POEMS,
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

BY JAMES ORR, — Lst April 24, 1806.

"A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.""}

BELFAST:
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1804.
TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

For the liberal encouragement you have given me, please to accept my sincere thanks; I am very sensible of your kindness, and shall gratefully remember it through life. If the advice of some of my particular friends induced me to publish, their assiduity in promoting subscriptions enabled me to do it; and the readiness with which signatures were obtained, is a pleasing testimony that public prejudice is not against me:—though many, 'tis likely subscribed more from a good will to the Man, than reliance on the abilities of the Author. Yet, I flatter myself, that I will shun the contempt of the considerate and good-natured; because they will judge with candour, and make the rusticity of the writer an apology for the imperfections of the work; where they discover beauties they will admire them the more, that they were so unexpected;
and where they meet with defects, they will say—
"He is but an unschooled mechanic—who, in his
"circumstances, could have done better?" However,
I have one consolation, that if my productions
should offend the taste, they will not corrupt the
morals; sorry would I be if they contained a single
line that could foment party-spirit, alarm the devout
heart, or raise a blush on the angelic cheek of female
virtue.

Then no disgrace mine humble verse shall feel,
Where not one lying line to riches bows,
Nor poison'd sentiment from rancour flows,
Nor flowers are strewn around ambition's car.

BLOOMFIELD.

I am, with deserved respect,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your obliged and grateful

Humble servant,

JAMES ORR.

BALLYCARRY,
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ERRATA.

Page 5, line 18, for died, read fir'd.
Page 8, line 15, for those, read thou.
Page 10, line 25, for unsent, read unsair't.
Page 17, line 15, for saunts, read saunts.
Page 19, line 18, for craggy, read crazy.
Page 24, line 9, for vassals, read vassal.
Page 39, line 11, for rere't read suirst.
Page 43, line 1, for uncore, read sincere.
Page 71, line 6, for lonely, read lone.
Page 96, line 11, for friend, read fiend.
Page 102, line 15, for grub, read grubs.
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Page 111, line 1, for pain, read rain.
Page 112, line 10, for favorite, read favorites.
Page 116, line 9, for hagh, read hall.
Page 127, line 3, for house, read hours.
The Irishman.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
Their isle which nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But honesty is still his guide;
None more repents a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride:
He may be duped, but won't be dared—
More fit to practise than to plan;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;
If you're a guest, the while you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour bound in woe or weal,
What'er she bids he dares to do,
Try him with bribes—they won't prevail;
Prove him in fire—you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety, let his post
Be where it ought in danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin! loved land! from age to age,
Be thou more great, more famed, and free;
May peace be thine, or, shouldst thou wage
Defensive war—cheap victory.
May plenty bloom in every field,
Which gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
The home of every Irishman!

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

THE GLEN;

Descriptive of a delightful and romantic scene, in the estate of
R. GERVAS KER, ESQ.

Welcome ye shades! ye bow'r'y thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!

THOMSON.

'TIS Spring; and beneath the smooth caves
That lately sharp icicles bound,
The villager sits, and perceives
His boys scare the bat that skims round:

Let's visit the glen, my sweet lass!
That grey mist o'erhangs in the air;
How blestly the ev'n'ing will pass,
In a place so sublime, and so fair!

The splendid cascade from the rock
Slopes o'er its precipitate wave;

James Orr.
The echoes alarmed by the shock,  
Reverberate, murmur, and rave.

Around, in invincible pride,  
Rank rising o'er rank, the wood grows,  
As in Rome's amphitheatre wide,  
High circling, her citizens rose.

The Oak from the bottom ascends,  
And 'bove the steep cliff braves the blast:  
From the steep cliff that rudely impends,  
I could step on his branches so vast.

The Ivy ambitiously spreads  
O'er heights, from whose summit we'd shrink;  
The wild Flow'rs on high wave their heads,  
The bright Holly fringes the brink.

Rais'd high from this white ample floor  
Rude columns stand awfully torn;  
From their crevices saplings secure,  
Look down on the woodman with scorn.

What a gulph! like some monster malign,  
Its jaws part. Of fragments what heaps!  
So some city's huge ruins combine,  
When earthquake tremendously gaps.

O thick shades! O ramparts high pil'd!  
How solemn your grandeur and grace?

How elegant, simple, and wild,  
*The Glen,* from the brink to the base!

(Perhaps, here, some Druid of yore,  
Taught to who disdain'd each base deed,  
That the bold soldiers' spirit wou'd soar  
To some shadowy hall, and quaff mead.)

Perhaps, here, some bard to his lyre  
Sang boldly of war and of death;  
While rous'd ranks, with spirits on fire,  
Stood anxious their swords to unsheath.)

The sun that now sinks in the main,  
Rose not on a prospect more fine;  
Nor will set on a happier swain,  
The eve thou say'st, "Shepherd I'm thine."

Shou'd tyranny* spurn thee from home,  
The Glen thou shalt live in with me;  
To Nature and Freedom thou'lt come,  
The muse and the theme thou shalt be.

A cot, which contentment shall bless,  
We'll raise on this well's daisied side:  
We'll neither court vain human praise,  
Nor cringe under curs'd human pride.

* Meaning parental authority.
A few sheep, in summer, we'll graze;
While I fence my fold, thou shalt sing:
In winter this bramble we'll blaze,
And talk till our hearts feel the spring.

In youth by our care we will get
Enough, nor be anxious for more.
Nor in equal old age feel regret,
That our prime and its pleasures are o'er.

GORMAL—AN ELEGY.

And all his deeds were blameless but the last.

SAW you the youth beneath the blasted tree,
With ruffled locks, and aspect darkly wild?
Fast are the peasants panting o'er the lea,
To give the dust the corpse of sorrow's child.

The tale of horror harrows up your soul,
Amaz'd, you ask his story, and his name,
'Tis Gormal; he has drunk a poison'd bowl.
Because the maid he lov'd disdain'd his flame.

Mild were his manners, calm and keen his eye;
His heart plebeian honour rudely grace'd,
And half-matured by learning's genial sky,
The germ of genius budded in his breast.

We can't but pity, though we disapprove,
He'd thus have griev'd if thus we had expired;
The wise in ev'ry age have err'd thro' love,
And Sappho's shade shed tears when Werter di'd.

See where they dig his solitary grave,
In the bleak margin of the howling tide;
No boor in his domain his dust will have;
His dust, who lately was the landscape's pride.
Tho' Superstition's children watch and dread
That Gormal's spirit should frightfully appear.

"To God who gave it" hath his spirit fled,
A judge not critical nor yet severe.

Yes, he who form'd frail man, most clearly knows
When Pride condemns the heart that first it rack'd;
He knows that heart, and all the weight of woes
That urg'd it, Nature-aw'd to such an act.

He knew the strife 'tween anguish and disgrace,
Ere feeling minds cast life's dire lead aside,
And when the motive and the deed he weighs,
He'll sentence fairly, clear of cant and pride.

Live on, base bigots, ye nor feel, nor fear,
Love's frown, contempts, neglect, nor mock'ry's grin;
Ye pray for heav'n, and yet would still be here,
Nor durst be suicides, blest heav'n to win.

What tho' sepulchral rites ye have not giv'n?
The heart ye hide, by scorn ye cannot sting;
Can ye forbid the crystal dews of heav'n
To gild his grave, or redbreasts round to sing?

Have you disgrac'd him? Many a soldier brave
Rots in a ditch, and tar beneath the deep;
Such bed—but no—you'll neither plow the wave,
Nor fight like freemen—with your sires you'll sleep.
THE TREE.

LOFTY son of other years,  
Now thy vernal robe appears;  
At thy foot the streamlet springs,  
On thy head the sad breeze rings.

Thine is strength, and beauty, too,  
Firm thy trunk, and fair thy hue;  
Wide the shade thy circuit throws,  
Round thy base thy branches close.

Leafy wonder! in thy breast  
A defeated corps might rest,  
Safe, tho' search'd for. Where's the tree  
That in foliage equals thee?

E'en amid the wintry blast,  
In thy ruins those art vast;  
Stately still, thottvoid of dress,  
Like a noble in distress.

I must perish—tree of trees!  
Thou a future age shall please:  
I'm declining in my May—  
'Thou art old, yet grand and gay.

But tho' mighty, wherefore throw  
These proud looks on me below?  
Time, believe me, will not still  
Spare the boast of BELLA-HILL.

ELEGY

On the death of Mr. Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet.  
BORN IN 1759. DIED IN 1796

A great man, solely of God Almighty's making such.

THE lift begud a storm to brew,  
The cloudy sun was vext, an' dark;  
A forket flash cam sklentin' thro'.  
Before a hawk, that chas'd a lark;  
Then, as I ran to reach a booth,  
I met a swain an' ax't "what news?"  
When thus he mourned the far-famed youth  
Wha fills the dark, an' narrow hoose.

Sad news! He's gane, wha baith amus'd  
The man o' taste, an' taught the rude;  
Whase warks hae been mair read an' roos'd  
Than onie, save the word o' Gude:  
Him genius foster'd on her lap,  
An' for his fa' fand fancy mourns;  
Dumfries might weel steek ev'ry shap,  
An' sen' her tribes to bury Burns.

Oh Burns! oh Burns! the wale o' swains,  
Wi' thee the Scottish music fell;  
Till nature change, thy artless strains  
Shall last, an' seem her second sel:
Was pain thy theme; or pastime daft?
Thou rais'dst the roar, or mov'dst the tear;
Thy "woodnotes wild" were sweet, an' saft,
As grace divine to souls sincere.

Oh Scotia! Bards of note you've rear'd:
E'en kings were counted i' their train;
But lo! a barefoot moor' herd
Frae a' their pipes the praise has ta'en:
Wha e'er before sac finely felt?
Sae "strongly mark'd" your rustic rings?
What mopin' min' unapt to melt,
Was cauldripe when he swept the strings?

Nae mair wi' rash, repentant share,
He'll breeze the Daisies modest breast;
Nor thro' the fur claut here-an'-there
The poor wee Mousie's motley nest;
Nae mair, at right, frae toil releas'd,
In "social key" Scotch Drink he swiggs;
Nor on a palpitating breast
Is blest amang the Barley Rigs.

Nae mair in kirk he stan's tip-tae,
To see the Rooks ordain the Raven;
Nor hears his Cotter read an' pray,
An' tell the weans the way to heav'n;
But till, unscot by ear an'e'e,
Auld mem'ry's types ilk image tine,

Wi' a' I hear, and a' I see,
Instinctive thought shall Burns combine.

Death, wha delay'd, and doff'd his shaft,
An leugh, langsine, to hear his strain,
Has pent him in the cell, which aft
He wis'sd to close him in frae pain:
An' now th' aerial Wreath he wears,
Adjudg'd him by the Phantom Fair,
An' comes wi' shadowy compeers
To warble on the Brigs o' Ayr.

But while the poet we applaud,
We manna less approve the man;
A heart to beauty ay he had,
An' to the brave a frienly han';
Nane felt the love o' country mair,
Nor wis'st the Brethren's peace an' health;
For Independence, firm, an' fair,
He strave as much as fools for wealth.

An' maun his fam'lie i' the slough
O' dreary poortith, pining, lye?
The want o' him is hard enough,
Without the want o' ought forbye:
Monie fine chiels hae set their hearts,
Like him, owre much on wine an' mirth;
The failin's o' a man o' parts
Are nobler than a numscull's worth.
In times to come, tho' now obscure,
His line may flourish for his sake;
An' sons o' sang frae monie a shore
Cleave relics frae his plough or braik:
Sublime, yet simple; wild, yet wise;
He'ne'er was match'd wham Scotia mourns—
A noble peal convuls'd the skies,
'Twas Nature's sel' respectin Burns.

DONEGORE HILL.

Ephie's base bairntime, trail-pike brood,
Were arm'd as weel as tribes that stood;
Yet on the battle ilka cauf
Turn'd his backside, an' scamper'd aff.

Psalm 78, v. 9.

The dew-draps wàt the fiels o' braird,
That soon the war-horse thortur'd;
An falds were op'd by monie a herd
Wha lang ere night lay tortur'd;
Whan chiefls wha grudg'd to be sae tax'd
An tyth'd by rack-rent blauth'ry,
Turn'd out en masse, as soon as ax'd—
An unco throuither squath'ry
Were we, that day.

While close-leagu'd crappies rais'd the hoards
O' pikes, pike-shafts, forks, firelocks,
Some melted lead—some saw'd deal boards—
Some hadde, like hens in byre-neuks:
Wives baket bonnocks for their men,
Wi' tears instead o' water;
An' lasses made cockades o' green
For chaps wha us'd to flatter
Their pride ilk day.
A brave man firmly leain' hame
I ay was proud to think on;
The wife-obeyin' son o' shame
Wi' kindlin' e'el blink on:
"Peace, peace be wi' ye!—ah! return
Ere lang and lea the daft anes"——
"Please guide." quo he, "before the morn
In spite o' a' our chieftains,
  An' guards, this day."

But when the pokes o' provender
Were slung on ilka shou'der,
Hags, wha to henpeck didna spare,
Loot out the yells the louder.—
Had they, whan blood about their heart
'Cauld fear made cake, an' crude,
'Ta'en twa rash gills frae Herdman's quart,
'Twad rous'd the calm, slow puddle
  I' their veins that day.

Now Leaders, laith to lea the rig's
Whase leash they fear'd was broken,
An' Privates, cursin' purse-proud prigs,
Wha brought 'em balls to sloken;
Repentant Painites at their pray'rs,
An' dastards crousely craikin',
Move on, heroic, to the wars
They meant na to partake in,
  By night, or day.

* An Innkeeper in Ballycarry.

Some fastin' yet, now strave to eat
The piece, that butter yellow'd;
An' some, in flocks, drank out cream crocks,
That wives but little val'd:
Some lettin' on their burn to mak',
The rear-guard, goadin', hasten'd;
Some hunk'rin' at a lee dyke back,
Boost houghel on, ere fasten'd
  Their breeks, that day.

The truly brave, as journeyin' on
They pass by weans an' mithers,
Think on red fiel's, whare soon may groan,
The husbands, an' the fathers:
They think how soon thee bonie things
May lose the youths they're true to;
An' see the rabble, strife ay brings,
Ravage their mansions, new to
  Sic scenes, that day.

When to the tap o' Donegore
Braid-islain' corps cam' postin',
The red-wud, warpin, wild uproar,
Was like a bee scap castin';
For * * * * * * * took ragweed farms,
(Fears e' has ay the jaundice)
For Nugent's red-coats, bright in arms,
An' rush! the pa'e-fac'd randies
  Took leg, that day.
The camp's brak up. O wre braes, an' bogs,
The patriots seek their sections:
Arms, ammunition, bread-bags, brogues,
Lye skail'd in a' directions:
Ane half, alas! wad fear'd to face
Auld Fogies, faps, or women;
Tho' strong, untried, they swore in pride,
" Moilie wad dun the yeomen,"
Some wiss'd-for day.

Come back, ye dastards!—Can ye ought
Expect at your returnin',
But wives an' weans stript, cattle hought,
An' cots, an' laughin's burnin'?
Na, haste ye hame; ye ken ye'll 'scape,
'Cause martial worth ye're clear o';
The nine-tail'd cat, or choakin' rape,
Is maistly for some hero,
On sic a day.

Saunt Paul (auld Knacksie!) counsels weel—
Pope, somewhere, does the samen,
That, "first o' a', folk sud themsel's
Impartially examine;"
Gif that's na done, whate'er ilk loun
May swear to, never swith'rin',
In ev'ry pinch, he'll basely flinch—
" Guidbye to ye, my brethren."
He'll cry, that day.

The leuks o' wheens wha stay'd behin',
Were mark'd by monie a passion;
By dread to staun, by shame to rin,
By scorn an' consternation:
Wi' spite they curse, wi' grief they pray,
Now move, now pause a bit ay;
"'Tis mad to gang, 'tis death to stay,"
An unco dolefu' ditty,
On sic a day.

What joy at hame our entrance gave!
" Guid God! is't you? fair fa' ye!—
'Twas wise, tho' fools may ca't no' brave,
To rin or e'er they saw ye."—
" Aye wife, that's true without dispute,
But lest sunts fail in Zion,
I'll hae to swear *** forc'd me out;
Better he swing than I, on
Some hangin' day."

My story's done, an' to be free,
O wre sair, I doubt, they smarted,
Wha wad hae bell'd the cat awee,
Had they no been deserted:
Thae warks pat skill, tho' in my min'
That ne'er was in't before, mon,
In tryin' times, maist folk, you'll fiu',
Will act like Donegore men
On onie day.
ADDRESS

TO MR. A********, CARRICKFERGUS,

Written after a severe Illness.

