditor; [men,  
 There ruddy milk-maids stand, and sturdy plow-  
 Anxious for masters.

Mark there, my friend, in long extended ranges,  
 The lank and meagre looking sons of Crispin,  
 With the long lash of griping penury  
 Sadly belabour'd.

Well may you trace, in every swarthy visage,  
 The keen anxiety that racks their bosoms;  
 Thoughtful of Tanners' bills, and empty purses,  
 Ruin presaging.

Ye Powers who measure out our earthly portion,  
 Oh save me from this lowest ebb of Fortune,  
 Doom'd to contend with higg'ling Ignorance,  
 Rude and unfeeling.

But Peace,—no more—away, ye dire forebodings;  
 Hark! from the lips of that Hibernian wand'rer  
 How sweetly flows that pleasing plaintive ditty,  
 'Wailing his country.

Oh ye who hear great HOMER'S name with reve-  
 rence,

Whose bosoms glow with sacred sympathy; [trel  
 With gen'rous feelings view the wand'ring mins-  
 Claiming your pity.

Want, mighty master! many are thy pupils:  
 The Preacher, Poet, Lawyer, own thy teaching;  
 And, school'd by thee, this stranger's latent sor-  
 rows

Break forth in singing.



How stunning to the ear, harsh and ungrateful,  
That bustling auctioneer's vexatious clamour,  
Skill'd in the arts of grossest imposition;  
Harden'd in lying.

On this side and on that loquacious hucksters,  
Calling attention to their tott'ring tables, [dren,  
Wheedle the cash from strutting beaus and chil-  
Fond of confections.

There goes, with amputated arm, the beggar,  
And wooden-legged sailor, bold and formal,  
Shewing their mangled bodies; thus exciting  
Commiseration.

Here loaded dice decides the fated shilling,  
And penny lott'ries ply their puny efforts,  
With ev'ry form of legalized knavery,  
Trick and delusion.

See there, with louring, dark, designing features,  
The ragged train of practis'd villany:  
The nimble pickpocket, and thief, more cautious,  
Herding together.

Here meet, as in the grave, the young and aged;  
Here, rich and poor, and good and bad assemble;  
And many come only to swell the numbers;  
Gazing around them.

But come, my friend, and homeward let us has-  
For see, the reeling whisky-drinking vermin [ten,  
Begin to rage like frantic bedlamites,  
Heaven blaspheming.

Adieu! ye motley crowd; welcome, sweet Nature!

Green fields and tow'ring forests, ye are lovely,  
 And chiefly now when the last glow of evening  
 Gilds you with splendour.



*Epistle to a Student.*

JANUARY, 1817.

CEASE, Controversy, power unkind!  
 Thy knitted brow and tart reply;  
 Nor ruffle J——'s placid mind,  
 Nor fire his laughter loving eye.

Come Love, from thy celestial home;  
 Sweet Friendship, yet return a while;  
 Come Reason, mount thy starry throne;  
 Come Humour, with thy playful smile.

Oh, gentle powers! divinely fair!  
 With me the passing hour employ;  
 'Tis yours to chase the dæmon Care,  
 And tune the human heart to joy.

What though to cloud the newborn year,  
 Lone Mis'ry's wailing numbers flow,  
 And poor Misfortune's bitter tear  
 Swells high the tide of human woe;

Yet heavenly Hope, her visions mild,  
 Unfolding, points to halcyon days;  
 Shoots, like a sunbeam through the wild,  
 To scenes where Fancy raptur'd plays.

She speaks—and lo! to bless our eyes;  
Fair Commerce spreads her snowy sail;  
Industry ev'ry sinew plys,  
And Plenty crowns each laughing vale.

Though dormant, like the sleeping flower  
That Flora's breath shall wake again,  
Trade yet her varied stores shall pour,  
And Pleasure chaunt her cheerful strain.

Soon with grim Winter's lingering storm  
Shall Want's sad murmurs die away,  
And wild Despair's distracting form  
Shall fly before a better day.

Meantime Benevolence and Love  
Shall cheer the bleak abodes of woe;  
From hearts akin to those above,  
Thy streams, fair Charity! shall flow.

Ye wint'ry glooms, oh! speed away;  
Return again, ye vernal gales!  
Haste ye, bright blooms of cheerful May!  
Entice young J——e to the vales.



### *The Fate of Mary.*

A TALE OF TRUTH.

THE first hint of the following Tale was taken from a circumstance mentioned in the newspapers, some years ago, of a vessel foundering on the north coast of Scot-

land; when (melancholy to relate!) only one child escaped, almost by miracle.

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“ God moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And walks upon the storm.”

COWPER.

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PART I.

A virtuous couple's hapless fate,  
 Whence tender sorrows spring;  
 A lovely Orphan's varied state;  
 Propitious Muses! sing.

Nor you, ye learned few! despise  
 The simple tale of woe;  
 For suff'ring worth let Pity rise,  
 Though rude the numbers flow.

Alcander was a man of worth,  
 A merchant well belov'd;  
 No Scottish youth in all the north  
 More love and friendship prov'd.

His heart, with sacred virtue stor'd,  
 Could melt at Nature's call;  
 And, like the Universal Lord,  
 Was kind and good to all.

Fair Adeline his bosom warm'd,  
 With love's bewitching pain;  
 And she, by worth and goodness charm'd,  
 Confess'd an equal flame.

A fairer maid—a fonder youth—  
Ne'er own'd the silken bands;  
Nor lov'd with more unspotted truth,  
When Hymen join'd their hands.

'That happy hour the wishes crown'd  
That virtuous love inspires;  
Their willing hearts were sweetly bound  
In Friendship's purest fires.

Thus human life may often seem  
A pure unmingl'd stream;  
Yet vexing cares will intervene,  
A chequer o'er the scene.

Arous'd at Commerce' stern command,  
They faithless seas explore,  
And left a while their native land  
For Russia's wintry shore.

Soon wafted o'er the northern main  
They reach'd the destin'd place;  
Yet still for Scotland felt a pain  
Which Time could ne'er efface.

(Oh! Home, thy strong mysterious ties  
Still twine around the heart;  
Wealth cannot please, nor fairer skies,  
If forc'd from thee to part.)

Prosperity her bounty shed  
To bless the virtuous pair;  
And ere three fleeting years were fled,  
Heaven gave a daughter fair.

Not early Rose, o'er Russian wild,  
That sheds its soft perfume,

So fair as infant Mary smil'd,  
In Nature's artless bloom.

Her joyful parents now resolv'd  
For Scotland home to steer,  
Ere wintry storms again revolv'd,  
To waste the fading year.

Yet busy Commerce' thousand cares  
Employ Alcander's mind;  
His wide extended trade affairs  
He could not leave behind.

Embark'd at length with all his wealth,  
Bright hope his bosom swells,  
Of lenthen'd days of joy and health,  
In Scotland's peaceful vales.

To-morrow's fate, ah! who can tell;  
Or read the dark decree;  
His happy home, and native vale,  
He never more shall see.

Though gently heav'd the flatt'ring deep,  
Though gently blew the gale;  
Too soon the tempest woke from sleep,  
The waves tumultuous swell.

The sullen sky begins to lowr,  
Sea-monsters sport and play,  
Tremendous, threat'ning to devour,  
They fright the scowling day.

The tempest wild, on sable wing,  
Now sweeps the foaming main;

Loud in the shrouds the whirlwinds sing,  
The pilot's art is vain.

For now the waters lash the skies,  
Their bark is headlong driven;  
The Scottish hills now greet their eyes  
Beneath a milder heaven.

The surge-worn shore they almost reach  
Swift as the arrow's flight,  
(A peasant on the lonely beach  
Beheld their woeful plight;)

But whence that dreadful crashing shock!  
Ah whence these rueful cries!  
The flying vessel strikes a rock,  
And hope forever flies.

The gloomy fates swift gather round,  
Death rides the threat'ning wave;  
While many a friendly bosom found  
A cold and watery grave.

