POEMS
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,
BY
DAVID COLOUN,
OR
THE SHEPHERD OF MARY GREY.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Deus nobis hanc olim fecit—Virg.—
A god this leisure gave, to whom I owe,
All that I hope above, or hold below.

STRABANE:
PRINTED BY JOHN MOORE.
1810.
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author returns his most grateful thanks to the Gentlemen, his Friends, and the Public in general, who have not only encouraged him to Publish, but also enabled him to Print his Poems. While Memory retains its Power, his Heart will feel with the most lively Gratitude how much he is indebted to them.

DAVID COLHOUN.

STRABANE, B. R. 1810. 17
6TH Nov. 1818.

DAVID COLHOUN.

MART GRY,  
May 5, 1819.
TO trace thro' its progress from its source, the

tenor of an humble Life, which spreads into no

grand events, nor mingles with the great interests

of mankind, is to the Writer, always, a difficult,

and to the Reader, frequently, an unprofitable

task. Yet when nature, who limits Genius to no
class of men, has conferred that envied, tho' often

unfortunate, endowment upon the lowly and un-
privileged, and has preserved her gift from the

blight of poverty, and reared it amid the chilling

restraints
DAVID COULHOUN, was born in Newtownstewart, in the County of Tyrone, on the 18th March, (O. S.) 1747. His parents were respectable, tho' of humble name and descent from Sir James Coulhoun, Earl of Luss, in the Shire of Dunbarton, Scotland. Our author's early years were not passed without improvement in useful knowledge, and at the age of fourteen he prevailed upon his father to add some of the ornaments of learning by placing him at a Latin School; but finding his parents unable to prolong his education, he furnished a strong proof of the energy of a mind ardent in the pursuit of knowledge: for rather than relinquish his hopes he established an English school, in which, succeeding beyond his expectation, he saved a small sum, and applying it to his original purpose returned again to the Classical Academy, from which poverty, even at war with taste, had expelled him. Yet, however, oppressed by pecuniary difficulties, the friends of Coulhoun were neither few nor obscure, as he stood related to some of the most independent Gentlemen in the Country, one of whom, in particular, offered to procure him a place in the Revenue, which he declined, and another generously proposed to pay a fee of fifty pounds for his instruction in Watch-Making to which his Genius appeared eminently adapted. But his ruling Passion was literature which diverted him from...
from every other pursuit. In order, however, to prosecute his favourite scheme, in which his relations did not appear to have had any inclination to assist him, he was compelled to share his devotion to the Muses with an Art he possessed of making musical instruments, particularly the violin. This occupation allowed him appropriate but two hours of the day to the studies of his choice, which, notwithstanding, enabled him to keep pace with the first scholars of his class. Virgil and the Greek Testament however seem to have formed the boundaries of his Classical attainments. At the age of fifteen he made his first Poetical Essay in lines addressed to a young lady on her recovery from a fever, which won him much applause, and seems, to have fixed the taste, and formed the passion of his future life. In the twentieth year of his age, a relation invited him to reside in his house and undertake the education of his children. Here in a romantic spot on the declivity of a bold and beautiful mountain, known by the name of Mary Grey's, he enjoyed, for some years that rural repose so favourable to the illusions of fancy, heightened by the impressions of corresponding scenery. After the lapse of four happy years thus spent amid the bowers of the Muses, Love, so often delighting in mischief, dissipated the enchantment, and substituted the solid cares of matrimony for the airy sports of imagination. This alliance seems to have disgust his former friends who then forsook, and drove him from the lowly paths of Parnassus to work out a

...
declined the kind encouragement, feeling his memory impaired by the sorrows he had suffered. The good Doctor, however, continued his instruction, and extended his patronage, procuring him the appointment of Clerk of his parish, which he still enjoys, with an increased salary of twenty pounds a year, allotted by the vestry in consequence of their estimation of his character. Having continued a widower for eight years, and finding the fruit of long and painful labor, expended on his mountain farm, wasting fast away from the want of a domestic superintendent, he again entered into matrimony, which has given him the blessing, tho' expensive charge of seven children. About this period the late Lord Mountjoy, ever the patron of merit, and friend of the distressed, appointed him overseer of his Manor of Newtownstewart, and promised him his future protection. But this gleam of fortune, like every other that illuminated the life of Colloun, was of short duration, and vanished early with that lamented nobleman when he fell in battle for his country. Of our author, who in so many instances recommended himself to his superiors, we may observe with the Poet that—

Principibus placuisse, non ultima laus est.

And, deprived as he has been of his most elevated friends, by the common spoiler, his countrymen should endeavour to repair the wrongs of fortune by an useful patronage extended to his cottage and not, as too often, unavailingy lavished on his tomb.

His
ERRATA IN THE FIRST VOLUME.

Page 3, line 19, for mercy, read justice.
Page 10, line 7, read not all their bloom her charms display.
Page 12, line 11, for buy read buy't.
Page 20, line 7, read offspring of heav'n, and child of purest love.
Page 20, line 22, for whom read which.
Page 22, line 17, for Death read Deaths.
Page 25, line 17, for Oh! would some, read oh! will no.
Page 26, line 9, for thou'st read thou'll.
Page 31, line 21, for shall read shalt.
Page 32, line 2, for would read wouldn't.
Page 32, line 4, for there read these.
Page 32, line 9, for there read then.
Page 32, line 24, for hear read wear.
Page 33, line 19, for him read thy.
Page 40, line 2, for sister read disaster.
Page 40, line 5, for moon-tide read noon-tide.
Page 40, line 7, read when fearful from the corpse the songsters fly.
Page 40, line 10, for trickle read trickle.
Page 40, line 17, for ill read I'll.
Page 42, line 3, for door read door.
Page 42, line 14, for solemn read grateful.
Page 43, line 19, for shrewd read thou.
Page 45, line 8, for tribe read brie.
Page 47, line 15, for creature ever read creature ever.
Page 47, line 17, for hail'd read hail.
Page 48, line 11, for fee read free.
Page 55, line 12, for gist read zest.
Page 59, line 23, for stammering read trembling.

CONTENTS.

Ode to the Redbreast, .......................... 1
Ode to the Cottage, .............................. 2
Ode to a Worshiping Society, .................. 3
Pamphlet to a Rose, .............................. 4
To the Freeman's on Saint John's day, ........... 5
The dying Christian's Prayer, .................... 6
The new way of Richmond Hill, ................... 7
A Song, ........................................... 8
An Elegy on a Friend, ............................ 9
Verses to a young Lady in the beginning of winter, 11
A Dream, .......................................... 12
Epitaph on a Taylor, ............................. 13
An Elegy on the death of a Friend, .............. 14
An Epistle to Celia, ................................ 15
Seeing a Parent weeping o'er the grave of a beloved Child, 19
To a Person who deceived me under the veil of Friendship, 20
Ode to hope, ...................................... 21
An Epistle to Mary, ................................ 23
An Elegy occasioned by seeing a laurel tree faded, which had been planted at a young Woman's grave, 25
Epitaph, ........................................... 27
Advice to a young Man who told me that his Sweet-heart trifled with him, 15
Verses written to the Bible, ........................ 29
On reading Mr. H——'s verses, .... 17.
Ode to Man, .... 29
Epistle to Anna, .... 31
On an honest but unfortunate Man, .... 33
Verses occasioned by the death of a Woman called Honor, .... 18.
Answer to a Song, and steal a kiss from somebody, .... 18.
To a young Lady in behalf of a little boy her servant, who had offended her, .... 38
To a young Woman on refusing her sweetheart a kiss, .... 26
Bella, a song, .... 37
90th Psalm, .... 17.
A Pastoral Elegy, .... 40
Death and the Miser, .... 43
A Petition from a favorite bird to his mistress, .... 49
The Shepherd in distress, .... 48
An Elegy on the death of a Friend, .... 49
The Shipwreck, .... 52
To the Reverend G——ge H——n, .... 55
Verses written in a Church-yard, .... 57

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To

PRESTON FITZGERALD, Esq.

Sir,

This extraordinary kindness you have shewn to me in patronizing my Poems, and committing them to the Press, has excited the most ardent gratitude in me, which shall remain indelible to the last moment—I therefore most humbly dedicate them to your Name to them, a name, as celebrated for spirit and learning, as it is ancient and honourable in the annals of Ireland. Without your friendship, Sir, they would have slept in Oblivion; therefore, if either honour or profit should arise from their Publication, it is to your unprecedented goodness I have to attribute the whole.

I have no apology to make for any deficiency that may appear in them, except that some were written in early Youth, others in the Meridian of life, when the cares were multiplied to oppression, a few in the decline of my days, when most unfit to daily in the bowers of the Muses, and all without the most distant view to publication.—Long, very long, may you exercise your Talent and Philanthropy! And that your name may descend with the accumulated love of your country to the latest posterity, is the sincere wish of

Your much obliged,

And humble Servant,

DAVID COLHOUN.
ODE TO THE RED BREAST.

Sweet is the swain, whose raptured voice doth move
E'er yet the morn the starry veil unites;
Amidst my dreams, thy grateful song I hear,
Reproach dull man, and bid the sluggard rise.
Yes, gentle bird, thy ever grateful song,
Announces day, and cheers the sad abode;
Awakes remorse in thoughtless guilty man,
And calls aloud, adore, and praise thy God.
And shall I slumber on a bed of down?
While thou art praising on the leafless spray;
And shall I pass thro' life a lazy drone?
Yet vainly hope a crown some distant day.
Thy feelings, ever of the noblest kind,
Who saw'st with tears the beauteous infants fall,
Then strew'dst with leaves, the fairest thou could'st find,
Hail holy grave, hail holy funeral!
Admitting angels saw the sacred deed,
And man delighted, call'd thee doubly blest;
Then wo to the hand that makes thy bosom bleed,
And wo to the hand that robs thy Infant nest!

B

Yes,
Yes, thou art wiser than the feather'd throng,
And sing'st prophetic from the top-most bough;
Proclaim'st fair weather in thy happy song,
Bid'st shepherds sing, and hail the useful plough;
Then shall not man befriend thee in distress,
When scraping shiv'ring at the storm-beat door,
Still confident that he'll thy wants redress,
As Providence bestow'd an ample store?
This, the reward thy Maker did impart;
Still heav'n shall open in thy bosom here;
And when keen death shall chill thy tender heart
Unlike to man; thou hast no more to fear!

TO THE COTTAGE.
That a king may be blest, in a palace indeed,
With mankind I fondly agree,
I envy him not for his palace a fig,
How finely enblazon'd, how rich, or how big,
My cot is as pleasing to me.
He may hunt with his nobles and all his gay train,
How e'er sweet his pleasures may be
Let me sport with my Mary, by grove, mead, or
No bliss like to mine, e'er the monarch can claim
When Friends in a cottage agree!
He may boast of his queen, deck'd in gold and
Hung with diamonds most splendid to see;
My plain country lass tho' she's wrapt in her plaid
With native simplicity's virtue array'd,
In my cot is as pleasing to me.
He may talk of his lions and coursers so fine,
If my children but cling round my knee
I'm blest with the feeling that's truly divine;
And few of the great can know transport like mine
So pleasing's my cottage to me.
Let him sport with his ladies on beds of fine down,
While I taste the true rapture of life;
On a bed of sweet rushes, tho' spread on the
ground,
No faithless embrace, but true virtue is found,
In my cot, and th' arms of my wife.
Then a fig for the pleasures attending the great
With contentment, if I can agree
Let kings, dukes, and princes, go envy my fate,
Tho' a ploughman despising their grandeur and
state,
So pleasing's my cottage to me.

TO A CERTAIN WORSHIPPING SOCIETY.
A flame of rapture fills my soul,
I see a heav'n thro' out the whole!
What sounds seraphic strike mine ear,
While great Jehovah's worship'd here.
To thee lov'd friends the power is giv'n,
To ope by prayer, the gates of heav'n!
T'arrest strong mercy in its course,
And take the kingdom as by force:
What transports in the soul arise,
Unknown to the sons of vice,
While all united at the feast
Recline upon the Saviour's breast;
And while they taste of sweets divine,
All their water's turned to wine!
Press on lov'd friends, the prize pursue,
A suffering Jesus keep in view;
His wounds, his groans, will point the way
That leadeth unto perfect day—
And while a spark of grace divine,
Kindles in this cold breast of mine?
O may the Saviour passing by
Upon me cast a pitying eye,
Cure all my wounds, my bruises heal,
And with his blood my pardon seal;
That I with all the sons of God
May clamber up the narrow road;
The pow'r of boundless mercy prove,
The height and depth of Jesus love,
With them may feel my sins forgiv'n;
And be the ransom'd heir of heav'n.

SONNET TO A ROSE.

Fairest flower beneath the skies,
To thee I'll sing sweet lovely rose!
Whose dewy gems, shew Anna's eyes,
Whose white displays her virgin snows!
In the vermilion, glowing there,
Her brighter cheeks, I faintly view;
Whose looks more sweet can banish care,
And charm with raptures ever new!
Her mildness in that blush appears,
Bewitching smile, I see you there;
This freshness shews her tender years,
Which time with hers, may soon impair,
Hence lovely emblem of my fair,
I'll shield thee from stern winter's frown,
Where thou untonch'd his voice shalt hear,
And flourish 'neath a brighter sun.

To Anna's bosom, thou shalt go,
Beneath her eyes bright influence live;
And there unhurt shalt feel their glow,
Which death one day to me may give!

TO MY BROTHER MASON'S ON ST. JOHNS' DAY.

Hail happy friends together met;
Wor'd all mankind were like to you;
Of ev'ry party, class and sect,
With hearts united, kind and true.
That flame which time has never quell'd,
Unhurt thro' ages shall descend,
Nor to tyrannic fury yield,
Its deathless freedom knows no end.
To kings that wear the rainbow's dye,
Who on firm truth have built their throne;
Whose great appointments from on high,
To these be your heart's friendship shewn.
Then shall rebellion rage in vain,
In vain the hydra lift her head,
For heav'n supports the just man's reign;
But strikes at once the monster dead.
Let ev'ry action bear the test,
Of honour, truth, and love divine;
And charity, celestial guest!
For ever in your bosoms shine.
Then shall the world admiring own
Masonic pow'r, its worth confess;
And while its love to all is known,
Shall imitate, adore, and bless.
THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

Father of all, support me now,
The awful hour is come,
When I before thy throne must bow,
Th' unalterable sentence know;
My everlasting doom!

Blest Saviour! heal my bleeding heart,
With thy sweet balm of grace;
One smile benign of love impart,
For thou a God of pity art,
And say, "my son, tis peace!"

Tis done, my soul! I feel the glow
Impulsive swell my breast,
O! haste and quit this vale of woe,
Stretch forth thy wings, thy God to know;
I long to be at rest.

Yet, ah! one moment let me hear,
Yon music from on high!
For O! what shining forms appear?
What sounds seraphic fill mine ear?
And lure me to the sky!

Then welcome, death! the struggle's o'er,
Vain world, no more I'm thine!
Faith points to me, the happy shore
Where sin shall wound this breast no more;
And peace is ever mine!

TO ANNA.

My heart is fled; but tell me whither?
Is it to my Anna gone?
Will she give it back? ah never!
'Till she brings it with her own!

But fairest, tarry not too long,
Least this breast would loose its fire,
Then would cease the tender song,
And for you, the bard expire!

THE NEW WAY OF RICHMOND HILL.

On yonder hill there lives a lass,
As fair, as fair can be!
The morning sky, in gold array'd,
Is not so fair as she.
Her eyes so bright, her looks so sweet,
My breast with raptures fill,
I'd crowns resign, to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill!

The rose that shines on yonder thorn,
With all its charms so sweet,
The lily beaming with the morn,
Both glow upon her cheek.
Her eyes so bright, &c.

Let misers count their gold in vain,
Their riches I despise;
I'd rather view the love-bright beam,
That flows from Anna's eyes.
Her eyes so bright, &c.

While others boast their lasses charms,
And tell how rich, how fine,
O! let me die, in her soft arms,
For that is bliss divine!
Her eyes so bright, &c.
With
With her my lot, I'd happy be,
Kind Heav'n my wish fulfil;
And give the virtuous lass to me,
The flow'r of Richmond Hill,
Her eyes so bright, her looks so sweet,
My breast with raptures fill,
I'd crowns resign, to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

A SONG.