THIS rhyme I sen' to own I'm debtor
To Sandy for his friendly letter;
An'. certes, had I not grown better
Before this time,
I wad been makin' scraps o' metre
In some strange clime.

T'wad mak' an humbler body vain,
To think the burial I wad haen:
Sae monie brethren in a train
   Wad gart ye won'er;
But faith! I'm fander to remain
   An' want the honour.

L'd help the Crock wham ailments master,
He meets wi' monie a droll disaster:
Whae'er cam' in prescrib'd some sluister,
   An' I boost drink it;
I coupt it up, an' gied a gluister,
   An' grue't, an' winket.

This while my sea has been sae rough,
That at your jokes I wadna leugh;

My head was reft wi' ilka cough,
My breast was strain'd.
Ay when I raiv'd, or cry'd och ! och !
My mither gran'd.

Ay when approach't by lasses lo'esome,
I fand some easement in my bosom,
That cring't wi' fear when carlin's gruesome
   Discours't o' Nick:
Deel rive their jaws! what can dispose 'em
   To scare the sick?

But Sandy, first in my esteem ay,
I'm pleas'd, an' proud, ye cam' to see me,
Gif folk like you, think something o' me,
   'Twill never pain me,
Tho' a' the grunters, grave an' gloomy,
   Quote texts again' me.

Tell that fine chiel wha mens auld watches,
An' him wha doctors craig'ry clatches,
To see ye a' I've lift your latches,
   An' tak' a can,
Whenee'er health men's, wi' braider patches,
   My inner man.
WILLIAM AND EMMA.

ON Woodbine's banks, the blissful seats
Of innocence and health,
Dwelt Emma, fam'd among the swains
For loveliness, and wealth.

Her parents serv'd the household gods,
Cupidity and Care;
But Sense and Truth, were Emma's choice,
And these were William's share—

A gentle swain, who, living near,
Presum'd the maid to woo.
They lov'd; but hid their mutual flame;
For William's flocks were few.

At length, by night, they stole away
Thro' mosses, moors and groves,
To find a Priest, that for a bribe
Would legalize their loves.

The swain was handsome as the firs,
Beneath whose boughs they stray'd;
No star that tipp'd the hill they climb'd,
Was beauteous as the maid.

Conversing soft of life and love,
They journey'd, void of dread,
'Till keen, excruciating pain
Transpire'd his heart and head.

From Emma's arm he feebly sunk
Upon the howling heath—
"Fear not my fate, my trembling fair,
"This surely is not death.

"I'll rest a while, and taste this brook,
"Then onward walk with ease.—
"Why blow so keenly, Boreal blast,
"My love-wrought heart to freeze?"

She wrapt him in her own attire,
And sadly shiv'ring stood:
So Robinredbreast clad with leaves
The children of the wood.

But, as his agonizing pain
Grew more and more severe,
Her godlike mind in silence bore
Unspeakable despair.

"Yes, this is death," he said, "the heart
"Whose bliss was near, is broke;
"Mays't thou be"—"bless'd," he would have said;
But more he never spoke.

In stupor's trance, one pause she stood,—
Then rav'd, and scream'd, and gaz'd;
For ev'ry passion that can pain,
Her panting bosom seiz'd.
LAMBERT,
AN ELEGIAE ODE.

COME, gentle LAMBERT! let me see thee strike
Thy well-run top; I wish to see it move—
Familiar sprite; his form, so fairy-like,
Personifies simplicity, and love.
Open, and undisguis'd, his simple heart;
His hand is imitative and expert;
Acute his senses, and his mem'ry strong,
How soon he learns, the tale, the riddle, or the song.

How kind he's to the craz'd! firmly he braves
The imp calls names, tho' vex'd to see him bleed:
His self-dependent heart with pain receives
Assistance, offer'd in his utmost need.
Neglect afflicts him, of applause he's vain;
Firm, yet not obstinate; tho' meek, not mean;
Sincere, good-natur'd, emulous, and mild.
The heart is hard indeed, that does not love a child.

Yet beldames soon may shake my Lambert's mind
With tales of goblins; let him rob the nest,
And roast its inmates; mock the lame and blind;
Deceive his little friends, and lie in jest:
Yet if, in years to come, pride, avarice, art, 
Carnage, or cowardice, possess his heart, 
They'll praise his culture, tho' the source of all, 
And criminate Fate, Nature, and the Federal fall.

I see my fav'rite, tho' by nature great, 
Tame the rude soil, himself as rude a hind; 
The Faith of fools has made him Reason hate, 
And party politicks inflamed his mind; 
Sad superstition makes her vassal vain 
To bend his neck 'till slavery clasp his chain; 
While prejudice, the worm which gnaws below, 
Destroys each seed of truth which discipline would sow.

See struggling genius, like the spring which breeds 
The useless marsh, a little pains would clear, 
Peep out unnoticed, creep among the weeds, 
And mix'd with mud, obscurely disappear; 
While haughty dulness, frothy, pert, and slight, 
Like the rash torrent, babbles on the height.---
Ah! partial parents, will ye still, as now, 
Send dulness to the school, and genius to the plough?

A few the sea of science boldly brave, 
Without a chart, a pilot, or a light; 
Forlorn and friendless, like the galley slave, 
Who stole a boat, and, trusting chance, took flight: 
Thus bold Columbus, poor and hardship-driven, 
Explor'd new worlds. Thus the dread bolt from Heaven

Plebeian Franklin wrench'd.—What care and strife, 
Poor merit, long unnoticed, bears in early life?

If self-taught prodigies, once in an age 
Make bold attempts, like Shakespeare, or like Burns, 
How wonderfully great had been their rage 
Had lore enlarged their intellectual urns? 
Driv'n from the Tree of Knowledge with a taste, 
Nature's poor nobles wander ev'ry waste; 
And ev'ry stream beholds, as on it flows, 
Some embryo genius near, whose blossom never blows.

O Ireland! O my country! strive to mend 
The noble ruins of neglected mind; 
Make trampled worth, that longs to grasp a friend, 
Rise, like the pea, round patronage entwined: 
So many a bard, now mute in misery's vale, 
And sage shall rise, and tell the world your tale; 
And tars, and soldiers, 'midst your futile foes, 
Stand like you haughty hill, whose circuit mists inclose.
A PRAYER,

Written on the eve of the unfortunate 7th of June, 1798.

ALMIGHTY Lord of life and death!
While men for strife prepare,
Let but this heart thy favour feel,
And peace will still be there.

How oft I've err'd! at pleasure's shrine
How fondly bent my knee!
But if I have not cruel been,
Be clement, Lord! to me.

If pride in this aspiring breast
Made poverty give pain,
Expel that pride; nor in its stead
Let mean dishonour reign.

If e'er ill passions prompted me
Off wisdom's path to go,
Let not revenge, the worst one, strive
To hurt a private foe.

How dare I ask thy bolts to throw?
Whose mandates "do not kill."
But, whilst as man I have to fight,
As man O may I feel!

Let not this frame, whose fleshless bones
These summer suns may bleach,
Lie writhing long; nor, while it stands,
The hand of pillage stretch.

But in the vict'ry, or the rout,
In glory, or in gall,
May moderation mark my power,
And fortitude my fall.

Why dread to die? what griefs I've borne?
What pains have pluck'd each nerve?
Yet why not wish to grow more wise,
And live my friends to serve?

Resign'd I'll rest then, whether oft
Yon silver curve to see;
Or hail the sun, and, ere he set,
Beyond his system be.

Almighty Lord of life and death!
Whilst men for strife prepare,
Let but this heart thy favour feel,
And peace will still be there.
ADDRESS TO BELFAST.

I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little Heav'n below,

FAR-fam'd Belfast! most justly still'd
The guide and glory of the North,
Wilt thou attend a songster wild,
Who simply celebrates thy worth?
Tho' prejudice that worth may slight,
Deceiv'd by tales of party-spite,
Story's true page shall carry down
To time's latest sons, thy high renown.

Nature, fair-imag'd, walks thy Stage;
Thy Paines Morality befriend;
While youths, by Discipline made sage,
Thy throng'd Academy attend;
Thy House of Alms—asylum bless'd!
Receives the Poor, and gives 'em rest;
Thy Sunday-Schools humanely train,
Th' unhappy babes of Want and Pain.

The friends of Liberty and Law,
Brave men and bright, in thee remain;
Whom Demagogue shall never draw
To wild misrule—nor despot chain:

Th' expressive Look—the faultless Form,
Is not thy Daughters only charm;
Good-sense, Good-nature, mental Health,
Are theirs—a nobler dow'r than Wealth.

While Zeal, elsewhere, directs his Shafts
At the pure Heart that Truth would find;
Free as the gale, that gently wafts
Thy Commerce o'er, thou leav'st the mind:
Thy Churchman scorns to smite the meek
and passive Quaker's modest cheek:
Thy Cath'lick yields her willing hand
To Calvin's friend, in Hymen's band.

Ah! ne'er may Ignorance, allied
To Superstition, humble thee!
Nor Opulence engender Pride,
The parent of Misanthropy!
So Emulation shall inflame
Genius to write, that Taste may fame,
And Kindness soothe the poor Merit's pains,
And Valour guard what Virtue gains.

FAR-fam'd Belfast! O long may stand
Thy domes and spires, that long have stood!
Protected by thy Angel's hand
From Flame, from Tempest, and from flood!
And when old Time, who ruins all,
Shall doom thy splendid streets to fall,
May their exalted Natives rise
To nobler Mansions in thy Skies!
THE POOR-HOUSE.

AN ELEGY.

He feeds you alms-house, neat, but void of state,  
Where Age and Want, sit smiling at the gate.  

Pope.

WITH pensive steps I seek you lofty dome,  
That on the height is seen to glow and gleam—  
Rear'd by the bounteous, as a peaceful home,  
Where indigence and age, might shelter claim.

Hail, blest asylum! where at once we find  
A seminary, shop, and place of pray'r:  
Sees Heav'n a worthier sight, than when the kind  
The well-timed boon to mis'ry's children share?

Well pleas'd these comfortable rooms I trace,  
Where age and childhood earn and eat their bread,  
While competence consents once more to grace  
The congregated poor who lately stray'd.

Here, while Extravagance! thy sober'd slave  
Brands thy bright temples as he plies his task,  
Misfortune's worthier victim, bow'd, yet brave,  
Earns the blest bread he ne'er would deign to ask.

There, while the orphan, far from kindred's care,  
Learns truth and science—learns to live and die,  
The widow'd mother, on the wings of pray'r,  
Surmounts the earth, and communes with the sky.

Who would not pity? have we health and state?  
And are not many here who had the same?—  
Disease may seize us on the hour of fate  
That all our fortune sinks in flood or flame.

Who would despise them? many a child now here,  
May climb the height from which his father fell;  
May woo the muses, charm the public ear,  
Or teach the tide of battle where to swell.

Blest Charity! while vagrant pests prepare  
Ropes for their necks, and for their souls-the flame,  
Thy sons serve earth and heaven. A little care  
Makes them their country's pride, who were her shame.

What ghastly groups, diseas'd, around me stand!  
Dull headach droops, spleen frets, consumption wastes,  
And dotage wildly stares, while palsy's hand  
Flings o'er his head the meal he seldom tastes.

The beldame pants, that's gasping asthma's prey,  
The rheum-rack'd soldier pines, but ne'er complains,  
The tar crawls by, whose limbs felt frosts stern sway—  
Hark how they talk of shipwrecks and campaigns!
No more the belle shall charm thy sons of mirth,
No more the hearty tar shall heave the lead,
No more the drum shall call the soldier forth,
To serve his country where the valiant bleed.

No more domestic peace, (by transient strife
Made thrice more valu'd) shall their homes attend :
Adown th' abrupt declivity of life,
They feebly totter to their journey's end.

My heart forebodes that I, ere life shall cease,
A poor old man, the last of all my race,
Coughing along, and shouldering the breeze,
May seek sad refuge in some kindred place.

There, far remov'd from ev'ry hope and fear;
Recite the scenes of youth, so like a dream,
Till death conclude the winter of my year,
And give the dust my weary, willing frame.

THE THUNDER STORM.

The troubled sun in black'n'ing clouds is lost,
Dead silence reigns, and dark the list'ning lawn;
As when spread banners shade a silent host,
Ere from their sheaths ten thousand swords are drawn;

At first the thunder seems the torrent's yell,
The flash, fair-glancing, is but born to die;
But soon red cataracts, out-pouring fell,
Between dread peals, meander thro' the sky.

Heav'n's valves dispart, and flame to flame succeeds,
Fierce as when vengeance hurl'd whole hosts from heav'n;
Th' increas'd explosions burst above our heads,
As if the Welkin, with a crash, were riv'n.

Meanwhile, on earth, how aw'd man, bird, and beast!
Th' enrag'd red river foams, the prone rain teems.
'Tis done—tir'd nature rests—her tribes seem pleas'd—
And lo! once more the sun divinely beams.
Why dread the storm? the same Almighty voice
Which gives it accent, modulates the breeze:
If Death ride conqueror thro' the rending skies,
Close in the calm lurks traitor-like Disease.

Earth dreads th' approaching bolt. The voice of
Heav'n
Is mighty, as if rais'd to sentence time:
'Midst stiff'n'd flocks, raz'd rocks, and forests riv'n,
The elements express the true sublime.

Sublime the nightly Fire which bells proclaim—
Smoke writhes on high, roofs fall, and ruins gape;
While from the village one vast mass of flame,
Th' amaz'd, mute natives, warping wild, escape.

Sublime the Tempest from on high to mark—
The rough white wave, drear gulph, and tumbling heap:
Earth groans beneath the blast; the poor toss'd bark
Forlornly braves, while surges shake the steep.

Sublime the Battle.—Arms gleam, ensigns wave,
Th' ennobling trump bids foot and horse engage;
While, firm as fate, each phalanx of the brave,
Moves on sedately 'midst the cannon's rage.

But more sublime the Thunder-storm to me,
Than all that's great in Nature or in Art—
How awfully august, to hear, and see,
The world-confounding peal, and fate-wing'd dart.
TO THE POTATOE.

I ledg we'd fen gif fairly quat o'
The weed we smoke, an' chow the fat o'
An' wadna grudge to want the wat o'
Wealth-wastin' Tea; But leeze me on the precious Pratoe,
My country's stay!

Bright blooms the Bean that scents the valley,
An' bright the Pea, that speels the salie,
An' bright the Plumb tree, blossom't brawly,
An' blue-bow't lint;
But what wi' straught rais't raws can tally,
That sun-beams tint.

Waeworth the proud prelatic pack,
Wha Point an' Prataoes downa tak!
Wi' them galore, an' whyles a plack
To mak me frisky,
I'll fen, an' barley freely lack—
Except in whisky.

What wad poor deels on bogs an' braes,
Whase dear cot-tacks nac meal can raise;
Wha ne'er tase butter, beef or cheese,
Nor pit new clais on;

While a' they mak' can barley please
Some rack-rent mcson.

What wad they do without Do-blacks,*
Their weans wi' sarkless wames to rax?
They boost to forage like the fox
'That nightly plun'ers,
Or wi' the 'Squires turn out an' box,
In hungry hun'ers.

Sweet in the mornin', after dashlin',
Thy daigh is, pouther't o'wre wi' mashlin';
Creesh't scons stan' pil't on plates, or brisin'
A' roun' the ingle,
While a fand Wifie fast is fislin',
An' tea-cups jingle.

Sweet to the boons that blythely enter
At dinner-time, the graise in centre,
Champ't up wi' kail, that pey the planter,
Beans, pa'snips, peas!
Gosh! cud a cautious Covenantanter
Wait for the grace?

Sweet to the badger, aft a lander
At day-light-gaun, thou'rt on the !wander,
Brown skin't, an' birslet. Nane are fander
To hear thee crisp,
Ere in some neuk, wi' goose and gander
He share the wisp.

* A kind of the Potatoe.
The weel-pair't peasants, kempin', set ye;
The weak wee boys, sho'el, weed, an' pat ye;
The auld guid men thy apples get ay
Seedlin's to raise;
An' on sow'n-sceves the lasses grate ye,
To starch their caes.

Then, in hin-hairst, when wee an' big ane,
Tak' to the fiel's, an' fa' a diggin',
Spades risp—tubs rumble—cars are jiggin'—
L—d! what a noise is?
While monie a pit's prodigious riggin'
High-archin', rises.
Thou feeds our beasts o' ilka kin',
The gen'rous steed, and grov'lin' swine:
An' poultry tribes; the doves ay fine,
An' ducks besmeard ay:
Dear was the man, an' half divine,
Wha here first rear'd ye.