Alcander and his lovely wife  
Were well prepar'd to die;  
But for the infant Mary's life  
Their prayers ascend on high.

A jewel bright of polish'd gold,  
That bore his father's crest,  
With golden chains her neck enfold,  
Suspended at her breast;

Lash'd to a floating plank, the child,  
Her fate they trust to God;

While on the deck, distracted—wild—  
They mark'd her dreadful road.

On liquid hills she mounts the air,  
Now skims a horrid vale;  
Serenely smil'd the infant fair,—  
Her danger who can tell!—

Amaz'd, the trembling Peasant ey'd  
The infant ride the flood;  
And often on his God he cried  
To guide her where he stood.

His prayer prevail'd, and pitying Heaven  
An instant answer gave;  
Swift to the beach, in safety driven,  
He snatch'd her from the wave.

When tempests threat' the travellers' doom,  
You've seen the Sun's last ray  
Just struggle through and gild the gloom,  
And bid farewell to day;

So Joy each parent's bosom warms  
When Mary reach'd the shore;  
Then, clasp'd in one another's arms,  
They sunk,—to rise no more.

Such was the sovereign will of heaven;  
The cause who can explore?  
It must be good—to Man is given  
To wonder and adore.

Ye virtuous pair! a long farewell;  
Your lot the Muses weep;  
Though angry oceans o'er you swell  
They cannot break your sleep,



Adieu! till that important hour  
When Death must yield his prey;  
You'll then exchange the tyrant's power  
For Heaven's eternal day.



## PART II.

It chanc'd the bold advent'rous swain,  
That sav'd her from the deep,  
Could feel for human woes a pain,  
“ And weep with them that weep.”

Deep in the windings of a glen  
Beside the mountain flood,  
Far from the crooked ways of men,  
His humble cottage stood;

A virtuous wife endear'd his home,  
In peace their years were spent;  
Their babes had found an early tomb,  
Yet heaven bestow'd content.

And here the orphan Mary found  
A peaceful happy home;  
Where Piety shed blessings round,  
And Health auspicious shone.

And still with kind unwearied care  
They rear'd the lovely child,  
Who blossom'd like the lily fair,  
Her looks and nature mild;

And well her youthful mind they stor'd  
With simple mountain lore;  
A God, beneficent and kind,  
They taught her to adore.

For grace her wayward heart to melt,  
They taught her still to pray;  
And that the Orphan's shield and help  
Might ever prove her stay.

And Mary's was a feeling heart,  
Where pure devotion shone;  
Her vespers rose, unknown to art,  
And reach'd the heavenly throne.

And still their little flock she kept  
When Spring renew'd the year;  
And oft, with melting heart, she wept  
Her parents' fate to hear.

And oft she climb'd the headland steep  
To view their wat'ry grave,  
When Summer storms, with sudden sweep,  
Arous'd the fateful wave;

And oft, when rustling Autumn winds  
Pip'd through the fading grove,  
Well pleas'd she join'd the reaper hinds,  
And smil'd unknown to love.

How vain, in this degen'rate age,  
Meek modest beauty's glow!  
Nor virtue's charms the heart engage;  
'Tis gold that strikes the blow.

Oh! many a swain for Mary sigh'd,  
And felt love's soft alarms;

But, oh! all-powerful gold denied  
To aid her virgin charms;

Thus, far in some sequester'd green,  
A fair neglected rose,  
(By none but browsing cattle seen,)  
All unregarded blows.

But, ah! the fair have many a foe,  
Whom lawless lust inspires;  
Whose dark unhallow'd passions glow  
With foul infernal fires.

Sir Robert own'd the neighb'ring seat,—  
Seduction was his trade;  
And often, as he pass'd in state,  
He ey'd the lovely maid.

And now his purposes to gain,  
He plied his cruel art;  
Yet promis'd, flatter'd, sooth'd, in vain—  
For virtue steel'd her heart.

He bade her spurn the rural life;  
His ample fortune share;  
To be a clownish shepherd's wife  
She was too good and fair.

That Pleasure in his halls for aye  
Upheld her gentle reign,  
And love bare universal sway,  
Unknown to care or pain;

That still a princely chariot grand,  
And liveried servants gay,  
Should ever wait at her command,  
Her orders to obey.

But Piety had Mary taught  
That Vice destruction brings;  
His proffers vile she set at nought,  
And scorn'd his glitt'ring things:

“ No chariot fair can charm my eyes,  
Nor all your golden store;  
What nature wants the cot supplies;  
Why should I ask for more?

O ne'er shall Pleasure's gaudy face,  
Nor wealth nor grandeur tempt  
To sell my innocence and peace,  
Fair hope and sweet content.”

She said, and, swift as mountain lamb  
By rav'nous fox pursued,  
Fled from the dark designing man,  
And spurn'd his purpose lewd.

“ Thou shalt not thus escape,” he cry'd,  
And seiz'd the fainting maid;  
Her helpless case young William ey'd,  
And to her rescue fled.

“ Draw, villain, draw,—and, blade to blade,  
Defend thyself or die;”  
Like guilty thief the coward fled,  
Nor ventur'd a reply.

“ And dost thou fly?” brave William cried,  
Unworthy of my sword;  
Then to console the maid, applied,  
And fainting life restor'd.

The Baron gone—soon fled her fears—  
New flush'd her blooming charms,

Divinely glow'd, as, bath'd in tears,  
She blush'd in William's arms.

He gaz'd, and wist not what to say,  
While thanks her lips employ'd;  
He felt her beauty's powerful sway  
His peace of mind destroyed.

And William was the pride of swains,  
Brave, generous, wise and fair.  
The path of vice his soul disdains,  
His father's only heir.

His honour'd sire, a reverend priest,  
Whom heaven had blest with wealth;  
Fair Temp'rance spread his frugal feast;  
His guests, Content and Health.

His heart was gen'rous, feeling, kind,  
His locks were silver grey;  
And polish'd learning stor'd his mind,  
Beneath Religion's sway.

And well his sacred work he lov'd;  
To it his heart was given;  
Affliction sooth'd, and Vice reprov'd,  
And train'd his flock for heaven.

Young William was his latest joy  
Since heaven his spouse remov'd;  
And well he lov'd the virtuous boy,  
And well his choice approv'd.

For Mary felt the gentle power,  
While often in the grove  
They walk'd, and talk'd the blissful hour,  
Beneath the star of love.

And soon the nuptial day was set;  
 His father join'd their hands;—  
 A fairer couple never met  
 In Hymen's holy bands.

The swain that had her life preserv'd,  
 (To deck her nuptial breast,)  
 The precious jewel still reserv'd,  
 That bare her grandsire's crest.

It met the parson's eye, who strict  
 Enquir'd who gave the boon—  
 "My parents hung it round my neck  
 The hour they met their doom."

"It must—it is—my father's face—  
 His looks and features mild;"—  
 Then clasp'd her in his fond embrace;  
 "My brother's lovely child!

'Twas Heaven from sinking in the wave  
 Preserv'd your infant charms;  
 Yes—Heaven my brother's daughter gave,  
 To bless my William's arms.

To you who bade the infant live,  
 And rear'd my daughter fair,  
 Five hundred pounds I freely give,  
 For all your love and care.

May Heaven its choicest favours shed  
 Upon you and your race;—  
 Now to the grave my hoary head  
 Shall calm descend in peace."

And long they liv'd, and well they lov'd,  
 And rear'd a virtuous race,

From strife and tumult far remov'd,  
The valley's pride and grace.

Young Health and Pleasure crown'd their home  
At morn and dewy even.

Thus virtuous love, and it alone,  
Is own'd and bless'd of Heaven.



*Lines Extempore,*

WRITTEN IN A BOWER.