We part, but who can tell my pain?
To leave thee lovely fair,
Without a hope to meet again,
Or press these lips sincere.

Believe me, for I cannot lie,
My heart is running o'er,
Lest when I from this bosom fly,
I ne'er should see thee more.

But be my fate what e'er it may,
Be it by land or sea;
I'll ne'er survive the hated day,
That robs this breast of thee.

No other lass, my love shall share,
Should I a thousand find;
My constant heart, like thine sincere,
I'll leave with thee behind.

And now the winds embrace the sail,
And distant is the shore!
But ah! me thinks, you dark brow'd gale,
Tells—we shall meet no more.
Then sweetest maid, a long farewell,
Perhaps a last adieu;
The Moon shall cease, her months to tell,
When I shall prove untrue.

AN ELEGY ON A FRIEND.

Long my lov'd Marg'ret, long for thee,
The heart felt pang, the tearful eye,
Has told my inward pain;
Since fled's the smile, that charm'd the soul,
The look that bade new transports roll,
Thro' all my dying frame!
While sad I wander by these plains,
Where oft delighted with thy strains,
I pass'd the pleasing hour:
Reflection wounds the bleeding soul,
Tears swiftly as these waters roll;
And like them dew the shore.
They bring those once lov'd times to view
That I have pass'd in joy with you,
On these enchanting plains;
Still yet me thinks in ev'ry gale
I hear thee tell the love-lorn tale,
Or breathe in melting strains?
Tis only reason that can save,
A wretch forlorn from the grave,
Whose only hope's despair!
Who torn from thee, his blooming bride,
Who losing thee, lost all beside;
Makes life no more his care!
What pleasure gives returning spring?
What joy to me can summer bring?
Sweet shade or tuneful grove;
Not all the bloom their charms display,
Not all their music—that soft lay,
That tun'd my heart to love!
The dove shall long unnotic'd coo,
Oft I was pleased to see him woo
To hear his am'rous strain!
For thou did'st still the theme approve,
And in my bosom fan'd that love
That now consumes my frame!
Farewell ye shades, ye tufted hills!
Ye silver streams, ye tinkling rills!
Ye flow'ry meads adieu;
Farewell my flocks, sweet lambs farewell!
No more my thoughts with fondness swell
Your tender sports to view.
I'll haste to thee, to thee lov'd maid!
On thy cold grave recline my head;
There breake my last adieu!
Some pitying shepherd when I'm gone,
Will write this line upon my tomb,
He died for love of you!

They were sent to a young lady in the beginning of winter.
In vain shall winter boast his reign,
O'er smiling mead, and flow'ry plain;
In vain shall boast the rose has fled,
And tell of fairest lillies dead.
While yet sweet maid, thy cheeks I view,
Still brighter than the summer's hue,
What, tho' his wings are ting'd with snow;
And cold the piercing winds do blow,
The' one wide ruin heaps the green,
Where late, but smiling flow'rs were seen?
Still on thy bosom white and fair,
Sweet summer blossoms all the year!
What, tho' amidst the leafless trees,
No linnets soft'n'ing notes shall please,
No melting murmur fill the grove,
No echo swell the song of love:
Yet while thy sweeter voice I hear,
My soul feels summer all the year!
What, tho' no balmy airs convey
On Zephyr's wing the breath of May;
No spicy odour fills the grove,
To heighten the repast of love:
Yet while thy sweeter breath is near,
I feel its fragrance all the year;
What, tho' no grape or melting pear
Hangs from the bough t' enrich the year;
No meads with dew's ambrosial crown'd,
No honey drops from trees around,
Yet while thy balmy lips I press,
Say like this, can summer bless?
What, tho' with dull and cheerless ray
The sun drags on the winters' day;
While clouds, and storms, and whirlwinds rise,
And veil the splendor of the skies!
Ah! what their glory lost to me,
If I thy brighter eyes but see:
Yet, fairest, of these charms possess
A brighter gem shines in thy breast;
Tis this gives beauty to the eye,
And bids the snow the bosom vie;
Nor gold can buy, nor time impair,
Diffusing summer all the year!
This, this, lov'd Mary! is the charm
That can the tyrant death disarm;
Tis this that wings the raptured soul,
Above where suns and comets roll;
There, thou a brighter star shalt shine,
And Heaven's eternal day be thine!

A DREAM.

When sleep from woe had clos'd mine eyes,
I thought a vision bright,
Fair as the morning's gilded skies,
Stood glittering in my sight.
Her head a diamond crown did wear,
With gold and azure bound,
Her milk-white vest as light as air,
Flow'd careless to the ground;
A zone of bright æthereal hue,
With starry spangles grac'd;
Bright as the arch of heav'n to view,
Clasp'd round her beaut'ous waist.

Her rising breasts like hills of snow,
Thro' lucid azure shew'd;
On her fair cheek the living glow
Of life immortal flow'd:
She mov'd as on the lightning's wing,
A blooming palm she bore,
Her looks were sweet as breathing spring,
And mild as th' op'ning flow'r.
On me she cast a look divine,
Twas pity mix'd with love;
But O! what raptures then were mine!
What joys my heart did move!
For soon I knew the leading star,
That us'd my soul to guide:
'Twas Margaret's angel, that was there,
Ah, me! my blooming bride?
To grasp her I attempt to rise,
When lo! she cry'd "forbear!"
To touch a visitant from the skies,
Let mortal never dare.
For vain it is, you cannot feel,
The forms we spirits wear;
Since what to us are bodies real,
To you's illusive air.
Nor think from this my love grown less,
Nay, that can never be,
Since I have left the realms of bliss,
This night to comfort thee.
I've seen the sorrows you have borne,
Since from you I have fled;
And sigh for sigh, as angels mourn,
And tear for tear have shed.
For love oe’r death triumphant reigns,
And stronger feeling’s giv’n;
Love fills the soul, thro’ purer veins,
Love constitutes our heav’n.
Is there within this barren land,
Who knows not grief and pain?
All flow from God’s dispensing hand,
And why should man complain!
Life’s but a pilgrimage at best,
A journey all must bear;
And death the common path to rest,
Went by all their portions share!
But ah! transporting boundless bliss,
What joys await us there?
No force of language can express,
No mortal reason bear.
Hence be resign’d thy cares forego,
And charm thy griefs to rest—
And know this balm for ev’ry woe,
What heav’n ordains is best!
A few, a few, more fleeting years,
And all these woes are gone:
You’ll bid farewell to mortal tears,
And find a deathless crown!
No more to part, from sorrow free,
We’ll there united sing,
O grave where is thy victory!
O death where is thy sting!
She spoke love beaming in her eyes,
With looks benignly bright;
So glowing shine the western skies,
Tinged with departing light.

Then sigh’d adieu, and sunk in air,
When sleep’s kind magic broke:
My heart no more such bliss could bear,
But lost in raptures, woke.

EPITAPH ON A TAILOR.
Beneath this sod, here lies fam’d St—k
Of life’s fine composite an active spark;
Who, while his fleeting moments spending,
Making new cloaths or old ones mending.
Let wife and children rail at will,
Would take his cheerful friendly gill,
Then with the dance and airy song,
Amuse the thoughtless giddy throng.
But one day as’t of late befell,
And sorry is the Bard to tell;
While sporting on the whirl-wind’s wing.
Death made a sudden awful spring,
The curtain drops, the scene is o’er,
And sporting Jemmy is no more!
But tell me angels! tell me where
Did you the comic spirit bear?
For fame reports these nimble trimmers,
With shears so sharp and active fingers.
Of all their tribe have only seven,
Who did, or will, e’er enter heav’n;
Be that as providence may please,
Let thoughtless James be one of these!
AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

The maid my doating heart that won
Was gentle blythe and gay;
The rising morn not lov'lier shone,
No sweeter bloomed the May!
Her form was like the fair young pine,
In spring's new verdure drest;
Tall, straight, majestic in her prime,
With ev'ry beauty blest!
What e'er of tend'rest love sincere,
From woman's breast could flow;
The bleeding heart, the melting tear,
That mourns the child of woe.
What e'er could captivate the soul,
Or charm the drooping mind,
The smiles that could fell rage, controul,
Were thine, beloved and kind!
But O! the sad heart-breaking tale!

My joys while here are o'er,
She who life's cancer'd ills could heal;
On earth is known no more!
What bliss with her did heav'n portend?
What scenes of new delight?
Bright was my morn, serene my noon,
And happier still my night!
With her I thought ev'n winter gay,
Mid storms of hail and wind;
How cheer'd my heart when her sweet lay
Could soothe their rage unkind.
No more ye Zephyrs! will ye steal,
While murmuring o'er the plain;
From her sweet lips the balmy gale
That lull'd the lovers pain:

No more the graces and the loves,
Shall o'er her bosom play;
And as they kiss her fragrant breast,
Grow still more blythe and gay.
No more her cheek in bloomy prime,
Shall lend the rose her dye;
No more her soft and snow white skin,
The lily shall supply!

Pent in a narrow, clay cold tomb,
In hope her ashes wait;
Till heav'n shall read with awful sound,
Death's adamantine gate.
Yet well I know th' immortal part,
Shall find the blest abode;
No more to feel the painful smart,
Of keen affliction's rod!
But I must bear the pang of woe,
A few more morning's pain;
A few more nights of sorrow know,
Till we shall meet again!
O may the next fair rising sun,
The cheerful message bring;
I'll hear with joy the welcome doom,
And hope shall lend her wing!

Then bounding to thee with delight,
While raptur'd angels guide;
With thee my love I'll soon unite,
With thee my angel bride!
There where unnumber'd myriads sing,
And fill the courts above,
We'll bask beneath the Saviour's wing,
And hail redeeming love!
AN EPISTLE TO CEILIA.

Celia adieu, e'er you again will share,
A love like mine, so honest and sincere,
Old age will dim the splendour of thine eyes,
And man no more their matchless beauty prize;
Their fatal influence be ever flown;
And Celia's charms, and Celia's pow'r be gone!
The bright carnation on your cheek shall die;
The fine alluring roses wither'd lie;
The snow white lillies on your bosom fade,
And time's black mantle all your beauties shade;
That angel smile that e'en old age can warm,
And too fond youths' unguarded bosom charm;
Shall lure no more, its influence ever flown;
And Celia's pow'r with Celia's charms be gone,
No more your beauty's strong delusive light,
Like a false beacon in the gloom of night,
Shall tempt, misguided mariners to your coast,
Midst rocks and shoals, to be for ever lost!
But death to ease mankind, and end their smart,
Shall plunge his dagger in thy ruthless heart!
That thou who oft relentless kill'd before
Shalt feel at length, and murder man no more!
And if perchance thy shepherd should be there,
To touch thy corse, and shed a friendly tear,
While ev'ry other mocks thy fallen state,
The heart you wounded, most, shall mourn your fate!

SEEING A FOND PARENT WEEPING
O'er the grave of her child,
OCCASIONED THE FOLLOWING VERSES

Cease fond parent! cease to weep,
In peace let these joy'd ashes sleep:
In this to Heavy obedience own,
Since he who bid them first to live,
And life and death alike, can give,
Plants when he will, and when he will, cut's down,
What, if preventing future woe,
In mercy both to it and you;
The kind creator call'd it home,
E'er yet the wily lures of sin
Had poison'd all the powers within,
And grace it's own done!
Will you by tears that now are vain,
His goodness and his love arraign?
Is ev'ry sense of duty o'er?
Shall e'er the rock of ages lie,
Then why should hope that bosom fly,
As tho' he'd live no more!
Unless a Jesus died in vain,
This babe the benefit shall claim,
All his blest resurrection gave;
And when the trumpet wakes the dead,
In robes of light and glory clad,
Rise smiling from the grave!
How great then will your pleasures prove
When you shall meet again in love,
And ev'ry sense of pain be o'er;
Tho' stars should from their orbs fall,
And lightning's rend this earthy ball?
Yet you shall part no more.
Let reason then resume her throne,
And thou her blest dominion own!
Th' mighty wisdom still adore;
That plucks to ease from mortal pain;
But quickly bids us bloom again,
Where death can wound no more!

THE FOLLOWING VERSES WERE OCCASIONED BY A PERSON WHO DECEIVED ME UNDER THE VEIL OF FRIENDSHIP.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, bright Angel of celestial birth!
Offspring of Heav'n, child of purest love!
Soon as the circling sun began to move,
Thou left the skies and smiling cam'st to earth.
To fix the varying heart to truth's bright pole,
Expel deceit, and bid black malice die;
And teach frail man to gain his native sky,
Thou build'st thy temple in the human soul.
Allur'd by thee to truth, and virtue's cause,
The faithful few who feel thy sacred flame,
'Bove the unholy throng, thy guidance claim,
And live and die, the guardians of thy laws!
What thanks to thee, what praise doth mankind owe?

To thee the muse should rise on loftiest wing?
To thee new plaudits ever grateful sing,
Blest source: from whom lifes' noblest comforts flow!
On thee the graces still attending wait,
For thee the loves adora the happy bowers.

For thee the virtues wreath the vernal flowers,
While Bacchus swells the ever-cheerful grape!
The smiling hours, lead on thy blissful train,
While social mirth, in happy triumph sings,
Each bosom glows, each heart its tribute brings,
And o'er pale falsehood's urn erects thy fame!
To thee the various sons of human woe,
That hopeless o'er misfortune's billows roam;
For shelter look, and find a peaceful home,
Where adverse winds again shall never blow!
Then fly to the palat'd roof, that scorpion nest!
Whence issues ev'ry source of human woe;
Pride, avarice, war, deceit, and murder flow?
To bless the spot where honesty doth rest!
What region 'neath the circling ether lies,
That has not felt thy influence, own'd thy pow'r?
The freezing Russian doth thy name adore,
The Indian glowing under burning skies!
To thee in ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
Millions before thy holy shrine have bow'd;
Millions to thee have lasting homage vow'd,
For still the great, the generous heart is thine!
When pride shall feel its own devouring flame,
And servile guile to its own fears be left;
When flattery of her ill-won plumes bereft,
And falsehood dies expos'd to ev'ry shame.
Still thou shalt live, to endless ages live,
With love thy parent, and fair charity:
Thrice happy choir, thrice blest triumphant three,
To whom eternity no bound can give!

Still
Still may my soul with thy effusions glow,
And still this bosom feel thy heav'ly flame,
Till freed from earth I join the blissful train,
Where joys without alloy shall ever flow.
While these who dare thy holy veil assume,
Too oft the mask of deep deceit and guile!
To murder mankind with a kiss or smile—
May Judas' fate be theirs, be their's his doom!
But O! bright Angel! may this boon be mine,
When mould'ring in the dust my ashes rest!
That all my actions bear thy rigid test,
And long in honour of my mem'ry shine.

ODE TO HOPE.

Delightful hope where hast thou fled?
What blissful region dost thou tread!
Dear soother of our woes!
Whose smile sweet ray of heav'nly light?
When death in horrid forms affright,
Can ev'ry thought compose!
Nor to the great, confin'd alone,
To lords and monarchs, on a throne;
Thy sov'reign aid is giv'n.
They that in humble cottage dwell,
Can of thy grateful bounty tell,
And taste the sweets of heav'n!
Tis thou that bidst the burthen'd slave,
The utmost ills of life to brave,
Beneath barbarian toil;
Who, groaning in captivity,
Still homeward turns his longing eye,
And hopes his native soil!

