

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :  
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name ;  
 Or noble "Elgin" beets\* the heav'nward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :  
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;  
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;  
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;  
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;  
 Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;  
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
 How He, who bore in Heav'n the second name,  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head :  
 How His first followers and servants sped ;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :  
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;  
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heav'n's Eternal King,

\* Beet—to add fuel.

The saint, the father, and the husband prays :  
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear ;  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide  
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !  
 The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;  
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

#### A PRAYER FOR SCOTLAND.

O SCOTIA ! my dear, my native soil !  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent !  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !  
 And, oh, may Heav'n their simple lives prevent  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !  
 Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide  
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart ;  
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,

His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)  
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert ;  
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,  
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

#### TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;  
 For I maun crush among the stoure  
 Thy slender stem :  
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
 The bonnie Lark, companion meet !  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !  
 Wi' spreckl'd breast,  
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;  
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
 Amid the storm,  
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth  
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,  
 But thou, beneath the random bield\*  
 O' clod, or stane,  
 Adorns the histie † stibble-field,  
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
 Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,  
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
 In humble guise ;  
 But now the share uptears thy bed,  
 And low thou lies !

\* Shelter.

† Dry.

Such is the fate of artless Maid,  
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !  
 By love's simplicity betray'd,  
 And guileless trust,  
 Till she, like thee, all soill'd, is laid  
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !  
 Unskilful he to note the card  
 Of prudent lore,  
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,  
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,  
 By human pride or cunning driv'n  
 To mis'ry's brink,  
 Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,  
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
 That fate is thine—no distant date ;  
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,  
 Full on thy bloom,  
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
 Shall be thy doom

#### TO RUIN.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !  
 At whose destruction-breathing word,  
 The mightiest empires fall !  
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,  
 The ministers of grief and pain,  
 A sullen welcome, all !  
 With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,  
 I see each aimed dart ;  
 For one has cut my dearest tie,  
 And quivers in my heart.  
 Then low'ring, and pouring,  
 The storm no more I dread ;  
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning  
 Round my devoted head.

And thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,  
 While life a pleasure can afford,  
 Oh ! hear a wretch's pray'r !  
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;  
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,  
 To close this scene of care !



When shall my soul, in silent peace,  
Resign life's joyless day :  
My weary heart its throbbing cease,  
Cold mould'ring in the clay ?  
No fear more, no tear more,  
To stain my lifeless face,  
Enclasped, and grasped  
Within thy cold embrace !

THE TRUE VALUE OF  
WEALTH.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,  
Assiduous wait upon her ;  
And gather gear by ev'ry wile  
That's justify'd by honour ;  
Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Nor for a train attendant ;  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat !  
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,  
Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !  
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,  
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,  
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,  
As busy Trade his labours plies ;  
There Architecture's noble pride  
Bids elegance and splendour rise ;  
Here Justice, from her native skies,  
High wields her balance and her rod ;  
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,  
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,  
With open arms the stranger hail ;  
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,  
Above the narrow, rural vale ;  
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,  
Or modest merit's silent claim :  
And never may their sources fail !  
And never envy blot their name !

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,  
Gay as the gilded summer sky,  
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,  
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !  
Fair Burnet \* strikes th' adoring eye,  
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;  
I see the Sire of Love on high,  
And own His work indeed divine !

There watching high the least alarms,  
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar :  
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,  
And mark'd with many a seamy  
scar :

The pond'rous wall and massy bar,  
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,  
Have oft withstood assailing war,  
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying  
tears,

I view that noble, stately dome,  
Where Scotia's kings of other years,  
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home :  
Alas, how chang'd the times to come !  
Their royal name low in the dust !  
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam !  
Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

Wild beats my heart, to trace your  
steps,

Whose ancestors, in days of yore,  
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps  
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :  
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,  
Haply my sires have left their shed,  
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,  
Bold-following where your fathers led !

Edina! Scotia's darling seat !

All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,  
Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !  
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,  
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,  
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

\* Daughter of Lord Monboddoo. Burns said there had not been anything like her in beauty, grace, and goodness, since Eve on the first day of her existence.

EVANESCENT PLEASURES.

I am O'Shanter.

BUT pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;  
Or like the snowfall in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever ;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place ;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHU-  
MOUS CHILD, BORN IN PECU-  
LIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF  
FAMILY DISTRESS.

SWEET floweret, pledge o' meikle love,  
And ward o' mony a prayer,  
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,  
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirlples \* o'er the lea,  
Chill on thy lovely form ;  
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree  
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He, who gives the rain to pour,  
And wings the blast to blow,  
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,  
The bitter frost and snaw.

May He, the friend of woe and want,  
Who heals life's various stounds, †  
Protect and guard the mother plant,  
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,  
Fair on the summer morn :  
Now, feebly bends she in the blast,  
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem  
Unscathed by ruffian hand !  
And from thee many a parent stem  
Arise to deck our land !

\* Creeps.

† Heart-pangs.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH  
THE PLOUGH IN NOVEMBER.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle ! \*  
I wad be laith † to rin an' chase thee,  
Wi' murdering pattle ! ‡

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion,  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
An' fellow mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;  
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live !  
A daimen-icker § in a thrave ||  
'S a sma' request :  
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, ¶  
And never miss't.

Thy wee bit housie too, in ruin !  
Its silly wa's the winds are strewin !  
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
O' foggage green !  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,  
Baith snell \*\* and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
An' weary winter comin fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell,  
Till crash! the cruel coulter pass'd  
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,  
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !  
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
But house or hald,  
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,  
An' cranreuch †† cauld !