WELCOME, charming bower! thy smile;  
Thou canst please me for a while.  
Here let me sit, and think profound  
On lovely nature stretch'd around;  
The hill and dale, and tow'ring wood,  
The copsewood warm, and shining flood,  
While Summer's leafy charms unfold,  
Or Harvest robes the fields in gold;  
Yet soon, too soon, shalt thou decay,  
And Winter blow thy charms away;  
Yet still the Wint'ry view shall please,  
The storm-clad fields, and hoary trees,  
The sunbeam on the snowy hill,  
The ling'ring night, clear, cold and still;  
Or the wild tempest's black'ning train  
Pouring in torrents o'er the plain;  
Even scenes like these shall please awhile,  
Till Spring return, with rosy smile,  
And Nature bloom—then thou, sweet bower!  
Again shalt charm the passing hour.

Thus flies the life of Man away,  
 A transient spring—a Summer's day—  
 Soon, soon it flies on pinions fleet,  
 Soon Autumn furrows o'er his cheek,  
 And Winter's dark o'erwhelming wave  
 Sweeps off his body to the grave;  
 Where dreamless sleep forgets to wake,  
 Till an eternal morning break.



*The Fatal Warning.*

GHOST.

“ RUTHLESS HALGAR! hear thy doom:  
 Now thy fatal day is come.  
 Ere yon wildwood, hill and stream,  
 Glow in Phœbus' setting beam,  
 Halgar perishes forever,  
 Ne'er a turf thy tomb shall cover;  
 Swift the chief of yonder host  
 Hurls thee to the Stygian coast,  
 Nor shall maid thy fate lament,  
 Wife nor child their sorrows vent,  
 Nor fond Friendship heave a sigh,  
 All forgotten shalt thou lie.  
 Treading life's receding verge  
 Yonder Raven croaks thy dirge,  
 And the sullen midnight skies  
 Soon shall hear thy obsequies,  
 Howl'd by furies 'midst the gloom;  
 Halgar! tremble at thy doom.”



Rage contracted Halgar's brow:  
 Cursed spirit! who art thou?  
 Dares, with tales of woe and death,  
 Thus to stop my onward path."

## GHOST.

" Know'st thou not, betrayer vile!  
 I—the victim of thy guile?  
 Hast forgot the evening bower  
 Where we met that hapless hour;  
 Where, amid the sylvan shade,  
 Oft you vow'd, and then—betray'd.  
 Man! perfidious and unjust,  
 Slave of cruelty and lust,  
 Soon ye lov'd another dame;  
 And, when told my growing shame,  
 Fierce your steel (though heaven frown'd)  
 Pierc'd my bosom,—see the wound.  
 Since, unseen, I mark'd thy path,  
 Now a messenger of wrath,  
 Dark'ning War's tremendous gloom,  
 Glad I come to tell thy doom.  
 Vengeance hovers o'er thy head,  
 None shall prosper where you lead;  
 Soon thy once resistless host  
 Flies discomfited and lost;  
 From that fated death-strewn plain  
 Halgar ne'er returns again;  
 Pierc'd by great VIRANDO's spear;  
 Wolves thy faithless heart shall tear.  
 Yonder wild that skirts the flood  
 Soon shall drink thy streaming blood,  
 And fell ghosts and dæmons foul  
 Downward drag thy lagging soul;

Heaven for thee has no room—  
Halgar! tremble at thy doom.”

HALGAR.

“ Spirit foul! away—away—  
Halgar meets this dreadful day;  
Hurries to the tented field;  
Fears no foe, nor knows to yield.  
Halgar never fears nor flies;  
No—he conquers, or he—dies.  
Hecatombs of foemen slain  
Soon shall press the hostile plain;  
Chieftains by this arm o'erthrown;  
Halgar shall not die alone.  
Gleams Virando's steel afar;  
Soon we meet in glorious war.  
Never shall his giant might  
Boasting tell I shunn'd the fight.  
If, at last, I greatly fall,  
Swift I'll rise to Odin's hall,  
And, with chiefs of ages past,  
Ride the cloud and wing the blast.  
Aiding oft my native spear,  
Chilling foemen's hearts with fear,  
While the bards my lofty praise  
Sing in never-dying lays.”

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*Frazer.*

A DEATH SONG.

Scene, in Spain—the evening after a battle.

TUNE—*The Wounded Hussar.*

THE battle had ceas'd, and the blood-tinged Du-  
 roe  
 Flow'd mournfully on amid heaps of the slain;  
 The moon, glimm'ring faintly, seem'd sick'ning  
 with sorrow,  
 To see British heroes bestrewing the plain.  
 There Frazer lay bleeding, and pour'd his sad  
 strain; [tear;  
 In his dim glist'ning eye stood Affection's warm  
 While he thought on his Peggy, and sweet na-  
 tive glen,  
 In sorrow he melted, unconscious of fear.

“ Adieu, lovely maiden! fair flower of Glenfruin!  
 No more shall we meet in the green hawthorn  
 shade;  
 In a far foreign land, amid slaughter and ruin,  
 All bloody and pale, thy fond lover is laid.  
 Yet, spite of stern fate and the battle's rude storm,  
 Thy dear weeping image still dwells on my heart,  
 As, frantic with grief, I beheld thy sweet form  
 On that hapless morning that saw me depart.

A lasting adieu to my dear native mountains.  
 No more shall I rove on the thymy hill side,

Nor water my flocks at the clear springing fountains

Where health and fair freedom for ever reside.  
 Adieu! blooming vallies and cool woodland shade;  
 No more shall your echoes repeat my rude strain;  
 No more secret rapture my breast shall pervade.  
 When viewing my Peggy trip o'er the green plain.

But death is approaching—hush! fond recollection—

[brave;  
 With the brave I have liv'd, let me die with the  
 The Muses shall tell my unchanging affection,  
 While laurels and myrtles bloom over my grave.  
 Advance, thou grim tyrant! I fear not thy arm;  
 On the red gory bed of bright honour I lie;  
 And victory gilds thy pale cheek with a charm;  
 For my country I liv'd—for my country I die.”



*On a Noisy Precentor.*

NOT with a louder peal hell's caverns rung,  
 When Satan roar'd along the vast abyss,\*  
 Than, with stentorian voice, Gapanda sung,  
 And both an equal harmony express.  
 Th' effects the same; for, at their leader's call,  
 The fiends start up whom thunder erst did wound;  
 When thro' the church was heard Gapanda's  
 squall  
 Th' affrighted hearers start from sleep profound,  
 And, half awake, mistook the dulcet lay

\* See Milton.

For Lion's growl, or stubborn Ass's bray;  
 At last he roar'd himself quite out of breath.  
 Ye sons of harmony! bewail his death.



*Epitaph on a faithful Minister of the Gospel.*

READER! whoe'er thou art, that views this stone,  
 Behold a good and just man's hallow'd tomb.  
 Here, mix'd with kindred dust, Evander sleeps;  
 While Genius heaves a sigh, and Virtue weeps.  
 To soothe their sorrow, Faith's reviving ray [way:  
 Brightens the gloom, and points to heaven the  
 There, there, she cries, the good Evander shines.  
 No more on earth his righteous spirit pines,  
 Nor mourns for sin; but, with the bless'd above,  
 He joins to celebrate redeeming love;  
 That love divine that saved him from wrath,  
 And led his footsteps in an even path.  
 Yet Friendship weeps, and heaves the bitter sigh;  
 While busy-meddling Mem'ry, standing by,  
 Points out the spot, and says, there lies the man  
 That sweetly did unfold Salvation's plan.  
 No more by him in terror speaks the law;  
 No more his faithful warnings strike with awe;  
 No more he dwells on Jesus' matchless grace,  
 With kindling rapture beaming in his face;  
 No more, alas! his sorrow-soothing strain  
 Shall smooth the brow of conscious guilt and pain.  
 Clos'd now his lips, and mute his fluent tongue,  
 Where kindness dwelt, and sweet persuasion hung.

“O follow Christ,” he said—but Mem’ry, cease—  
Without a stain he ran his Christian race;  
And of this man the latter end was peace.



*Verses addressed to a Celebrated Preacher.*

OH! mission’d by the Powers above,  
To publish wide the joyful sound,  
Unfolding Jesus’ matchless love,  
Which knows no bound;

In language simple, yet sublime,  
Well can ye point the narrow way,  
Stretching through all the wilds of Time  
To endless day.