The sailor pendant on the wave,
Inspired by thee, yet dares to save
A life scarce worth his care!
And grasping firm a broken oar,
Amidst the deep insulting roar,
Drifts on devoid of fear!
Return again, celestial guest,
Again inspire this humble breast,
That sinks beneath its load!
Nor let the foe despair arise,
To tell the trembling soul that dies,
No pardon with its God!
Soon may I view that happy shore,
Where tears shall cease and grief be o'er,
And joy thro' thee be giv'n;
Where those who found affliction here,
And for their God their cross did bear,
Shall taste an endless heav'n!
There shall bright faith, its office o'er,
In transport lost be known no more,
Thou too, dear hope, must die!
For there the pure, the ransom'd soul,
Shall drink the promise of thy bowl,
Thro' all eternity.
While thy great sister charity,
Shall know no bound, feel no decay,
Of endless good posseth!
The bright unnumber'd hosts above,
Shall own her pow'r, confess her love;
And be for ever blest!
AN EPISTLE TO MARY:

My Mary's fair as new born flow'rit,
Mild as the gentle April show'rit,
Lovelier than the rising day,
Sweeter than the blooming May!
Haste ye murmurs, haste and bear,
These verses to my Mary's ear!
Tell her, that I in torments lie,
O tell her, that for her I die:
Yes, tell her, that my soul doth feel,
What force of language ne'er can tell!
Tell her, that only she can save,
A wretched shepherd from the grave!
What tho' the summer blooming reigns
Diffusing gladness o'er the plains,
Tho' melting murmurs fill the grove,
And ev'ry heart is full of love:
Yet hop'less, I the child of care,
Am left a prey to wild despair!
When night involves the ev'ning sky,
I cheerless to the woodlands fly;
Where solitude and silence dwell,
And there alone my sorrows tell;
'Till pity wakes the slumbering grove,
And day comes weeping from above!
E'en sleep that cures all other woe,
Sweetest, friendliest, power below!
Can ne'er one moment soothe my breast,
'Till of my fairest friend possesst!
A sleep, awake, she's all my care;
My sun by day, by night my star.

Oft I resolve, in deep despair
From some tall rock to end my care
But hope and reason both combine,
And say that Mary shall be mine!
Pity fairest, when I tell
No mortal ever lov'd so well!
Like some fair blooming tree in spring
That feels the lightning's rapid wing;
And ruin'd soon its blossoms lie,
Thus blasted shall your shepherd die!
Then haste, sweet maid, that anguish heal,
Which force of language ne'er can tell!
Or as the stag, that wounded flies
And seeks a respite e'er he dies;
And tho' his flight out-strips the wind,
Yet death still presses close behind!
Oh! would some charmer use her art
And steal the arrow from his heart.
Lo! I'm the tree that blasted lies,
Struck with the lightning of her eyes:
Yes, and the youth whose gentle heart,
Yet bleeding feels love's painful smart!
Then haste, and heal, a youth, sweet maid,
That dies without thy Heav'nly aid,
Ye powers that look with pitying eye!
Give me my Mary e'er I die!
Tell her, that gold and rubies fine
Can never purchase love like mine:
Yes, tell her all the soul can move;
But tell, ah tell, how much I love!
THIS ELEGY WAS OCCASIONED BY SEEING A LAUREL TREE FADED, WHICH HAD BEEN PLANTED AT A YOUNG WOMAN'S GRAVE.

Loveliest tree, long has thy bloom,
Type of immortal life to come!
In spite of winter's rueful blast
Flourished amidst this solemn waste,
Incircling the fair Celia's tomb;
And oft at eve'th'ning shed thy tear,
The morn still found thee weeping here:
Yet thou like her sweet plant! hast met thy doom;
Like her thou'st too, lamented be!

Oft shall the virgins mourn for thee,
Oft as in each returning year,
When they in sad procession come;
And in their snowy aprons bring,
To scatter round fair Celia's tomb
The finest flow'rs that deck the spring;
Yes, they will shed for thee a melting tear,
Oft have they sat beneath thy beauteous shade
There oft have mourn'd, the dear departed maid;
The gentle murmurs thro' the grove
The grace's and the little loves,
Shall with the Muses join the song of woe,
And weep the fate of their beloved tree!

Soon sparkling like the morning star,
On the pale verge of parting night;
But O! ten thousand times more bright
Now crown'd with thee, will Celia rise!
In triumph gain her native skies,
No more be subject to decay,
While countless ages roll away
And thou with her, wilt shine immortal there!

EPISTAPH.

You've pass'd at length, this vale of tears,
And now may rest unnumber'd years;
Alas! e'er long the voice of God,
May call you from this dark abode:
May bid you forth to judgment come,
And, O! how glorious, from the tomb?
Midst falling orbs, and flaming skies,
To hear the joyful sentence rise;
While new form'd worlds, and heav'n's above,
All, all, resound redeeming love!

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN WHO TOLD ME HIS FAIR ONE TRIPL'D WITH HIM.

If she is cold or saucy grown,
Your passion to decide;
Let the misfortune be her own,
And scorn with equal pride!
The rose neglected, pines away;
Its beauties quickly flown;
No scornful maids, disdain'd decay,
And who will mourn them gone?

Soon
But if she's virtuous, kind and free,
Go quickly, end the strife,
Do thou the faithful husband be,
And she the happy wife.

VERSE WRITTEN TO THE BIBLE,
THE SEXTON HAVING TURNED PART OF ITS COVER WHILE AIRING IT.

The wretch who left you here to burn,
And heedless took his way,
Without repentance, in his turn,
Will burn another day!

You ne'er before, got such a fright
Since the bold Roman fir'd:
Your glorious seat, when from the light,
To darkness you retir'd.

And tho' for ages there conceal'd,
Secreted from the view;
Yet when to light, again reveal'd,
How fresh, how fair, how new!

For lo! the truth's that you contain,
Which earth and heav'n adore!

When earth and heav'n, shall feel the flame,
Will shine for evermore;

Who unprovok'd, doth make his neighbour mourn,
May feel a hard-baked snow-ball in his turn C—n.

The ploughman sings throughout the day,
The horses, cheerful to the lay,
Obedient turn the land.

Ode to Man.

Why sleep'st thou now ungrateful man?
Awake, behold the early dawn,
And think on what you owe;
The tribute to your Maker due,
O think how good, how kind to you.

Who in this frail state below!
Long since the cock, time's watchful spy,
Proclaim'd aloud that morn was nigh.
And bade frail mortals rise.
Long since the lark, his morning hymn
Attun’d to heav’n, to heav’n and him,
Who form’d the earth and skies.
Long since the sun’s all cheering ray,
Has charm’d the face of early day,
Yet man still slumbers on!
Long since the flocks on every hill,
Looing his praise, the valleys fill,
The God of nature own!
Then why should’st thou ungrateful man,
Be blindmost in creation’s plan,
Thy feeble voice to raise;
Why should the birds that wing their way,
Or beasts that thro’ the forest stray,
Be foremost in his praise?
Awake, awake, the pleasing hour,
For meditation’s nearly o’er,
When thou should’st meet thy God;
Prostrate, upon his foot-stool bend,
Thy prayer’s sweet sacrifice ascend,
And fill the blest abode.
Who made thee first of dust, O man?
Who bade the atoms from his plan?
This form and life receive?
Who gave to thee this lofty eye?
To view his wonders in the sky.
And praise, and glory give!
Who saves thee in the midnight hour;
Amidst the thunders dreadful roar,
While round the lightnings fly;
When earth and heav’n in flames appear,
As if the end of all was near,
And nature’s out to die.

Who, when the pestilence is found,
To deal her deaths on thousands round,
Yields his protecting arm;
And shields thee from the dire disease,
Nor lets pale famine on thee seize;
But saves thee still from harm?
’Tis he who form’d thy shining sky,
With all that fills immensity,
Whose nod directs the whole;
’Tis he, who soon a ransom found:
O man! when Satan gave the wound,
Redeem’d thy guilty soul!
Then rise unthoughtful man! arise,
Prepare thy morning sacrifice,
Of purest prayer and praise;
While life performs her wondrous round,
O let thy heart with love abound,
To grace thy grateful days!

AN EPISTLE TO ANNA,
FROM THE MARY GRAY SHEPHERD.
What e’er in life my fate may be,
Good fortune or adversity,
Fair Anna, thou my heart shall claim,
My friendship ever be the same.
If biting cares or woes oppress,
My love shall never be the less;
For then thy smile would bid me live,
And the death wound to sorrow give!
Or if perchance, prosperity,
Should pour its envy’d gifts on me:

Then
Then thou alone, who shar' est my heart,
Would share of them the greatest part.
Were I of India’s gems posseст,
There gems should grace my Anna’s breast;
Or had I all the pearly store
That’s found on the Peruvian shore;
These would lov’d fair I be thine alone,
And glitter in my Anna’s zone.
There would my love, appear as bright,
And fair’s the silver moon by night,
While round the arch, with glow divine,
Ten thousand spangled beauties shine;
I’m not of India’s gems posseст;
But then the rose will grace thy breast,
Nor have I of the pearly store,
That’s found on the Peruvian shore;
But I have love and that alone
With truth shall grace thy virgin zone!
Then will my Anna look as fair,
As lovelly as the morning star,
When sparkling in the azure east,
With half the morning’s beauties dress’d?
Nor do I crowns, or sceptres bear,
But still my love a crown shall bear!
A garland made of flowers fine,
Shall round her snowy temple shine!
My crook she’ll for a sceptre bear;
While my fair queen shall thus appear,
My flocks and herds shall homage pay,
And cheerful round my Anna play!
I have no kingdom to impart,
Save the small kingdom of my heart.

That heart, that kingdom, love is thine,
Take it and there univ’l’d shine!
And when the farce of life is o’er,
And when its gilding’s charm no more;
O may the call alike be giv’n,
And we inseparable pass to heav’n!

Epitaph on an Honest, but Unfortunate Man.

On earth poor man! thou hadst thy cares;
Who treads life’s thorny vale unstung?
Where malice whets her thousand spears,
And envy spits with poison’d tongue?
But death has given thee a reprieve,
And mercy from her boundless store,
Gives thee an heav’n in peace to live,
Where time and envy wound no more!

The following verses were occasioned by
The Death of a Woman Called Honor.

Some say in town that Honor’s dead,
But fame mistakes she’s only fled;
Can the lov’d offspring of the sky,
Love, truth, or honor ever die?
Nay she, alas! to Corrick’s* gone
Cause all the virtues hence are flown!
Yet left behind in any wise,
Pride vanity deceit and lies;
In hopes to find among the dead,
What from the living’s mostly fled!

* A burying place.
TO A YOUNG LADY IN BEHALF OF A LITTLE
BOY HER SERVANT WHO HAD OFFENDED
HER, SPOKEN BY HIMSELF.

Forgive, forgive, sweet blooming fair!
Tho' I have disobey'd;
My tender years in mercy spare,
And O forgive lov'd maid!
The best may err, the wisest stray,
And yet may be forgiv'n,
But to forgive's the perfect way,
The nearest path to heav'n!
Then shall I ne'er offend thee more,
Or slight thy dear command,
But sure the rod will lose it' power,
When touch'd by thy fair hand!
Or should the rod relentless prove,
And wound my tender skin;
Your smile that's balm, your smile that's love,
Would quickly heal't again!
Sweet, gentle, innocent and good;
Thy heart to mercy giv'n;
At length shall 'scape death's awful rod,
And steal untouch'd to heav'n!

But

ANSWER TO A SONG,

AND STEAL A KISS FROM SOMEBODY.

If you again, by fortune fled,
In distant lands, should ask for bread,
Return and be with plenty fed,
By your own dearest somebody, &c.
Still his bosom doth retain,
For you the tender melting flame,
And long shall feel unequal'd pain.
To part his dearest somebody, &c.
You'll never forget while life is thine,
O, pleasing thought the happy time,
When you first ventur'd to be mine
And stole a kiss from somebody, &c.
'Twas this that charm'd away my heart,
And gives me now such pain to part,
Long shall my bosom feel the smart
And sigh for it's own somebody, &c.
I am no emperor of the globe,
Nor am I drest in purple robe,
Nor have I nations at my nod,
To give a crown to somebody, &c.
But I have lands and pastures fine,
My fields with fleecy flocks do shine,
Return lov'd maid all these are thine,
And steal a kiss from Somebody, &c.

have no eagle's wings to fly
And view you from a distant sky,
And there to fix my longing eye,
Upon my dearest somebody, &c.
TO A YOUNG WOMAN

ON REFUSING HER SWEET-HEART A KISS.

Say why are you so churlish grown,
That you'll not one dear kiss bestow;
When you must know, and when I own,
What raptures from your kisses flow?
The miser will not lend his gold,
Unless he ten per cent receive;
But I will give one hundred fold,
I swear for ev'ry kiss you give!
Like him, indeed, you'll ever ask,
Ten prices for what we receive;
But when your softness tears the mask,
You'll ten for one most freely give.
Say why the seas shou'd spare to lend,
The moist fine clouds that form the rain,
Since they in stronger show's descend,
And roll in rivers there again?
Sly woman! ever seeming coy!
You oft mix sweetness with disdain,
'Tis thus, you lure, the gentle boy,
And bind him in your silken chain!
And when he's once become your slave,
You'll slightly mock at all his pain;
Now smiling, hopes of pity give,
Now frowning, blast these hopes again!
Be gentle, Celia, and be kind,
Sure virtue knows no tricks like these;
Where e'er she forms the noble mind,
There make your choice, and strive to please.

BELLA—A SONG.

The sick'ning muse nae mair shall sing,
But why should I thus tell a?
Nae mair inspire the golden string
To praise my charming Bella.
The tune's the morni'g cheers,
Wi' notes sae saft and mella;
And joy on ev'ry face appears,
While mine is pale for Bella!
What is't to me that woods are fine?
And fields a crownd wi' yella;
They only make a heart repine;
That's sick to death for Bella!
The lambs may sport, the kids may play,
The birds gae chuse their fella,
And ev'ry lad his lassie gay,
While I maun die for Bella!
Adieu! my flocks, my pipe farewell,
Wi' notes sae sweet and mella;
In some deep wood or lonely dell
I'll pine out life for Bella!

90 PSALM.

O Lord, thou wert our bulwark sure,
Our hope and fortress great!
Beneath thy shelter, still secure,
We've found a safe retreat!
E'er earth, in nature's wide domain,
Had made its first abode;
Thou wert, and'still shall be the same,
The everlasting God!
Yet what's the difference of their years?
But sorrow mix'd with pain;
Still pressing with a tide of tears,
Until we quit the scene?
Who can withstand thy wrathful pow'r?
Or who thy fury bear?
Thy terrors in that awful hour,
Overwhelm with dire despair.
So teach us Lord! with care to sum
The number of our days,
That we may spend the few to come,
In thy most righteous ways!
Return to us O Lord! return,
And let thy fury cease;
Thy chosen tribes, thy absence mourn,
And long to be at peace!
O let thy grace, like early dew,
Upon our souls descend;
That our remaining years tho' few,
We may in gladness spend!
And let our days of joy to come,
Our years of pleasure be;
In full proportion to these gone,
When punish'd sore by thee!
The mighty works that thou hast done,
Still may we keep in view;
And to our offspring still be shewn,
Thy mercies ever new!
And may thy glory and thy pow'r,
On us, thy servants, shine!
O prosper us for evermore,
And bless each just design!
A PASTORAL ELEGY ON THE DEATH
OF THYRSIS.

SHEPHERD.
A tell me, Daphnis! whither in such haste?
For sure thy looks some sad distress tell,
And O, what boding all my doubting breast?
Since last last night I heard the passing bell!

DAPHNIS.
When sudden darkness veils the moon-tide sky,
And o'er the heav'n black midnight's clouds appear,
When fearful the cope the songster fly,
Then we conclude the storm approaching near!

SHEPHERD.
But why these tears that trinkle from thine eyes?
Why that sad accent on thy faltering tongue?
I can't foresee, perhaps apparent dies?
Or by untimely fate a brother's stung!

DAPHNIS.
Long, long the tears shall flow adown my cheek,
Although from me no tender parent's fled;
Nor brother kind; yet still these eyes shall weep,
Since Thyrsis, gentlest of the shepherd's dead!

SHEPHERD.
Oh! sad; alas! no more that bliss ill feel,
That spring's from mutual friendship's heav'n below;
He's gone to whom I would my heart reveal,
Who felt with me the pulse of joy or woe!

DAPHNIS.
See yonder oak that stood the threats of time!
And seem'd secure, tho' prostrate now it lies;
So the young Shepherd, flourished in his prime,
Tho' now, like it, he fades, he falls, and dies.

SHEPHERD.
Well might I've known some sad disaster night,
Since all his flocks of late have pin'd away;
And death crows on these aged elm's, would cry,
Beneath whose shade we oft have spent the day!