How comfortable, an' how couthy
We'd lieve, gif they wha bake cud brew thee!
Losh! 'twad be fine gif ilka youth ay,
O' social tempers,
Might steep, an' still, for comrades-drouthy
A bing o' hampers.*

O Airlan! thou may weel be crouse,
Thy soger on his butte'd stews;

* Another kind of the Potatooe.
Celestial Tea!...a fountain that can cure
The ills of passion, and can free the fair
From sighs and frowns, by disappointment earn'd.

WELCOME, my frien's,—ye're just in time,
The kettle's on, an' soon will chyme;
An' gif, tho' us'd to strains sublime,
Ye'll listen me,
I'll clear my throat, an' rudely rhyme
In praise o' Tea.

What mak's ye nice? I'm no yet stintet
To mashlin bead an' weel-won mint to't;
The far-fetch'd leaf is maistly grantet
Sev'n times a week;
An', tak' my word, the day I want it
The pipe does reek.

Leeze me on Tea!—the maskin pot
Keeps peace about the poor man's cot:
Nae waitin' wife misca's the sort,
Wha staunchers hame wi'
A grain o' pouthar an' o' shot,
To charge the wame wi'!

The L—d leuk on her wretched bield,
Whase pence are out, and hank unree'ld!
Nae griddle's het, nae pratoe peel'd,
To mak' a bap o't;
Nor weed nor head-ach tak's the field
Without a drap o't.

But blast the smuggler, fause an' fell,
Wha brews't in tinfu's by hersel;
An' bribes the sma'-craft no to tell
Their drudgin' daddy;
Deel nor he'd ay bounce in, pell-mell,
Just when 'tis ready.

When Riggie's yell, an' kitchen dear,
'Tis the poor cotter's cheapest cheer:
The creamless blash, that sugar fair
Has little share in,
Sen's glibly owre, his bonnoch bare,
An' saut, saut herra.

The poorest bodies far or near,
Their pipes wi't ay on Sunday clear:
And a' the state-days o' the year;
But, chiefly, yule,
Wife, wean, an' cat, can hardly bear
To let it cool.

At breakin', clovin', kirk, an' quiltin',
'Tis ay the base that bliss is built on;
An’ when the spaé-wife to the Mill-town
   In hiddlin’s slips,
Without it, vain were her consultin’
   Divinin’ cups.

While roun’ the hag the young things catch
The story o’ their future match,
Tho’ a’ her skill’s no worth a fitting,
   Sud at her haunch
Bauld Moses rise to “sly the witch,”
   They’d mak’ him gaunch.

When clauthin wives, wi’ heads in flannin’,
Forgether’d on a sabbath e’enin’;
Pit spoonfu’s twa a piece o’ green in;
   (While wi’ the mother
The splain an’ stuffin’—a’ compleenin’
   Sit whazzlin’ thruther.)

Losh! how they rauner, rail, an’ ripple
Their nybers names, an’ mumph an’ sipple!
But, conscience! gif the auld deift nipple
   Nae ooze wad bring,
The priest, an’ parish, king, an’ people,
   Might tak their swing.

One wha oure-night has play’d the weary,
An’ crept frae slumber, half delcery,
Wi’ achin’ banes, an’ blinkers bleerie,
   An’ tortur’d nerves:

While some slee jilt, wi’ mirth sincere ay,
   His plight observes.

When wash’d his face, and camb’d his hair,
An’ in again frae takin’ air,
Sax reekin’ roun’s, or may be mair.
   Can mak’ him able,
To think, an’ speak, an’ labour share,
   In barn or stable.

Yet “Tea mak’s man a nerveless wrig,”
The doctor says—p-x on the prig!
Its juice has gladden’d monie a big,
   An’ brave leel heart,
Wha’d firm as Gabbin keep the trig,
   Or forward dart—

But, harkee! there’s a blyther singer;
I tald ye ’twad be’ nae lang hinger;—
Yestreen I daftly still’d the clangour
   I’ the auld twin’d blether;
Or pint’s a piece o’ something stronger
   We’d bouse thegither.
FORT-HILL.

THE sweet rose of June scents your shade,
The peas that you've prop'd are in bloom;
I've moulded my roots with my spade,
And heap'd up my fuel at home.
My fair! shall we walk by yon hedge?
Or angle a while in the rill?
Nay, rather let's gaze from the edge
Of soft-sloping, stately Fort-Hill.

How lovely the landscape below!—
The boats on the silver lake move;
The conic hay-cocks form a row;
The dome gleams and glows, thro' the grove:
The nymphs, and the mead-mowing hinds
Toil blithe. Yon stript slave stoops to swill
A draught of the cool stream that winds
From the bosom of bounteous Fort-Hill.

Here, westward, the cataract white,
Roars, roughens, and bounds o'er the steep;
And there, with her ship-saving light,
Sits Copeland emerg'd from the deep:
The bowling-green, here, crowns the height,
A wood-circle scene of blithe skill

And there, glides some glorious first-rate,
Whose thunders could shake e'en Fort-Hill.

Beneath us the hamlets' street smiles,
The forge chimes, the full school breaks, free;
While home haste the glad lab'ring files,
Dismiss'd by the bell on the tree:
May they soon dance each eve to the fife
That's now only heard at the drill;
And the horrible kettle of strife
Cease to boil in the view of Fort-Hill!

Observe yon proud city, how grand
Her spire seems! how dreadful her tow'r!
Grim-rising o'er both sea and land,
Like the stern sprite on wild Patmos' shore.
What smoke from yon foundry aspires;
Yon safe port what groves of masts fill!
Yon tide-crossing bridge, joining shires,
Is at once firm and fair, like Fort-Hill.

Hail! wanted walks! distant shires, hail!
Hail! wide realms, that seas roll between,
Immensity's self draws a veil
On the skirts of the soul-raising scene:
The heaths where, of yore, Ossian warr'd,
The plains fam'd, poor Burns, by your quill,
And the isle where the Manx tongue is heard,
Conspicuous are all to Fort-Hill.
Bright noon, how intense is your heat!—
The fence, lo! the startling herds mock;
From the prone beam, my fair, let's retreat
To the dew-dripping cave in the rock;
If some hermit dwelt there, well I ween,
While your smiles warm'd his pulse, now grown chill,
Moralizing the picturesque scene,
He'd say, looking down from Fort-Hill:—

"These white hedges time soon shall blast,
And the mute linnet bend the bare spray:
These fertile fields, ripening so fast,
Must soon lose their grain, beans, and hay;
That Moat, the blest Elves' dwelling place,
You may live to see sacrifice till;
And these cottages, smoking in peace,
Dreary wastes at the foot of Fort-Hill.

"Yea, yon tower-topp'd and firm eastern hill,
Which once was dy'd red by war's art,
The deep, whose dread notes now are still,
And all that we see shall depart;
But life-blessing love, spotless truth,
And firm friendship, time cannot kill;
Preserve them fair maid, and fond youth,
And live blest in the shade of Fort-Hill."

THE BANKS OF LARNE.

ON Larne's sweet banks, in early years,
I careless stray'd, and void of art,
Attun'd a reed that pleas'd my peers,
To praise the maid that charmed my heart:
A blyther swain rang'd not the green,
And gaudy hills of hapless Ern,
Till spite and malice, chang'd the scene
To grief and care on gentle Larne.

Oft disappointed, oft deceiv'd,
What heart-achs there have marr'd my health!
What humbling insults I've received
From worthless heirs of pride and wealth!
I strove to rise, yet sank the lower;
I sought esteem, and sad concern
From falsehood rose; yet all I bore,
While bleast with peace, on gentle Larne.

"Twas there, my heart! a priest-like sire
Impress'd thee with his precepts mild;
There nature's breath, my simple lyre,
Awoke thee soon to warble wild;
There love was selfless and sincere,
There friendship joy'd to watch and warn;
Then is it strange I shed a tear
To leave the gentle banks of Larne?

Inchanting banks! how fair their charms!
The mead adorns, the mountain shields,
On her smooth bosom, cots, flocks, farms,
Reflected, look like fairy-fields:
There villages, and villas rise,
There plenty fills each peasant's barn;
For care, and culture, prompt the wise
To plant, and plow, on gentle Larne.

And must I cease, sweet lake, to view
Thee basking in the tepid ray;
Or tempest-toss'd, and darkly blue;
Or closely veil'd in vapour grey!
Shall I no more, conceal'd by briars,
Eye bathing nymphs, might melt the stern?
Nor mark the meteor of the mires
That nightly glides on gentle Larne?

And must I leave thee, natal cot?
And must thy roof the floor o'erspread?
Alas! my foes, ere long, may blot
My memory on thy ruin'd stead:
But welcome shame, and slander's sting;
Th' endanger'd day, the bed of Fern,
Ev'n pain, and death, if these could bring
Repose and peace to gentle Larne.

My comrades kind, these long-lov'd shores,
No more we'll roam on Sundays fine:
Prosperity and peace be yours!
To wander, and to wail, be mine:
You'll sometimes mind a friend, far hence,
Who shares the woes he did not earn,
And pray that fate may recompense
The love he bears to gentle Larne.
CONSCIENCE.

A SONNET.

Heart-searching Conscience! intellectual guide!
How precious is thy peace! Imbosom'd Heav'n!
It makes the martyr calm as pensive ev'n
While pride and pow'r his heart and soul divide:
The pilgrim's pillow, on his bed of fern,
Thou strangely smooth'st, and makest his visions blest;
By thee the brave man's wrongs are half redress'd;
But stern injustice feels thee still more stern.

Thon shew'st thy' assassin, daggers, bloody hands,
And vengeful ghosts, which but to him appear,
Thy smile gives courage to the routed rear;
Thy frown makes cowards e'en of conqu'ring bands.

The Laws of Right and Wrong are felt from thee;
And Heaven and Hell result from thy decree.

* Vide Macbeth.

TO A SPARROW,

On seeing some boys rob her Nest.

Wee, wanton, little thought o' birdie!
Pert, keen, an' crouse, an' unco wordie,
The stapple that sae lang has co'erd ye
Your faes are seisin';
Shame fa' them! can they no afford ye
The cauld house easin'?

What head o' wit, wi' sev'n years lear,
Cou'd mak' a nest sae feat, an' fair?
Eydent thou gather't grass an' hair,
Frae daun till dark;
Fou scar'd, when school-boys chanc'd to stare
Upo' thy wark.

Mony a day's hunger didst thou see,
While sittin' close as close cou'd be;
Yet now before thy anxious e'e
They've rack'd thy housie,
An' made thy helpless familie
The prey o' pousie.

E'enow thy breast is just as sair
As wife's wad be, wha'ld see, or hear,
Sic fate, perforce, befa' her dear
   An' daunted weans;
But och! thy troublers dinna care
   How vast thy pains!

An' yet they're friety—sots wha'd gie
Their breasts, the swallows shield to be,
Deem' nae offence to harrie thee;
   Tho' minds mair noble
Wi' less remorse wad steal a tree,
   Than breed thee trouble.

Sae, when a wretched widow's sent
Frae some bit bield, whase leash is spent,
Tho' a' they hae be put to cant,
   She views it calmly,
Till rich, rude ruffians teaze and taunt
   Her gentle fam'ly.

Sae, when a carle, wi' mickle pains,
Scrapes up some gear to lea' his weans,
A band breaks in, an' bins the banes
   That late lay achin',
An' lea's him reft o' a' his gains,
   Sair-skaith'd, an' quakin'.

Sae, now there's monie sufferin' sair
By biggin' castles in the air;
But we twa will hae handins there
   Sae lang's we've breath;

An' laugh at a' the sons o' care
   Wha sneak beneath.
Thou needna think this outrage odd,
For man's to man, like goose and tod;
But still the brave will rapine, blood,
   An' guile bewaur o',
An' spare the creature o' their God,
   Tho' but a Sparrow.
WHERE, where am I?—night unholy
Hides me with her sable veil—
Who were with me?—O how folly
Makes my rackt remembrance fail!
What's fierce thirst, my vitals burning,
To th' insufferable pain,
That suspended sense, returning,
Gives my bosom and my brain?

Now, perchance, the mate my errors
Brought from ease to shame and care,
Roams the wild, beset with terrors,
Fancying I've founder'd there:
Else for me she makes, mild-waiting,
Viands nice, and vestments warm,
Timidly anticipating
How I'll strive, and how I'll storm.

Tho' my sire, while sorrow hast'ning
Lifes last sands, his frail frame shook,
Prophested the woful chast'ning
My profusion would provoke;
Could I b'lieve that, wild till wealthless,
I'd from no excess refrain?

Or that, prematurely healthless,
Pleasures false would leave me pain?

Sums dispers'd in rule's defiance
Might have been my daughter's dow'r;
Gain'd my sons soul-raising science;
Screen'd my age from hardship's pow'r.
Oft the vow to reason plighted
I've abjur'd, in riot's cave;
Oft has fell remorse excited
Desperate me, my life to leave.

God forgive me! how connected
With each crime Intemperance is!
Hence I've mangled friends respected;
And blasphem'd like fiends that hiss:
Hence, derang'd, I've bab'd the slandering
Secrets, to my trust consign'd,
Hence I've ruin'd, madly squand'ring,
Creditors, less wise, than kind.

Quondam comrades, men of merit,
To admit me will not deign;
Quite conform'd, my crest-fall'n spirit
Orgies holds with Belial's train;
But, contrasting my dejection,
Lo! morn smiles, while sky-larks sing,
I'll arise and drown reflection,—
Hostess! quick, a bumper bring.
ON THE DEATH OF HUGH TYNAN,

The Poet of D.Deer.

WHILE venal bards, with sordid hand,
Entwine the wreath for grandeur's brow;
Or pour the dirge, which truth must brand,
Beside the grave where pride lies low;
I sing an humble child of woe,
Who daily drain'd the cup of gall—
Happy for those whom hardships bow,
When they, like Tynan, early fall,

Ill-fated Tynan! thro' the vale
Of life, forlorn he crept along,
Culling, at times, with tasteful zeal,
The sweets of science, and of song:
None prais'd his lay, till mute his tongue,
None mourn'd his woes, till freed by fate,
How seldom do the thoughtless throng
Find out poor merit, ere too late?

Oft o'er the page of knowledge bright,
Or musing sage, he slighted sleep;
And oft, in anguish, veil'd by night,
He left his cell to "wail and weep":

The man of spirit loves to keep
His cares conceal'd from cruel pride;
What, what could wound him half so deep,
As to implore and be denied?

How simply sweet his self-taught strains!
His life e'en malice cannot blot;
Say men of wealth, who knew his pains,
Should famine fell have been his lot.
While fortune's friend, the tasteless sot,
In shameful splendor, sins and shines,
Discourag'd, in some lonely cot,
The man of parts obscurely pines.

TYNAN! farewell!—I'd rather far
Possess thy genius, worth, and cares,
Than share the proud men's gilded car,
And have a head, and heart, like theirs:
A short, short while, and doubts and fears
Shall leave each heart, and tears each eye,
And sad misfortune's honest heirs
Sing anthems with thy shade, on high.
EPISTLE
TO N—P—, ODLMILL.

"The chief musician on the string'd instrument!"

DEAR Thaunie! musick's gentle sinn,
A thread o' rhyme to thee I'll spin;
Tho' unexpressive is your blin'

An' beamless e'e:
Your brightness has the light within
That pleases me.

I'm glad, my frien', ye mak a shift
To keep the strings in proper tift;
Ere this new moon forsake the lift
We've hae some sport,
Tho' my auld treadles sud move swift,
At midnight for't.

'Tis you may brag; man, wife, an' lassie,
Wad to their bosoms hug an' hause ye;
Some deep divines, wha poor folk a we sae,
They flee the kirk,
Wad fald a flock might make them saucie,
Gif ye were clerk.

Let us be tir'd, or barley-sick,
Or crav'd for debts, wad cowe auld Nick,
Or pierc'd wi' love, aye to the quick.
Or scandal foute.

As florish o' your fiddle-stick,
Sen's care to Cloutie.

On auld fair days, when folk's no' sicker,
You're ay the brither o' the Bicker;
Fracilka neuk the spunkies staucher
To hear your stories;

The roof re-echoes ev'ry nicher,
An' every chorus.

An' when ye gravely try your skill
On ordination an' free-will,
E'en whiggish drones chap in a gill,
You're sic a bright man;

For a' you're owre like Rabin Hill,
A black New-light-man.

When labour calls, ye doon can lay
Your han's, an' waur the sons o' day;
An' were a wak three mile away
Ye straightt cud gang till't,
An' let them hear ye baith cud pray
And pit the twang till't.
I 'ledge you're wonerfu' content ay,
An' weel ye may, for fate has sent ye
A bairn-time, thrifty, crouse an' cantie,

Bless'd be the Maker!

They've bra' stout stitches; tho' they haunt ay
The "fiddler's acre."