Sincere in presence of thy God,  
Far from the tinsel tricks of art,  
’Tis thine, with skilful hand, to probe  
The human heart.

The latent poison lurking there  
Its deep deceit and fest’ring pride,  
And Satan’s every subtile snare,  
Ye well describe.

’Tis thine to search through tenfold night  
The wild’ring maze of Error’s den,  
And drag the monster forth to light,  
Unaw’d by men.

The sleeping conscience to alarm,  
Well can you Sinai’s thunders swell,

Where awful Justice, frowning stern,  
Points down to hell.

Then when the trembling sinner seeks  
A shelter—soon thy alter'd strain,  
Sweet as the jub'lee trumpet, speaks  
Goodwill to men.

Mild bursting through the cloud afar,  
Which lately threaten'd a speedy doom,  
The cheering beams of Jacob's star  
Dispel the gloom.

Jesus the Saviour there is found;  
The only hiding place for men;  
Which Wrath's dread billows, dashing round,  
Assail in vain.

Soon shall the Saviour his name  
Extend to Earth's remotest shore;  
And Superstition's fatal dream  
Deceive no more.

And well the labours of thy pen  
Are calculated to impart  
Eternal truth to erring men,  
And warm the heart.

Ne'er can the cross events of Time  
Restrain the ardour of thy soul,  
Fir'd with the hope of bliss divine,  
Beyond the Pole.

Thus stood great Knox amid the storm  
Of mortal powers, in league with hell,

Till Superstition's gorgon form  
Before him fell.

Adieu! and oh excuse the rhyme  
That scorns a fawning song to raise;  
The faithful servants' meed be thine,  
And God's the praise.



*A Reflection on Psalm lxxxiv. 10.*

"A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

YES! 'tis sweet, 'tis passing sweet,  
In thy hallow'd courts to meet;  
Meet to hear the good and just  
Own thy name is all their trust;  
Sweet to hear thy people raise  
Loud the grateful song of praise;  
Sweet to hear assembled saints  
Tell thee, Father! all their wants;  
Still thy holy name adoring;  
Humbly meek thy grace imploring;  
Sweet to hear the joyful sound  
Of thy love that knows no bound.  
"Jesus died," transporting strain!  
Peace on earth—good will to men."—  
News of pardon offered free;  
Of forgiveness found with Thee.  
Of glad freedom to the slave;  
And of vict'ry o'er the grave;



And mild Mercy's 'luring voice  
Wooing from the paths of vice.  
Sweet to feast, like those above,  
On the sweets of cov'nant love;  
While thy spirit's power is felt,  
Stubborn flinty hearts to melt;  
Sweetest peace of mind bestowing,  
From thy boundless treasures flowing.  
Such the sweets Religion bears  
Even in this vale of tears,  
When the blighting winds of Sin  
Scorch without and faint within.  
How will all her beauties glow,  
When transplanted from below,  
To the happy climes that lie  
Far above the day's bright eye,  
Where, in every blooming grove,  
Angels tune their harps to love;  
And from Life's transparent river  
Quaff immortal bliss for ever.

~~~~~  
*Hymn to the Deity.*

O Thou! the Sovereign Lord of All,  
Before thy throne archangels fall,  
And holy seraphs veil their face,  
I look towards thy holy place.

In Jesus' name I lift my eye,  
The advocate with Thee on high,

Accept, through His all-hallow'd hands,  
The song that Gratitude demands.

Thy fingers form'd my lifeless mass,  
In comely order ere I was;  
Then gave a soul that ne'er can die,  
A spark of immortality.

Thou took'st me safely from the womb,  
(Mysterious nature's living tomb),  
Watch'd o'er my weak infantile years,  
Supplied my wants, and calm'd my fears.

Though thy omniscience well foresaw  
I'd prove a rebel to thy law,  
Yet thou sustain'dst my childish paths,  
And sav'd me from a thousand deaths.

Thou causedst air, and fire, and flood,  
All minister to me for good;  
With countless blessings strew'd my path;—  
How great thy love! how slow thy wrath!

For oh! thou know'st, all-seeing mind!  
My wicked heart, perverse and blind,  
Pursued each foolish hurtful lust,  
And spurn'd thy law, though good and just.

How foul, how deep, my hateful sin!  
Defil'd without; defil'd within;  
Thy calls refus'd; thy grace defied;—  
But Jesus for such sinners died.

Amazing truth! my only plea;  
In Him there's mercy found with thee;  
And harden'd sinners, such as I,  
Are all invited to apply.

How great thy kindness to me shown!  
Born in a land where thou art known;  
And in an age when heathen night  
Is fled before thy holy light;

Allow'd to hear the joyful sound  
In Zion's hallow'd courts resound,  
Where thy own Word a lamp is given,  
To guide the weary soul to Heaven.

Tho' black with crimes my thoughtless youth,  
Spurning thy mercy and thy truth;  
Yet thou hast lengthen'd out my span,  
Preserv'd and led me up to man.

Giver of Good! by thee bestow'd  
What blessings in my cup have flow'd!  
Thou stor'dst with Reason's powers my mind;  
Gave friends sincere—relations kind.

Nightly thy blessing, balmy sleep,  
Bedews my powers in slumber sweet;  
Invigorates my languid frame,  
'Till day-spring give thy light again.

'Tis Thou that guard'st my sleeping hours,  
And keeps me safe from hellish powers,  
And thousand ministers of Death,  
Forever round my bed and path.

O Thou that cloth'st the lily fair!  
Thy food and raiment too I share;  
And thy prime blessing, rosy health,  
More precious far than worlds of wealth.

“Thou dost not willingly afflict;”  
What time thou rais'dst thy hand to strike,

Though great my fears, thy stroke was mild,  
Like father's on his only child.

Yet well thou know'st, for thou hast seen,  
How proud, presumptuous, I have been;  
Long suff'ring thou, and slow to wrath,  
Or I had been in hell beneath.

“ My soul thou hast restor'd again,”  
Remov'd my sicknesses and pain;  
And rais'd me up again to see  
Sweet Nature's works all tell of thee.

But who thy mercies can recount!  
Oh who can tell their vast amount!  
Not long eternity can shew  
How much to thee, Great God! I owe.

And O my soul how canst thou raise  
An equal note of grateful praise  
To Him who died thee to restore;  
He gave himself—what could he more?

Father of Light! thy grace impart;  
Subdue my proud rebellious heart;  
Corrupt I am—unwilling—weak—  
Work thou the work, for Jesus' sake.

For ah! unless thy arm sustain,  
My purposes are weak and vain.  
Enlarge my heart to run thy ways,  
Then shall my lips proclaim thy praise.



*Paraphrase on John vi. 37.*

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“All whom the Father hath given me shall come unto me, and whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.”

---

HERE encouragement divine,  
 Grace and sovereignty shine,  
 Righteousness and smiling Peace,  
 Mercy, Love and Truth embrace;  
 Ming'ling sweet, they brightly glow  
 Like the hues of heaven's bow;  
 All the purchase of the Son;  
 All the Father's gift shall come;  
 Come and own His saving power  
 In a blest conversion hour.  
 Grace almighty shall prevail,  
 For His counsels never fail;  
 “The election shall obtain;”  
 All resistance weak and vain;  
 Stubborn unbelief must yield;  
 Satan, vanquish'd, quit the field;  
 Jesus proves the sinners' stay,  
 Never more to fall away;  
 Never, never to remove;  
 His is an unchanging love;  
 Never can its like be found,  
 Search the broad Creation round;  
 Wrath divine he underwent,

And to Mercy op'd a vent.  
Full and free the blessing flows  
Like the fountain whence it rose.  
Mercy! hear her heavenly voice—  
Hear it, sinners, and rejoice:  
Men of every age and nation  
Welcome to this great Salvation,  
Sinners, even the very chief,  
Hither come and find relief;  
To the sinners' friend apply,  
Kind his heart and kind his eye;  
Never will He say you nay—  
No—He hates to put away.

Be your sins of crimson grain,  
Or like scarlet's deeper stain,  
Washed in the purple flood  
Of atoning cleansing blood,  
Suddenly you shall appear  
Bright as wings of angels are;  
In imputed merit's glow,  
Fairer than the whitest snow;  
Not for works that you have done,  
Not for goodness of your own;  
Dead in sin, and almost lost,  
You, alas! have none to boast.  
All is Grace and Love divine—  
Hear—believe—and all is thine."