DAPHNIS.
How well I lov'd him, witness all ye rocks,
Ye streams that roll down fair Eliza's side!
For there we oft have kept our tender flocks,
And there our skill in love and music tri'd!

SHEPHERD.
For him the nymph's dissolve in melting woe;
No noise of mirth is heard along the green;
Sad round his cot, the Shepherds mourning go,
And grief fills all, where late but joy was seen.

DAPHNIS.
For him the winds in hollow murmurs blow,
The voice of grief re-echoes thro' the shade;
His herds loud bellow, on the mountain's brow,
And pensive flocks, all bleating, tell him dead!
DEATH AND THE MISER—A DIALOGUE.

DEATH.
Awake, too careful miser wake,
If grateful slumbers close thine eye,
And learn, e'er I thine heart-strings break,
Thy doom is fix'd and thou must die!

MISER.
What bold impostor comes thus late?
With deadly sounds to fill mine ear:
Some wretch who for my vast estate
Would snatch my life to be my heir?

DEATH.
Mistake not miser, thou shalt know,
'Tis no deceiver's practised art;
This barbed arrow from my bow,
Shall write the lesson on thy heart.

MISER.
Be hush my soul, or do I wake?
Or is it all an idle dream?
Nay, nay, it is the voice of fate
What horror's thrall thro' all my frame!

DEATH.
...Well may'st thou fear, if fear or shame,
E'er shelter'd in thy savage breast;
Tho', who for love of sordid gain,
Thine own and thousands hast opprest.
MISER.

Then woe is me! I've done amiss,
That wealth that cost me so much care;
That gold that gives to others bliss,
To me has been a gilded snare!

DEATH.

Curst be that gold that sear'd thine heart,
And froze the springs of pity so,
That thou could'st ne'er one mite impart,
Nor once thy saving alms bestow!

MISER.

Yet let me live indulgent heav'n,
Till I repent me of my sin;
That gold that for a curse was giv'n,
May yet, perhaps my pardon win!

DEATH.

Think not, vain wretch, with all thine art,
The wisest being to deceive;
He knows too well thy sordid heart,
For its own lusts would only live.

MISER.

Then am I lost, all hopes are vain,
O come, ye skill'd physicians! come;
Give me but life, my gold is thine,
This once reverse my fatal doom!
Miser.

Enough; I feel, the furies all!
Conscience! how sharp thy snaky rod!
I go, ye hills and mountains fall,
And hide me from an angry God!

A PETITION

FROM A FAV'RITE BIRD TO HIS MISTRESS:

Dear mistress; lend a pitying ear,
And hear thy fav'rite Jacob's cry;
Ah be propitious to my prayer,
And give to me my liberty!

For what is life or light to me?
Since I have lost that liberty.
The gilded cage, I scorn tho' drest,
By polish'd art most nice and gay;
I would prefer my genial nest,
Tho' built of grass or humbler clay.

For what is life or light to me?
Since I have lost my liberty.

What tho' from silver goblet I
Receive my food, or nectar drink,
I'd rather sure my thirst supply,
At some cool stream from rushy brink.

For what is life or light to me?
Since I have lost my liberty.

What, tho' the wire's polished fine,
Whereon I sit and seem to play;
I'd rather in the woods with mine,
Perch'd on the thorn or bending spray;

Then loose my chains and set me free,
And give to me my liberty.
Believe me Margaret, kind and fair,
For sure to thee the truth I'll tell,
To thee by whose indulgent care,
I'm nourish'd here and live so well.

That man, and beast, and all agree,
There is no bliss like liberty.

What pleasure can the sceptre give,
Or all the glory of a crown?

What joy did creature ever receive,
When thy too pleasing charms are gone?

Hail'd liberty! hail source divine,

O that thy charms once more were mine!

Or think were my condition thine?
And thou excluded from the sight;

Of all in reasoning pow'rs who shine,
Of all with thee who taste delight.

How sad would that condition be?
When robb'd of thy lov'd liberty.

But if in vain, I ask relief,
And freedom I shall ne'er retrieve;

Soon friendly death will ease my grief,
And I'll this vale of sorrow leave,

Then no more I'll form thy joy,

A fond delight, a female toy.

Ah!
Ah! then no more, at dawn of day,
My artless sounds shall charm to rest;
And chase these sorrows far away.
That oft disturb thy anxious breast:
Ah! then no more, these notes will cheer;
Thy drooping heart and banish care.
But thro' the fields of bliss above,
Midst trees of gold by silver streams,
Shall my delighted spirit rove;
Or sport in ever-brightening beams!
There sing his praise that set me free,
And gave to me my liberty!

THE SHEPHERD IN DISTRESS.

Incircled, neath a bow’ring shade,
The bosom of the snow-white maid;
A youthful bard, oft cheerful sung,
While vales and woods, and cavours rang.
His gentle flocks around him play’d,
Pleas’d was each swain, blest ev’ry maid;
Till death, in an unthought of hour,
Cut down the sweetest, fairest, flow’r!
His fav’rite dies, with all her charms,
No more to bless her shepherd’s arms;
He breaks his pipe, he flies his care,
And seeks the wilds in deep despair.

AN ELEGY

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Is there no Muse on silver Raph fair side,
To mourn for beauty, wit, or virtue flown?
Is there no friend where Strule’s full waters glide,
To weep, departed merit ever gone?
Shall gentle Marg’ret still remain unsung,
Is ev’ry friend to love and honour fled?
Untun’d each harp, and silent ev’ry tongue,
Broke ev’ry pipe, and ev’ry shepherd dead?
No, I whose bosom she first taught to glow,
First kindled there bright friendship’s deathless flame:
Shall weep for her in elegies of woe,
Tho’ rude my verse, and nerveless be my strain!
Bow down lov’d fair! bright daughter of the skies!
Nor once disdain my woe-lorn verse to hear,
Tho’ far from earth thy heav’n allotted lies,
And sounds celestial ever charm thine ear!
Mine is the tribute of a heart sincere,
A heart on which thy form shall live impress;
When death shall cease to lift his murd’ring spear,
And the grim tyrant time himself shall rest!
Flow on ye streams, still shall my tears supply,
Your wasting sources and enlarge your flood:
Blow on ye winds, long shall the heart-wrung sigh,
Increase your murmurs thro’ the rustling wood!

Lov’d
But who can tell the sorrows of that heart,
That shar'd thy love and still thy love shall share?
What other angel will life's balm impart,
Or from his cheek kiss off the falling tear?
No more the once lov'd partner of thy breast,
At eve returning, weary from the plough,
Shall on thy bosom find his wonted rest,
And all the charms of pure affection know!
No more thy smile, the smile of heav'n and love,
The ruin of his woe-struck heart repair;
No more thy looks the gloom of life remove,
And like the sun, his yon'tha horizon cheer!
Sad is his morning, sleepless still his night,
His sorrows many, and his pleasures few;
Since thou hast fled to heav'n, his sole delight,
And bid the world, and him a long adieu!
O come ye nymphs! your choicest flow'rs prepare,
Ye shepherds bring their garlands bring;
And let her grave, those blooming honours wear,
Whose brows you've often deck'd with sweets of spring!
Here let the fair majestic laurel grow,
And spread its verdant honours o'er her tomb!
Here let the spicy gale for ever blow,
And breathe around its aromatic bloom!
Here hang my lyre, and here neglected lie,
No more to wake to love the melting strain;
Save when some pitying shepherd passing by,
Shall bid it mourn its master o'er again!
Farewell, sweet maid! soon shall this living clay,
In ashes fall, and with thy ashes join;
Soon midst the realms of pure unclouded day,
My raptur'd soul so free, shall seek for thine!
Then shall some youth, whose fate resembles mine,
Who lost like me what renders life most dear;
Engrave my sorrows on this spreading pine,
And mark the lover's names reposing here.

THE SHIPWRECK—A POEM.

'Twas midnight hush'd, and sleeps strong charms,
Lull'd a world with toil oppress'd;
Nurse of nature! in thine arms,
Ocean seem'd a while to rest;
Thy magic stills the ceaseless roar,
The din of billows dies away;
The seas, huge monsters sport no more,
The finny tribes thy power obey.
Still and silent are the fountains,
That by day ran bubbling on;
Echo dares not wake the mountains,
And mute the shepherd and his song;
Wide around the spacious aether,
In full glory shines the might;
Where the moon proclaims her Maker,
'Midst ten thousand stars of light!
Silent, silent, every murmur,
Not a whisper wakes the grove;
But from thee flies pleasing slumber;
Mary, hopeless, child of love.

Sleepless on her tear-drown'd pillow,
She reclines her head in vain;
Restless as the swelling billow,
That bears aloft her absent swain.
Smiling fair as new born flow'r,
Oft distracted she beholds him,
Lifeless on the sea-beat shore!
At length impatient none attending,
Fearless, wild, she takes her flight;
The moon's bright rays her steps befriending,
To a rock's projected height!
There trembling like a willow fair,
When shock'd with the inconstant gale;
Now buoy'd with hope, now in despair,
She spies at length a distant sail.
Heav'n's! she cries, ye are not cruel,
Nor are ye yet to me unkind;
Does this vessel bear the jewel,
That alone inflames my mind?
Will I press him in these arms,
Clasp him to this constant breast?
Where secur'd from future harms,
Safe from waves and winds he'll rest.
'En now me thinks on his white bosom,
I resume my wonted play;
Now I kiss or gently chide him,
Ask him why so long delay?
Let me count the months once o'er.
Since farewell he bade me here,
Sure e'er then he'll reach the shore,
Never more to part his dear.
Awake ye winds, fill ev'ry sail,  
Haste him, haste him to the land;  
Is that his voice! lo does he hail,  
And does he know his love's at hand?  
But ah! what means ye dreadful glare,  
Why lightning's blaze amidst the gloom?  
Night seems a ghast, fled every star,  
And trembling hides the affrighted moon.  
Loud the tempest rings, while fear  
And terror start from all around.  
Ah! why these dreadful scenes appear,  
A wretch'd maiden's heart to wound?  
Flash on flash, seas, heav'n's on fire,  
Earth trembles with the thunders roar,  
Will nature in the wreck expire?  
Ah will I never see him more?  
Is this his shout for mercy crying?  
Does he climb on yonder wave?  
Are these his groans, now struggling dying?  
Ocean yawning for his grave.  
Oh! darkness fly, and cease ye tempests,  
Welcome to me cheerful light!  
This once becalm my troubled breast,  
And let me view the wretched sight!  
'Tis he, 'tis he, my dearest swain!  
All your sufferings now are o'er!  
Seas ye may rage, winds howl in vain,  
Ye ne'er can hurt my Jenny more.  
She spoke and dreadful were her cries,  
When rushing headlong in the wave;  
She grasps her lover as she dies,  
And deep in ocean finds her grave.  

TO THE REV. G——GE H——N,  
NEW—N—T. 

Believe me, sir, as I am a sinner,  
I'm truly thankful for my dinner, a good one;  
Nor was it one of common kind, you may perceive,  
But one that might a lord have dined on.  
Our beef and cabbage of the best, and the mutton  
With roots and mutton duly dressed and good.  
Would force the philosophic eye,  
A while to lay its staticks by, and say,  
Would make the preacher quit harangue,  
And lure the bard to cease his song! no doubt.  
While love and friendship charm'd the feast;  
The sparkling glass bestow'd its gest, so civil.  
'Till my sunk heart at fifty-five.  
How strange to hear, seem'd all alive!  
Heavn spare you long, and make you able  
To keep so good, so kind a table, seem'd at first.  
Long may you have a meal to give away, indeed.  
And in your independence live, bosom to bosom.  
Your friends be few, and of the best, smooth and  
And faith! while you're by fortune blest.  
While you can glass or dinner give,  
You'll not miss one of all the hive!  
But if the fickle dame should frown,  
And for a moment cast thee down;  
You'll scarce see one of all the flock.  
With honest Groes or abide the shock.  
O could my prayers with one consent  
But move our pious Parliament;  
We should, with grief, no longer hear,  
Of cures at sixty pounds per year.
And asthma wounds with tenfold sting,
My body pines, the soul's on wing.
Yet ere I fill my silent urn,
Kindly accept this small return.
My grateful thanks with this receive.
Nor glass, nor dianer, I've to give;
Nor have I rich folks phrases sent,
Whose chief religion's compliment—
Farewell, may love and joy attend,
Your consort to her journey's end;
And years of happiness be given,
Till both shall find your native heav'n!

VERSES WRITTEN IN A CHURCH YARD.

Mortals whom chance or business bring this way,
A while your mind of earthly cares divest,
A while this awful dreary scene survey;
Where sleep the wretched, and the weary rest.
Deeply immer'd beneath the thick'ning gloom,
On time worn tow'r threatens all below,
A down its sides how oft the glim'ring moon,
Bids the delusive fear form a spectre low!
Those lofty elms that raise their naked heads,
And ne'er again shall feel the springs return,
Add to the horrors of those cheerless shades;
And bid with me the dreary traveller mourn.
These tombs the silent monitors of death,
Appear how awful to the doubting eye.
These humbler stones, but mark the kindred earth,
And tell where lov'd and lost relations lie.
Ye vanities of life a long farewell!
Ye fops and fools I leave their charms to you!
Among the tenants of the tombs I'll dwell,
Hear their instructions and their mansions view!
In vain for them, the sun expels the gloom,
In vain the moon bestows her silver ray;
In vain for them the spring puts on her bloom,
Tips trees with gold, and deck the meadows gay.
In vain for them, the cock proclaims the day,
And bids the drowsy world from sleep arise;
In vain the lark salutes the early ray,
And seeks on dewy wings her native skies.
Altho' their plaudits they no more can hear,
Screw'd down and sod'd by the hand of death;
Yet shall a voice Almighty strike the ear,
And raise the immortal from the bed of death,
But Ah how blest! for ever blest are they,
Who while they trod the vale of sorrow here;
The voice of heav'n's high mandates did obey,
Reliev'd the widow, dry'd the orphan's tear!
They who the naked cloath'd, the hungry fed,
Refreshing still their fellow-sufferers here;
Whose eye the tear of kind compassion slipt,
Whose heart still flow'd with pity most sincere,
Yes these shall rise to life immortal rise,
To these shall robes of light, and crowns be giv'n;
These stars like suns, shall glow in happier skies,
And shine for ever in the arch of heav'n.
The bell beats twelve, how solemn is the scene!
Midnight how awful to the prying eye!
Is there a youth so fond of life so vain!
Who would not spend one passing hour with me!

I envy not their pleasure in the chase,
For these are pleasures that were never mine,
I envy not the honors of the race,
My goal is heav'n, the prize is life divine!
Nor these who here their golden moments spend,
In the gay ring, the show, or costly ball:
For death how soon the giddy scene will end!
The farce of life be 'er, the curtain fall!
Then where the praise that they were vainly gay?
And where the glory that they once were proud?
Lo, where they lie within their winding shroud!
But say what blaze irradiates the gloom;
And spreads its thousand flaming sparkles round?
Does nature start? the morning is not come?
'Tis but a meteor's transit to the tomb!
Thy bright in death the dying saint appears,
Heaven's glory beaming from his closing eye;
His parting soul sweet consolation cheers,
While raptur'd angels bear him to the sky!
The stars look drowsy now, and seem to nod,
The moon how dreary on her ebon throne!
Why sick'ning all my heart, why doth each clod?
Betray thy stam'ring feet and lay thee down,
Ah sure this grave in which but now you fell,
Was not mark'd out, was not dug up for thee;
Some happier soul has bid the world farewell,
And left it woes, its vanities to me!
Awake my soul, obtruding sleep begone,
While thro' this solemn gloom I lonely stray:
Look where distinction lifts her ponderous stone,
And courts admirers in the blaze of day.
Will this ye rich bestow a deathless name?
Will this ye proud give immortality?
Fair virtue’s deeds can only live in fame,
And tell her votaries they shall never die!
O haste ye murdlers of your country! haste,
Whose cup her tears, her heart-wrung blood supply,
Whose deep drench’d marrow swells your lordly feast,
O haste ye here and learn with me to die.
View the cold lodgings of an icy tomb,
See where the glutton, the oppressor lies;
Then ask thy heart, if fiends will bear thee home;
O angels guard thee to their native skies!
While others seek to live like Diurus here,
And drain a world their advice to supply;
A wounded Laz’rus let me shed the tear,
And meekly resting on a Saviour died, restore his lot.
O time; what art thou to eternity,
Who will thy sufferings with her joys compare?
Soon sunk and lost in her abyss thou’ll be,
Soon, a vain world, its various portions share!
Here many plants by cruel death cut down,
Beneath the traveller’s feet unheeded lie;
That if matur’d in highest life had shone,
The pride, the wonder of posterity!
Lo! here a Newtown, there a Raphael’s laid!
“Perhaps a Milton mixes with this clod!"
Here many a fair as chaste as Roman maid,
And many a Caesar mould’r,neath the sod!