But, mouseie, thou art no thy lane, ††  
In proving foresight may be vain :

\* Hurry. † Loth. ‡ Plough staff. § Ear of corn. || Twenty-four sheaves. ¶ The rest.  
\*\* Biting. †† Hoar frost. ††† Thysel alone.



The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft a-gley,\*  
An' leave us nought but grief and pain,  
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!  
The present only toucheth thee;  
But, och! I backward cast my e'e  
On prospects drear!  
An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF  
SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH  
OF SPRING.

Now nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
Out o'er the grassy lea:  
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,  
And glads the azure skies;  
But nought can glad the weary wight  
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing;  
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
Makes woodland echoes ring;  
The mavis mild wi' many a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest:  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae;  
The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
May rove their sweets amang;  
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,  
Where happy I hae been;  
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,  
As blythe lay down at e'en:

\* Wrong.

And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,  
And monie a traitor there;  
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
And never ending care.

My son! my son! may kinder stars  
Upon thy fortune shine;  
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
That ne'er wad blink on mine!  
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
Or turn their hearts to thee:  
And where thou meet'st thy mother's  
friend  
Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns  
Nae mair light up the morn!  
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds  
Wave o'er the yellow corn!  
And in the narrow house o' death  
Let winter round me rave;  
And the next flowers that deck the spring  
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

THE BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,  
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
Owre blate to seek, owre prood to snool,  
Let him draw near;  
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,  
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,  
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,  
That weekly this area throng,  
O, pass not by!  
But, with a frater-feeling strong,  
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career  
Wild as the wave;  
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,  
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,  
And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
And softer flame;  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
And stain'd his name!

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lower:  
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—  
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha would fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?  
Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do, or die!

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
And dare be poor for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea stamp;  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man, for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that:  
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,  
Is King o' men for a' that.

Reader, attend—whether thy soul  
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,  
In low pursuit;  
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*  
Is wisdom's root.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love?  
Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace;  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning  
green;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twined amorous round the raptured  
scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
'The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,—  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care!  
Time but th' impression deeper makes  
As streams their channels deeper  
wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
breast?



Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that:  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that,  
The man, of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that;  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

#### THE SOLDIER.

FOR gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor;  
But glory is the soldier's prize;  
The soldier's wealth is honour:  
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger,  
Remember he's his country's stay  
In day and hour o' danger.

#### O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,  
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;  
And I a bird to shelter there,  
When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn  
By autumn wild, and winter rude!  
But I wad sing on wanton wing,  
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose  
That grows upon the castle wa',  
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,  
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

Oh! there beyond expression blest,  
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;  
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,  
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

#### A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,  
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,  
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,  
In a' its crimson glory spread,  
And drooping rich the dewy head,  
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest  
A little linnet fondly prest,  
The dew sat chill on her breast  
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,  
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,  
On trembling string, or vocal air,  
Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,  
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
And bless the parent's evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.

#### LOVE'S DESPAIR.

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,  
Altho' even hope is denied;  
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,  
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

#### MY AIN-KIND DEARIE, O!

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star  
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;  
And owsen frae the furrow'd field  
Return sae dowf and wearie, O!  
Down by the burn, where scented birks  
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,  
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,  
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie, O!  
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,  
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,  
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,  
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
Along the burn to steer, my jo;  
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey,  
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,  
To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O!

#### THE MUSE OF SCOTLAND TO ROBERT BURNS.

"ALL hail! my own inspired Bard!  
In me thy native Muse regard!  
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,  
Thus poorly low!  
I come to give thee such reward  
As we bestow.

"Know, the great Genius of this land  
Has many a light, aerial band,  
Who, all beneath his high command,  
Harmoniously,  
As Arts or Arms they understand,  
Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's Race among them share;  
Some fire the Soldier on to dare:  
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare  
Corruption's heart:  
Some teach the Bard, a darling care,  
The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,  
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;  
Or, 'mid the venal Senate's roar,  
They, sightless, stand,  
To mend the honest Patriot-love,  
And grace the hand.

"And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,  
Charm or instruct the future age,  
They bind the wild, Poetic rage  
In energy,  
Or point the inconclusive page  
Full on the eye.

"Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young;  
Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;  
Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung  
His 'Minstrel lays';  
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,  
The Sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd  
The humbler ranks of human-kind,  
The rustic Bard, the laboring Hind,  
The Artisan:  
All chuse, as various they're inclined,  
The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,  
The threat'ning storm some, strongly,  
rein;  
Some teach to meliorate the plain  
With tillage-skill;  
And some instruct the Shepherd-train,  
Blythe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the Lover's harmless wile;  
Some grace the Maiden's artless smile;  
Some soothe the Laborer's weary toil,  
For humble gains,  
And make his cottage-scenes beguile  
His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district-space,  
Explore at large Man's infant race,  
To mark the embryotic trace  
Of rustic Bard;  
And careful note each op'ning grace,  
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name;  
And this district as mine I claim,  
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of  
fame,



Held ruling pow'r :  
I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,  
Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze,  
Fond, on thy little early ways,  
Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,  
In uncouth rhymes,  
Fired at the simple, artless lays  
Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,  
Delighted with the dashing roar;  
Or when the North his fleecy store  
Drove thro' the sky,  
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,  
Struck thy young eye.

"Or when the deep green-mantled Earth  
Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth,  
And joy and music pouring forth  
In ev'ry grove,  
I saw thee eye the general mirth  
With boundless love.

"When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,  
Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,  
I saw thee leave their evening joys,  
And lonely stalk,  
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise  
In pensive walk.

"When youthful Love, warm-blushing  
strong,  
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,  
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,  
Th' adored Name,  
I taught thee how to pour in song,  
To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,  
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,  
Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,  
By Passion driven;  
But yet the light that led astray,  
Was light from Heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains;  
The loves, the ways of simple swains,  
Till now, o'er all my wide domains  
Thy fame extends;  
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,  
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,  
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;  
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,  
With Shenstone's art;  
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow  
Warm on the heart.