~~~~~

*Lines on the Death of my Son.*

AGED 22 MONTHS.

FAREWELL, my child! thy father's love,  
 Alas! cannot avert thy doom;  
 The Mandate's come from courts above,  
 And thou must fill an early tomb.

Thy Parents oft with joy beheld  
 Thy tresses fair, and azure eyes;  
 How mild thy look! (now dark and wild  
 The clouds that veil their summer skies.)

Relentless Death!—but what is death?  
 A messenger of Jesus' love,  
 To call his friends from woes beneath,  
 To flourish in his courts above.

Adieu! perhaps thy spirit mild  
 Surveys me from the heavenly plains,  
 And calls me up, from this dark wild,  
 Where you reside, and Jesus reigns.

~~~~~

*Reflection on the same Subject.*

ESCAPED from violence,  
 Thou fairest young blossom,  
 How deep the lone silence  
 That rests on thy bosom!

Sound, sound be thy slumbers  
 Through all generations,  
 Until the last thunders  
 Astonish the nations.

Then thou, fairest creature!  
 Shall wake to behold him  
 Who died in thy nature—  
 The heavens shall unfold him.

His bright wheels careering  
 Shall lighten creation;  
 His glorious appearing  
 Shall crown thy salvation.

Rescued from corruption,  
 Confirm'd in his favour;  
 Without interruption  
 Thou'lt praise him forever.



*Isaiah, Chapter xxxv. paraphrased.*

Lo! the wilderness shall blossom,  
 And the lonely desert sing,  
 Sweet as Sharon's roseate bosom,  
 'Midst the opening blooms of spring.

Lofty Carmel's rural graces,  
 Lebanon's umbrageous shade,  
 Soon shall cheer the lone recesses,  
 And embower the sultry glade.

God's own glory thus unfolded,  
 Brightly streaming from on high,



Every eye shall soon behold it,  
And his fair excellency.

Say to them whose hearts are fearful,  
Timid souls! be strong in God;  
Weak and feeble ones! be cheerful;  
Lean on this supporting rod.

For behold! Jehovah cometh;  
Vengeance stalks before his throne,  
To each soul of man that sinneth;  
And Salvation to his own.

Come, ye mourners! banish sadness;  
Pleasures here, unfading, spring;  
Even the lame shall leap with gladness,  
And the dumb enraptur'd sing.

Then the gates of light, unlocked,  
Marks the waste with verdure crown'd;  
And the deafen'd ear, unstopped,  
Listens glad the streamlet's sound.

Where the lonely trav'ler, 'nighted,  
Darkly roam'd, with troubled soul,  
List'ning oft, with ear affrighted,  
Dragons hiss, and Tygers howl;

There, the shepherd's eye delighting,  
Streams shall cheer the woodland haunts;  
Dewy meads, the flocks inviting,  
Stretch along their lillied banks.

There a way, divinely holy!  
Through the tangling wild shall lead;  
Even the simple child of folly,  
Walking there, is safe indeed.

There no hungry lion prowling;  
 There no foot unclean shall tread;  
 Nor voracious monster, howling,  
 Thrill the pilgrim's soul with dread.

All the ransom'd sons of Zion  
 Safe shall hold their destin'd way;  
 Mists of sorrow, pain, and sighing,  
 Flee the bright approaching day.

Crown'd with everlasting joy,  
 Soon they'll reach the heavenly plains;  
 And their golden harps employ,  
 Singing loud, immortal strains.



*View of Upper Strathearn, from Turlom.*

WHAT a lovely landscape! hail,  
 Gay Strathearn! my native vale;  
 Seated on this summit high,  
 Like a map I see thee lye.  
 Sportive Muse! O come along;  
 Pour the soft descriptive song.  
 Villages invite the eye,  
 Waving groves of every dye,  
 Glitt'ring rivers sweetly straying,  
 Children in the streamlets playing,  
 Fleecy flocks on yonder hill  
 Crop the juicy herb at will,  
 While the lambs in gambols play,  
 Brisk as Caprice leads the way;

Soft reclin'd on yonder steep,  
See the shepherd, half-asleep,  
Eyes the maid, with beechen pail,  
Barefoot trip the blossom'd dale.  
Rural Labour's cheerful sound  
Every where is heard around.  
See, ascend the splendid seats,  
Statesmen', heroes' green retreats;  
There, from court and camp afar,  
Corrupt arts, and frowning war,  
Gay, retir'd, they live in peace,  
And enjoy the sylvan chase;  
Or their leisure hours devoting,  
Useful industry promoting;  
Kind, with condescending smile,  
Cheering the pale artist's toil.

On the left, the Grampians stretch  
Farther than the eye can reach;  
Ramparts huge, they rise, and form  
Shelter from the northern storm;  
Dark the foaming torrent glides  
Down their rugged heath-clad sides,  
Studded o'er with whitest flocks,  
Harmless sheep, and bearded goats;  
Yonder, where Benvorlich high  
Seems to prop the bending sky,  
Bosom'd deep amid the wild,  
The lake reflects the sunbeam mild,  
Lovely Erne's ample source  
Thence begins its winding course;  
Strong the blooming wildflower grows  
On its banks as down it flows,  
Passing many a jutting rock

Crown'd with moss and mountain oak,  
 Shady grottos that invite  
 Shepherds' steps in summer's heat;  
 Leaving these rude scenes behind,  
 Down the valley see it wind,  
 And in sweet meanders rove  
 Through Duneira's charming grove;  
 Now along the greenwood side  
 Rolls its gently murm'ring tide,  
 Where Abruchel's towers are seen  
 On the flower-embroider'd green;  
 Still augmenting as it goes  
 Downward still the river flows,  
 Fed by many a mountain rill,  
 Gliding down the neighb'ring hill,  
 Swift it pours along the glade,  
 Now 'tis hid below the shade,  
 Glitt'ring now it charms the eyes  
 'Midst the woods where Comrie lies;  
 Romantic spot! thy sylvan dell,  
 Where the Loves and Muses dwell,  
 Gently rising wood-crown'd hills,  
 Mossy founts, and gurgling rills,  
 Solemn shades that deep embower,  
 Druids' haunts, in days of yore;  
 Purest pleasures to the heart,  
 Lovely spot! thy wilds impart.

Say, what column meets the eye  
 On yon windy summit nigh,  
 Tow'ring o'er the humble vale?  
 Ah! it tells a mournful tale;—  
 But the tablet ne'er can tell  
 Britain's loss when Melville fell:

Oft his frown her en'mies felt;  
On his tongue persuasion dwelt;  
Ever-changing Anarchy  
Fled the lustre of his eye;  
Science rose beneath his smile,  
Patron of the Muses' toil.  
Mind sublime! thy gen'rous heart  
Patroniz'd each useful art;  
Em'lous of thy deathless fame,  
Britons catch thy patriot flame;  
While thy bays, in Hist'ry's page,  
Bloom unscath'd from age to age.

Dalginross, immortal plain!  
Now invites the Muses' strain;  
Dim in retrospect she eyes  
Scenes of former years arise;  
Rome! 'twas here thy sons were foil'd;  
Here their bodies strew'd the wild.  
Hark! the gath'ring bugle strain  
Floating o'er the destin'd plain;  
Oh! in vain ye urge the fight,  
Vain your conq'ring Eagle's flight;  
These rude hills access deny,  
And their sons your power defy;  
Now I see the squadrons throng  
Form the legion deep and strong,  
Helmets shine, and sabres gleam,  
In the wind the standards stream,  
Spears, reflecting early light,  
Fierce awaits the coming fight!  
Proud men! not long you'll need to wait,  
Soon descends resistless fate;  
Hark! the Pibroch's martial sounds

Every hollow rock rebounds;  
See! approach, from every glen,  
Chieftains, and their plaided train;  
Dirk in doublet shines before,  
Fierce they grasp the broad claymore;  
Blades that oft in blood have shone;  
Guardians of their mountain home.  
Round the Scottish army pours,  
Grim the front of battle lours;  
Now the rapid onset brave,  
Furious as the ocean wave;  
(Then, sweet Erne! thy limpid flood  
Deeply blush'd with Roman blood),  
Vengeance flashes from their eyes,  
Loud the shrieks of death arise,  
While the Roman jav'lins rain  
Storms of steel along the plain;  
Vain effort! yon plaided band  
Defend their homes and native land;  
See their deep'ning columns form,  
Gloomy as the northern storm;  
Now they burst upon the foe;  
Mark that dread decisive blow;  
Rome, erewhile firm as a rock,  
Reel'd at once before the shock;  
Swift their scatter'd squadrons fly,  
And shouts of vict'ry rend the sky.  
Thus a mountain, rooted fast,  
Scorns the wave and sweeping blast,  
'Till o'erwhelming Earthquake comes,  
And the pond'rous mass entombs.  
'These scenes are past, and hostile gore  
Stains the crystal floods no more;

Yet the heroes' deathless fame  
 Still shall shine without a stain.  
 Yes! though no marble, tow'ring high,  
 Tell where your sleeping ashes lye,  
 Yet Morn shall with her tears bedew  
 'The humble turf that rests o'er you;  
 Each passing year the thyme shall bloom,  