Here dire ambition, sinks her haughty brow,
Here lies revenge, the coward by her side.
Here envy sleeps, and malice lies, now low.
With their companion, base ignoble pride.
Who wove the garland that lies fading here!
What holy hand these blooming honours spread?
Some youth, like me, that long shall drop the tear;
Since all he lov’d, lies numb’red with the dead!
Perhaps it was thy nuptial morn, lov’d maid,
The loves, the graces, smiling in thy train;
When thou went gay to Hymen’s altar led,
To give thy vows to some delighted swain.
And ah! has death, the fairest flower cut down?
Did he thine, and thy lover’s hopes destroy,
And have the virgins borne thee to thy tomb?
Who came to share with thee thy nuptial joy.
Come glorious day, ah! day immortal come!
When ev’ry pang that wrings the heart is oer,
When parents, lovers, rising from the tomb;
Lost in one vast embrace, shall part no more.
The setting moon, now hides in yonder west,
And bids approaching day, a kind adieu;
Aurora smiles and gilds the glowing east,
The sun glints forth, how glorious to the view!
Thus when the awful night of death is oer,
The soul beholds her morn of glory rise;
Beholds her sun, that then shall set no more,
And rapt in transport, bask in cloudless skies.

* Virgenia.
POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS,
BY
DAVID COLHOUN,
OR,
THE SHEPHERD
OF
MARY GREY,

Tityre, tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi,
Sylvae tremiti Musam meditari omen.--Virg.

A Shepherd Lad, on Mary Grey,
Reclin'd beneath a shade,
Once more attunes his artless lay,
And woos the heav'nly Maid.

VOLUME II.

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CONTENTS
OF
THE SECOND VOLUME.

Verses to a Friend... 1
The Twenty Third Psalm... 3
Verses to the Rev. Mr. Maxwell, Ardstraw... 4
A Farewell to the Rev. Dr. Wilson's Family... 6
A Song—Tune "Roslin Castle,"... 8
On the Fears of Death... 9
Verses occasioned by looking on the Skeleton of a man... 11
Verses to a Handsome young Woman... 14
Verses to my Tailor,... 16
Daphne and Phebe... 17
To a young Lady, on receiving her Picture... 21
Looking on a Child... ibid.
Ode to New Year's day... 22
To a young Lady on her recovery from a fever... 24
Ode to Winter... 26
Epitaph on M—m—y M— Gh... 30
To Halloween... ibid
Elegy to a Butterfly... 32
An Epistle to a Friend... 33
To a Sigh... 37
To a Friend.... .......................... ibid
The Monitor, from the Tomb ....... 38
An Epistle to the Crochan Bard .... 39
To a Friend, on giving a pair of Garters .... 44
The Sons of Old Erin ................. 45
An Elegy on the death of a Sexton .... 46
A short Prayer .......................... 47
On the Nativity .......................... ibid
The Fairy's Complaint ................. 51
Ode to Sacred Music .................. 54
To the Linner ........................... 58
Epitaph .................................. 59
The Lord's Prayer Paraphrased ...... ibid
Verses on Gardener Culherson ....... 60
Verses on the death of Lord Mountjoy .... 61
Lines, spoken extempore ............ 64
An Elegy on a favourite Horse ...... 65
To a young Woman .................... 67
An Epitaph for Mr. G. and Mrs. G. I. .... 69
Verses. ................................. 70

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DAVID COLHOUN.

The following Verses were written to a Friend,
while I was abroad under an afflicting fit of
Sickness.

Now rack'd with anguish, pain, and woe,
Death waiting on each throbbing breath,
I'll soon, my fairest, meet the blow
Will free me from this clog of earth.

Yet, tho' resign'd to meet the blow,
That soon must chill this doating heart;
I feel for nought I leave below,
'Tis only death with you to part.

But have I said, that I could part
(Save that loy'd form) with all below?
Ah! sure those babes must wring my heart,
Which bounteous Heaven did erst bestow!
Yet, lo! the eyes that never sleep—
Yes, He who hears the ravens' call,
Will, in his care, my darlings keep,
Ev'n He, who marks the sparrow's fall.

If I shall write no more to you,
No more my soul's strong feelings tell,
I bid ten thousand times adieu,
And sigh ten thousand times farewell!

Soon will you hear my passing bell—
Soon will you tie my winding-sheet—
Soon will you ev'ry virtue tell;
And, sighing o'er my failings, weep!

But be resign'd, Eliza dear!
The storm of life will then be o'er;
The pang that oft has forc'd a tear—
That pang will rend this heart no more!

If I must go, ah! wherefore strive
The common fate of all to shun?
May He, who can my sins forgive,
Speak peace, and let his will be done!

Death is a friend in foe's disguise!
Which no far distant day you'll know;
Your father's goodness then you'll prize;
And bid farewell to all below!

And when he'll cut the golden string,
The wondrous tie of life destroy—
Oh! may I rise on rapid wing,
And bear thee welcome to his joy!

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The God by whom all Nature lives,
Whose hand supports the whole,
To me unnumber'd blessings gives,
The shepherd of my soul.
Contentment is the happy bed,
That he for me prepares;
With cheerful plenty I am fed,
Health crowns my fleeting years!

When sin hath led my heart astray,
His sovereign grace applies
Its balm,—removes the dross away,
And fits me for the skies!
Secur'd in him I thee deride,
Thy threats, O Death! defy;
While Christ my Shepherd's at my side,
The hope of Israel nigh.
My foes, repining, stand around,
   His wondrous love survey;
Then am I with new blessings crown'd,
   Fresh oils are pour'd on me,
Flocks, you may praise your Shepherd's care,
   Let me adore my God!
They feed you for their table fare;
   He for his bright abode.

Almighty! how can I repay
   The love thou shew'st to me?
Can man, a lump of mould'ring clay!
   Return due thanks to thee?
I'll to thy Temple oft repair,
   My cheerful songs to raise,
Pour out my heart to thee in pray'r
   And sing thy endless praise!

VERSES
To the Reverend Mr. Maxwell, Cross-Roads,
   Ardsrarrow.

When sickness, with her gloomy train,
   Had laid just Maxwell low;
And awful death exulting came,
   To give the deadly blow.

Swift as loud fame the news could bear,
   And round the tydings spread;
Each eye was seen to drop a tear,
   Each face with sorrow clad!

Firm as a rock he stands secure,
   And death and hell deceis;
For well can he their threats endure,
   Who on the Lord relies!

He sees his Saviour by his side
   To dissipate his fear;
He sees his hope, his shield, his guide,
   His bright and morning Star!
Hence death! why yet so keen thy spear?
   And all thy terrors shew?
The saint thy boldest threats can dare,
   Thine arrows and thy bow.

O grave why dost thou yawn? 'tis vain!
   Thou shalt not yet be fill'd;
Nor is the Lord's good shepherd slain,
   Nor is his watchman kill'd!

Still in the fane of God, shall he;
   A chosen vessel stand;
Till rebel sin ashamed shall flee,
   And quit this once bless'd land!
And when upon his fiery car,
He mounts, bright heaven! to thee,
O may, while friends his riches share,
His mantle fall on me!

---

A FAREWELL

To the Reverend Doctor Wilson's Family, on their leaving Castlemoyle, Parish of Ardstraw.

Accept, lov'd fair, a tender kind adieu,
And ye sweet nymphs, a long and last farewell;
Long, long, the tear of gratitude for you,
Shall gem my cheek, and fond affection tell.

Ye fost'ring hands that oft made glad my heart!
Can I in bounds the bursting torrent keep;—
Will ye no more, the balm of life impart,
Bind up my wounds, nor let misfortune weep?

Again Eliza* droops her lofty head,
Again proud Mary† puts her mourning on;
Since lo! their saint, the pious Wilson's dead;
And lo! the church has lost a faithful son!

Long shall the Strule majestic rolling on,
Revere the Bard who strew'd this humble verse,
Long shall the mountains echo with the song
That would their Patriarch's honoured name rehearse!

* Bessy Bell.
† Mary Grey.

Ah! had he lived where Thames proud waters roll,
Soon had his virtues caught the noblest eye!
But he was born to shine more near the pole,
The brightest star, that deck'd the northern sky!

Adieu! the festive board, the social bowl,
Sweet nymphs adieu! that still the circle grac'd,
Adieu that wisdom, that still charm'd the soul!
And that strong friendship that made glad the feast!

The flowers that now in earth's cold bosom ly
But soon will wake to hail the vernal sun,
Bereft of these dear fost'ring hands shall die,
And steal, like me, unnotic'd to the tomb.

For you the birds have ceas'd their native song:
Ah! happy flocks! and will ye sport no more?
For you the groves have put their mourning on
Sad ev'ry shade, and sicken'd ev'ry bow'r?

And now you haste, where Ann's proud waters flow,
On whose fair banks the noblest structures shine;
Oh! may you there but friends to honour know
Whose hearts, like thine, still glow with love divine.
Again, lov'd fair! to grateful feeling dear!
And ye, sweet nymphs! a long and last adieu!
O! may a father's precepts still be near,
And health and peace yours latest hours pursue!

A SONG.
Tune—"Roslin Castle."

While down Ohio's tide I roll,
What strong emotions shake the soul?
Who can conceive? what mortal tell
The anguish I this moment feel?
Not that vast ocean which I've cross'd,
Not Ætna, with convulsions toss'd;
Not both with all their storms oppress,
Can equal that within my breast.

What thro' my flocks the valleys fill,
And shine on many a verdant hill,
Tho' exile from thy banks, 'O Morne!
Where I shall never more return!
'Tis not the loss of worldly gear,
That swells this mighty tempest here,
What's loss of lands, or gold, or kine,
To parting her, who once was mine!

Tis not to quit my native coast;
Nor yet I mourn my freedom lost,

For soon we'll meet to part no more,
Far beyond th' Atlantic roar!
But her for whom I'll ever mourn,
Shall never to these arms return!
The rest in yonder wilds I'll find,
But never her I left behind.

Eliza, then, a long adieu!
Life's latest pulse shall beat for you!
Long as her purple currents roll
The love of thee shall fill my soul!
So long the falling tear attest
The sorrows that distract my breast!
For what were crowns bestow'd on me,
Or what a world when 'rest of thee?

THE FEARS OF DEATH.

Of all the ghosts that haunt the mind,
Predicting truths the most unkind,
Of all the fears we feel on earth,
Most poignant are the fears of death!
These hunt us thro' each varying scene,
In wealth, and woe, in ease, and pain.
For, oh! how can the rich man's ear
The knell of dissolution hear!
Blest with each gift to make him great,
Riches, honours, friends, estate!
How can he view, with placid eye,
The awful form, and dare to die!
Bid in one moment all adieu,
Friends, riches, honours, pleasures, too!
One moment breaks our pleasing chains—
A long farewell, and what remains!
While some, unblest with riches, too,
Can Death, with equal horror, view.
Tho' lock'd in dungeons, rack'd with pains,
Can drag thro' life their sad remains,
As fond to live at the last hour
As in the thousands pass'd before.
Not sickness, with her gloomy train,
Not Penury, with her pallid mein;
Not ev'n Ruin's sharpest sting
Can once relax th' immortal spring;
Not all combin'd can end the strife,
Or silence once the love of life!
Yet still there are who dare to die,
Who can the fears of death defy!
When, fill'd with Hope, Faith points the way,
They languish for eternal day!
They know for them a Saviour died,
And taste that bliss the world denied!

The following Verses were occasioned by looking on
the skeleton of a Man.

Dreadful indeed! what do I view?
O man, is this a draught of you.
Completely stript, of all bereft,
This awful figure only left!
This lifeless wreck, this skeleton
Once in the pride of flesh array'd,
These bones, by art so nicely hung,
Where life with all its wonders play'd?
O, what art thou at length become!
How fall'n from that beloved state,
So priz'd, so boasted of but late!
While others sleep, each honour'd in his home,
E'en heav'n denies to thee a tomb!
But who can here foretell their fate?

Is this the court, where reason rais'd her throne?
Is this the once enlighten'd room?
Where like a God she shone,
Of wisdom's noblest pow'r's possest,
With all that here could make her blest,
Compar'd the past, the present, and to come?
And has the immortal spirit fled?
And left this fix'd, this awful gloom,
This face with horror overspread,
Where late the wanton lilies play'd,
And brighter roses shew'd their bloom?
Where are those lights, each like a star?
That from these orbs shone afar,
Those Ministers, the soul's bright spies!
Have fled this dark benighted room,
And in these caverns found their tomb,
No more like beaming suns to rise!

Is this where once the affections glow'd?
The source whence good and evil flow'd?
Where once the heart all beauteous hung!
In this small space, life shew'd her wondrous plan;
Here at the wheel the cistern stood,
Here in it's mazy round the crimson flood,
Thro' many a winding vein
In rapid torrent, and in gentle stream,
With force yet undetermin'd ran!
Now heav'n thy glorious work is gone;
The silver cords are broke, the wheels of life unstrung!

What was thy crime, shall ne'er be ask'd by me,
Whether by murder or by perfidy,
Unjudg'd, you sent a neighbour home;
And for bewitching gold
With heart insatiable and bold,
Hast made his house his own, and children's tomb!

Or whether once you warmly strove,
Against the sov'reign will of Jove;

Bade states and nations be undone;
Alive and dead ensur'd a curse,
Or still perhaps, enacted worse—
Fore'd his anointed to remove,
To place some base-born mushroom on the throne.

But say these crimes were never thine,
That honour'd thou wert won't to shine,
That in thy breast religion glow'd,
And spread its healing sweets around!
That still thou walk'dst with thy God,
And in his sight had'st favour found,
And when at length consign'd by death,
To sleep a while in kindred earth,
Wentst down lamented to the tomb;
Where oft the saint and villain have
Their lodgings in one common grave!
Yet, from this dark and dreary land,
Has some impious savage hand,
With heart than mountain-snow more cold,
With mind as tygres fierce and bold,
Expos'd thee naked to the eye—
Expos'd this lifeless, shapeless frame.
Now waste its pride, and fled its flame;
A frightful curiosity!

Mayhap, it was thy fix'd design,
While vig'rous manhood yet was thine,
While Life play'd active through thy veins.
Impell'd by strong philanthropy,
In teaching man to live and die,
To dedicate thy last remains,
His still great want of knowledge to supply:
Who e'er thou wert is nought to me;
But what thou art I soon may be.

Terrible change—cold chilling thought!
And must I to the same be brought?
Must the dull foot of death calcine
This well-wrought frame, so like divine?

Tho' I court life, defy its harms,
No better willing than what's here,
And view her with ten thousand charms;
Nought fearing, as if nought to fear—
Blazing fearing, as if nought to fear—
Blazing in youth's meridian sun,
And shall this mad career so soon be done?
May the next moment ring my knell,
And I resign this fleeting breath?
Then live prepar'd to bid farewell
Nor unexpecting feel the hand of Death.

VERS E S

TO

A HANDSOME YOUNG WOMAN

Pity, O Mary! pity 'twere,
Thou sweetest, loveliest of the fair,
Unequal'd in thy bloom—
That time should e'er that form deface,
Which shines 'bove all with matchless grace,
And lay thee in the tomb!

Pity that age, with wrinkling cares
Should silver o'er thy golden hairs,
Or dim those eyes so bright.
Pity that those should lose their glee:
For who among the fair's like thee,
Thou angel of delight!

But mark yon thorn, see there the rose
No longer doth its charms disclose,
Now lost in winter's gloom!
So still, my charmer! still I fear
The tyrant Death will draw more near
And rifle all thy bloom!