"Yet, all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,  
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;  
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws  
His army shade,  
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,  
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;  
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;  
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,  
Nor King's regard,  
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,  
A rustic Bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,—  
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;  
Preserve the dignity of Man,  
With Soul erect;  
And trust, the Universal Plan  
Will all protect.

"And wear thou this"—she solemn said,  
And bound the Holly round my head:  
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,  
Did rustling play;  
And, like a passing thought, she fled  
In light away.

[SAMUEL ROGERS. 1773—1855.]

#### THE OLD ANCESTRAL MANSION.

##### *The Pleasures of Memory.*

MARK yon old mansion frowning  
through the trees,  
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling  
breeze.  
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest  
shade,  
First to these eyes the light of heaven  
conveyed.

The mouldering gateway strews the grass-  
grown court,  
Once the calm scene of many a simple  
sport;  
When nature pleased, for life itself was  
new,  
And the heart promised what the fancy  
drew.

See, through the fractured pediment  
reveal'd  
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured  
shield,  
The martin's old, hereditary nest.  
Long may the ruin spare its hallowed  
guest!

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes  
call!  
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!  
That hall, where once, in antiquated  
state,  
The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stained with dews, with cobwebs  
darkly hung,  
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture  
rung;  
When round yon ample board, in due  
degree,  
We sweetened every meal with social glee.  
The heart's light laugh pursued the  
circling jest;  
And all was sunshine in each little breast.  
'Twas here we chased the slipper by the  
sound;  
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and  
round.

'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy  
ring;  
And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.  
Giants and genii chained each wondering  
ear;  
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.  
Oft with the babes we wandered in the  
wood,  
Or viewed the forest-feats of Robin Hood;  
Oft fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,  
With startling step we scaled the lonely  
tower;  
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,  
Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling  
in its sleep.

Ye household deities! whose guardian  
eye  
Mark'd each pure thought, ere registered  
on high;  
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,  
And breathe the soul of Inspiration  
round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,  
Each chair awakes the feelings of a  
friend.  
The storied arras, source of fond delight,  
With old achievement charms the 'wilder'd  
sight;  
And still, with heraldry's rich hues  
imprest,  
On the dim window glows the pictured  
crest.  
The screen unfolds its many-coloured  
chart.  
The clock still points its moral to the  
heart.  
That faithful monitor 't was heaven to  
hear!  
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure  
near:  
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,  
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of  
time?  
That massive beam, with curious carvings  
wrought,  
Whence the caged linnet soothed my  
pensive thought;  
Those muskets cased with venerable rust;  
Those once-loved forms, still breathing  
through their dust,  
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic  
cast,  
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!

As through the garden's desert paths I  
rove,  
What fond illusions swarm in every  
grove!  
How oft, when purple evening tinged the  
west,  
We watched the emmet to her grainy  
nest;  
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary  
wing,  
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the  
spring!



How oft inscribed, with Friendship's  
votive rhyme,  
The bark now silvered by the touch of  
time ;  
Soared in the swing, half pleased and half  
afraid,  
Through sister elms that waved their  
summer shade ;  
Or strewed with crumbs you root-inwoven  
seat,  
To lure the red-breast from his lone  
retreat !

~~~~~  
THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

THE school's lone porch, with reverend  
mosses gray,  
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.  
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,  
Quickening my truant-feet across the  
lawn ;  
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide  
air,  
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.  
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,  
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd  
here !  
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling  
teems  
With golden visions and romantic dreams !

~~~~~  
THE GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

DOWN by yon hazel copse, at evening,  
blazed  
The Gipsy's faggot—there we stood and  
gazed ;  
Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent  
awe,  
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of  
straw ;  
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming  
o'er ;  
The drowsy brood that on her back she  
bore ;  
Imps, in the barn with mousing owl  
bred,  
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;  
Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of  
blackest shade,  
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog  
bay'd :

And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,  
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-  
wall.  
As o'er my palm the silver piece she  
drew,  
And traced the line of life with searching  
view,  
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with  
hopes and fears,  
To learn the colour of my future years !

~~~~~  
THE BEGGARS.

AH, then, what honest triumph flush'd  
my breast !  
This truth once known—To bless is to be  
blest !  
We led the bending beggar on his way  
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray),  
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit  
felt,  
And on his tale with mute attention  
dwelt.  
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,  
And wept to think that little was no  
more,  
He breathed his prayer, "Long may such  
goodness live !"  
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to  
give.  
Angels, when Mercy's mandate wing'd  
their flight,  
Had stopt to catch new rapture from the  
sight.

~~~~~  
PARTING FROM HOME.

THE adventurous boy, that asks his  
little share,  
And hies from home, with many a gossip's  
prayer,  
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once  
more to see  
The dear abode of peace and privacy ;  
And as he turns, the thatch among the  
trees,  
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with  
the breeze,  
The village common spotted white with  
sheep,  
The churchyard yews round which his  
fathers sleep ;

All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,  
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks  
again.