An' sic a wife—but phrase 1 mannie,
In segs, I wiss ye saw * her Thaunie!
My conscience, ye hae graipet cannie,

While seein' chieurs
Wae jad, as gruesome as my grannie,
Thraun reestet deels.

An' ye hae sense might sair a king,
An' ye've a muse can glibly sing;
Git I'm to judge, I'll swear by jing!

There's few wha gaze on
The scenes o' life, can paint the thing
Like "fine boat-racin."

An' tho' on Nature's bonie beuk,
Ye canna cast a conscious leuk
Ye've peace an' ease, 'boon monie folk

Wha glour fu' keen,
An' wadna be a cleigh'rin crock
For baith his e'en.

* Thaunie is purblind.
† Alluding to a song of Thaunie's on a Boat-race.
THE BULL-BEAT.

If e'er the poet, pity's child,
Forsakes his spirit-soothing lyre,
And joins the sport with comrades wild,
He oft deplors while they admire;
While they torment, he now wou'd save
The landscape's monarch, bold and brave.

Confin'd amid th' assembling crowd,
Sedate and sad, the victim stands;
The mastiff eyes the man of blood,
And panting, waits his fell commands;
And lo! keen rushing from the slip,
The lordly brute they fiercely grip.

While one obliquely pulls his tongue,
Another tears his ample chest,
A third is at his shoulder hung,
And different posts employ the rest:
Just as we've seen the human herd
Mangle a brave man, singly fear'd.

Unmov'd, he now stands torture-proof,
Now madly on his foes he bounds;
His horn rips some, and some his hoof.
That, archly pawing, foils the hounds:

Heard you that groan?—how vast his pain!—
What noble strife has been in vain!

Firm, tho' forlorn, and bent to make
One glorious effort, ere he yield.
He darts intrepid from the stake,
And falls abruptly on the field;
Huzzas and howls, at once ascend;
Foam, gore and mud, together blend.

And now the butcher aims his piece,
And firing, ends the sufferer's life—
Can men endure such scenes as these?
Can christians pride in gore and strife?
Such scenes amuse the slave and sot;
But saints and heroes shun the spot.
LINES,
ADDRESS TO MRS. D***Y.

Muse-like guide, I greatly glory,
That I've gain'd your friendship fine;
As sincerely am I sorry,
That it was not sooner mine.

Minds forlorn, must through the thorny
Desert of existence stray,
Who'd with ease have clos'd the journey,
Had they joined upon the way.

Pleasures smiles were due thee, Anna,
Tho' you've felt affliction's power;
Fate, that oft feeds fools on manna,
Gives the bright a brimstone shower!

Yet, tho' fate, in field and city,
Chiefly grieves the feeling mind,
Would'st thou yield the pains of pity
For the joys misanthropes find?

In return, the God who bruizes,
Gives sweet suff'ring's mental pow'r,
Thou, I'm told, canst make the Muses
Harmonize affliction's bow'r.

There I'll be, when griefs cross-harrow
This bruis'd bosom. Thou'lt impart
Wisdoms lore, or songs of sorrow,
Quite congenial to my heart.

Teach me how to do and suffer,
There our every duty lies:
Each firm precept tho' can'st offer,
Thou hast liv'd to realize.

While false fortunes smiles, or rudeness,
Make weak worldlings gloom or glow,
We shall merit joy by goodness,
And with patience welcome woe.
THE MANIAC'S PETITION.

KIND Cottagers! let in a houseless swain
  Whom fortune promis'd much, but turn'd unkind—
Beside my mansion, on a distant plain,
  My griev'd coevals call my tale to mind.
Insanity, brought on by woes immense,
  Savag'd my looks, and furrow'd down my bloom,
Tho' now a lucid glimpse of wond'ring sense
  Sheds transient twilight o'er the mental gloom.

My prideful relatives, whom av'rice fir'd,
  Spurn'd me from home, and bade me come no more,
Because this bosom selflessly admir'd
  A fair, fond maid, whose charms were all her store.

My country call'd to arms—I scorn'd her foes,
  And rashly vow'd to conquer, or to bleed—
The wounds, whose scars this hatless head now shews,
  A sabre gave, as vict'ry's shouts were spread.

Peace came—but who can boast of bliss to come?
  Or say in sorrow—"Fate can't sink me low'r."
Stern fate conspiring with the sea of foam,
  Wreck'd the poor soldier on his native shore.

Escap'd the surge, I sadly homeward sped,
  At home false fame reported I was slain;
Dictating dames had forc'd my fair to wed—
  I saw the bride, and phrenzy fir'd by brain.
Degrad'g phrenzy! long has it amus'd
  Th' ignoble mob, whom once I held in scorn;
Had I been fierce I might have been excus'd,
  But passively the wise men's wrongs I've borne.

Chill night comes on; be kind, and let me in,
  So fate shall shield you, if like me forlorn:
These rage-torn rags expose my cold, hard skin,
  My swell'd limbs bleed, by rocks and brambles torn.

Rude cottagers! I here no more may stand;
  The village-imps their curs against me bring;
My plighted maid, and spouse, come hand in hand—
  While howl the winds, that wreck'd me, tho' their king.
ODE TO DESPAIR.

Grim Pow'r! that to the lonely heath
From mortal converse lov'st to fly;
Haste in thy step, and sullen wrath,
And horror in thy stedfast eye:
Loose float in air thy matted locks,
Thy motly weeds are rent on rocks,
While lingering on thy precipice's brink,
Thou sternly instig'st th' approaching wretch to sink.

Hag vices imps around thee yell;
Ambition that no fall can tame,
Wealth-wasting lux'ry, avarice fell,
And lurking guile expos'd to shame.
And ah! how oft the cares and woes,
The blameless in thy toils inclose!
How oft does pity shudd'ring see thee shun
Th' impudent, and impure, to humble merits son!

The love-lorn swain, who views the bride
His ardent arms prepar'd to hold,
Laid low by death, or (galling pride!)
To an insulting rival sold,
His doleful breast to thee must ope,
Where not one beam of wonted hope

Shall gild the gloom. If chance her image fine
Rise to his minds fond eye, thou cry'st "she'll ne'er be thine."

The husband kind, who sees his sad
And silent mate, immers'd in pain;
And hears their infants—poorly clad;
Implore the bread he cannot gain,
To shameful rapine thou can'st lead;—
Or if a tale by slander spread,
To vengeful deeds his jealous hand provoke,
Thou instantly command'st the self-destroying stroke.

The exile, forc'd by ruthless pow'r,
Far from the plains he ne'er shall see,
Looks sadly to the sev'ring shore,
And gives his longing soul to thee:
The patriot, whose unpension'd hand
Is rais'd "to save a sinking land,"
Impell'd by thee, when ev'ry hope is past,
Darts on the victor hordes, and bravely bleeds his last.

Ne'er may the youth whose plaintive lay,
(Dread Queen!) invokes thy soul to spare,
Deraught by thee, stark naked stray,
Self-pleas'd, and proud, tho' mis'ry's heir:
Nor on thy cliffs tremendous brow
Marking the hideous gulph below,
And beating fierce the bosom thou hast riv'n,
Plunge in th' enfuriate waves—defying hell and heav'n.
ELEGY.

Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear.

THE hamlet quench'd her lights; nor clam'rous rav'n
Caw'd in the grove, nor warbler on the spray;
Earth slept in peace, while o'er the azure heav'n
The silver moon, in splendor, roll'd away.

The hoarse, rough torrent cross'd the craggy hill,
On which full soon the voice of Euris bray'd;
The calm sea smil'd; and in the church-yard chill
The nodding ruins cast a solemn shade.

Profoundly wrapt in meditation's trance,
I left my home, the wrecks of party hate,
And pond'ring on misconduct, and mischance,
Did oft accuse myself, and oft my fate.

"Vain youth!" I cry'd, "above my lowly sphere
I've rais'd my views, and met an humbling blast;
With want I'm sham'd, tho' worn by toils severe,
While wasteful idlers ease and affluence taste.

Fame early caught my idolizing eye,
But, falsely smiling, fled as I pursu'd;
For science, and the muse, to me are coy,
Scant is my knowledge, and my rhymes are rude.

A little eminence, uprais'd by taste;
Journey'ng thro' life's lone vale at length I've gain'd,
And thence explore the intellectual waste,
Which had I neer aspir'd, wou'd ne'er have pain'd.

With upright ends I sought a happier plain;
But was unfortunate where felons thrive:
I sought my home; but omnipresent pain
Was there, to seize the friendless fugitive.

Fall'n are the friends who cheer'd my gloomiest hours,
My brave, bright friends, whose worth was all their wealth;
They bask in bliss, 'mid antinmundane bow'rs,
No more, like me, to want content and health.

When calumny and care have clos'd this strife,
Around my bier the truthless sons of zeal
Shall thwart my tenets - mock a moral life—
Affirm I'm lost—and boast the peace they feel.
ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF A. M'CRACKEN,

"Basely murdered."

AH! how can man, thus idolizing life,
In false futurity repose his trust;
While heartfelt pain, and desolating strife,
Each hour o'erthrows his brothers of the dust?

Rever'd M'CRACKEN! when with thee, my friend!
I last ey'd Nature from the mountain grand,
I little thought, that ere an hour should end,
Thy frame should writhe beneath th' assassin's hand.

While proud vice prosper'd, penury and pain,
Pfell harpies! haunted thee through life's sad scenes;
To wretched worth untimely death is gain—
But massacre and gore were dreadful means.

Stern justice soon shall crush the slaves who slew
The brave old sage, who ne'er shun'd foe that facet'd—
Avenge him, Erin! firm he fought for you—
Avenge him, Heaven! the worlds you fram'd, he trac'd.

His friendless orphans!—God! how could they view
The spectacle that shock'd th' uninjur'd throng?
Descend fond sprite! and on their hearts renew
The mild monitions of thy prudent tongue.

Mute is his tongue—ne'er, ne'er shall it exert
Its godlike pow'rs, defining truth and taste;
His dextrous hand lies nerveless and inert;
His noble heart the reptile soon shall waste.

Yet friends and fav'rites, oft shall strew with flow'rs
The gore-stain'd grave, where rests the man of woe;
And Locke, and Newton, in ethereal bow'rs
Shall teach his shade whate'er he long'd to know.
"And I'd have woo'd long since, believe me,
"But fear'd your frown too soon might grieve me.
"I'm old, I own—but not to mind
"A tedious tale, I'll boast, I'm kind,
"And pious too. The rooks, with old wing,
"Uprais'd by me, like priests sit scolding;
"And on the reptile poor I heap
"A load of leaves—I cannot keep
"Yet proud I'd be, tho' 'twould reduce me,
"To raise your sphere. Then, say you choose me."

What could she do? The child of woe,
Poor, unprotected, lonely, low,
With downcast looks consent confess'd;
This toil-bent hand their nuptials bless'd.

A short, short time, while both were green—
A faint resemblance might be seen;
But ev'ry day prov'd clear and clearer,
That as he fail'd, she grew the fairer;
And while disease his strength consum'd,
Beside his trunk in prime she bloom'd.
Meanwhile, an offspring, once so burn'd for,
Encreas'd the burden which he mourn'd for.
His height provok'd a surly gale,
But could not brave it. She, more frail,
If single, would have shunn'd the stroke
By pliant softness. When he broke,
Th' alliance loath'd entangled too,
The loveliest partner ever grew.

Such is their tale. Your heart, now sad,
Can well, dear maid, the moral add,
Be truly selfish, wed for love,
And wealth indeed your heart will prove.
Let tastes and tempers, well agree,
And shun the Pea's catastrophe.

A PASTORAL
ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM KIRK.*

Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what he might have prov'd,
And think time only wanting to his fame.

WHY, shepherd? such gambols and mirth!
The dance and the musick refrain;
For Willy lies low in the earth—
Ah! far from his race sleeps the swain.

Yes, well may ye thunderstruck stand,
For gentle and gen'rous was he;
No kid that lick'd flowers from his hand
From guile and from gloom was so free.

A friend still to worth and to woe,
If some nymph smil'd her swain into bliss;
Or if wrongs crush'd the poor man more low,
The pain and the pleasure were his.

How soon the wide wounds would he heal,
Which our sickles and scythes gave our frames!
He knew ev'ry herb in the dale,
And told us their natures and names.

* Of Carrickfergus, Surgeon on board His Majesty's ship, Stately, who died anno 1800, aged 24.
Yet modesty dear to the breast
Of Genius, o’ershaded his mind:
Had a fop his acquirements possess’d,
With how boastful a blaze he’d have shin’d!

But small were his fields and his fold,
His heart could not cringe to the proud—
His Emma, he knew, lov’d the bold,
And to sail and seek glory, he vow’d.

Mischance made him careless of life,
And dangers inured him to dare;
Tho’ brave, few were less form’d for strife;
He sigh’d if a hawk seiz’d a hare.

When he left us, how sad was our plight!
His last looks went through my heart’s core!
I watch’d him till quite out of sight,
And felt I should see him no more.

I’ve twenty times dreamt that he fought
And fancied he still overcame:
The last time I saw him, methought
With a burden he cross’d a dark stream.

At morn, when the vapour dispell’d,
From the mountain I gaz’d on the main,
And cry’d when a bark I beheld,
“Mayhap, she returns the sweet swain.”

His lambs to the mart Hammy took,
And learn’d that his comrade no more
Will angle with him in the brook,
Or rake in the Meade as before.

No friend to attend him had he,
To close his kind eyes when at rest,
And carve out his name on some tree,
Whose foliage waves dew on his breast.

What then? Willy’s sweetness and sense
Would make e’en the rude stranger kind:
His heart falls in atoms far hence,
The worm has his temples entwin’d.

Oh, Virtue! is this their reward
Who leave not your perilous path?
See the vot’ries of guilt how they’re spar’d
From pain and from premature death.

But a pure conscience Willy possess’d,
And a fair fame denied to the vain:
To die was perhaps his request,
That his shade might revisit our plain.

Ah ! now if at eve he glides by,
He’ll hear us and pity our tears—
But lo! his sweet Emma draws nigh,
We can but relate what she fears.
The pale moon-beam shew'd her his wraith
Some weeks since. His dog howl'd with pain,
And a mute maid made signs of his death—
But Willy thought all these things vain.

THE GABBON.

Thy cliffs, O Gabbon! wild and high,
Appal and please my wond'ring eye:
What rugged ramparts, frowning, fell,
In gloomy grandeur round me swell!

Here, rocks recede; there, lofty peaks:
Projecting shade! romantic creeks!
The steep pile, here, is smooth and even;
There, gash'd in seams, and rudely riven.

Glide on fair ship! beneath us far,
A pigmy seems the trouser'd tar:
The bellowing mound the billows braves,
The hoarse surge thunders in the caves.

A copious cavern in the steep,
Forms a long inroad to the deep;
Yon bark, that glides on waves of glass,
Might up its ample entrance pass.

I have been there, and, under ground,
Explor'd its arch with awe profound:
Ulysses' son thro' such a place
Descending sought the shad'wy race.
High pois’d in air before the cliff, 
The warping wild-fowl pour their griefs: 
Close to the shelves their younglings cling, 
Where fancy dreads to lift her wing.

Had Fate thought proper to discharge 
Some cat’ract vast from Gabbons verge 
Th’ infracted flood, and raging deep, 
Would, mingling, shake this solid steep.

So, fam’d Niagara from the brink 
Of dreadful cliffs is seen to sink; 
The furnace foams—the wave recoils— 
Th’ amazing noise description foils.

Scorn’d by the nymph who charm’d his sight, 
The love-lorn Laurence, brave and bright, 
From Gabbon’s summit, in despair, 
Launch’d o’er his form in empty air.

From point to point, down—down he dash’d— 
His flesh was torn—his bones were smash’d: 
His gore, fast-gushing, ting’d the tide, 
The sun, on shore, his cold corpse dried.

Oh! never, never may the strife 
Of pride and love end brave men’s life, 
Till Gabbon firm, in fragments hurl’d, 
Fall prostrate ’midst a tottering world!

A PARENTS FLINTY HEART.

Parents have flinty hearts, no tears can melt them, 
Their children must be wretched. 

SHAKESPEARE.

THE storm was up. The forest crash’d, 
The hail fell sharp and stern, 
Wild meteor’s gleam’d, and surges lash’d 
The banks of raging Larne; 
The moral world lay lock’d in sleep, 
Unconscious and inert, 
When desp’rate Damon wak’d to weep 
A parents flinty heart.

Oh parents! parents! more severe, 
He cried, than wind and wave; 
When will ye learn to rule, yet spare? 
To shield, and not enslave? 
How long the offspring Heaven has lent 
Discourage, or desert, 
While countless tribes with me lament 
A parents flinty heart.