Alas! has beauty no retreat,
To shield thee from the common fate
Of ev'ry other fair!
Ah! must you, like the meanest die!
In dust a lump of ashes lie,
Without distinction there?

In place of tap'stry round thy bed,
Must darkness her thick curtain spread,
And horrors cover thee?
In place of rooms with tapers bright,
The grave, alas! and Death's cold night
Shall thy pavilion be!

Ah! then the nymphs no more would call
Thee to the dance, or sprightly ball;
Their voice thou could'st not hear.
In vain the organ's melting sound,
Would swell the Virgins' hearts around,
But never wake thine ear!

---

VERSEs,

*To my Tailor, when I was in the Yeomanry of Newtownstewart.*

I knock'd at my tailor's on business one day;
One answer'd within, "There's a sheep,
Who wants to be fleec'd—let him in, I do pray,
I well know our own by their bleet."

"Oh! that's a mistake, Mr. Snip," I replied,
"Altho' you have fleec'd me, I know;
I'm none of your sheep,—you've egregiously lied,
I'm only a government Yeo.

---

DAPHNIS AND PHEBE,
A PASTORAL.

SHEPHERD.

O! could thy heart, so gentle, pure,
One moment feel my pain,
Feel the strong torments I endure,
I had not lov'd in vain.

MAID.

Pity that man, whom most we love,
Yes, more than all below,
Should oft so false, so faithless prove,
And woman still undo!

SHEPHERD.

Pity that woman, while she reigns
The sov'reign of our heart,
Should smile regardless of our pains,
And act the tyrant's part.

MAID.

Thus, anglers by the silver brook,
Pursue their treach'rous fun,
The fish soon feel the fatal hook,
And, sporting, are undone.
SHEPHERD.
Oh! love, thou childish, fancied toy!
Oh, lose thy fatal charm!
Nor Hope, vain promiser of Joy!
Again this bosom warm.

MAID.
Pity a youth so fair should pine!
O were thy sex but true—
How soon the maid you think unkind
Would learn to pity you!

SHEPHERD.
These limbs that oft outstript my kine
On yonder mountains brow,
Grow lax, as if impair'd by time,
Or bit with winter's snow.

MAID.
I oft have view'd you when you stood
Upon yon rising hill,
No fairer pine e'er graced the wood:
Or e'er my eyes could fill.

SHEPHERD.
These arms that bulls have oft o'erthrown,
Seem shrivell'd and decayed:
O'er blooming youth, now age shall frown—
So blighted oaks will fade!

MAID.

No flower that sips the early dew,
More lovely could appear;
Fled is thy smile, tell, Shepherd true,
Can love be so severe?

SHEPHERD.
Thrice happy, woodquest! in you shade,
How wide's your lot from mine?
'Tis your's to be with love repaid,
'Tis mine in scorn to pine!

MAID.
As late last night my lambkins stray'd,
There sat the happy pair,
Round her his wing an arbour made,
And she was all his care!

SHEPHERD.
Such tender scenes delight the mind,
And you have shar'd your part;
But have they taught you to grow kind,
And heal a breaking heart?

MAID.
Go, shepherd, seek some other fair,
And try your wily art,
Men, oft like gentle lambs appear,
When they would wound the heart.
SHEPHERD.
The day old Simon's luckless cur,
    Dispers'd your tender kine,
Did not my heart your anguish share?
    Were not your sorrows mine?

MAID.
Two little twins were all my care,
    Lest he should murder them;
But soon the gen'rous aid you bear
    Their little lives redeem!

SHEPHERD.
With you I trac'd the lonely shade,
    'Till darkness caught us there,
Mild as a lamb, was I not, maid?
    Did I a wolf appear?

MAID.
Know you that virtue has a pow'r,
    Her votaries to defend!
Who dares, in an unguarded hour,
    Insures a luckless end!

SHEPHERD.
Then what's my hope for all my pain?
    Two kisses once you gave;
One for each lamb, this all my gain,
    Shall I no more receive?

---

MAID.
Yes, I have more reserv'd for you.
Since you're not pleased with part,
Take this, fond youth! so kind and true!
I freely give my heart.

---

TO A YOUNG LADY,
ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.
Nature when first thy charming form she drew,
Delighted oft her fairest work to view;
But then! when Raphael strove, with nicest art,
To the strain'd canvass all thy charm t' impart,
He fail'd a little, tho' we still must own
That he had almost nature's self outdone:
Both did their utmost, nature play'd her part,
And Raphael shines in all the pow'rs of art.
Nor should we wonder at his brighter hue,
Nature from Venus copied—he from you.

---

LOOKING ON A CHILD.
A SONNET.
With how much ease can mortal trace
The angel in that beauteous face?
Peace, and love, and joy divine,
In ev'ry charming feature shine.
If sweetness could thy hand disarm,
Or pity thy cold bosom warm,
Sure, cruel death! inexorable fate!
This sight would in thy heart create
New feelings which unknown before,
Ne'er melted yet thy sterner power!
Then tyrant! look, would not that smile,
At once arrest thy fatal dart;
If innocence did e'er thy aim beguile,
Sure thou wilt never strike that gentle heart

ODE TO NEW-YEAR'S DAY.
Hail, first born day of the revolving year!
Thee once enraptur'd angels wond'ring sung!
When order burst from chaos thro' the sphere,
Heav'n, earth, and seas, to thee with plaudits rung!

Thou first the great Creator's voice didst hear,
And smiling heard'st with wonder and delight;
Let there be light, and light did quick appear,
Emerging from the abyss of blackest night.

It comes lov'd year, and with it blessings brings,
To cast promiscous o'er the human race;
O may our rulers curb despotic kings,
And crown earth's various tribes with smiling peace.

Hail liberty, thou gracious boon of heav'n!
On mankind first in paradise bestow'd;
Or e'er ambition had the signal giv'n,
To deluge earth's wide plains with human blood!

Long, long, may Britons feel thy gen'rous flame,
And watch, like Argus, o'er thine enemy,
Long nerv'd by thee, thy equal rights maintain,
'Till all mankind alike be great and free!

What grateful thanks dost thou Ierne owe
To him who bids the varying seasons move,
Who on thy sons such blessings doth bestow!
Who crowns thy hills with joy, thy plains with love!

While war and rapine spoil the nations round!
And shake this frighted earth from pole to pole,
Thy faithful soil with plenty shall abound!
And health, and peace, and commerce, fill the whole.

Nor be indignant at thy sisters reign,
Since heav'n has crown'd her mistress of the sea;
Long may she triumph o'er the land and main;
And thy brave sons be loyal, great, and free

Oh, may this day in each revolving year,
Proclaim new conquests o'er the guilty world!
'Till war, and rapine snap their murd'ring spear,
And pride, and discord, from their thrones are hurl'd.
Then shall fair Freedom, like another sun!
With force resistless, dart her heavenly light.
And raptur'd nations, their salvation own,
And pure Religion shine unclouded bright!

Then too, shall justice lift her balanc'd scale,
And mercy chaunt in universal strain,
Eternal truth o'er error shall prevail,
And peace commence, and the Messiah reign!

TO A YOUNG LADY,
ON HER RECOVERY FROM A FEVER.

Young Marg'ret charming fair and gay,
The gentlest of the female kind;
Was fair as April, sweet as May;
Blest with a pure exalted mind.

With her the graces seem'd to stay,
The virtues fix'd their fond abode;
For she had chose the shining way,
That leads to happiness and God.

But soon a hot disease inspir'd,
Its dire contagion thro' her frame,
Her spirits sunk, life seem'd retir'd,
So racking was the burning pain.

Then Death advance'd, with sudden pace,
And having the fair patient found,
He view'd her all, with meagre face,
And drew to give the deadly wound.

When lo! an angel from above,
Descending quickly, stopt his arm—
O Death," cried he, "thy hand remove,
Nor dare to do the virgin harm.

"For lo! her virtues have found place,
Her prayers as grateful incense rise,
Her alms the throne of heav'n grace,
And spread their perfumes thro' the skies.

"Say, was she gone, how should the poor
Survive their wants that live around,
When they're excluded from the door,
Where wealth and plenty all abound?

"For Marg'ret still provides a store
From it still fresh supplies are giv'n,
To clothe the naked, feed the poor,
And strew with alms the way to heav'n!

"Hence then depart; fair nymph arise,
Thy years with plenty shall abound,
In life thy fame shall reach the skies,
In death with glory shall be crown'd!"
This spoke, he touch'd her pensive head,
As quick dissolv'd the burning pain,
Then swift to Heav'n the angel fled,
And Marg'ret smil'd to life again.

ODE TO WINTER.

From yonder north, where Winter keeps his store,
Where whirlwinds sleep and prison'd thunders lie,
The winds and storms obedient to his pow'r,
Now pouring, sweep along the earth and sky.

Yes, 'tis thy voice, stern Winter, that I hear,
How widely desolating is the blast!
How quickly fades the beauty of the year,
The Muse sits weeping o'er the ruin'd waste.

The once-enchanting groves that charm'd the eye,
Disrob'd of all their glory, stand aghast!
Or shrink beneath the terrors of the sky
And, shiv'ring, seem to shun the piercing blast.

And here, O Winter! would thy ruin end!
Lo! yonder oaksthat long have brav'd thy pow'r,
Uptorn from earth the whirlwind's sport descend,
Tremendous crash! their honours are no more.

The thunder's bursting on the rending pine,
The forests shake with deep-repeated roar;
The aged tow'r, that brav'd the teeth of time
Sinks in the wreck, to shine in air no more!

The strongest hills, struck with the lightning, quake,
While earth and heav'n are wrapt in sheets of fire!
Deep groan the rocks, th' affrighted mountains shake,
Thus, at the last, shall nature's self expire!

The fearful mothers clasp their screaming young,
And press them trembling to their panting breast;
The skies are round with thickest darkness hung,
And ev'ry cloud's in midnight horror drest!

Th' affrighted hinds in deep prostration bend,
The fearful flocks the village seek in vain;
The driving hail, and fleecy snows descend,
Till one white deluge covers all the plain.

The hardy swain now seeks his tender care,
Yet oft with them lies buried in the snow—
Long, long, he strives for life, no friend is near,
O, wretched parents, when his fate you know!
Sweet gentle youth! how flows for thee the tear!
Thou ne'er again wilt reach thy peaceful home;
The sorrowing nymphs shall weep around thy bier,
The mourning shepherds bear thee to thy tomb!

Yet, cruel Winter, still thou art severe;
Thou hast no pity in thy frozen breast,
Else thou the sweetly tuneful bird would spare,
Whose music oft has sooth’d despair to rest!

Sweet bird! thou now must seek the frozen eve,
Deceitful lodging! death awaits thee there;
Ah, cruel boy, why with the light deceive?
Sure mercy cries, “the gentle warbler spare!”

Or if the dangers of the night outliv’d,
Hope bids thee scrape, near some rich glutton’s door:
Deluded bird! is then your want relieved,
When a’v’rice starves the sad surrounding poor!

With you, sweet birds, I mourn the summer gone,
Whose blissful fragrance fill’d each rural spot;
With you, sweet birds, I mourn the faded bloom
Of ev’ry flower that smiled around my cot.

Where is the bow’r that fair Eliza made,
And where the rose that kiss’d the golden morn?
Ah! where the Jess’mine’s sweet enchanting shade,
And where the song that carol’d from the thorn?

Stript is the bow’r that fair Eliza made,
Fled is the rose that kiss’d the golden morn,
The Jess’mine’s gone—ah me, once blissful shade!
Silent the song, and naked stands the thorn!

Eliza too, the fairest nymph, is dead!
Adieu, sweet maid! with thee my joys are gone;
With thee the graces and the loves are fled;
Yet, with the muse, shall long weep o’er thy tomb!

But tell me Hope, will she no more return?
Will death, in one unbounded triumph reign?
Will parents weep, and friends and lovers mourn?
And Winter ever desolate the plain?

Ye forests smile, ye flowers from death arise,
Drest in the foliage of immortal spring,
Behold her beamimg from yon peaceful skies,
Hark, ’tis her voice, I hear the woodlands ring!
Now Death, like Winter, must resign his power;
Now tears shall cease, and joy to all be giv'n;
The sound of mourning shall be heard no more,
But shouts of triumph swell from earth to heav'n.

And O, what joys, what raptures will be mine,
When my Eliza bursts the rending tomb,
Unfading roses on her cheeks will shine,
Beneath her steps immortal flowrets bloom!

---

**EPITAPH**

**ON M—M—Y M—GH.**

A tender friend, a faithful wife;
What most on earth we prize;
Humane to all, belov'd thro' life;
Beneath this hillock lies.

---

**TO HALLOWE'EN.**

A Shepherd Lad, on Mary Grey,
Who ne'er at court has been,
Sends you, Sir John, this artless lay,
His gift to Hallowe'en.

---

Ye cheerful swains that glad the year,
Ye nymphs for ever gay!
Who oft in flow'ry crowns appear,
To hail the coming May.

Ye'll haste with me, and join the song
Assembled on the green,
Where joy and gladness fill the throng.
And welcome Hallowe'en.

Nor let the depths of Winter's snow
Impede the lovely fair:
For well ye know, well ye know,
Your lads will meet you there.

And thou, Eliza, ever fair,
Whom still I call my queen,
Thou too wilt meet thy shepherd there,
And welcome Hallowe'en.

There, while the dance with music charms,
And gladdens ev'ry mind:
The cheerful glass each bosom warms,
'Till ev'ry heart grows kind.

Then to the peaceful cottage fire
Each shepherd leads his queen;
While love, and mirth, and songs inspire
To welcome Hallowe'en.
ELEGY
TO A BUTTERFLY.

Dear, lovely insect, fairest of thy kind!
Has unrelenting Fate too stern decree
To rigid death these beauteous hues consigned,
Unwept by all, save by the muse and me!

Perhaps these lines, the tribute of my woe,
I but too justly dedicate to thee,
As in this vale, where endless sorrows flow,
In thy sad fate, mine own I partly see.

These silken wings, ting'd with the brightest hue,
That azures over the morning's gilded sky,
Have lost their glow, now make a shroud for you,
While on this hillock's tuft you lifeless lye.

Was it thy crime, to bask in lucid day?
Or sip ambrosia from each op'ning flower?
Perhaps thou scarce hast felt one noontide ray,
Or snatch'd the pleasures of an evening hour.

So 'tis with mortals; view the giddy beau,
Full plum'd, drive on thro' life devoid of fear,
Yet to himself unknown, Death gives the blow,
Divests the worm, and stops his mad career!

Wert thou too fond of fair Matilda's cheek?
Didst thou mistake it for some new born flow'r?
Did she repel the touch, or did you meet
The thoughtless school-boy in an evil hour?

Or did the tempest, on his ruthless wing,
Impetuous drive thee on some tree or tower?
Or did some wasp strike deep the poison'd sting,
That thou might'st taste the cup of life no more?

If thou shalt flourish in some happier clime,
And in celestial day more life shalt see,
When renovated worlds again shall shine,
Mid Nature's secrets, still is hid from me.

But if my verse shall dare the wreck of time,
Or live beyond the limits of the grave,
Then thou, dear insect, in my deathless rhime,
Restor'd shalt taste the pure immortal wave.

AN EPISTLE
TO A FRIEND.

Fairest of the female train,
Accept my pure and artless strain,
For who to sing, would e'er refuse,
When Marg'ret's beauty charms the muse,
Exalts the soul 'bove low desire,
And fills it with seraphic fire!
O did I here a sceptre bear,
None else with me a crown would share,
And from his throne the tyrant hurl'd,
I'd make thee empress of the world!
But here my mighty wishes end,
Lest I should Providence offend.
An humble cot with plenty fill'd,
Can more abundant pleasures yield,
And more substantial joys afford
Than palaces of King or Lord!
If in that cottage you can find
A heart that's pure with truth refin'd.
I would the India's wealth resign.
Sweet blooming fair, to call thee mine!
From Mary's hoary top, when I
To Rash fair woodlands turn mine eye,
And view the loveliest place on earth,
That gave my fairest floweret birth,
My heart that moment takes its flight
With inexpressible delight—
Ah! whither fled? the body cries,
To Marg'ret's breast, the soul replies,
To taste immortal raptures there,
And all thy wasted pow'r repair!
Who's she that trips o'er yonder plain,
The graces smiling in her train?