 And wildflowers deck your simple tomb.

Cease, O Muse! thy warlike strain;  
 See, from yonder woody glen,  
 Lednick pours her ample urn,  
 Fill'd by many a mountain burn;  
 Soon its tide and ancient name  
 Sinks in Erne's capacious stream;  
 Larger now it rolls along  
 Th' op'ning valley, clear and strong,  
 Wat'ring farms and meadows gay,  
 Where the flocks and shepherds stray;  
 Now its crystal current roves  
 Dark retreats and sylvan groves,  
 The blossom'd lawn, and cooling grot,  
 Loth to leave the lovely spot.

Forward presses on the sight  
 Sylvan Lawers' arcadian site;  
 Clathick villa, shelter'd warm;  
 Scenes where taste and plainness charm.  
 There thy tow'ring woods aspire,  
 Wild romantic Ochtertyre!  
 Mark her copsewood cover'd hills,  
 Spacious lake, and tinkling rills;  
 See, across her flow'ry lawns,  
 Lightly bound the sprightly fawns;  
 Elegance and ease combin'd,

Here display the owner's mind;  
Nature grand, with Art array'd,  
Sweet, contending, light and shade,  
Crown the garden and the grove,  
Seats of innocence and love.—  
Round the scatter'd hamlets lye;  
Clumps of wood arrest the eye;  
Winding riv'let's dewy gleam,  
And the darker mountain stream.

Forward now I turn my eyes,—  
See, a lovely village rise:  
Crieff commands my wand'ring strain,  
Queen of the surrounding plain!  
Rising fair, in decent pride,  
On the valley's north'ren side,  
With thy rural grace and air,  
Sure no village can compare;  
Nor excell thy hardy youth,  
Hands of toil, and hearts of truth  
Sweeter bloom thy daughters gay,  
Than the fragrant buds of May;  
Sportive children crowd thy streets;  
And a thousand nameless sweets;  
Piety, to crown the whole,  
Raising above earth the soul.  
Though no ramparts guard thee round,  
Nor castle frown on rising ground,  
Thou art lovelier, by far,  
Thus remote from cruel war;  
Still be Peace within thee found,  
And Plenty ever smile around.

Low in yon sequester'd vale,  
Where the aspen woos the gale,



There, Monzie! thy groves arise,  
Of a thousand varied dyes;  
And transparent Shaggy's flood  
Murmurs through the underwood,  
Wat'ring now the sunny glade,  
Gliding now below the shade,  
Westward hastening to meet  
Turret rushing down the steep,  
Whence unto the vale it brings  
Tribute from a thousand springs,  
Foaming o'er their rocky bed,  
By the Naiads duly fed.

See the sister streams embrace,  
And the rural valley grace,  
Wantoning in many a turn,  
Till in Erne they pour their urn;  
Erne, on whose verdant side  
Sweet Content and Health reside.

Charming landscape! ever new—  
Forward, Fernton meets the view,  
'Bosom'd deep amid the shade  
Of yon forest widely spread,  
Shading deep the tow'ring Nock  
Where the blackbird pours her note;  
There resides a hero brave,  
"As ever knight that belted glaive."  
Earth's remotest isles afar  
Shook before this Son of War;  
Now his martial form and mien  
Seems to guard the rural scene.

Sweetly shelter'd Cultoquey  
Now invites the roving eye;  
And Inchbraco's green retreat,

Daring Valour's ancient seat;  
Rural Doll'rey's waving grove,  
Where the wood-nymphs gayly rove;  
Abercairney's sweet recesses  
On the sportive fancy presses,  
Where the beeches, lively green,  
Weaves a sylvan noonday screen;  
Ancient elms, and ashes tall,  
Raises round a verdant wall;  
While each tree of humbler name  
Chequer o'er the woodland scene.

Straight below me, sweetly rise  
Drummond towers, and glitt'ring spires,  
Curving lake and woody dell,  
Seem to rise by magic spell.  
Blossom'd parks extended sweep,  
Forests huge embower each steep,  
Green alcoves on either hand,  
Seem the scenes of fairy land;  
All is great and unconfin'd,  
Like the noble owner's mind.  
Here combine, in rural state,  
Every thing that's truly great;  
Warm Benevolence divine,  
Here with Pity sweetly join;  
Join to form the feeling mind,  
Liberal hand, and aspect kind.  
Happy they, of wealth possess'd,  
Who study to make others bless'd;  
Whose ready bounties still prevent  
The widow's sigh, and orphan's plaint;  
Who seek the lost, support the weak,  
And soothe the languors of the sick;

Their works with kind acceptance rise  
To God a pleasing sacrifice.

See where low on Erne side,  
Broich o'erlooks the crystal tide;  
A palace seems, in fancy's dream,  
For the Genii of the stream.  
On the right extended lye  
Orchell moors of purple dye;  
Shelter'd sweet among the blooms  
The heath-cock rears his jetty plumes;  
There the hares in safety rest,  
And the wild-fowl builds her nest;  
There a Naiad pours her stream,  
Machany her vulgar name.

Sweetest stream! thy flow'ry braes  
Often charm'd my childish days;  
Wand'ring careless, free of pain,  
Free from any conscious stain;  
Still I love thy humble stream  
More than those of classic fame;  
Still thy thund'ring fall, and grove,  
Sylvan haunts of youthful love,  
Lofty woods and shelter'd farms,  
At every view my fancy warms.  
Thence the valley stretches wide  
To yon southern mountain's side,  
Whose green tops, ascending high,  
Seem to kiss the bending sky.

Oh! for thy pencil, Scott! to paint  
The rural valley's wide extent.  
Round where'er I turn my eyes,  
Objects gay unnumber'd rise;  
Countless beauties meet the eye

In profuse variety.  
Sweet as Eden ere the fall;  
Round and round, enchantment all!  
Fair, in Clyde's prolific dale,  
Commerce spreads her snowy sail;  
Rich the produce of the plough  
In Fortha's vale; yet fairer thou;—  
Ne'er can they, though passing fair,  
Boast thy healthy mountain air;  
Never, never charm the view,  
Streams so clear, and 'skies so blue;  
Never can the eye command  
Scenes so soft, so wildly grand,  
As stud thee o'er from side to side,  
With every charm of rural pride.  
Vain, O Muse! your feeble skill  
Tries to sing each wood and hill;  
See where Erne winding strays,  
Glitt'ring to the sunny rays,  
Through green Innerpaffray bowers,  
Sacred domes and ruin'd towers,  
In whose long forsaken cells  
Grim the rueful spectre yells;  
Verdant lawns extended wide,  
Blossom'd, shew their flow'ry pride;  
Fields deep hid with useful grain  
Charm yon ruminating swain.  
Happy tenants of the vale!  
See their hamlets strew the dale,  
Where the winding ivy green  
Climbs a kind supporting screen,  
Emblem sweet of Friendship's power,  
Steady in the trying hour;

'Midst affliction's bitter blast  
Clinging firmly to the last.

Now the sun, descending low,  
Tinges with a crimson glow  
The light clouds that flit on high,  
While the dy'd streamlets gurgle by.  
See the swain forsake his toil,  
Every object sēems to smile;  
Now is heard throughout the grove  
Hymns of melody and love,  
While the cooling evening gale  
Waves the treasures of the vale,  
And the birds their notes prolong,  
Chanting sweet the vesper song.  
Charming vale! may fearless truth  
Still adorn thy blooming youth;  
Oh! may never war's alarms,  
Champing steeds, and shining arms;  
Crimson o'er thy smiling plains,  
Scatt'ring wide thy happy swains.  
May Peace and Plenty smile around,  
And Benevolence abound;  
Soft descending from above,  
Charity and faithful Love;  
Mild Content and Virtue pure,  
And Piety the heart allure;  
May they linger on thy plains,  
And pervade the happy swains;  
Lovely Virtue bless the dale,  
Till old Time itself shall fail.

Lord of All! supremely fair!  
Deign to grant my humble prayer.  
Let me, free from care and strife,

In the valley lead my life,  
Calmly to Thy will resign'd,  
Bless'd with sweetest peace of mind;  
Or if so thy will ordain,  
I must wander from the plain,  
On life's troubl'd ocean tost,  
Distant far the smiling coast,  
Soon may some auspicious gale  
Waft me to my native vale;  
There, retir'd, in lowly cot,  
Cares and wanderings forgot,  
Tune my reed thy praise to sing,  
Bounteous Eternal King!  
And contented close my days;  
Let my latest breath thee praise.  
Now the shadows falling dun  
Warn me Night is coming on,  
And the swelling breezes chill  
Sweep along this lofty hill,  
And the raven wing of Night  
Veils the landscape from my sight.  
Let us now, O Muse! descend;  
Let us to the village bend;  
There partake a frugal feast,  
Blooming Temperance my guest;  
And devoutly lift the eye  
To the Mighty Power on high;  
Then, O Morpheus! shut my eyes,  
Till the dewy morning rise.