Alas! what “trifles light as air” 
Raise kindness, or remove? 
The looks, the hue of skin or hair, 
Inspire your hate or love:
To preach, the Dunce was doom’d when born,
   The Wit to drive a cart;
The Name you gave could fill with scorn
   Your fickle, flinty heart.

Bless’d love, too pure to think on gain,
   Might ne’er our choice enflame,
For self was still the motive mean,
   Which made you prize or blame:
And wine and friendship in a fair
   Could ne’er one sweet impart;
The wealth we won we might not share,
   So flinty was your heart,—

Nor might we join the harmless throng
   Whom sport and song amus’d;
No fault you found with sport and song,
   But power, for pride’s sake us’d:
We blam’d your faith, but durst not seek
   From Error to depart;
The claims of Conscience were too weak
   To touch your flinty heart.

Oh! Christians (as you call yourselves,)
   Observe the brutal train,
Ey’n savage bears, and ruthless wolves,
   Are to their cubs humane:
Wise Nature lets their offspring grow
   To equals. What says art?
That in his prime, wrong’d man must bow
   Beneath a flinty heart.

"Honour thy Parents so thou’lt live”
   Gives not the man of grace,
An insolent prerogative
   To mortify his race:
The wise will honour, or deride,
   According to desert;
Revere, if love, rebel if pride
   Possess the flinty heart.

How many groan on fields of death!
   Or floods, half-famish’d, sail!
How many plunder on a heath,
   Or linger in a goal!
Tho’ wrongs and woes have widely spread,
   Too oft the lines of smart,
Concentre in one focus dread,
   A parents flinty heart.

Oh parents! parents! I was kind,
   Yet the morose you priz’d;
The more you mark’d my passive mind,
   The more you tyranniz’d:
As from your door, in woe and want,
   You drove me—loath to part;
You pray’d that grace might guide. What can’t
   Incrusts a flinty heart.

Since lost to hope, ye tyrants stern!
   I’ll profit by despair,
Hide me, kind water! hide me Larne!
"From every grief and care"—
He cry'd, and bending o'er the waves,
Stretch'd out his arms to dart;
I grasp'd him fast, and yet he braves
A parents flinty heart.

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He cry'd, and bending o'er the waves,
Stretch'd out his arms to dart.
I grasp'd him fast, and yet he braves
A parents flinty heart.

THE VISION.
AN ELEGY.
Occasioned by reading Robertson's History of Scotland.

In such a place as this, at such an hour,
Descending spirits have convers'd with men,
And told the secrets of the world to come.

MEEK evening smil'd, and while the hamlets train
Danc'd round the tree, I sought a graver scene;
And pent in Templecoran's ruin'd fane
Perus'd the tale of Scotia's hapless queen.

Night soon ensu'd; but rapt with what I read
I musing stood, and mark'd each low-roof'd cell,
Which holds my peers, the poor plebeian dead,
Whose annals mean historian ne'er shall tell.

When, lo! a gentle form mine eye perceiv'd;
Her looks how lovely! and her mien how grand!
Her jetty locks the howling night-breeze wav'd,
And shook the sceptre in her shad'wy hand:

And thus she softly said—"Why, minstrel, dread
Her harmless shade, for whom thy bosom smarts?"
Would'st thou befriend me? wake thy doric reed,
And moralize my life to guard weak hearts.
Tell simple maids to scorn the coxcomb vain,
And lucre's slave, too selfish to be kind;
And that celestial charms shall prove their bane,
If levity, or lewdness, sway their mind.—

Tell gen'rous youths to stand a steadfast wall
Round law and right, and civil strife to spurn,
When knaves intrigue, immac'late patriots fall,
And demagogues grow despots in their turn.—

Tell the proud priesthood, if they're truly wise
They'll pity fools, and conscious claims respect;
Nor basely urge the prince by whom they rise
To persecute some poor dissenting sect.—

And tell crown'd-heads to prize the public will,
Nor make a fav'rite of the people's foe:
Ah! pride and pleasure hurl'd me from the hill
Of pow'r and glory, to the gulph below.

The age was gloomy; think, then, when you say
"Priests were too proud, and princes too severe;"
That he who swerves not 'mid the blaze of day,
Might far have wander'd in the twilight drear.

Perhaps stern Knox, who eloquently rag'd,
In later times had been benign as Blair;
And my weak James, who war with witches wag'd,
Candid as Robertson, and brave as Stair.

But blest are you who live in wiser times;
Sects that dispute, in charity agree:
Ne'er does one martyr in these favour'd climes,
Blaze at a stake for truth or heresy.

No clouded beam from blest religion sent,
Inflames the torch in superstition's hand;
In thousand shreds that solemn league is rent,
Which fraterniz'd th' exterminating band.

And yet a happier æra shall arrive,
(I know the time; yet fate forbids to tell)
When earth's enfranchis'd isles in love shall live,
And war's grim fiend forsake 'em, with a yell.

Nor drum, nor trump shall sound; the smith shall form
Sickles and scythes, of arms oft drench'd in-gore:
Th' embosom'd law shall rule the sons of harm;
And needless jails become the seats of lore.

Justice shall yield th' insulted Swiss his rights,
And send safe home the kidnapp'd African;
Th' impostors mosque shall glow with truths pure lights;
And priestcraft cease from Iceland to Japan.

But universal virtue must precede
That peaceful period.—Minstrel hie thee home;
And I'll descend and join th' illustrious dead,
Who, in the world of shades, await their final doom."
JACKY.

HA! whence that flash and sulphur’d smell,
    And crashing crack, so near?
And deep, destruction—breathing yell,
    Which pierces "nights dull ear?"

My gentle Jacky! Jacky was
    His mother’s hand and heart,
The hero of the spelling class,
    Attentive and expert.

Till thou, wild wanderer, to thine eye
    The tube of murder held,
And, thro’ the victim passing by,
    The harsh contents impell’d.

The widow’s woe, the orphan’s smart,
    The tears and blood that mix’d,
These eyes beheld, and on this heart
    The scene is sadly fix’d.

O’er Jackey’s lips she softly drops
    A taste of costly wine;
But gore his mangled palate stops,
    His thirsty heart must pine.

He strives to say "weep not for me,
    His broken harp is dumb;
But ah! his tears are sadly free,
    And fluently they come.

She counts the drops, that thick as rain,
    His filial bowels dart;
And every drop with equal pain,
    Shoots thro’ her sinking heart.

His icy arm he feebly rais’d,
    And press’d her to his clay;
Unutterably fond he gaz’d,
    And sigh’d his pains away.

Oh wine! dire draught! what wants and woes,
    What cares and crimes you’ve rais’d?
How many friends you’ve chang’d to foes?
    How many tribes laid waste?

Derang’d by thee, destruction’s son
    Scarce saw the form he kill’d:
He vow’d he’d fire, tho’ blood should run—
    Dread vow! and yet fulfill’d.

Blind be the sot whose savage sight
    Is pleas’d with guiltless gore!
And curs’d the tyrant’s power and might
    That wrongs the weak and poor.
My last sad sigh I'd rather fetch
All mangl'd on the wild,
Than feel the conscience of the wretch
Who pierc'd the widow's child.

Still as I cross the tragic ground,
Cherubic notes I hear,
In reason's ear that blystly sound,
"Fend youth! fate may be near."

Round Jacky's grave each gentler bird
Sings sad, and fragrance blows;
Nor is his shade by any fear'd,
For bless'd is his repose.

ELEGY

On the death of Hugh Blair, D. D.

Dark midnight reigns; but how can gentle sleep
(Wildly I cry'd, and wet my couch with tears)
In kind forgetfulness my senses steep,
Since Blair is dead, the pride of modern years?
The venerable Blair, no common priest,
In life unnoticed, and unmourn'd in death:
Truth charm'd her scorners in his language dress'd,
And science smil'd to see him smooth her path.

He no strange system built, nor once put forth
A dark enigma to a doating head;
The gloomiest sophist on the captious hearth
Learn'd gentleness and grace from all he said.

But why repine! The hosts of heaven behold,
The practical and artless Tillotson,
And Atterbury, masterly and bold,
Divide their palms with him, who both outshine.

Here dy'd away my sympathetic strain,
Grief sank a while in stupor and in sleep;
But fancy still continued reason's pain,
Where sad Edina mourn's her scatter'd sheep.
While fond to hear the far-fam'd foe of vice,
Amidst his audience pensively I lean'd,
Sedate I saw him in the rostrum rise,
And heard him say with majesty unfeign'd—

"You I shall teach no more: The prize I reach ;
But lest you'd wander when my voice should cease,
I've wrote my precepts that they still may teach
An age to come, to follow truth and peace :

I prov'd them—so must you—discuss—decide—
The abus'd apostate whom conviction fires,
Is nobler than the sots who heir untry'd,
Th' implicit faith bequeath'd by senseless sires.

"Knowledge, you've heard me say, may lead to fame;
But godlike Virtue up to heaven must lead :
That both were taught you let your lives proclaim,
What is the doctrine worth without the deed ?

Refinement and religion, long at strife,
I strove to join, and thought the polish'd breast,
More likely to produce a lovely life,
Than the rude soul which no fine art had grac'd.

Perhaps my lectures may some genius teach
To judge aright of beauty and defect,
And, steep sublimity! thy summit reach,
Wild, as e'en Ossian, though as Pope correct,
THE EXECUTION.

A W A K E my lire, and sing his fall
Who on yon tree must yield his breath:
Nor censure me, you hearts of gall;
I blame his deeds, but mourn his death.

The bosoms that fine feelings bless,
Must grieve to see an erring swain,
Ascend the climax of distress,
Disgrace, remorse, affliction, pain.

The warlike guard, the sable priest,
The false-fac'd fiend, and warping mob,
That scare the safe, must shock the breast
Which long ere night shall cease to throb.

The deep damp cell in twilight furl'd,
The filth that rots, the bolt that galls,
He's grieved to leave; and with a world
Would buy a week within these walls,

Ah! see him led to life's last scene
Thro' Carrickfergus' far-fam'd wall;
Whose mart is copious, fair her fane,
Her fortress firm, and just her hall.

Amid' the circle see him bend
His neck, now bare, the noose to meet:
And now the steps he'll ne'er descend,
He climbs with loth and ling'ring feet.

Where shall he turn? His actions here
A woeful retrospect supply;
Confronting, what a dark and drear
Hereafter, shocks his mental eye!

Heaven's azure arch he dreads to scan,
Heaven's easy laws he held in strife;
With shame he views the cruel clan
Intent to see him lose his life.

Where e'er he looks his heart must bleed;
He sees the ruffian who betray'd;
He sees th' accomplice of the deed;
He sees his friends and favourite maid.

He sees his father. Torments move
His inmost soul, as near he draws:
To see them grieve, whom much we love,
Is death. 'Tis worse when we're the cause.

His last address had power to reach
Ev'n scornful hearts, tho' void of art:
Affecting still must be the speech
That simply leaves a feeling heart.
The choral psalm with sad delight
Consol’d the breasts his speech had riv’n:
To hear him sing an angel might
Lean from the battlements of heaven.

In plaintive and pathetic strains
To Beings source he wills his soul:
A long, last gaze o’er hills and plains
His sad eyes take, and cease to roll.

He hesitates, and looks again,
Then veils the cheek where blooms the rose:
His pendent form with pungent pain,
Convulsive writhes, and wildly throes.

Heav’n’s! see him struggle, spring, and stretch,
Now swell, now sink, now scarcely shake:
So, on the hook, the finny wretch
Hangs trembling o’er its parent lake.

A FRAGMENT
OF AN EPISTLE TO MR. W. H. D——

'TIS no the malice o’ the hale,
'Tis no the looms untunefu’ peal,
The ragged coat, an’ hamely meal,
That keenly sting:
But something else—I see and feel,
But canna sing.

O Nature! cud I set your stage,
Wi’ a its scen’ry on my page!
My rainbows points the earth sud guage,
My wild-fire wander;
An’ lakes an’ rivers smile and rage,
Wi’ grace an’ grandeur.

The purplin’ morn, and pensive eve,
Sud a their fine, fair tints receive;
My cliff sud frown, my echo rave,
My shamrock smell,
My night appear as gran’ly grave
As night hersel.

My thun’er dreadfully sud sound,
An’ still the hum o’ hazy noon;
Hill, wood, an’ grove, sud (smiling roon’)
Sing, low, and bleat;
An' rough cascades come dashin' down,
In savage state.

Or cud my manners-paintin' rhymes
"Haud up the mirror" to the times,
I'd sing how av'rice gnaws folks wymes,
   How folly tipples,
An' how ambition thins the climes
   That love re-peoples.

The tragedy o' doeless Dodd
Frae shame sud free him if I cud:
Some "village HAMPSDEN" patriot blood
   Sud issue, glorious,
Some WOLFE aince mair sud thank his God,
   And die victorious—

I needna strive. My want and woe
Unnerves the energies, you know;
Yet Nature prompts my muse, tho' slow
   An' faints her fires:
The cuckoo sings obscurely low,
   The lark aspires.

Coy science spurn'd me frae her knee,
An' fortune bad my shuttle flee;
But, a' the while, smit strangely wi'
   The love o' sang,
I rudely rhyme the scenes I see,
   Whare'er I gang.

**********

EPISTLE
TO S. THOMSON OF CARNGRANNY,
A BROTHER POET.

DEAR Thomson! Fav'rite o' the nine!
Wi' wham I shar't the feast of min'
Before the hag of strife,
Wi' han's that reck't wi' bluid she'd shed,
'Gan wi' the hues o' black an' red,
To strip my wab o' life.
Gaun thro' the muir awec ere night
I mark't Lyle's lafty hill;
An' min't the minstrel, blythe an' bright,
   Wha fam't it wi' his quill;
   An' why now, thought I now,
Hae we been mute sae lang;
Ise sen' now, an' ken now,
   How things wi' SAMIE gang.

For me, we' a' that's come an' past,
I'm at my ain fire-side at last,
   Fu' blythe, tho' fash't awec,
When geckt at by the purse-proud drove;—
   But deel-ma-care, sin' little love
Is lost 'tween them an' me.
Wi' plackless deels, like us, to board,
   They'd think a burnin' shame,
An' at their revels, tak' my word,
We'd deem oursel's frae hame:
While dealin's, an' mailin's,
They dully egotize on,
Durst we, Sam, mak' free, Sam,
To mention rhyme or reason?

L—d! what this prideful heart has thol'd
To hear a cuif, whase useless gold
—Ne'er made an' poor man happy,
Expose some selfless son o' worth,
Because half-dool'd wi' wine an' mirth,
He kent na when to stap ay.
I'd rather drudge, an' do-blacks roast,
An' want hale brecks to shift me,
Than shine in ease, gif grubscud boast
They lent me gear to lift me,
We'se debtless, an' fretless,
Enjoy the mite we hae;
An' drink whyles, an' think whyles,
To trifle life away.

I needna fret; the han' o' heav'n
Has gi'en poor me, wham, hardship-driv'n,
It sav't by lan', an' sea,
A feelin' heart, a thinkin' head,
An' health, an' han's, to win my bread,
An' comrades firm an' free:
A landscape fine, that charms my e'en
While workin' sair days-darks on't;

* A kind of Potatooe.

An' Sylvia, an' engagin' frien',
Wha can mak' fine remarks on't:
Wi' sense grac'd, an' mense grac'd,
An' fand o' truth an' taste,
While Spring's sweet, she sings sweet,
She soothes this trampled breast.

Nae wreath shall grace my rustic brows,
But countra folk my dog'rels roose,
   In terms that mak' me blythe;
Tho' whyles scarce worth an bare babee,
Fancy an' taste, I wadna gie
   For a' Braid-Islan' tythe.
I'd rather, blest wi' skill an' grace,
Beg lodgin' in a mill,
Than be the owner o' the place,
An' want taste an' skill.
   Thro' life, frien', my strife, frien',
Has been to search an' know:
But slight ay's, the light ay,
That shines on want an' woe.

But ne'er, tho' pin'd, let's be sae wee
As to implore on supple knee,
   The proud folk's patronage;
They ken, fu' brawly where we stay,
An' gif they notice us they may,
   Aince they've luck't owre our page:
Th' inglorious rhymes o' countra clouns,
Get plenty to degrade 'em;

* The Parish of Broad Island.
Wha wad reward wi' laurel crowns,
Gif Kings or Priests had made 'em.
Tho' vain folk disdain folk,
We've sing the burns, an' bow'rs,
O' Airlan', our fair lan'—
Deel tak' her faes an' ours!