The loves upon her bosom play,
O'er her sweet lips the zephyrs stray,
And steal from thence the balmy gale,
That sweetens in the lover's tale!
Health and joy, and love divine,
Upon her blooming cheeks do shine,
'Tis Mar'gret fairest child of love!
She's milder than the silver dove;
She's sweeter than the fragrant May,
More lov'ly than the meadows gay.
Alas! ye swains of her beware,
For ah, she's too betwixting fair!
She's like the ceder rising tall,
Her locks in golden ringlets fall,
While on her bosom lilies ly,
Still brighter than the snowy dye!
Love from her eyes the light'ning plays
And murders with the fatal blaze.
Oh! was't my lot with you to keep
In some fair shade my flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd with thee I'd spend the day,
And oft on thy fond bosom play;
And when the sun's increasing heat
Would lull thy tender heart to sleep,
With joy I'd watch the silent hour,
And hide thee in the noon-tide bower.
Fairest Mar'gret, hear my song,
To you sublimer strains belong:
The Lark just shakes his dewy wing,
And gives to Heaven his morning hymn,
The stars shine clear at parting night,
The moon, full-orb'd, and shining bright,
Conveys thy image to my view,
And wraps the soul in love with you!
I write these lines to you, lov'd maid!
When homage should to heav'n be paid.
May it forgive, so pray you too,
Since all my crime is loving you.
While others seek my heart in vain,
Triumphant o'er that heart you reign!
O may thy wisdom still approve
The breast that knows but virtuous love,
And would despise the beaming mine
Opposed to charms resembling thine,
But if my highest wish be vain,
The poniard shall my bosom stain,
At once the truest heart divide
That ever was to thine allied,
Yet in the cold hard grasp of Death,
Fair Marg'aret! with my dying breath,
While yet it sohs its last adieu,
My latest thought shall be on you!

TO A SIGH,
In Imitation of "An Ode, in a Magazine for the Year —"

Poor gentle heart, thou oft dost feel
The sigh departing from the breast;
That sigh more apt thy feelings tell
Than can by language be express'd!

Go, gentle sigh, my love pursue,
But flutter not too near his eye,
Lest when his tempting looks you view,
You hopeless pine, like me, and die!

But, ah! be near, be near his heart,
When you my soul's strong anguish tell,
Perhaps thy tale, devoid of art,
Will bid the sordid spoiler feel!

But if, still callous to my pain,
His cruel soul denies relief;
Return, dear sigh, to me again,
And live the partner of my grief!

TO A FRIEND.

Old Argus had an hundred eyes,
As poets fondly tell,
My friend Alexis has but one,
Perhaps, and sees as well.
But he who would life's lab'rinth try,
   Its various windings view,
Would need my friend's keen piercing eye,
   And Argus' hundred too.

THE MONITOR,
FROM THE TOMB.

Stop, giddy youth, stop here, and view
Gifts that are in reserve for you!
Look in this pit, behold me here,
A frightful form, Corruption's heir!
Fled from the world, the world from me,
I now am left, what here you see.
Its frowns and smiles alike I scorn,
The living may its evils mourn;
May o'er its failings oft deplore,
Its ills can sting this heart no more!
Once, like thyself, in youthful bloom,
Unthoughtful of the time to come,
Ne'er dream'd I till the fatal dart
Hung trembling in my quiv'ring heart.
Then sighs and agonies deplore
A time that shall return no more.
Hence whatsoever thou seest in me,
Unthoughtful Youth! remains for thee.

In place of clothes embroider'd fine,
A winding-sheet, like this of mine,
In place of friends to wait on thee,
The worms shall thy companions be.
No lamp shall yield its pleasing light,
No moon, or stars, shall grace thy night.
Adieu! the lute's soft harmony,
Darkness and night shall cover thee!
A loathsome grave, a mossy sod,
A lump of ruin, mould'ring clod!
These are the gifts reserv'd for thee,
These shall thy certain portion be!
Then haste, prepare this moment's thine,
The next may be like this of mine!

AN EPISTLE
TO THE CROCHAN BARD.

I've foun' thee out, my canty chiel,
Wha sings wi' notes sae sharp and keen,
And few can tune their pipe sae weel,
   By hill or stream;
And sure the Muse, wha wreath'd your brow
   Wasna' mista'een.

I ken whar Fin's calm waters glide,
Whar Morne, in his giant pride,
Rolls his huge waves aboon the tide,
   Wi unco roar!
An' spreads his waters far and wide
   On either shore.

I aft hae view'd auld Crochan's side,
Where Starratt wi' his flocks did bide,
And aft in philosophic pride,
   His skill display'd,
'Twas there the deathless Bardie wo'ld
   The heav'n-born maid.

And by the laws of Transmigration,
I'll prove to a demonstration,
That his real spirit took its station,
   In your sma' frame,
Since drawing, poesy, and projection
   In both's the same.

You hinted 'bout poor Afric Jack,
Wi' conscience than his face mair black;
But see how villains learn the knack,
   And get in favour,
Aft lay poor Honesty on its back,
   Sometimes for ever.

The great anes maistly keep a knave,
Wha gilds their vice, a sin drawing slave,
Too fond o' making cursed pelf,
Can right deride,
And wishes still the scale to fa' 
On his ain side.

Let's tak this life just as it goes,
Its guids, its ills, its weels, its woes,
Since He, wha made it, surely knows 
What fits us best,
And aft his rod comes in disguise 
To mak us blest.

Yet there's ae thing, folks say, would grace us, 
Would we, poor Bardies, wear twa faces, 
Be hypocrites, as just the case is, 
Wi' better folk,
In truth, it seems the reigning cue, 
Without ae doubt.

Most will conform without passion, 
Since now Religion's out of fashion, 
A mere gewgaw for folk to clash on, 
A Sunday choir; 
But Nick will mak a haggis o' them, 
Ae evil hour.

The sun now hastens down the brae, 
And whips his steeds without delay.

Fond wi' auld ocean's nymph to stay, 
And tak' a nap—
Lost, like the Grandeens of this day, 
In Pleasure's lap.

Gae back, my flocks, why in sic haste, 
Altho' the night is hast'ning fast, 
Gae, Colly, turn them, 'tis your last, 
For this guid e'en! 
I hae some verses yet to write, 
And then we'll hame.

Lang, brither bardie, very lang, 
O, may I hear your happy sang 
Resounding wi' the grateful twang 
O' wit and fire; 
And may the frien'ly sisters still 
Your pipe inspire!

Soon i' the dust I'll lay my head, 
Be number'd wi' the happy dead, 
Nae mair in Sorrow's garb be clad, 
To grieve or pine, 
Or thy keen stroke misfortune dread, 
Sae ait unkind.

Yet, ere I go, ae kind adieu, 
Sweet Crochan Bard! I sen' to you,
And all the singin' brithers true,
Wha lu' the lay,
Mayhap the latest verse you'll hear
Frae Mary Grey!

TO A FRIEND
ON GIVING A PAIR OF GARTERS.

A pair of garters, from your hand,
Does more than single thanks command,
Tho' thanks best earn'd, and fulsome praise,
Will neither gie ane meat or claise!
For wha frae ane sae often wreck'd
Can outh, save a poor verse expect?
But ah, impart wi' them no charm,
That would an erring creature harm;
For Mary, sure too well I know,
What woman's witching pow'r can do.
And praying Johnny, your best friend,
His heart can't frae her wiles defend.
Oft going to prayer (fu' lang's the story)
Woman, not heav'n, was his glory.
And spite of a' the Methes laws,
'Maist dash'd him plump in Satan's jaws.
But we'll be wise, and bring nae curse,
When I get haud O Bessy's purse

We'll take a glass, O cheerfu' nappy,
(For friends can't err) till baith be happy,
Nor will we say, or dear, or honey,
Yet wi' a this ye'll no tell Johnny!

THE SONS OF OLD ERIN.
A Song from the Shepherd.

While the nations around us lie wounded and bleeding,
Despoil'd by the ravage of wars;
We sons of old Erin on plenty are feeding,
Secure from its dangers and scars.

Our flocks rich and numerous traverse our plains,
And commerce her wealth does bestow,
We tune our sweet harp to kind Freedom's mild strains,
While our nectar, like rivers, does flow.

Inspir'd by her genius, we dare the bold foe,
He blusters he threatens in vain;
How oft at our feet have his Eagles lay low;
Whilst our fleets career o'er the main.
Long, long, may we enjoy life's noblest repast
Still safe from a tyrants alarms,
While peace spreads her banner, be friendship the feast,
And the lass we should love in our arms.

---

AN ELEGY
On the Death of a Sexton, lately Drowned at Newtownstewart.

Reader, here lies poor thoughtless John,
As wet a soul, as e'er was one,
His fav'rite vice, while here on earth,
He only parted with his breath;
Nor was he e'er with mortal happy,
Save he'd his glass of friendly nappy.
Full forty years he trudg'd about,
Casting dead bodies in and out.
Threw dust on dust, heap'd bones on bones,
And tip'd his glass 'midst human groans.
That sly deceiver, man's disgrace!
That murders half the human race,
Allur'd him to the fatal steep,
Then flung him headlong in the deep!
The waters claim him as their own,
But earth reclains her dreary son!

---

Who judges him must first be clean
And from his eye pull out the beam.
Just or unjust, wise or unwise,
To his great master here he lies.
His virtues tell, his days are done,
Nor mind his faults, but read your own.

---

A SHORT PRAYER.

Almighty thou, my hope, my trust!
My Sav'our all divine;
Who made me first, of guilty dust,
O! cleanse this heart of mine!

Far, distant far, my sins remove,
And be thy spirit giv'n;
Wide as immensity's thy love,
Thy mercy high as heav'n!

---

ON THE NATIVITY.

Hail glorious morn, what off'ring shall I bring
What precious gifts to yield the infant king,
What frankincense, what gold from Ophir's brow,
What balmy sweets, what myrrhs present him now?
Behold, he comes, th' auspicious babe is born,
Ye heav'n's rejoice, and hail the glorious morn!
He comes, O man! thy ruin'd race to save,
   Hail love divine! hail mercy, boundless grace!
To trample sin, and triumph o'er the grave,
   And reconcile us to eternal peace!

What wondrous scenes do we on earth behold!
What prodigies the midnight skies unfold!
Behold a star in sun-bright majesty,
Shine o'er the spot, where th' infant God doth lie!
While night and darkness from their seat are driv'n,
Unequal'd glory gilds the face of heav'n!
Shepherds mistake it for the morning ray,
Spring from their sleep, and drive their flocks away,
See shining myriads celebrate his birth,
See heav'n's wide arch resound with sacred mirth,
While Sinai shakes, see Basan bound with dread,
And frighted Jordan seek her fountain head!
Why didst thou Sinai to thy basis quake,
   Why Jordan frighted to thy head return?
Why didst thou Basan to thy centre shake,
Behold your God—lo! Christ the Saviour's born.

The angels first, the glorious news reveal,
To thee, O man! the best and happiest tale,
Then up ascending, fill the sky
With their immortal Minstrelsy,
And thus aloud exulting cry,—
Let peace on earth extend her voice,
And all the nations round rejoice!
Since he is come the mighty Lord,
   The king of kings, the prince of peace!
The holy one to be adored,
   Replete with majesty and grace!

Behold, he comes, th' everlasting Son!
O Man, who hast thy great salvation won!
The lion that from Judah's tribe should rise,
With pow'r boundless, as the boundless skies,
Whose golden Sceptre's uncontroll'd away,
Shall rule the earth c'en to the utmost sea,
While men and angels ev'ry knee shall bow,
Confess him Lord, and God the Saviour know.
Yes this is he, the star that should arise,
From Jacob's loins, at whose amazing sight,
The sun shall fade, thy glorious lamp, O skies!
And moon and stars be lost in purer light!

This is the shining light, that shall expell
The clouds of sin, the fears of death, and hell.
Whose glorious beams shall on the nations shine,
Thy comfort Israel, and the gentle line;
Hail, Lamb of God! all hail, thou spotless dove,
Hail, brightest image of thy Father’s love;
Hail, thou, whose purest blood alone,
Not angels, or archangels could atone—
O matchless crime! unequal’d deed!
The Lamb of God, the good, th’ all perfect bleed!
Yes, He the vast atoning sacrifice!
For us *, perhaps, for countless planets, dies.
Could guilty man divine compassion move?
From Mercy’s fountain flow’d redeeming love!
Behold a Saviour to his chosen brings
Immortal sweets and healing on his wings,
Whose touch shall to the blind their sight convey,
And on the darken’d eye-balls pour the day!
Shall loose the shackl’d tongue; unbar the ear,
And make the deaf his great instructions hear!
Or raise the dead, O vast Almighty power!
And to the maim’d and halt their limbs restore!
While these to heav’n with joy their voices raise,
And all aloud his matchless deeds proclaim,
The wondering multitude shall shout his praise,
And hills and rocks re-echo with his fame!

Henceforth, ye sons of men, rejoice! be glad
The Virgin’s son has bruise’d the serpent’s head.
Back to your dens, ye demons, back to hell.
No more shall ye in golden temples dwell!
No more ye foam, and with tremendous rage,
In awful sounds, the dire event pressage!
No more shall man—bold impious man! repair
Before your shrines your oracles to hear!
Or prostrate fall or ’neath the tripod bow,
And, trembling, wait the dreaded doom to know!
But thou, O God! the glory shall be thine!
Thy Holy Spirit only true divine!
And Christ in thee the oracle shall shine!

---

THE FAIRY’S COMPLAINT.

Mr. W—n, having stubbed out a Fort in Moyle,
which was dedicated to the Fairies, occasioned
the following Verses:

Why was I from ye heav’n cast down,
To wander a poor exile here,
While some in Ocean’s lap were thrown,
Some left to sport in ambient air?

Some in the higher regions play,
And live in pure ethereal beam,
While fix’d’s my lot on Mary Grey,
By Silver Strool’s enchanting stream!
There in a shade rever'd by time,
Incircl'd by my fav'rite tree:
E'en there I could that comfort find,
Which heav'n almost deny'd to me.

Now at new moon, and when her face,
Full orb'd to earth bestows a day,
We fairies meet in this lone place,
And wanton in the lunar ray.

Some bid the awful whirlwinds rise,
And toss the hay-cocks high in air;
Some hurl the thunders thro' the skies,
And bid around the lightnings glare!

Some swell the wide and boundless deep,
And bid the frightful tempest rise
That scatters oft the daring fleet,
Yet Britons can their threats despise.

Defended by that awful pow'r
Whose will controuls us every where,
Unaw'd they hear the tempest roar,
Death, Hell, their foes, and Ocean dare!

With mortals here we oft times play
And deal around illusive snares,
Oft shining lights*, lead man astray,
And bog the thoughtless unaware;

The milkmaids oft our tricks endure,
And find their pail's sweet produce gone;
Which they in vain still try to cure,
Or blame their neighbours, when 'tis done.

Oft times, along the midnight sky,
In shining squadrons some appear;
While thousands drop, and seem to die,
Struck with the dart or flaming spear,

Thus while they sport in high parade,
Each can his different pleasure find;
But I am rob'd of that dear shade,
Of which no trace remains behind.

I wander here with grief unknown,
While deep revenge my heart doth fill;
Since ev'ry shade and tree's cut down,
That us'd to deck my fav'rite hill.*

Ah woe light on thee, cruel Wann,
Or from the Tweed, or from the Dee,
May dire disease arrest the hand,
That wrought this hated deed to me.

But, Wann! I know thou art secure;
Thou hast some spirit for thy guard:
Else many a woe thou would'st endure,
If faries dar'd thy guilt reward!

* Mary Grey.
Thy cows long since should be elk-shot,
Thy blasted ewes no offspring give,
Thy horse struck dead upon the spot,
Thy blighted babes should hardly live!

Thy self bed-ridden long e'er now,
Would drag on life with many a pain;
And she from whom life's comforts flow,
Would feel thy fate thro' every vein!

Yet woe attend thee cruel Wass!
Or from the Tweed or from the Dee;
May dire disease arrest the hand,
That rob'd me of my fav'rite tree.*

ODE TO SACRED MUSIC.