So, when the mild Tupia dared explore  
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown  
before,  
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the  
gale,  
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse  
of sail ;  
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond  
adieu,  
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,  
And all his soul best loved—such tears he  
shed,  
While each soft scene of summer-beauty  
fled.  
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,  
Long watched the streaming signal from  
the mast ;  
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,  
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned  
the day,  
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul  
away.  
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glim-  
mering height,  
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with  
light ;  
But now the morn with orient hues por-  
trayed  
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic  
shade :  
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,  
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on  
the wing !

~~~~~  
AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

STILL must my partial pencil love to  
dwell  
On the home-prospects of my hermit cell ;  
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-  
green,  
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses  
seen ;  
And the brown pathway, that, with care-  
less flow,  
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.

Still must it trace (the flattering tints for-  
give)  
Each fleeting charm that bids the land-  
scape live.  
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance,  
pass—  
Browsing the hedge by fits, the panniered  
ass ;  
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude de-  
light,  
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's  
flight ;  
And in her kerchief blue the cottage-  
maid,  
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy  
glade.  
Far to the south a mountain vale retires,  
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-  
spires ;  
Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage  
hung,  
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor un-  
sung :  
And through the various year, the various  
day,  
What scenes of glory burst, and melt  
away !

\* \* \* \* \*  
When Christmas revels in a world of  
snow,  
And bids her berries blush, her carols  
flow ;  
His spangling shower when frost the  
wizard flings ;  
Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless  
wings,  
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage  
weaves,  
And gems with icicles the sheltering  
eaves ;  
—Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall  
pursues,  
What time the sun the yellow crocus  
wooes,  
Screened from the arrowy North ; and  
duly hies  
To meet the morning-rumour as it flies,  
To range the murmuring market-place,  
and view  
The motley groups that faithful Teniers  
drew.



When Spring bursts forth in blossoms  
through the vale,  
And her wild music triumphs on the gale,  
Oft with my book I muse from stile to  
stile ;  
Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,  
Framing loose numbers, till declining day  
Through the green trellis shoots a crimson  
ray ;  
Till the west-wind leads on the twilight  
hours,  
And shakes the fragrant bells of closing  
flowers.

## GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,  
(Where among other relics you may see  
Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true  
one)  
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,  
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.  
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,  
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,  
Will long detain you—but, before you go,  
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray  
you—  
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,  
The last of that illustrious family ;  
He, who observes it—ere he passes on,  
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes  
again,  
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,  
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,  
As though she said "Beware!" her vest  
of gold  
Brodered with flowers, and clasped from  
head to foot,  
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp ;  
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart—  
It haunts me still, though many a year  
has fled,  
Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs  
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its compa-  
nion,  
An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the  
worm,  
But richly carved by Antony of Trent  
With scripture-stories from the Life of  
Christ.

She was an only child—her name  
Genevra,  
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father ;  
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,  
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,  
Her playmate from her birth, and her first  
love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal  
dress,  
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,  
Her pranks the favourite theme of every  
tongue.  
But now the day was come, the day, the  
hour ;  
Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth  
time,  
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached  
decorum ;  
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave  
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Fran-  
cesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the nuptial  
feast,  
When all sat down, the bride herself was  
wanting.  
Nor was she to be found ! Her Father  
cried,  
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love !"  
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand  
shook,  
And soon from guest to guest the panic  
spread.  
'Twas but that instant she had left Fran-  
cesco,  
Laughing and looking back and flying  
still,  
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.  
But now, alas, she was not to be found ;  
Nor from that hour could anything be  
guessed,  
But that she was not !

Weary of his life,  
Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,  
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.  
Orsini lived—and long might you have  
seen  
An old man wandering as in quest of  
something,  
Something he could not find—he knew  
not what.  
When he was gone, the house remained  
awhile  
Silent and tenantless—then went to  
strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all for-  
gotten,  
When on an idle day, a day of search  
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,  
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and  
'twas said  
By one as young, as thoughtless as  
Genevra,  
"Why not remove it from its lurking  
place ?"  
'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the  
way  
It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,  
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-  
stone,  
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.  
All else had perished—save a wedding-  
ring,  
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,  
Engraven with a name, the name of both  
"Genevra."

There then had she found a grave !  
Within that chest had she concealed her-  
self,  
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the  
happy ;  
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush  
there,  
Fastened her down for ever !

## VENICE.

THERE is a glorious City in the Sea.  
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed  
Clings to the marble of her palaces.  
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,

Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er  
the sea,  