I'll hae to quat my humble strains,
The moon-beams gild my frost-wrought panes,
An' I've a bit to gang:
I hope your muirlan muse ye'll woo,
'To tell me how ye wrastle thro',
Some time when ye're no thrang.
Atween an' May, gif bowls row right,
I'll meet ye in Roughfort,
An' aince again devote a night
To frien'liness an' sport.
Meanwhile, sir, sud bile, sir,
Mak' factious prose-men fight,
May leisure, an' pleasure,
An' peace be ours!—Good night:

THE WIDOW.

The lone Widow, and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude, while Luxury, in palaces,
Lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants.

On the verge of a common, unfertile and bare,
Where ploughshare a ridge never rais'd;
Liv'd Alice, a widow, all faded, yet fair,
Far fall'n, and afflicted. How heav'd in despair
Her breast where a cherub was plac'd!

Her money was done. A few pence to provide
The rich suits of her youth she had sold;
To borrow a pittance in vain she had try'd;
Her children for pieces alternately cry'd,
And wip'd her round tears as they roll'd.

The red-rising moon o'er the solemn scene reign'd,
When, on gruel, the fair broke her fast;
Another night came, and poor Alice, sore pain'd,
In her wet, wretched cot, stripp'd her babes, and complain'd,
That this day had clos'd like the last.

"Hard fate! must we famish or beg? and yet some
"Ev'n gentler have knelt to the proud;"
"But the vestry's injunction forbids me to roam
"From my native estate; and to cringe near my home
"Is by all this high heart disallow'd.
"Lie still, mother's darling—some bread love?—you shall—
"Ah! when hunger permits them to sleep,
"To the nook of the field, faint and feebly I'll crawl,
"Where Hodge hoards his roots, his vile swine drove to stall,
"And scrape one repast from the heap.

"Oh, pardon the purpose, Omniscience divine!
"And thou who dishonour did scorn,
"My husband, excuse me. Thou know'st how I pine:
"Oh might my sad spirit associate with thine,
"E'er the tale of the deed meet the morn."

Stern fate heard her prayers. The rude crop-canting chief
Saw her stretch her white hand to the heap,
And fired his fusee at the beautiful thief;
The ball to her breast bore a dreadful relief,
And her children cry mother, and weep.

To you maids of Erin, while fast the tear falls,
I've sung of the victim of want,
Oh pity the poor in their destitute walls!
A dole, you'd deem trifling, might bless her who calls,
And the soft swelling bosoms that grant.

ELEGY

Written in the Church-yard of Templecorran.

Farewell ye cheerful fields! ye blooming plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound;
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

FATIGU'D with toil, yet kept from rest,
By contemplation, and by care,
I rise and woo the howling East,
To spread the plaint of grief sincere:
The falling fragment, heard with fear,
To silence awes the Owls that scream,
While round this long-fallen place of prayer
I stalk, with spectre-seeming frame.

Hail, hoary structure! wrapt I trace
The grass-crown'd wall, the weedy pew,
And arches t'utt'ring to their base,
And doors on high, that none pass thro';
Craz'd are the cape-stones, once so true,
Th' unglaz'd, dark holes appal my eye:
The loose pile nods o'er heaps that strew
Their graves, perhaps, that pil'd them high.
The tile-borne roof, and ponderous beams,
Dissolved, long since, have chang’d their mode;
Where virgins sung, the cat-club screams,
And Ruin yawns where Rapture glow’d;
Awe-striking wrecks, where Time has gnaw’d
Rude bites, and left his cank’rous mark;
On many a slave’s long-wish’d abode
Your frigid shade lies long and dark.

Some soldier here may rest his head,
Against the breast that brav’d his ball;
Some shepherd join the gentle maid,
Who frown’d because his flocks were small;
Some never-resting heart of gall
May melt with his who hated strife—
Oh what a trifle parted all!
The brittle, frail barrier of life.

How still their hands! how mute their tongues!
Nor hearts embrace, nor heads invent,
With party toasts, and party songs,
These trampled roofs are never rent;
No sceptic shocks the senseless saint,
No fiend off faith stems truth by blows;
In vest of Green the breast is pent,
Who once the badge of Orange chose.

Pale empress! burst thy sable veil,
And let me trace thy grave-stones rude;

Why waste the time? what would they tell;
But some were great—and all were good?
Unnotic’d worth, I know, induc’d
The nameless dust o’er which I pause
While to yon shark’s sham’d life ensu’d
The palm of posthumous applause:

Where’er I stray, my footsteps tread
On some fair maid, and faithful wife;
Some Sterne, whose mirth amus’d, and chide.
Or Penn, who mourn’d when rage was rife.

Friends of my dawn, tho’ low their life,
Brave were the hearts whose fall I weep;
Soon shall I leave the scene of strife,
And in some cell beside them sleep.

The storm shall rise my leaves to spread,
No fost’ring sun shall raise me higher;
Borne down I droop my friendless head,
Live on in scorn; and rest require:

So have I seen a trampled briar,
Whose rustick form could find no prop,
Forbear to fruitlessly aspire,
And root in earth its simple top.

Here, wallowing wild, the reptile hordes
Shall share the heart whose griefs are vast—
Ah! hark, the harsh-ton’d bones and boards!
Above my bier I hear them cast:
These ashes old, where bless'd with rest,
The gale-rock'd ravens safely sleep,
Ne'er shed their foliage on a breast
More pure than his who fills this heap.

His providence with watchful wing
Screen'd my young life from danger's dart;
I sported in the hamlet's ring,
While care was his my wants to thwart:
He strove to form my taste and heart,
My hand he train'd without a rod,
And bade me, void of self and art,
Befriend my race, and love my God.

Rise Retrospection! gild, re-tread,
The glimm'ring cells of Mem'ry's cave;
For there stand pictur'd, ne'er to fade,
The scenes we join'd in, gay and grave:
And let him smile, as when, at eve,
I chas'd the shower-succeeding arch;
And fire his eye to see the brave
In self rais'd ranks beside me march.

And paint his cheek, where care and ease,
The wrinkle and the rose combine;
And let me hear him, resting raise
The genial song of love and wine:
And to contrast his converse fine,
Strike up the harsh and jarring loom:
Th' ennobling fife that leads the line,
Soft mingling thus, endears the drum.

Yes, drench me, pain! and pierce me, wind!
And doleful darkness shade me o'er!
Ye can't to me be more unkind.
Than fate by him was felt before.

Why censure fate? how was he poor
Whom nature stor'd with honour's pride?
Or how unschool'd, whose want of lore
By intuition seem'd supply'd?

Tho' warm, not rash; (his manly mind
Did adverse attributes contain)
Tho' placid, firm; tho' frugal, kind;
Tho' deep, not dark; tho' prudent, plain.—
Elate with hope, *midst friends in pain,
He reach'd the solemn shore of life,
And in the world-dividing main,
Bold, launching left the coasts of strife.

The "meek-ey'd morn" divinely wakes:—
Wrecks, tombs, and trees, once more I mark;
The place of sculls my foot forsakes,
Reclaim'd by toil, in shop or park;
But no fond Father's voice I'll hark,
I had one Friend and here he lies:
His cold clay house is sad and dark,
But blest repose seals up his eyes.
SONNET TO THE MOON.
FROM OSSIAN.

HIGH Heav'ns nocturnal queen! the orient sky
Thy mild effulgence gilds—and ocean's mass;
The sparkling stars submissive see thee pass;
The murky clouds, fair-fring'd, beneath thee lye.

Who is like thee in heaven? Thy pomp absorbs
In shame's thick shade the dim diminish'd orbs.

When quite obscure, in what sad, shad'wy halt
Dost thou, like me, lament thy fav'rites fall?

But thou, fair orb! shalt fail and leave the sky
In dreariest darkness, thro' the long dull night:
Nor through the vast blue wilderness on high,
Mgestically roll the lamp of light:

The feeble stars, invisible before,
Shall twinkle and rejoice that thou art great no more.

DARTHULA.

HUMANITY.

How fine her form! her face was sweetly sad,
Like May's mild skies, half smiling while they rain,
When thus she spoke: "View mortal!—view unaw'd,
"The mild Millenian Queen about to reign.

"Then man shall live for man. Soft pity's tear
"Shall wash the crimson from the sword of strife:
"The friend of lore the orphan babe shall rear;
"The friend of worth shall shield the widow's wife.

"Then savage churls who tortur'd beasts before,
"Shall spare the nest from which a parent flew:
"No conscience shall be cross'd; no Negroes gore
"Gush, as if glad to change his faulty hue.

"I am humanity. My precepts mark,
"Happy my friends must be." She said; and all
was dark.
THE PASSENGERS.

Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with ev'ry gale;
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

H O W calm an' cozie is the wight,
Frac cares an' conflicts clear ay,
Whase settled headpiece never made,
His heels or han's be weary!
Perplex'd is he whase anxious schemes
Pursue applause, or siller,
Success nor sates, nor failure tames;
Bandied fae post to pillar

Is he, ilk day.

As we were, Comrades, at the time
We mov't fae Ballycarry,
To wan'er thro' the woody clime
Burgoynes gied oree to harrie:
Wi' frien's consent we prie't a gill,
An' monie a house did call at,
Shook han's, an' smilt; tho' ilk fareweel
Strak, like a weighty mallet,
Our hearts, that day.

On shore, while ship-mates halt, tho' thrang't,
Wi' lasses hearts to barter;
Nybers, an' frien's, in boatfu's pang't,
Approach our larboard quarter;
Syne speel the side, an' down the hatch
To rest, an' crack, an' gaze on
The boles o' births, that monie a wratch
Maun squeeze in, for a season,

By night, an' day.

"This is my locker, yon'era Jock's,
"In that auld creel, sea-store is,
"Thir births beside us are the Lockes*,
"My uncle's there before us;
"Here hang my tins an' vitriol jug,
"Nae thief's at han' to meddle 'em"—
"L—d, man, I'm glad ye're a' sae snug;
"But och! 'tis owre like Bedlam
Wi' a' this day.

"All boats ashore!" the mate cries stern,
Wi' oaths wad fear a saunt ay:
"Now Gude be wi' ye, Brice, my bairn"—
"An' Gude be wi' ye, Auntie."
What keep-sakes, an' what news are sent!
What smacks, an' what embraces!
The hurryin' sailors sleely sklent
Droll leucks at lang wry faces,

Fu' pale that day.

* A family who sailed for America in 1798.
While "Yo heave O!" wi' monie a yell
The birkies weigh the anchor;
Ilk mammies pet conceits itself
The makin' o' a Banker;
They'll soon, tho', wiss to lieve at hame,
An' dee no worth a total
Whan brustin' breast, an' whamlin' wame,
Mak' some wise men o' Gotham
Cry hagat! this day.

Some frae the stern, wi' thoughts o' grief
Leuk back, their hearts to Airlan';
Some mettle'bucks, to work ay brief,
At en's o' rapes are harlin';
Some haud aback frae dangers brow
Their toddlin' o'er, no cautious;
An' some, wi' monie a twine an' throe,
Do something wad be nauceous
To name, this day.

Meanwhile, below, some count their heads,
While prudes, auld-light sit cantin';
Some mak' their beds; some haud their heads,
An' cry wi' spite, a' pantin'!
"Ye brought us here ye luckless cauf!
("Aye did he; whisht my darlin'!"
L—d sen' me hame! wi' poke an' staff,
"I'd beg my bread thro' Airlan',
My lane, that day."

In twathree days the maist cam' to,
Few heads were sair or dizzy;
An' chiel's wha scarce a turn cud do,
Begoud to be less lazy:
At night (to tell amang oun's)
They crap, wi' fandness fidgin',
To court—or maybe something else,
Gif folk becam' obligin',
Atween an' day.

Roun' the cambouse what motley ban's
At breakfast time cam' swarin'!
Tins, tankards, kettles, pots, an' pans,
The braid flat fire was warmin';
The guid auld rule, "first come first ser't,"
Was urg't by men o' mettle;
An' ay when callens grew mislearnt,
The arm o' flesh boost settle
Th' affray, that day.

A bonie sight I vow it was,
To see on some lown e'nin',
Th' immense, smooth, smilin' sea o' glass,
Where porpoises were stenin':
To see at night the surface fine
That Cynthia made her path on;
An' snove, an' snore thro' waves o' brine,
That sparkle't like a heath on
A bleaze some day.
But now a gale besets our bark,
Fræ gulph to gulph we're tumble't;
Kists, kits, an' fam'lies, i' the dark,
Wi' ae side-jerk are jumble't:
Some staunchrin' thro' a pitch lays laigh—
Some, drouket, ban the breaker;
While surge, on surge, sae skelp her—Hegh!
Twa three like that will wreck her
A while ere day.

Win's, wives, an' weans, rampant an' rave,
Three score at ance are speakin' ;
While blacks wha a' before them drave,
Lye cheepin' like a chicken—
"What gart us play? or house like beasts?"
"Or box in fairs wi' venom?"
Hear how the captain laughs an' jests,
An' bit a bord between him
An' death, this day.

'Tis calm again. While rightin' things,
The heads o' births are bizziet,
The seaman chews his quid, an' sings,
An' peys his frien's a visit—
"Eh! dem my eyes! how is't, goodman?"
"Got clear of Davy's locker?"
"Lend me a face till we lan'",
"Till blind as Newgate's knocker
We'll swig, that day."

Here, gash guidmen, wi' nightcaps on,
At ance baith pray an' watch;
An', there, for light, sits monie a loun
At Cartes beneath the hatch;
Here, some sing sangs, or stories tell,
To ither bizzy knittin';
An', there some readin' to themsels,
Nod owre asleep, while sittin'—
Twa fold that day.

Now Newfoun'lan's becalmin' banks
Our ship supinely lies on;
An' monie a ane his lang line fanks,
Whase heuk some captive dies on:
An' now, disguis't, a fore-mast-man
Shaves dry, the churls unwillin'
To pay the poll-tax on deman'—
A pint, or else a shillin'
A piece, that day.*

Aince mair luck lea's us (plain 'tis now
A murd'rer in some mess is)
An English frigate heaves in view,
I'll bail her board, an' press us:

*It has been a long established custom for the seamen,
on reaching the banks of Newfoundland, to exact a shilling, or a shilling's worth of liquor, from every passenger; and to shave, without soap, those who refuse to contribute their quota.
Taupies beneath their wives wha stole,
Or 'mang auld sails lay flat ay,
Like whitrats peepin' frae their hole,
"Cried, "is she British, wat ye,
Or French, this day?"

"Twas but a brig frae Baltimore,
To Larne wi' lintseed steerin';
Twa days ago she left the shore,
Let's watch for lan' appearin':
Spies frae the shrouds, like laigh dark clouds,
Described domes, mountains, bushes;
The Exiles griev't—the sharpers thiev't—
While cronies bous't like fishes,
Convent, that day.

Whan glidin' up the Delaware,
We cam' foremost Newcastlet,
Gypes co'ert the wharf to gove, an' stare,
While out, in boats, we bustle;
Creatures wha ne'er had seen a black,
Fu' scar't took to their shankies;
Sae, wi' our best rags on our back,
We mixt amang the Yankies,
An' skail't, that day.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF NEWELL,

The notorious Informer

WERE these his looks? Indignant let me scan
Th' apostates form, who sham'd the race of man.
Allied to friends and foes, but false to all,
He gain'd their confidence to work their fall;
He sold his land, debauch'd away the price,
Renew'd his vows, and sought to sell her twice.

May dire Mischance arrest his odious frame,
Conscious Remorse his hopeless soul inflame,
Hunger accelerate the Death he fears,
And realms reviling shock his Spectre's ears,
Who dupes the simple—Cruelty commends—
Betray's his Country—or deceives his Friends!

EPIGRAM.

Religion grudg'd to lose her art,
And pains, on noisy Ned;
And having fail'd to turn his heart,
She fairly turned his head.
AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANT STEELE,

LATE OF BALLYCARRY.

---

Deign, Reader! to be taught,
Whatever thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Natures happiest mould however cast,
To his complexion shalt thou come at last.

---

THE drooping swains their toilsome tasks forego,
The stud, ere twilight, from the plough is led,
The humble hamlet holds a fast of woe,
For Steele, the bravest of her sons, is dead.

The groups who round him wont at eve to meet,
To hear his "hairbreadth 'scapes," in storms,
and strife,
Rang'd round his bier, with sad delight repeat,
Each wild occurrence of his wand'ring life.

For, train'd in hardship's school, he serv'd by sea,
Ere Britain felt that pride precedes a fall;
When wrong'd Columbia bade her sons be free,
And self-arm'd Erin dar'd the fleets of Gaul.

Tho' rough the Nautic art, the man of taste
In him enjoy'd an elegant compeer;

His sense improv'd the wise, and when he pleas'd,
His mirth made misery smile ere dry the tear.

In famine's day he felt the poor man's griefs,
And gave him bread, when hypocrites gave pray'r's;
And serv'd his King by kindness to the chiefs.
Whom strife had spar'd to be confinements heirs.