Long have I sought thee, heavenly maid!
Long in the deep incircling shade;
Where the feather'd myriads bring
Their plaudits to the blooming spring;
And raptur'd in harmonious lay,
To nature's God their homage pay;
But hope was lost, for even there
I could not find thee, heavenly fair.

Oft to the pleasing meads I stray,
When pregnant with the sweets of May,
* The Hawthorn.

Where many Virgins, lovely fair,
In Youth's bewitching charms appear;
And, singing sportive as they stray,
Prepare their crowns to welcome May:
Or crop the sweets to deck their bow'r's,
Themselves the fairest, sweetest flowers!

Yet even there my hopes were vain,
I could not find thee, heavenly dame,
Nor view that face that millions charms,
Nor hear that voice that millions warms,
That note that bids us smile in death,
And oft arrests our latest breath,
That fills the soul with extacy,
And wings with raptures to the sky

Tell me, ye swains, where shall I rove,
Where, shepherds, shall I find my love?
I sought her on the mountain's brow,
Where down the vale the riv'lets flow;
And as they, murmur'ring, slide along,
Oft lull ye with their grateful song!
I sought thro' rocks and wilds in vain,
But could not find thee, heavenly dame!

But should rocks, vales, and mountains high,
And shades and wilds my suit deny;
Should flow'ry meads and smiling plains,
Should arching bow'r's, and tuneful streams.
Shoud ev'ry youth ungratful prove,
Yet I must find the maid I love.
To thee sweet fair, the pow'r is given,
To lift the raptur'd soul to heav'n.

I to theatres now repair;
How can I think to find thee there?
Where age and youth together sit,
To share the glories of the pit,
That views each part with cold desire,
This glows and oft seems all on fire,
While symphonies attune the ear,
But ah, sweet nymph, thou ne'er was't there!

Now to the costly ball I'd stray,
But ah! how shall I win my way?
The rich, the proud, the splendid, vain,
Can only there admittance gain,
No Bard in Ploughman's rude array,
Unblest by fortune there can stray,
Forgive, this will a fault appear,
Why dare to think I'd find thee there!

Where heav'n's bright daughter shall I trace!
Where find thee, in what secret place?
Ah! for an eagle's wings to fly,
While floating on yon azure sky,
Mine eye might view the wild or shade
That now conceals thee sweetest maid!

While swift's the lark can seek his nest,
Sweet fair, with thee, I'd sink to rest!

Now to yon temple I'll repair,
Hope whispers me I'll find thee there.
Yes, there I see thee heav'nly bride,
Religion, smiling by thy side!
Thy vot'ries fill'd with angels fire,
Seem all in raptures to expire,
And lost in wonder, love, and praise.
While you the grateful anthem raise!

Thou canst the pow'r of sin controll,
I feel compunction melt the soul;
I feel the tears by mercy giv'n,
I feel my heart beat high for heav'n;
Let me no more of sin complain,
O may I never sin again,
Since mercy has remov'd the load—
And reconcile'd me to my God!

Come heav'nly Maid, this breast inspire,
Oh fill it with seraphic fire:
While in your arms reclin'd I ly,
Nor once forsake me ere I die,
Close struggling in the pangs of death
I'll hold you with my latest breath!
And since to you the pow'r is giv'n,
O waft the parting soul to heav'n!
TO THE LIMNER
ON TAKING MY LIKENESS.

Step, Limner stop, say why wou’d you disgrace
Such lovely paper, with so dead a face?
Save you can give these cheeks their former dye,
And gift love’s lightnings to this aged eye,
Bestow the keen warm look it had before,
You act the fool, to shew me at three score.

But if some fair, in beauty’s witching prime,
Struck with my woes, when reading oer my rhyme!
From the kind impulse of a gen’rous heart,
Should to that print a balmy kiss impart,
The touch, inspir’d with feelings all divine,
Would change at once that time worn face of mine,
And graces of immortal youth bestow,
What your fam’d pencil, Sir, can never do!

EPITAPH
FOR J——N R——D—E, NEWTOWNSTEWART.

Beneath this stone, death’s drear abode,
Deny it malice if you can,
Here lies the noblest work of God,
His chiefest care—an honest man.

EPITAPH.

A faithful friend is hard to find,
Yet such a one lies here;
And here once glow’d the noble mind,
That claims from all a tear.

But, reader, whomsoe’er thou art,
He leaves this truth to thee,
The man who here acts well his part,
Can only happy be.

THE LORD’S PRAYER PARAPHRASED.

Almighty thou, great universal Lord!
By all on earth, by all in heav’n ador’d:
Thou first great cause, whom all as father claim,
On earth, in heav’n all hail’d be thy name!
Thy will be here, as it above is done,
And let thy ever blessed kingdom come,
When suff’ring saints on earth no more shall pine
But perfect light, in perfect beauty shine.
When vast immensity her voice shall raise,
And congregated worlds resound thy praise!
Whate’er thou see’st us want, great Father, give!
And make us thankful for what we receive,
Our sins remit, that gentle mercy know,
That we with tender zeal to others shew.
Nor let our passions overwhelm the soul,
Avert their evils, and their rage control,
And be the kingdom, glory, praise, and pow'r
Thine, father, thine, both now and evermore.

VERSES

On Gardiner Culberson.

From scenes not these, which dazzle human sight,
With the false glare of grandeur and delight;
From scenes not these that glitter round a court,
Where knaves disguis'd, and fops, and fools resort,
But from a cot, a home unknown to pride,
Where faithful truth, and decency reside;
Where, honest James, amidst the cares of life,
Thou fed'st thy babes, and nurs'dst a tender wife.
From this lov'd spot thy garden and thy care,
A spot made blest by penitence and prayer!
Where Meditation, on her angel wing,
Oft shew'd the raptur'd soul bright mercy's spring:
From this, when first the welcome sign was giv'n,
Thou hearest the call, and, smiling, fledst to heav'n.

VERSES

On the death of Lord M—ty, who was unfortunately killed at the Battle of Ross.

While yet the Bard's oppress with poignant grief,
While yet his heart convuls'd with sorrow beats,
While Reason droops and Hope denies relief,
And echo to the hills his woe repeats.

O come, ye nymphs, ye ne'er deny'd your aid,
A solemn crown of Cypress with ye bring;
With these my hoary temples over shade,
While of my murder'd Lord and chief I sing.

Did not the mountains hear my mournful cry?
Did not the rocks my piercing plaints repeat?
Did not my tears the ebbing* Stroole supply?
And my sighs fill the forest's deep retreat?

Wild o'er the harp my roving fingers sweep,
The strings forgetful in discordance ring;
Be calm, my soul, her throne let reason keep,
While I this last, this heartfelt tribute bring!

Give ear Eliza† and depress your brow,
Let clouds and darkness rest upon your head;
Since low the warrior lies, your chief lies low,
Who your fair sides with verdant cedars clad.

* River Stroole.
† Bessy Bell.
Let, mournful yew, my friendly bower o'ershade,
Droop in despair ye blooming flowrets round,
In deepest mourning be the hills array'd,
And ev'ry spring with weeping willows crown'd!

No more your pipe, ye sons of mirth, attune,
O cease your revels on the mountains side,
Set is the sun that gladden'd off your noon,
Fall'n is your chief, your glory, and your pride!

Woe to the hand that pois'd the fatal dart,
Woe to the wretch who aim'd the deadly blow,
Woe rend the cold, the base, ignoble heart,
That caus'd his country's tears, and mine to flow.

Weep on my soul, while tears my grief supply,
Long shall ye mourn your mighty Chieftains fall,
Long shall a flood of sorrow fill mine eye,
In him I lost a father, friend, my all—

The pallid looks that flow from Sorrow's eyes,
Tears of the aged, whom his goodness fed;
The widow's shrieks, the orphan's melting cries,
In thunders fell upon the assassin's head.

Ye tender dew, ye sweet refreshing show'rs,
No more descend on that ill-fated plain;
Let Spring no more deck it with smiling flow'rs,
Or Autumn crown with heaps of golden grain!

*Ross.*

Let clouds and darkness in perpetual night,
Extend their horrors o'er the blood-stain'd place!
Ne'er let the sun disclose his cheerful light,
Or yonder moon to it unveil her face!

For there the great, for there the mighty fell,
And there be ne'er lost her bravest son;
Let none in Gath the hateful tidings tell,
O tell it not in cursed Askelon.

Away rebellion to thy native hell!
Away ye plann'rs of your country's woe;
Soon, murd'cers! shall ye with your father dwell,
Where tears, unpitied, shall not cease to flow.

Weep, lovely village! now your glory's fled,
Say Hope will e'er ye noble ruin shine—
Low, like its Lord, by curs'd rebellion laid,
That long-liv'd foe of great Sir William's line!

Shall not a son revenge the horrid crime,
If e'er again the Hydra lifts her head;
Earth calls revenge; revenge, brave youth, bethine!
With arm Herculean, strike the monster dead.

The pray'rs that from a thousand tongues arise,
The sighs that from a thousand hearts are giv'n,
The aims that send their perfumes to the skies,
Wafted long since his patriot soul to heav'n.
Long as thy flowing waves, fair Morne, are heard,
Long as the sister hills their seats retain,*
So long Mountjoy thy name shall be rever'd,
Like thy brave grandsire's of immortal fame.

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LINES

Spoken extempore, on passing the Castle of Moyle,
when the Wilson family so famous for Charity,
lived there.

How happy they who soundly sleep,
Nor feel another's woe;
Tho' mothers sigh, and orphans weep,
And loud life's tempests blow!

But happier they, Oh! happier far,
Whose bosoms ne'er can rest;
*Till they have dry'd the mourner's tear,
And sooth'd the troubled breast!

* Bessy Bell and Mary Grey. The late Lord M—t—joy was descended from Sir William Stewart, who built the Castle of Newtownstewart, in the year 1634, which was burned by Philomy O'Neal and his blessed followers in 1641, rebuilt in the year 1651, burned again in 1691 by King James, and the Duke of Berwick his natural Son, on their retreat from Londonderry.

But where's the breast, so kind, so warm,
That feels another's woe?
And where's the hand averts the storm,
When loud Life's tempests blow?

Beneath yon hill, sweet fam'd retreat!
Where Moyle's proud waters rove,
There mercy keeps her darling seat,
There lives her offspring Love!

Long as the Strool's delightful stream,
Lov'd Mary! sweeps thy side;
So long a Wilson's honoured name,
Ardstraw shall be thy pride!

And thou who mak'st us still thy care,
Whose hand our wants supplies,
When thou remov'st this shining star—
O bid another rise!

---

AN ELEGY

ON A FAVOURITE HORSE.

Assist me, Muse! while I have pow'r to weep,
Some mourn their monkey, some a lap dog flown;
While in reserve my tears from waste I keep,
To mourn a nobler creature ever gone!
Ah! where ye lov'ly Naiads had you stray'd,
That haunt the pool, and 'mid the waters gleam,
When my kind horse, by some bad genius led,
Immers'd, was lost, amid the marshy stream.

That horse did once in youth and beauty vie,
Blest gift to man, supporter of my toil!
And did with patience many a want supply,
Small his reward, it was but humble soil!

While others, pamper'd, wanton'd to and fro,
Or, stall'd in idleness, luxurious stood;
My constant drudge drag'd on the weary plough,
And amply gave my children's simple food.

Pity, alas! there should be no reward,
For such distinguish'd friendly brutes elsewhere!
That death should cut them down without regard,
And not transplant them to some happier sphere.

Let other mortals turn them out to die,
Now worn and ag'd, nor deign one scrap of food;
Forbid it, Heav'n, to man or beast that I
Should ever shew such base ingratitude!

Far hence begone, ye rav'nous birds of prey!
Who oft, like man, lurk for your neighbour's spoil,

Ye shall not tear his friendly corpse away,
A nobler end shall crown his former toil!
And since it was thy lot, unhappy beast!
To die immers'd beneath the fatal wave,
A poor reward for thy good service past!
Thy master gives this elegy and grave.

TO A YOUNG WOMAN, REMARKABLY PROUD.

Still we own thy matchless beauty,
O Belinda, but give ear;
I love the sex, and think it duty,
To forewarn the lovely fair.

Who views the snake's, emblazon'd skin,
Can scarce believe there's danger nigh:
Touch it, and soon the deadly sting
Bids round the awful vengeance fly.

So 'tis with you, fair child of sin!
Who can thy matchless features trace,
And then conclude that all within
Is waste, devoid of love and grace?
If you would wish mankind to win
Now in the varnish'd prime of youth,
Bid from your bosom Pride begone,
Court in its place, love, pity, truth!
Their gentle pow'rs will soon compose
The haughty airs you sometimes wear,
And add new beauties to the rose,
That on your blooming cheeks appear!

Your eyes that oft dart fell Disdain,
Shall then with fires seraphic glow,
And Beauty, with her heavenly train,
Smile all triumphant on thy brow!

As when we view some new-born star,
That shines amid the arch of night,
Whose lambent beauties darting far,
Still charm with wonder and delight!

So shall mankind admiring own
Thy beauty, and with wonder view
Thee all transform'd, the monster gone,
And angel-like, created new.

AN EPITAPH

For Mr. G. and Mrs. M. Irwin, of Deerpark,
who died nearly at one time, and were buried to-
gether.

Oh, reader! learn who sleep thus tranquil here,
The faithful Gerrard and Matilda dear!
A happier pair were seldom seen on earth,
Rear'd up together since they first had birth.
Oft times they sported on the hill, or lawn,
Or pluck'd the flow'ret at the early dawn;
This wove a garland for his tender fair
That for a lover did a crown prepare.
Both lov'd alike, and in the first degree,
By Hymen join'd, when at maturity:
Resolv'd together, or to live or die,
They hop'd to find their wish'd and native sky.
As in yon vale two lofty cedars stood,
Long, long, the pride of the surrounding wood!
Fair was their form, and lovely to the view,
Their boughs inwove all intermixed grew,
'Till the same blast that roots the one from earth,
The other leaves uptorn, and low in death.
Thus forty years each acts a faithful part,
She holds her Gerrard's, he Matilda's heart.
At length cut down by Death's relentless stroke,
Not ev'n in death, the nuptial compact's broke,
He first, but ah! with what reluctance tries
These paths unknown, unpièc'd by human eyes.
Yet, ere he gains the bright ethereal sphere,
The angels pause, heav'n hears Matilda's prayer,
Her soul's unloos'd, her guardian points the way,
She seeks her Gerrard in the realms of day!
Nor long delay'd, inrob'd in beauty bright,
She meets her love, now lost in pure delight,
And while ten thousand shouts of joy are giv'n,
The happy pair in triumph enter heav'n!

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

Were occasioned by a friend who left the Church on Easter Sunday, without communicating.

And have you, like a coward, fled,
Nor do you wish to rise?
Ah will you slumber with the dead,
Yet vainly hope the skies?

In vain a Jesus died for you,
If you his blood despise,
In vain his blood your steps pursue,
In vain you hear his cries.

Stop, murderer stop, your coward flight,
And hear yon dying groan,
That bursts the rocks, appals the light,
And opes the dreary tomb.

Behold the spear transpierco his side,
While purple fountains flow;
One drop of which to man applied,
Would cleanse him white as snow.

O come, his agonies survey,
And view his tortures here—
Then bid thy clay-cold heart repay
His sufferings with a tear.

Why, earth! to thy foundations shake?
Why darkness veil the skies?
Why yawn the graves, the mountains quake,
'Tis God the Saviour dies,

'Tis done, the cup is drunk, 'tis o'er!
The mighty ransom's paid,
The lamb of God shall bleed no more,
One perfect offering's made.

But Christ is ris'n from the dead,
The cup of bliss bestows—
Gives to his friends that living bread—
Whence life immortal flows!

And now he thunders to the poles,
How gracious is the sound?
O come, he cries, ye guilty souls,
I'll heal your ev'ry wound!
Then turn, my brother, let us go,
O let us hasten home,
Our father runs to meet us now,
And all are bid to come.

Why should we thirst and hunger here,
And feed on husks with swine;
Our father gives the noblest cheer,
And does his thousands dine!

We'll to his blessed altar haste,
He'll soon our sins remove,
We come, dear Lord, to share thy feast,
Of never dying love.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.