~~~~~  
*To Sickness.*

SICKNESS, dim-ey'd fiend! away—  
Long I've droop'd beneath thy sway;  
Death's dread ensign waving o'er thee,  
Lovely Nature fades before thee;  
Not the rose nor vi'let's bloom  
Can dispel thy deep'ning gloom,  
Nor can Friendship, Mirth, nor Love,  
Force thy languor to remove.  
Thou repell'st each earthly charm;  
Spurn'st the power of mortal arm.  
Is there then no power can save  
From thy dismal goal, the grave?  
Yes! He lives, at whose controul  
'Thou must fly, and leave me whole;  
And though doom'd with thee to go,  
Thou art but a mortal foe,  
Vexing the short span of life;  
Death shall end thy ceaseless strife;  
Loosen'd from this earthly shore,  
I shall see thy face no more;  
Landed on th' immortal coast,  
Where no triumphs thou canst boast,  
Join the bright immortal train,  
Far beyond the reach of pain;  
Where Health blooms on every cheek,  
And no dweller says, "I'm sick."

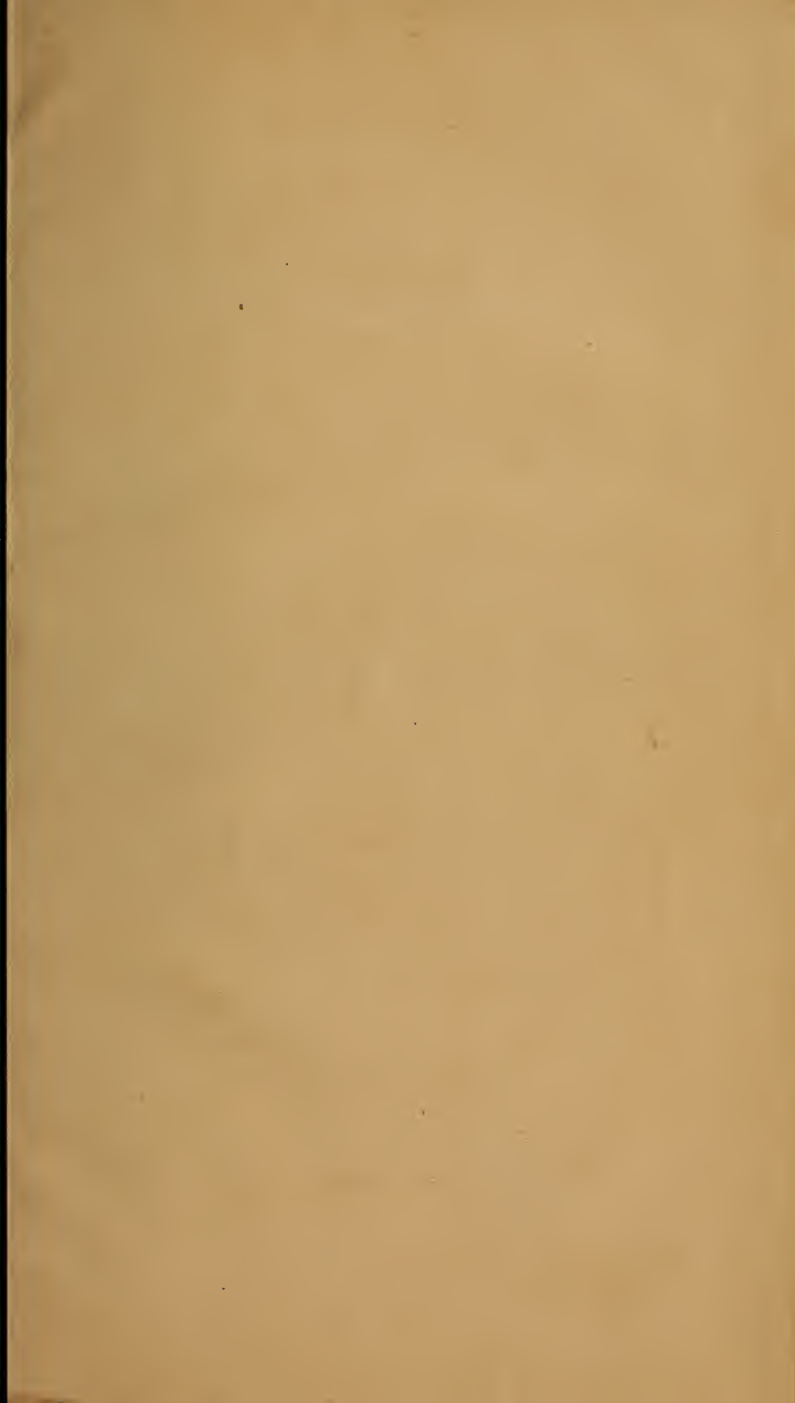
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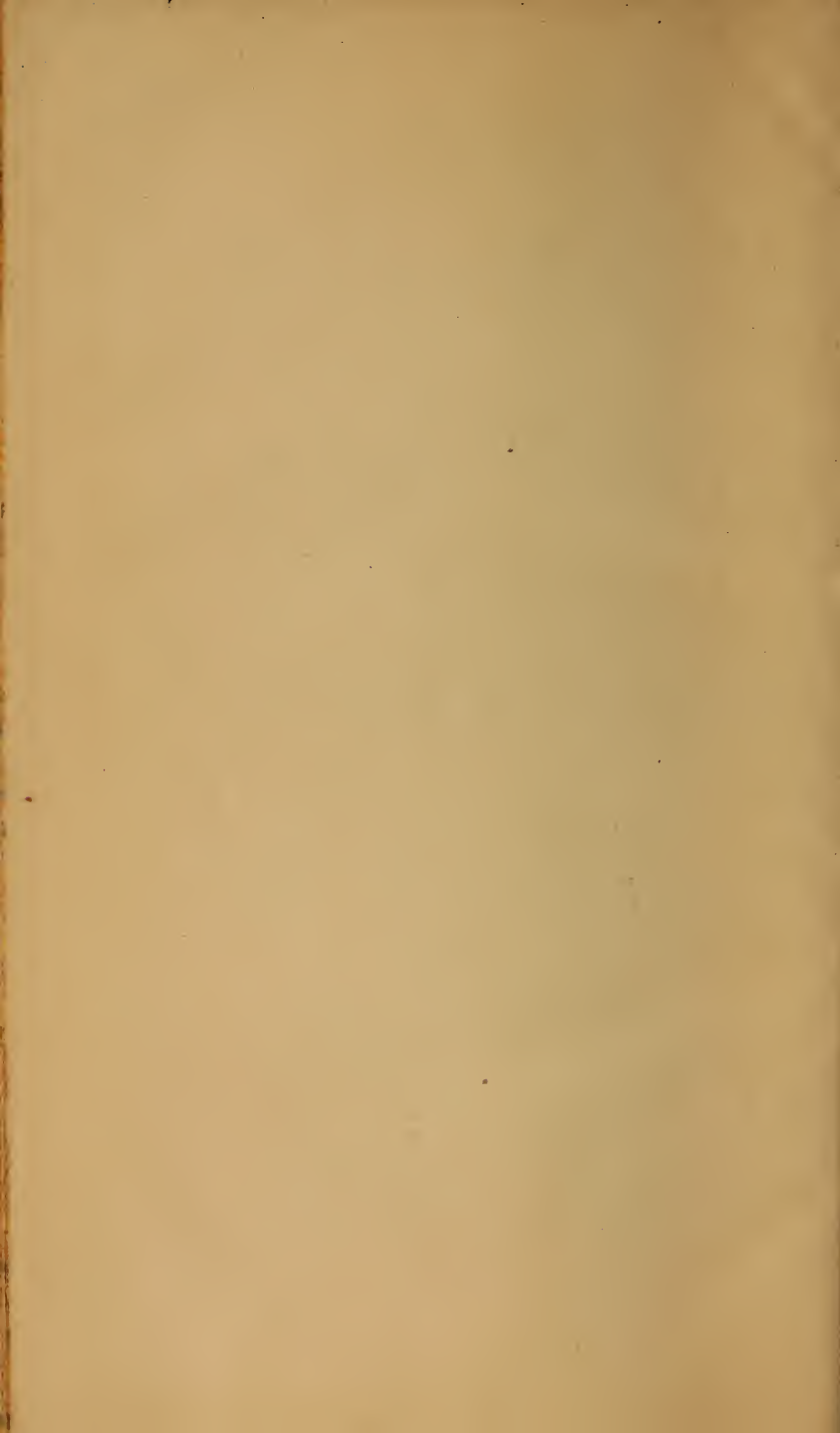