For, press'd from home, and treated like a slave
Erewhile he was. Full well he knew their pain.
The wheel of Chance revolv'd; but still the brave
Are firm in bondage, and in power humane.

Yet humble worth is soon forgot by fame,
In vain the poor man's bright, in vain he's bold;
Th' admir'd exploit that gilds a leader's name,
Done by a private, scarce would once be told.

Tho' no kind stone protects his trampled grave,
Nor tells his story, sure his spirit's bless'd;
Whether in storms, or strife, it shields the brave,
Or wakes resignation in the widow's breast:

Whether instated in some foreign land,
Where passport ne'er was granted to depart;
Or wafting up, to join the blissful band,
Th' enfranchis'd shade that left an honest heart.

Hail, IMMORTALITY! if false the thought
Ne'er may it cease! Truth there could be no gain:
Annihilation only can be sought
By him whose Conscience antidates due pain.

The hope to live, releas'd from tortures tooth,
Inspires the good, the world they grac'd to leave:
What else made Sydney stain the block for truth?
And patriot Hampden seek a soldier's grave?

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

'Twas winter. The landscape with snow was overspread,
And the rustics were rang'd round the hearth,
In the dear days of childhood, by novelty led,
To snow-ball and slide, I walk'd forth.

A stone on a stream for amusement I threw,
And beheld, with surprize and content,
Beads roll from the fracture of many a hue—
But description would fail me to paint.

Resolv'd to possess them, I dash'd thro' the stone;
But the prize soon dissolv'd from the fool;
And nothing was seen where the dear meteor shone,
But a sluggish and stagnated pool.

Each scene of my life has been filled with a train
Of dear Disappointments like this;
The prize I most anxiously seek to obtain,
I most frequently happen to miss.

Tho' Friendship and Love, seem amazingly fine,
Ah! how oft do we find they but seem!
And the pleasures resulting from riot and wine,
Prove as vain as my views on the stream.
EDWIN AND LUCY.

EDWIN was bold, but honourably brave,
His looks were sweet, tho' strength was in his arm;
In scenes of sport as smooth as Morne's calm wave,
In strife as wild as Orkney's in a storm.

The scorn and insults of the vain and vile,
Gave Emulation to this lofty mind:
So, painful pressure spread the Camomile,
On which, at eve, with Lucy he reclin'd.

Lucy he lov'd, and won her gentle heart;
Divinely feminine her form and face;
Simplicity's sweet child, unknown to art,
Her speech and mien, were elegance and grace.

Far in a glen, unseen, and unseen,
They rear'd their cot, and dwelt with faith and truth:
Twelve silver moons pass'd o'er the shad'wy green,
On the kind damsel and contented youth.

A smiling cherub was their love's reward,
Whose weal, or woe, was all their hope, or fear;
Abiding bliss by man is never shar'd;
Mischance, alas! o'erwhelm'd the gentle pair.

'Twas one wide waste where lately culture smil'd,
The snow's deep strata glitter'd on the plain;
When Lucy's song the lonely hours beguil'd,
And Edwin's pipe accompanied the strain.

The storm which rose infuriate from his steep,
The stifling drift from ev'ry summit swept;
The glen's dread gulph was cross'd by flocks of sheep,
Above the cottage where the suff'ring's slept.

That night, perhaps, they plann'd the deeds of years to come.
What's life but fair deceit?
This awe-struck heart which o'er their story bleeds,
Ere half their story's told, may cease to beat.

Edwin! thy effort's vain; thou canst not ope thy flaky prison,
Thy flaky prison, fruitless are thy cries:
Unhappy Lucy! vainly dost thou grope,
Wrapt in the gloom where dawn shall never rise.

I hear the beauty breathe her sorrows wild,
I hear the shepherd bid her hope relief:
Pathetically mute they eye their child,
And then each other, looking love and grief.

And now with hunger gnaw'd I see them faint;
The daily bread they pray'd for was their all;
Fate why so cruel? why must wretched want
Torment the lives that are so soon to fall?
No peasant knew how long the cottage stood,
But when sharp sleet made mountains bare,
Sublimely dreadful roll'd the furious flood,
Beside whose surge its wrecks were seen to stare.

The peasants dug them out, appall'd to view
The simple scene of horrible distress;
A beam depress'd his breast, which still was true,
And in her cheek enforce'd an auburn tress.

Their infant lives, the weight which sank to rest
Its gentle parents, spar'd its little frame;
'Tis vainly tugging at the pulseless breast,
Tho' death's cold power has froze the living stream.

Seems this fictitious; many truths there are
Unfeasible, as e'er from fiction rose;
The Hand unseen holds Ruin, from Despair,
While Fate, as thus, the heirs of Hope o'erthrows.

Bless'd pair, adieu! paternally inspire
Some saint to rear your babe, so strangely spar'd;
Bid every worth its op'ning bosom fire,
And health and happiness, that worth reward.

As one your hearts, and one your hapless doom,
One bed of silence holds your kindred dust:
There, first in spring, the sweetest flowers shall bloom,
And there the lark her nest of love shall trust.

PARTING.

SORDID views, and feelings frigid,
From imprudence save the rigid;
Gentle Men, with "grievs acquainted,"
Meeting, melt; and part, tormented.

If we've rambl'd, if we've idl'd,
If we've quaff'd, and all unbridl'd
Play'd the fool, if cash and credit
Fail, 'twas dread of parting bred it.

"Rise not on empty goblet,"
"Fill the pint,"—"the last this, double it."—
"Just one more"—thefav'rite saying
Saddens parting, by delaying.

Hark! the Curfew some now starting
From their seats, are for departing;
Then sit down, though half unwilling.
Stay and part with ev'ry shilling.

Singing, laughing, sporting, staking,
Telling tales, and merry making,
Who would raise us? would ev'n Nero
Part the Bride and panting N.
Now the circle in confusion,  
Feels the shock of dissolution;  
Each "farewell," and aggravation  
Sharp'ning parting's desperation.

Much, when all is o'er, we wonder  
Why it was so hard to surrender;  
Lonely absence, tho' distressing,  
After parting seems a blessing.

\textbf{LINES}

\textbf{ON THE DEATH OF A MARINER.}

\textbf{No} more in climes unciviliz'd and strange,  
He thirsts and burns beneath the vertick ray;  
\textbf{Nor} bids his bark round polar country's range,  
Whose sons whole seasons scarce know night from day.

\textbf{No} more th' enormous tube he loads and guides,  
When hostile navies still the waves with war;  
\textbf{Nor} trusts to Chance, when smoke completely hides  
The floating street, whose noise is heard afar.

\textbf{No} more beneath the more tremendous gate,  
He climbs the mast whose fall is fear'd below;  
\textbf{Sweeps} smoothly thro' the long, dark, yawning vale,  
\textbf{And} hangs on high half o'er the surges brow.

\textbf{Cold} is the hand which oft the quadrant held,  
\textbf{And} clos'd the eye which mark'd the noon-tide sun;  
\textbf{The} voice whose notes the deep-ton'd trumpet swell'd  
\textbf{Is} heard no more. \textit{Lifes voyage now is run.}
EPITAPH

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

The Father said, "Behold my Orr! he grieves
"That slaves scorn wisdom. Let him cease to be:
"He kept my faith thro' life, and now receives
"His hearts wise wish, Truth, Righteousness,

Yes, if high Heav'n approve th' immac'late mind,
Who gently liv'd, and nobly bore to die,
If justice gain reward, or goodness find
Celestial grace, he walks in white on high.

Read, mortal! think on Death, and be not vain!—
Hath nature grac'd thy form? his too was fine:
Is thy heart high? or clear thy busy brain?
His that were such lie low, and so must thine.

FOR THE GRAVE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Brave Washington, who wisely rul'd, yet spar'd,
And Pow'r with Justice join'd, this dust conceals—
What once he was, the world has seen and heard,
And what he's now his widow'd country feels.

HERE rests a rustic Bard, who felt the smart
Of Indigence and Insult. Wild his strain,
He woo'd the Muse to calm a feeling heart,
When lured by Pleasure, or transpire'd by Pain.

If love and friendship made his bosom glow,
The flame was mutual. Both his bosom blest.
If pride he spurn'd, and honour'd worth tho' low,
The worthy say'd him when the proud oppress'd.

His heart was with his Country and his God,
Then gently scan his failings and his faith;
Tho' wisdom's path, frail man! till now you've trod,
How widely may you deviate ere your death!
SONGS.

BALLYCARRY FAIR.

Tune—“Green grow the Rashes, O.”

Sunrise drudgin’ ’t the moss,
I’ve dearly bought a shillin’, O;
An’ tho’ to me a weighty loss,
To spen it I’m fu’ willin’, O:
Sae I’se refit and want my rest,
Tho’ I’m baith wat an’ weary, O;
For now the fair is at the best
In sportsome Ballycarry, O;

CHORUS.

Hartsome is the claihgin’, O;
Hartsome is the claihgin’, O;
Where ev’ry hour I hae to spare
Is past in mirth and laughin’, O.

The ginger-bread wife, that’s now as drunk’s
An owl; the herds new whistle, O;
The bumpkin beau, wi’ pouther’t funks,
Like Downs upon a thistle, O;
The men o’ strength wha bullets play,
Or putt in ilka alley, O;
An’ circles warpin’ to and frae,
Mak’ a’ the spirits rally, O;
Hartsome is, &c.

The winsome wean, wi’ heart fu’ light,
Smiles up, an’ seeks a fairin’, O:
The armless beggar craves a mite
Whare’er he gains a hearin’, O:
What tho’ they’ll waste whate’er we gie
On sweeties, an’ a drappie, O:
We’re gie them something; ae babee
Apiece, wad mak them happy, O;
Hartsome is, &c.

What clusters pauvice roun’ the stalls
Where pedlars streak their conscience, O!
An’ where the ballad-singer bawls
A string o’ noisy nonsense, O!
But sunset’s come, an’ aged ban’s
Step hameward at their leisure, O;
While younger folk mak’ Herdman’s han’s
Unlock the springs o’ pleasure, O;
Hartsome is, &c.

Now earth revolvin’ turns up night
The lanely streets’ forsaken, O;
An’ wine, an’ love, an’ frienship bright,
Mak’ hearts, aince cauldrie, waken, O:
Now bargains, courtships, toasts, huzzas,
Combine in blythe disorder, O;
While pairs play pranks in Archy’s wa’s
That I’ll be nae recorder o’
Hartsome is, &c.

* An Inn-keepeer in Ballycarry.
The sot lays down his head to sleep,
  The crabbit lump sits snarlin', O:
This treats a lass wham that will keep,
  An' slap! they're up an' quarlin', O:
Ilk maid and matron hands her dear,
  The baulder that he's haden, O:
Wi' carcasses, claes, blood, an' beer,
  Th' astonish'd floor is laden, O.
Hartsome is, &c.

Now mak'in peace they ply the grog,
  Tho' strife like haslin's rises, O—
Now party sangs the maist in vogue
  Brust forth frae forty voices, O—
Now sparks, wha scarce dow stagger, try
  To dance to dosin' fiddlers, O—
An' now it dauns, an' hameward hie
  The lasses an' their wheelers, O.
  Hartsome is, &c.

O village fam't for scenes like thir!
  Sae shelter'd, an' sae healthy, O;
Thy sons are firm, thy daughters fair,
  In them, at least, thou'rt wealthy, O::
Till Is' Magee surround Loughmore,
  Or yill spring frae the quarry, O,
May plenty, pleasure, peace, adorn
  Carrousin' Rallycarry, O!
  Hartsome is, &c.

THE SPAE-WIFE.

Tune—" Come under my Plaidy.

Ye frien's o' deep knowledge, if wise ye wad be,
Creak into my cave an' a' secrets ye'll see;
If maiden, or mother, uncertainty bother,
Frae doubt an' frae darkness, their min's I can free:
Ilk lass, no tald lees on, wha deems, an' wi' reason,
The youth she oblieg frae her fund arms will flee,
An' wife, in a fear ay, that jilts meet her dearie,
May learn the hale truth by applyin' to me.

Gif Chanticlear's ta'en frae the roost whare he craw't;
Or horse, kye, or sheep, frae the pasture-fi' ca't,
My head I'll bestow ye, if I dinna shew ye
The leiks in a glass, o' the loun that's in faut:
Or else if ye sleek up, an' toss my delft tea-cup,
If danger, or death's near, the gruns plain will shaw't:
By cuttin' o' cartes folk, an' no' by black-arts, folk,
O past, present, future, I'll read ye a claut.

A spunkie reply't, wha ou'reheard the dark dame—
" Guid wife! they wha trust ye defeat their ain aim;
" The henpecket taupie, wha'd wiss to be happy,
" Sud an' nane wha ken—what the wife does at hame:
" Ilk sport-lovin weary, might dread to come near ye,
" Wha ken'st the dark neuk whar she try't the blythe game—
"The grand plan of Nature's conceal'd frae a' creatures;
Nor cud their skill chang't gif they kent the hale scheme.

"Ye promise promotion, an' sin' frae the mead
"The shepherd to sea; whare some shark soon he'll feed;
"The young thing, sae bonie, weds some canker't clownie,
"Because ye've presag'd that nae ither's decreed—
"While dupes trust the sybil far mair than the bible,
"An' change the last sixpence that ye may be fee'd,
"I'll scorn the to-morrow, an' banishin' sorrow,
"Learn mair light frae whiskey than c'er fill't your head.

SONG.

Tune—"When bidden to the Wake or Fair."

COME let us here, my Brethren dear,
Secluded thus from vulgar sight,
In Fellowship and Friendship rear
A Temple up to Love and Light:
On Truth's firm ground its walls we'll found;
Our Union shall cement it sure;
Strife's hammer's rash, shall never clash
Against the Lodge of Ballynure.

Proud party wrath, nor forms of faith,
Shall ne'er divide hearts try'd and true;
Heads that are wise, we'll ne'er despise,
Whether they choose to crop or queue:
The good of ev'ry creed and clime,
Calvinian, Cath'lick, Manx, or Moor,
Shall be accepted, any time,
By us, the Lodge of Ballynure.

Unlike the band that blasts our land,
And serves Division's hell-hatch'd fiend,
We'll practise peace, and coalesce
With amity and order's friend:
Not torture's rack shall us affright;
Nor tempting promises allure,
To violate the Rules of Right,
And shame the Lodge of Ballynure.

The Widow's shield, the Orphan's stay,
The Stranger's guide we'll ever be;
Sweet Innocence we'll ne'er betray,
Nor to Injustice bend our knee.
Yes, nymphs divine, you'll find us just,
Tho' priestly shackles don't secure;
They'll find much truth, who much dare trust.
Pure honour's Lodge in Ballynure.

We'll live by Rule, and void of Pride,
Alike and Level, meet and part:
Prudence shall o'er our lips preside,
And Charity expand our heart:
Silence, within, the Craft shall 'spy,
And Secrecy shall tile the door:
On Worth and Wisdom's pillars high
We'll raise the Lodge in Ballynure.

When far-fam'd cities, "cloud-capt towers,"
And time-worn temples, grave and gray—
When all these mighty works of ours,
And earth itself shall pass away—

May Nature's Builder, he who bids
Heaven's lights blaze out, or be obscure,
Preside on high with sleepless lids,
O'er us, the Lodge of Ballynure.
SONG.

_Tune_—"Roslin Castle.

As smiling Larne, so smooth and clear,
The soldier absent long, draws near,
With doubt and hope, he droops and glows,
Each wonted prospect well he knows;
The lofty dome, the hoarse cascade,
The fane, the ford he us'd to wade,
The cawing grove, the haunted cairn,
He hears, and sees, on gentle Larne.

Arriv'd at home, the latch he draws;
Amaz'd the family stare and pause—
They weep—they laugh—they pray—they swear;
And much they tell, and much they hear:
His friends throng in; but some lie low,
The maids he priz'd their children shew;
And oft they ask with fond concern,
For soldiers far from gentle Larne.

SONG.

_Tune_—"Humours of Glen."

_WRITTEN IN WINTER._

The green warl's awa, but the white ane can charm them
Wha skait on the burn, or wi' settin' dogs rin:
The hind's dinlin' han's, numb't we snaw-baws, to warm them,
He claps on his hard sides, whase doublets are thin,

How dark the hail show'r mak's yon vale, aince sae pleasin'!
How laigh stoops the bush that's owre-burden't wi' drift!
The icicles dreep at the half-thow't house-easin',
Whan blunt the sun beams frae the verge o' the lift.

The hedge-haunitin' blackbird, on ae fit whyles restin',
Wad fain heat the tither in storm-rufflet wing;
The silly sweel't sheep, ay the stifflin' storm breastin',
Are glad o' green piles at the side o' the spring.