Invisible ; and from the land we went,  
As to a floating city—steering in,  
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,  
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome  
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,  
The statues ranged alone an azure sky ;  
By many a pile in more than eastern  
splendour,  
Of old the residence of merchant-kings ;  
The fronts of some, though time had  
shattered them,  
Still glowing with the richest hues of  
art,  
As though the wealth within them had  
run o'er.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HER, by her smile, how soon the stranger  
knows ;  
How soon by his the glad discovery  
shows,  
As to her lips she lifts the lovely  
boy,  
What answering looks of sympathy and  
joy !  
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken  
word,  
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are  
heard.  
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,  
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet  
surprise.  
Locked in her arms, his arms across her  
flung  
(That name most dear for ever on his  
tongue),  
As with soft accents round her neck he  
clings,  
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she  
sings :  
How blest to feel the beatings of his  
heart,  
Breathe his sweet breath, and bliss for  
bliss impart :  
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brood-  
ing dove,  
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !



THE ANGEL TO COLUMBUS IN  
HIS DREAM.

THE wind recalls thee ; its still voice obey :  
Millions await thy coming ; hence, away !  
To thee blest tidings of great joy con-  
signed,  
Another nature and a new mankind !  
The vain to dream, the wise to doubt  
shall cease ;  
Young men be glad, and old depart in  
peace.  
Hence ! though assembling in the field of  
air,  
Now, in a night of clouds, thy foes  
prepare  
To rock the globe with elemental wars,  
And dash the floods of ocean to the stars ;  
And bid the meek repine, the valiant  
weep,  
And thee restore thy secret to the deep.  
Not then to leave thee ! to their ven-  
geance cast  
Thy heart their aliment, their dire repast !

\* \* \* \* \*  
To other eyes shall Mexico unfold  
Her feathered tapestries and her roofs of  
gold :  
To other eyes, from distant cliffs descried,  
Shall the Pacific roll his ample tide ;  
There destined soon rich argosies to ride :  
Chains thy reward ! beyond the Atlantic  
wave,  
Hung in thy chamber, buried in thy  
grave !  
Thy reverend form to time and grief a  
prey ;  
A phantom wandering in the light of  
day !  
What though thy grey hairs to the dust  
descend,  
Their scent shall track thee, track thee to  
the end :  
Thy sons reproached with their great  
father's fame ;  
And on his world inscribed another's  
name !  
That world a prison-house, full of sights  
of woe,  
Where groans burst forth, and tears in  
torrents flow ;

Those gardens of the sun, sacred to  
song,  
By dogs of carnage, howling loud and  
long,  
Swept, till the voyager in the desert  
air  
Starts back to hear his altered accents  
there !  
Not thine the olive but the sword to  
bring ;  
Not peace but war ! yet from these shores  
shall spring  
Peace without end ; from these, with  
blood defiled,  
Spread the pure spirit of thy Master  
mild !  
Here in his train shall arts and arms  
attend ;  
Arts to adorn, and arms, but to defend.  
Assembling here all nations shall be  
blest ;  
The sad be comforted ; the weary rest ;  
Untouched shall drop the fetters from the  
slave :  
And He shall rule the world He died to  
save.  
Hence, and rejoice. Thy glorious  
work is done ;  
A spark is thrown that shall eclipse the  
sun !  
And, though bad men shall long thy  
course pursue,  
As erst the ravening brood o'er chaos  
flew,  
He whom I serve shall vindicate His  
reign :  
The spoiler spoiled of all ; the slayer  
slain ;  
The tyrant's self, oppressing and op-  
prest,  
'Mid gems and gold, unenvied and un-  
blest :  
While to the starry sphere thy name shall  
rise  
(Nor there unsung thy generous enter-  
prise) ;  
Thine in all hearts to dwell—by fame  
enshrined  
With those, the few, who live but for  
mankind :  
Thine, evermore, transcendent happiness !  
World beyond world to visit and to  
bless.

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE  
VALE.

DEAR is my little native vale,  
The ring-dove builds and murmurs  
there ;  
Close by my cot she tells her tale  
To every passing villager ;  
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,  
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
I charm the fairy-footed hours  
With my loved lute's romantic sound ;  
Or crowns of living laurel weave  
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,  
The ballet danced in twilight glade,  
The canzonet and roundelay  
Sung in the silent greenwood shade :  
These simple joys, that never fail,  
Shall bind me to my native vale.

## MELANCHOLY.

Go ! you may call it madness, folly—  
You shall not chase my gloom away ;  
There's such a charm in melancholy,  
I would not if I could be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure  
That fills my bosom when I sigh,  
You would not rob me of a treasure  
Monarchs are too poor to buy !

## A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;  
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;  
A willow brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter near her clay-built nest ;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the  
dew ;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church beneath the trees,  
Where first our marriage-vows were  
given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heaven.

[JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.  
1770—1835.]

## THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,  
Blythesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and  
lea !  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee !  
Wild is thy lay and loud  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying ?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the  
day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !  
Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love  
be !  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee !

KILMENY'S VISIONS IN FAIRY  
LAND.

SHE saw a sun on a summer sky,  
And clouds of amber sailing by,



A lovely land beneath her lay,  
And that land had glens and mountains  
grey ;  
And that land had valleys and hoary  
piles,  
And merléd seas, and a thousand isles ;  
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,  
And its lakes were all of the dazzling  
sheen,  
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering  
lay  
The sun, and the sky, and the cloudlet  
grey

\* \* \* \* \*

She saw the corn wave on the vale ;  
She saw the deer run down the dale ;  
She saw the plaid and the broad clay-  
more, [bore :  
And the brows that the badge of freedom  
And she thought she had seen the land  
before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,  
The fairest that ever the sun shone on !  
A Lion licked her hand of milk,  
And she held him in a leash of silk ;  
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,  
With a silver wand and a melting e'e,  
Her sovereign shield, till love stole in,  
And poison'd all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedeman came,  
And hundert the lion on his dame ;  
And the guardian maid, wi' the dauntless  
ee',

She dropped a tear, and left her knee ;  
And she saw till the queen frae the lion  
fled,  
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay  
dead.

A coffin was set on a distant plain,  
And she saw the red blood fall like rain ;  
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,  
And she turned away, and could look nae  
mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,  
And they trampled him down, but he  
rose again ;  
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,  
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom  
dear ;

And, weening his head was danger-preef,  
When crowned with the rose and the  
clover-leaf,

He gowled at the carle, and chased him  
away,

To feed with the deer on the mountain  
grey.

He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at  
heaven,

But his mark was set, and his arles given.  
Kilmeny awhile her een withdrew ;  
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled  
One half of all the glowing world,  
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,  
To bound the aims of sinful man.

She saw a people, fierce and fell,  
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell ;  
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,

And she herked on her ravening crew,  
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a  
blaze,

And the thunder it roared o'er the land  
and the seas.

The widows they wailed, and the red  
blood ran,

And she threatened an end to the race of  
man :

She never lened nor stood in awe,  
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.  
Oh ! then the eagle swinked for life,  
And brainyelled up a mortal strife ;  
But flew she north, or flew she south,  
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

#### KILMENY'S RETURN FROM FAIRY LAND.

WHEN seven lang years had come and  
fled :

When grief was calm, and hope was  
dead ;

When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's  
name,

Late, late in a gloamin', Kilmeny cam'  
hame !

And O, her beauty was fair to see,  
But still and steadfast was her e'e !  
Such beauty bard may never declare,  
For there was no pride nor passion there ;  
And the soft desire of maidens' een  
In that mild face could never be seen.

Her seymar was the lily flower,  
And her cheek the moss-rose in the  
shower ;

#### DIRGE.

PURE spirit ! O where art thou now ?  
O whisper to my soul !  
O let some soothing thought of thee,  
This bitter grief control !

'Tis not for thee the tears I shed,  
Thy sufferings now are o'er ;  
The sea is calm, the tempest past,  
On that eternal shore.

No more the storms that wreck thy peace,  
Shall tear that gentle breast ;  
Nor Summer's rage, nor Winter's cold,  
Thy poor, poor frame molest.

Thy peace is sealed, thy rest is sure,  
My sorrows are to come ;  
Awhile I weep and linger here,  
Then follow to the tomb.

And is the awful veil withdrawn,  
That shrouds from mortal eyes,  
In deep impenetrable gloom,  
The secrets of the skies ?

O, in some dream of visioned bliss,  
Some trance of rapture, show  
Where, on the bosom of thy God,  
Thou rest'st from human woe !

Thence may thy pure devotion's flame  
On me, on me descend ;  
To me thy strong aspiring hopes,  
Thy faith, thy fervours lend.

Let these my lonely path illumine,  
And teach my weakened mind  
To welcome all that's left of good,  
To all that's lost resigned.

Farewell ! With honour, peace, and love,  
Be thy dear memory blest !  
Thou hast no tears for me to shed,  
When I too am at rest.

#### ODE TO SPRING.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy  
sire,  
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful  
Spring !

And her voice like the distant melodie  
That floats along the twilight sea.  
But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,  
And keepit afar frae the haunts of men,  
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.  
But, wherever her peaceful form appeared,  
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered :  
The wolf played blythely round the field,  
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled ;  
The dun-deer wooed with manner bland,  
And cowered aneath her lily hand.  
And when at even the woodlands rung,  
When hymns of other worlds she sung,  
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
O, then the glen was all in motion :

The wild beasts of the forest came ;  
Broke from their bughts and faulds the  
tame,

And gowed around, charmed and amazed ;  
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,  
And murmured, and looked with anxious  
pain

For something the mystery to explain.  
The buzzard came with the throistle-cock,  
The corby left her houf in the rock ;  
The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew ;  
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;  
The wolf and the kid their raikie began,  
And the tod, and the lamb, and the  
leveret ran ;

The hawk and the hern atour them hung,  
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed  
their young ;

And all in a peaceful ring were hurled :  
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

[MRS. BARBAULD. 1743—1825.]

#### LIFE.

LIFE ! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy  
weather ;

'Tis hard to part when friends are  
dear ;

Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time,  
Say not " Good Night," but in some  
brighter clime  
Bid me " Good morning."



Whose unshorn locks with leaves  
And swelling buds are crown'd ;

From the green islands of eternal youth,  
(Crowned with fresh blooms, and ever-  
springing shade)

Turn, hither turn thy step,  
O thou, whose powerful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric  
reed,  
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding  
winds,  
And through the stormy deep  
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train  
await, [rove  
With songs, and festal rites, and joy to  
Thy blooming wilds among,  
And vales and downy lawns,

With untired feet ; and cull thy earliest  
sweets [brow  
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing  
Of him, the favoured youth,  
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores ; those tender  
showers  
That drop their sweetness on the infant  
buds,  
And silent dews that swell  
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early  
shoots ;  
And call those winds, which through the  
whispering boughs  
With warm and pleasant breath  
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening  
thorn,  
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er  
the dale,  
And watch with patient eye  
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O Nymph ! approach, while yet the tem-  
perate Sun,  
With bashful forehead, through the cool  
moist air

Throws his young maiden beams,  
And with chaste kisses woos

The Earth's fair bosom ; while the  
streaming veil  
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent  
shade  
Protects thy modest blooms  
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short : the red  
dogstar  
Shall scorch thy tresses ; and the mower's  
scythe  
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,  
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell ;  
For O ! not all that Autumn's lap con-  
tains,  
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,  
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring ! whose simplest promise  
more delights,  
Than all their largest wealth, and through  
the heart  
Each joy and new-born hope  
With softest influence breathes.

[MRS. AMELIA OPIE. 1769—1853.]

#### GO, YOUTH BELOVED.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades  
New friends, new hopes, new joys to  
find,

Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,  
To think on her thou leav'st behind.  
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,  
Must never be my happy lot,  
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,  
Forget me not, forget me not !

Yet should the thought of my distress  
Too painful to thy feelings be,  
Heed not the wish I now express,  
Nor ever deign to think on me ;  
But, oh, if grief thy steps attend,  