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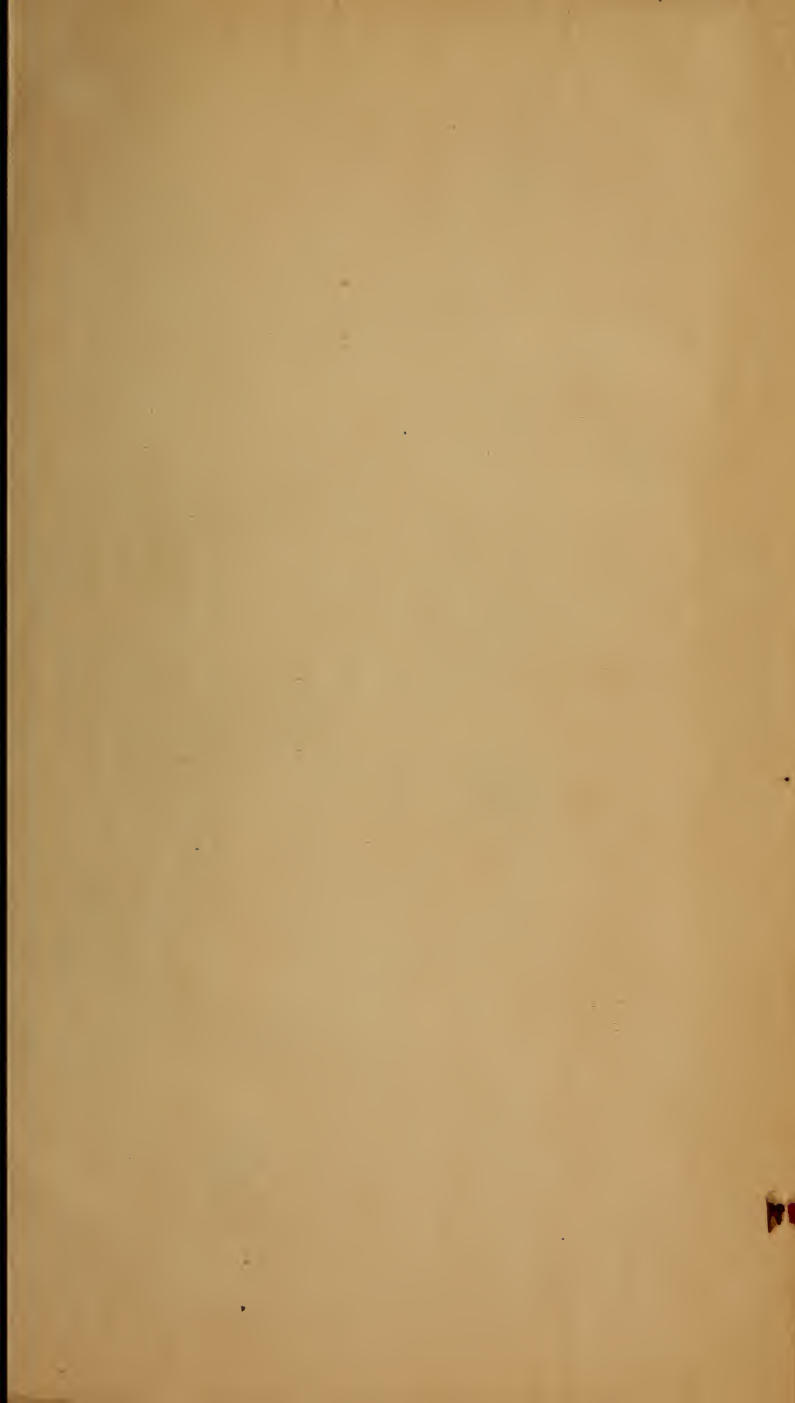
READER! farewell—thy task is o'er—  
 I'll trespass on thy time no more.  
 Ne'er may thy gen'rous heart repent  
 The vacant hour with me you spent.—  
 Thus far I've tun'd the rural lyre,  
 Rude as my native rocks aspire,  
 Unmeet to pour the classic strain  
 Like polish'd Learning's tuneful train;  
 Yet, as in landscape fair extended,  
 Hill, wood and dale are sweetly blended,  
 And the brown moor that skirts the scene  
 Throws o'er the vale a fresher green,  
 So may the wild untutor'd rhyme  
 Shew splendid essay more sublime;  
 The thyme-sprig bloom may charm the eye,  
 Yet ne'er can with the lily vie;  
 Then O indulge these rudest strains  
 That e'er was sung on Scottish plains  
 With all their faults, for faults are common  
 To man, and sometimes even to—woman;  
 And sure 'tis God-like to forgive,—  
 Then smile, and bid the pages live;  
 So may the Muses bless your store.  
 Reader! farewell—thy task is o'er.

FINIS.













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