What coof fir'd that shot? Were you no far to blame, man,
To pierce the poor Hare that was starvin' before:
Gif she wham ye court were like ane I'll no name, man,
Her fine han' wad spurn ye, distain't sae wi' gore.

This night wi' the lass that I hope will be kin' soone,
Wi' Sylvia, wha charms me, a wee while I'll stap:
Her e'e is as clear as the ice the moon shines on,
As gentle her smile as the snow-flakes that drap.

Perhaps she's now plannin', to pit a restriction
Upon my profusion on niest new-years night,
To help some poor fam'lie on beds o' affliction,
Without food or fuel, attendants or light.

Perhaps, singin' saftly the dirge I tak' pride in,
She thinks on the last storm, wi' pity an' dread—
How the spair crush't the cots—how Tam brak his leg slidin',
An' herds in the muir fand the poor pedlar dead.

'Tis guidness mak's beauty. The face ne'er was lo'esome,
That weepsna whare woe is, and smilesna wi' gleet.—
If Sympathy's strange to the saft female bosom,
Its want's no made up by a bright cheek, or e'e.

THE bleachgreens glow, the engines play,
Earth, sea, and sky, soft smiles adorn;
Fresh foliage cloathes the shatter'd spray,
The russet ridge is lost in corn:
The ancient ash, which long has borne
A nest, invites the pye to build;
A primrose peeps from ev'ry thorn,
And wild-thyme waves on Fryars-field.

The whist'ling swain, with shoulder'd spade,
Steps home, releas'd to rest or play;
The blackbird warbles in the shade,
And waves fine tints illume the brae:
The cottage-eaves, at close of day,
The bat encircles—oft assail'd;
The landscape smokes on mornings grey,
And dew-drops glance on Fryars-field.

Yet Peggy's absence wounds my peace—
How fine her form! how fair her hue!
And grace, and goodness, lend her face
A nameless beauty known to few:
Her lips, where health has sprinkled dew,
Are op'd by sense, or softly seal'd;
Her taste is fine, her judgment true,
Her temper sweet as Fryars-field.

And she can wealth's dull slaves deride
And notice worth, tho' poorly low;
For artless truth, too pure for pride,
Sublime's her breast of heaving snow:
And she can polish'd life forego,
To cheer the hut by hardships chill'd:
As 'midst the sleet yon beauteous bow
Stoops down from Heav'n to Fryars field.

SONG.

Tune—"Savourna Deilish."

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

IN Ireland 'tis ev'ning. From toil my friends hie all,
And weary walk home o'er the dew-sprinkled lea;
The shepherd in love tunes his grief-soothing viol,
Or visits the maid that his partner will be:
The blythe milk-maids trip to the herd that stands lowing,
The West finely smiles, and the landscape is glowing,
The sad-sounding curfew, and torrent fast-flowing,
Are heard by my fancy, tho' far, far at sea.

What has my eye seen since I left the green valies
But ships as remote as the prospect could be?
Unwieldy huge monsters, as ugly as malice?
And planks of some wreck, which with sorrow I see?
What's seen but the fowl that his lonely flight urges?
The light'ning that darts thro' the sky-meeting surges?
And the sad scowling sky, that with bitter rain scourges,
This cheek, Carers sits drooping on, far, far at se
How hideous the hold is!—Here, children are screaming:
There dames faint, thro' thirst, with their babes on their knee;
Here, down ev'ry hatch the big breakers are streaming,
And, there, with a crash, half the fixtures break free:
Some court—some contend—some sit dull stories telling—
The mate's mad and drunk, and the tars task'd and yelling:
What sickness and sorrow, pervade my rude dwelling!
A huge floating lazaret-house, far, far at sea.

How chang'd all may be when I seek the sweet village!
A hedge-row may bloom where its street us'd to be;
The floors of my friends may be tortur'd by tillage,
And the upstart be serv'd by the fallen grandee:
The axe may have humbled the grove that I haunted,
And shades be my shield that as yet are unplanted;
Nor one comrade live, who repin'd when he wanted
The sociable suff'rer, that's far, far at sea.

The village is smokeless, the red moon is getting
The hill for a throne, which I yet hope to see:
If innocence thrive, many more have to grieve for,
Success, slow but sure, I'll contentedly live for—
Yes, Sylvia! we'll meet, and your sigh cease to heave for
The swain, your fine image haunts, far, far at sea.

In Ireland 'tis night. On the flow'rs of my setting
A parent may kneel, fondly praying for me:
SONG.

*Tune—"Banks of Banna."*

**PERSECUTED, and oppress'd,**
Care could never move me,
Till a nymph inflam'd my breast,
High in life above me:
Could she, born to grace the dome,
And inthral the hero,
Share the shepherds humble home,
Inmate there with sorrow?

Yet were fortune at my call,
If I hers could double,
How could I, with worth so small,
Match a mind so noble?
Shepherds! I must fight and die,
Flocks, and friends, I leave too;
When I'm gone mayhap she'll cry—
"Poor was he, but brave too."

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**THE WANDERER.**

*Tune—"Mary's Dream."*

"**WH'A*S there?**" she ax't. *The wan'fers rap*
Against the pane the lassie scuur'd:
The blast that bray'd on *Slimiss* tap
Wad hardly let a haet be heard.
"**A frien',**" he cried, "for common crimes
"**Tost thro' the country fore and aft**—
"**Mair lown,** quo' she—thir's woefu' times!—
"**The herd's aboon me on the laft."*

"**I call'd,**" he whisper'd, "**wi' a wight
**Wham aft I've help'd wi' han' an' purse;**
**He wadna let me stay a' night—
**Weel! sic a heart's a greater curse:
**But Leezie's gentler.** Hark that hail!
**This piercin' night is rougher far**—
**Come roun'," she said, **"an' shun the gale,
**"I'm gaun to slip aside the bar."*

Waes me! how wat ye're? Gie's your hat,
An' dry your face wi' something—hac.
In sic a takin', weel I wat;
I wad preserve my greatest fae:
We'll mak nae fire; the *picquet* bauld
Might see the light, an' may be stap;
But I'll sit up: my bed's no cauld,
Gae till't awae an' tak a nap.
THE DYING MASON.

Tune—"Lochaber."

FAREWELL to the village, the best on the plain,
The lough, glen, an' gran' hill, I'll ne'er see again;
Adieu to my pleasure! adieu to my care!
My poor auld frail folk, an' my lassie sae fair:
The kirk where I promis'd wi' folly to part,
An' the inn that ensnar'd me I lea without smart;
But och! how the sons o' the Lodge can I lea,
An' gae to my lang hame—the cauld house o' clay?

Nae mair shall I gang, while in this side o' time,
A step nearer light in the order sublime;
Nae mair, while ilk mouth's clos'd, an' fast the door bar'd,
Initiate the novice, baith curious and scaur'd;
Nae mair join wi' scores in the grand chorus saft,
Nor fandly toast "Airlan'—an' peace to the craft:"
I ay cud been wi' ye; but now I maa'n stay
Confin'd in my lang hame—the cauld house o' clay.

Sin' I was a Mason a sad life I had;
The cauld cantin' crew everlasting'ly gnaw'd;
That I "met the Deel in the Lodge ay," they said,
They maun men' if they miss him, ere a' plays be play'd:
If Cowan an' Craft fand me punctually just,
No blabbin' a secret, nor triflin' wi' trust,
My place may be higher than folk's wha mair pray,
Whan rais'd frae my lang hame—the cauld house o' clay.

THE END.

The following Poem came too late to be inserted in its proper place.

THE PENITENT.

WRITTEN TO THE REV. J. BANKHEAD.

Written in the year 1800.

Not all the pride of empire,
Ere gave such blest sensations, as one hour
Of penitence, tho' painful

EARTH feels the triple scourge wild warfare spreads,
Emaciate famine gnaws the huks and pines,
And ev'ry friend, forsaking, inly dreads
The fated wretch, whom pestilence confines:
Say, will Bankhead, who piously declines
Man's ev'ry vice, and mourns his woes severe;
Will he, the guide, who feels what he enjoins,
The fervent love of ev'ry faith and sphere,
The Penitent's memoirs, tho' mean, be pleas'd to hear?

His name, if I min' right, was Christy Blair:
Fu' aft I've pass'd the wa'-stead where he leev'd;
An' auld ash tree stan's branchless now an' bare,
Aboon the spring, unnotic'd an' unpreev'd.
The side-wa' co'ers the causey that he pav'd,
The beasts rub doon the cheeks o' ilka door;
Rank nettles hide the hearth on which he shav'd
The nybers ance a week in yore—
I learn'd his life frae Brice, the auld herd on the moor.

He weav'd himsel', an' keepet twa' three gaun,
Wha prais'd him ay for hale weel-handled yarn;
His thrifty wife an' wise wee lasses span,
While warps and queels employ'd anither bairn;
Some stript ilk morn an' thresh'd, the time to earn
To scamper wi' the houn's frae hill to hill;
Some learn'd the question-beuk in nyb'ring barn—
Christy wrought unco close, whyles took a gill,
But when his wab was out had ay a hearty fill.

An' nae mean spunge was he; but wad hae lent
Sums to poor sots, wha basely brak their word;
Rich rakes admir'd his sprie, sae weel he kent
The way to heel, an' han', a guid game bird:
An' in the pit he wadna twice be dard,
The odds were shamefu' when he cried "fair play;"
His nieve, that nail'd the messons to the sward,
Wad stapt to lift their weanies frae his way:
He harm'd himsel at times wis a' that folk cud say.

But och! if vice the least indulgence claim
'Twill wax, an' strengthen, like a wean at nurse;
Belyve he staid hale days an' nights frae hame,
Tho'ae nights absence, an' he deem'd a curse;

An' aft brought hame nought but an empty purse,
O' a' the hale wabs price he took to sell;
Then, sick niest day, poor Mary boost disburse
Her pence, to get a glass his qualms to quell:
She grudg'd—he storm'd—the weans Grat—hame grew hell.

At length he turn'd a doonright ne'er-do-weel,
For ilka draught, he swore, but made him dryer;
The kye gaed baith for debt. A sorry chiel'
Was he to cleave their stakes to mair the fire:
Mary ne'er min't the house—mair like a byre,
But clash'd wi' nyber wives. Unkent to him
For tea, an' snuff, the troubled dames desire,
She'd smuggled meal an' seeds; tho' hunger grim
Devour'd the duddy weans, now in a wretched trim.

Gif ye had pass'd his door, ye'd either heard
Him we his comrades madly mak' noise,
Or squabblin' wi' the wife. He seldom car'd:
To wake the looms mair profitable voice:
The weans were wicked mair thro' chance than choice,
How marvellous wad been their mense an' grace!
He learn'd the lasses smut, an' gart the boys
Drink dreadfu' toasts, an' box for pence or praise;
They'd ca' their mother le'er, an' curse her till her face.

Whyles wi' his auld colleagues he blam'd his wife;
He kent that she was slack, an' they were fause:
She sometimes took a drap, an' by the life
   A drinkin' wife's ay deem'd for greater flaws:
   Ance when they differ'd, like a thoughtless ass,
   He listed wi' the sowers on the street,
Yet when he ru'd, wrang'd Mary pledg'd her-braws
   To raise the smart-money. To see her greet,
Wad thow'd the hardest heart in army or in fleet.

Yet shame owrecam' him whyles, an' when advice
   Was properly applied it rous'd his pride,
He'd kiss the benk, an' swear by a' the skies,
He'd in nae change house drink till hallon-tide;
Then, then he thrave; but och! he cudna bide
Frae worthless spen'thrits, nor cud they frae him;
At first he'd drink his glass in some backside,
   But at the table when his brains 'gan swim;
When tald o' a' niest morn he'd tremble ev'ry limb.

At lang an' last, when to the frightfu' edge
   O' dreary ruin, by his courses brought,
(For a' was gaen he had to sell or pledge
   The times were hard and nane would trust him
ought)
To pass a painfu' hour, the barn he sought
   Whare Smyth, the methodie, harangu'd the folk:
They mournd, an' cried amen—he fleech'd and fought,
   Christy grew grave, an' thought he'd join the flock,
An' imitate their lives whan ance he us'd to mock.

An' change his life he did; the bull-beat came,
   He wadna gang; but ca'd it savage vice:
A serious nyber 'cause he stay'd at hame
   Gi'ed him a wab to weave, an' lent the price:
Late, late did he sit up, an' early rise,
   An' eat the bread o' care to get it weav'd;
Syne took it hame, gat meal, an' monie nice
   Auld claes, to thack the weans, we thanks receiv'd;
Somebody ay will help the poor an' weel-behav'd.

Nature a while, tho' thought forbearance hard,
   An' Habit, like a bough by force held straight,
Sprang till its ain auld thraw. When aff his guard,
   Twathree rash gills wad set him till't a' night;
An' much he'd said an' done that was na right:
   Ilk short relapse the clashes met to crack o';
But practice soon made irksome trials light;
   As ane, at first, wha tries the pipe for lack o'
   His health, halts, coughs, an' greus, yet learns to
like tobacco.

While perseverin' in his heav'n-ward way,
   He lea's pale want behin', his cant' an' zeal;
Sae quite remarkable, mak' grave an' gay
   Laugh hearty at him, tho' they like him weel;
Has he a band to fill? he soon fin's bail,
   Nae pross ere plagues him now, sloth leas his hame;
He has baith kye an' corn, an' sells some meal,
   His frien's outbye add mister till his name;
An' alter'd Mary's now a douse an' dainty dame.
(Hail! good old Wesley!—this they owe to thee,
The wise of all professions bless thy birth;
Believing what you taught, without a fee,
"A poor way-faring man," you ventur'd forth,
Striving where'er you went, to free the earth
From sin, enslaver of the human mind:
As godlike Howard, friend of woe an' worth,
In many a realm consol'd the cells where pin'd
Poor persecuted slaves, kept there by kings unkind.)

Whase arm ance rash as Christy's? now tho' strong,
Nae bangster tholes his niece or slave-thorn black;
Wha ance blasphem'd like Christy? now his tongue
Without minc'd oaths the lee-lang day can crack:
His nights ance spent with gamesters owre the pack,
Are pass't wi' decein' wights, or at his beuk;
The lyin' cash he ance wad sent to wrack,
Lent, int'rest-free, set up new-married folk—
He's far owre wise to jibe; but no' owre grave to joke.

The weans and Mary kept the cottage feat;
She was affectionate, an' fond were they;
They work't, an' sang their hymns, and crack't, an' gree't,
Fine was their speech, an' affable their way.
They werena stuples, wha fient na word can say
For what they b'lieve; tho' first to rail an' rage.
At a' wha differ. 'Mang some bolefu's mae,
Ane Fletcher's warks, a bra unbiass'd sage,
Cart 'em wi' might an' mence the Calvinists engage.

An' searchin' for the Truth improv'd their taste:
How nat'r'al Joseph's Life was weel they kent;
How Moses' muse her notes sublimely rais'd,
An' Jeremiah's deeply did lament;
The spen'thriift son's fine scene they weel cud paint,
An' guid Samaritan's—an' nearer han',
How Young made night mair solemn wi' his plaint;
How Milton's Eve was fair, his Adam fand;
How Gray was sad an' grave, an' Shakespeare wildly grand.

They min't baith warls. In warps boil'd by their han'
Did thrice ten shuttles lose their entrails sma';
An' on a scoup o' cheap, but mountain lan',
They graz'd yell kye, an' drain'd, an' lim'd the shaw.
Beasts, yarn, an' claith, aft call'd the sons awa';
The daughters wash'd, an' sew'd, an' span wi' care:
Christy did little, but directed a';
An' cute was he when unco folk were there;
For at the very warst he had baith sense an' lear.

"The e'e that saw them bless'd them." Much they shar'd
Wi' frien's, wi' strangers, an' wi' a' in need;
Folk thought the fam'ly fey if e'er they err'd,
Bonnier an' better ne'er brak warls bread:

An' work'd the Truth, an' far more disappeared.
Christy ne'er strave to cross their loves; but gied
Mailin's, an' gear, to ev'ry lad an' lass,
He leev'd to train their weans, an' when he died,
Was what they ca' the leader o' a class.—
Brico gied me this account, an' right weel pleas'd I
was.

May my wild brethren turn to wisdom's path
An' grace poor Erin, plagu'd with want and
dearth!
And banish from her shores religious wrath,
Desponding cloth, and dissipated mirth!
May sun-like Science from the poor man's hearth
Chase Ignorance, the owl that haunts the sty's!
So patriots brave, when we lie low in earth,
"'Harmless as doves, and yet as serpents wise,"
Shall follow Truth and Right, and guard the land
they prize.