If want, if sickness be thy lot,  
And thou require a soothing friend ;  
Forget me not, forget me not !

[JOHN HOME. 1724—1808.]

#### THE FOREST BY MIDNIGHT.

THIS is the place, the centre of the  
grove ;  
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the  
wood.  
How sweet and solemn is this midnight  
scene !  
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her  
way,  
Through skies where I could count each  
little star.  
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the  
leaves.  
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,  
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.  
In such a place as this, at such an hour,  
If ancestry in aught can be believed,  
Descending spirits have conversed with  
man,  
And told the secrets of the world un-  
known.

[JOHN LOGAN. 1748—1788.]

#### ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL,auteous stranger of the grove !  
Thou messenger of Spring !  
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear ;  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the  
wood  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom  
Thou fliest thy vocal valed,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear ;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No Winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !  
We'd make, with joyful wing,  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Companions of the Spring.

#### YARROW STREAM.

THY banks were bonnie, Yarrow stream,  
When first on thee I met my lover ;  
Thy banks how dreary, Yarrow stream,  
When now thy waves his body cover !

For ever now, O Yarrow stream,  
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;  
For never on thy banks shall I  
Behold my love—the flower of Yarrow !

He promised me a milk-white horse,  
To bear me to his father's bowers ;  
He promised me a little page,  
To squire me to his father's towers.

He promised me a wedding-ring,  
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow ;  
Now he is wedded to his grave,  
Alas ! a watery grave in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met,  
My passion as I freely told him ;  
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
That I should never more behold him.

Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost—  
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow ;  
Thrice did the Water Wraith ascend,  
And give a doleful groan through Yarrow !

His mother from the window looked,  
With all the longing of a mother ;  
His little sister, weeping, walked  
The greenwood path to meet her brother.

They sought him east, they sought him  
west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough ;  
They only saw the clouds of night—  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow !



No longer from thy window look—  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !  
No longer walk, thou lovely maid—  
Alas ! thou hast no more a brother !

No longer seek him east or west,  
No longer search the forest thorough,  
For, murdered in the night so dark,  
He lies a lifeless corpse in Yarrow !

The tears shall never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall be my marrow ;  
I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
And there with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow !

The tear did never leave her cheek,  
No other youth became her marrow ;  
She found his body in the stream,  
And with him now she sleeps in Yarrow.

[ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. 1766—1823.]

#### THE BLIND CHILD.

WHERE'S the blind child, so admirably  
fair,  
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen  
hair  
That waves in every breeze ? He's often  
seen

Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,  
With others matched in spirit and in size,  
Health on their cheeks and rapture in  
their eyes.

That full expanse of voice to childhood  
dear, [here :  
Soul of their sports, is duly cherished  
And hark, that laugh is his, that jovial cry ;  
He hears the ball and trundling hoop  
brush by,  
And runs the giddy course with all his  
might,

A very child in everything but sight ;  
With circumscribed, but not abated  
powers,

Play, the great object of his infant hours.  
In many a game he takes a noisy part,  
And shows the native gladness of his  
heart ;

But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,  
The new suggestion and the quick assent ;

The grove invites, delight fills every  
breast—

To leap the ditch, and seek the downy  
nest,

Away they start ; leave balls and hoops  
behind,

And one companion leave—the boy is  
blind !

His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,  
That childish fortitude awhile gives way :  
He feels his dreadful loss ; yet short the  
pain,

Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again,  
Pondering how best his moments to em-  
ploy

He sings his little songs of nameless joy ;  
Creeps on the warm green turf for many  
an hour,

And plucks by chance the white and  
yellow flower ;

Smoothing their stems while, resting on  
his knees,

He binds a nosegay which he never sees ;  
Along the homeward path then feels his  
way,

Lifting his brow against the shining day,  
And with a playful rapture round his eyes,  
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

#### A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

NEGLECTED now the early daisy lies ;  
Nor thou, pale primrose, bloom'st the  
only prize ;

Advancing Spring profusely spreads  
abroad

Flowers of all hues, with sweetest fragrance  
stored ;

Where'er she treads, love gladdens every  
plain,

Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train ;  
Sweet hope with conscious brow before  
her flies,

Anticipating wealth from Summer skies ;  
All nature feels her renovating sway ;

The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow  
gay ;

And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding  
seen, [green ;

Display the new-grown branch of lighter  
On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,  
And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies.

Here, then, my soul, thy darling theme  
pursue,  
For every day was Giles a shepherd too.

Small was his charge : no wilds had  
they to roam :

But bright inclosures circling round their  
home. [thorn, [spray ;

No yellow-blossomed furze, nor stubborn  
The heath's rough produce, had their  
fleeces torn :

Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,  
Enchanting spirit, dear variety !

O happy tenants, prisoners of a day !  
Released to ease, to pleasure, and to play ;

Indulged through every field by turns to  
range,

And taste them all in one continual  
change.

For though luxuriant their grassy food,  
Sheep long confined but lothe the present  
good ;

Bleating around the homeward gate they  
meet,

And starve, and pine, with plenty at their  
feet.

Loosed from the winding lane, a joyful  
throng,

See, o'er yon pasture, how they pour  
along !

Giles round their boundaries takes his  
usual stroll ;

Sees every pass secured, and fences  
whole ;

High fences, proud to charm the gazing  
eye,

Where many a nestling first essays to fly ;  
Where blows the woodbine, faintly  
streaked with red,

And rests on every bough its tender head ;  
Round the young ash its twining branches  
meet,

Or crown the hawthorn with its odours  
sweet.

[JAMES GRAHAME. 1765—1811.]

#### THE WORSHIP OF GOD, IN THE SOLITUDE OF THE WOODS.

IT is not only in the sacred fane  
That homage should be paid to the Most  
High ;

There is a temple, one not made with  
hands—

The vaulted firmament : Far in the woods,  
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,  
At intervals heard through the breezeless  
air ;

When not the limberest leaf is seen to  
move, [spray ;

Save where the linnet lights upon the  
When not a floweret bends its little stalk,  
Save where the bee alights upon the  
bloom ;—

There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,  
The man of God will pass the Sabbath  
noon ;

Silence his praise ; his disembodied  
thoughts,

Loosed from the load of words, will high  
ascend

Beyond the empyrean—  
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly  
throne,

The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy !  
In some lone glen, where every sound  
is lulled

To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,  
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's  
cry, [son ;

Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's  
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,  
And wonders why he weeps ; the volume  
closed,

With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves,  
he sings

The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conned  
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,  
Where humble lore is learnt, where  
humble worth

Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.  
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,  
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,  
Till on the heights he marks the straggling  
bands

Returning homeward from the house of  
prayer.

[RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. 1751—1816.]

#### HAD I A HEART FOR FALSE- HOOD FRAMED.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,  
I ne'er could injure you ;



For though your tongue no promise claimed,  
[SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS. 1774.]

DEAR BETTY.

Your charms would make me true :  
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
 No stranger offer wrong ;  
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
 And lovers in the young.

For when they learn that you have blest  
 Another with your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
 And act a brother's part ;  
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,  
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;  
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
 And lovers in the young.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

I NE'ER could any lustre see  
 In eyes that would not look on me ;  
 I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
 But where my own did hope to sip.  
 Has the maid who seeks my heart  
 Cheeks of rose, untouched by art ?  
 I will own the colour true,  
 When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure ?  
 I must press it, to be sure ;  
 Nor can I be certain then,  
 Till it, grateful, press again.  
 Must I, with attentive eye,  
 Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?  
 I will do so, when I see  
 That heaving bosom sigh for me.

[ANONYMOUS. 1782.]

FAIR ROSALIND.

FAIR Rosalind in woful wise  
 Six hearts has bound in thrall ;  
 As yet she undetermined lies  
 Which she her spouse shall call.  
 Wretched, and only wretched he  
 To whom that lot shall fall ;  
 For if her heart aright I see,  
 She means to please them all.

DEAR Betty, come give me sweet kisses,  
 For sweeter no girl ever gave ;  
 But why, in the midst of our blisses,  
 Do you ask me how many I'd have ?  
 I'm not to be stinted in pleasure ;  
 Then prithee, dear Betty, be kind ;  
 For as I love thee beyond measure,  
 To numbers I'll not be confined.

Count the bees that on Hybla are  
 straying,  
 Count the flowers that enamel the  
 fields, [playing,  
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are  
 Or the grain that each Sicily yields ;  
 Count how many stars are in heaven,  
 Go reckon the sands on the shore ;  
 And when so many kisses you've given,  
 I still will be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,  
 A heart that, dear Betty, is thine ;  
 In my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,  
 And curl round thy neck like a vine.  
 What joy can be greater than this is ?  
 My life on thy lips shall be spent ;  
 But those who can number their kisses,  
 Will always with few be content.

[HENRY KIRKE WHITE. 1785—1806.]

CHILDHOOD.

PICTURED in memory's mellowing glass,  
 how sweet  
 Our infant days, our infant joys to greet ;  
 To roam in fancy in each cherished scene,  
 The village churchyard, and the village  
 green. [glade,  
 The woodland walk remote, the greenwood  
 The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's  
 shade,  
 The whitewashed cottage, where the wood-  
 bine grew,  
 And all the favourite haunts our childhood  
 knew !  
 How sweet, while all the evil shuns the  
 gaze,  
 To view the unclouded skies of former  
 days !

Beloved age of innocence and smiles,  
 When each winged hour some new delight  
 beguiles,  
 When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-  
 spring true,  
 Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.  
 Blest Childhood, hail !—Thee simply will  
 I sing,  
 And from myself the artless picture bring ;  
 These long-lost scenes to me the past  
 restore,  
 Each humble friend, each pleasure, now  
 no more,  
 And every stump familiar to my sight,  
 Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favourite  
 seat ;  
 Here did I love at evening to retreat,  
 And muse alone, till in the vault of night,  
 Hesper, aspiring, show'd his golden light.  
 Here once again, remote from human  
 noise,  
 I sit me down to think of former joys ;  
 Pause on each scene, each treasured scene,  
 once more,  
 And once again each infant walk explore,  
 While as each grove and lawn I recognise,  
 My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

THE EVENING WALK OF  
 YOUTHFUL FRIENDS.

AT evening too, how pleasing was our  
 walk,  
 Endeared by Friendship's unrestrained  
 talk, [way,  
 When to the upland heights we bent our  
 To view the last beam of departing day ;  
 How calm was all around ! no playful  
 breeze  
 Sighed 'mid the wavy foliage of the trees,  
 But all was still, save when, with drowsy  
 song,  
 The grey-fly wound his sullen horn along ;  
 And save when heard in soft, yet merry  
 glee,  
 The distant church-bells' mellow har-  
 mony ;  
 The silver mirror of the lucid brook,  
 That 'mid the tufted broom its still course  
 took ;

The rugged arch, that clasped its silent  
 tides,  
 With moss and rank weeds hanging down  
 its sides :  
 The craggy rock, that jutted on the sight ;  
 The shrieking bat, that took its heavy  
 flight ;  
 All, all was pregnant with divine delight.  
 We loved to watch the swallow swimming  
 high,  
 In the bright azure of the vaulted sky ;  
 Or gaze upon the clouds, whose coloured  
 pride  
 Was scattered thinly o'er the welkin wide,  
 And tinged with such variety of shade,  
 To the charmed soul sublimest thoughts  
 conveyed.  
 In these what forms romantic did we  
 trace,  
 While fancy led us o'er the realms of  
 space !  
 Now we espied the thunderer in his car,  
 Leading the embattled seraphim to war,  
 Then stately towers descried, sublimely  
 high,  
 In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky—  
 Or saw, wide stretching o'er the azure  
 height,  
 A ridge of glaciers in mural white,  
 Hugely terrific.—But those times are o'er,  
 And the fond scene can charm mine eyes  
 no more ;  
 For thou art gone, and I am left below,  
 Alone to struggle through this world of  
 woe.

THE DAME-SCHOOL.

HERE first I entered, though with toil and  
 pain,  
 The low vestibule of learning's fane :  
 Entered with pain, yet soon I found the  
 way,  
 Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet  
 display.  
 Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,  
 When I was first to school reluctant  
 borne ;  
 Severe I thought the dame, though oft  
 she tried  
 To soothe my swelling spirits when I  
 sighed ;