The lamp of day with ill-passing gleam,
Drew clouds, dark, beyond the western wave,
The inclement blast howled thru the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky caves.

Love as I wandered by each steep and dell,
To the loud haunt of erotic royal train,
Or mod in the vast, raised water wel.
Or mouldering ruins mark the sacred name.

The inclement blast roared round the beetling rocks,
The winged clouds flew o'er the heavy sky,
The groaning seas untimely shed their locks,
And hoisting meteors caught the magic eye.

The pale moon rose in the blood east,
And among the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
In weeds of woe, that frantically beat her breast,
And mingled her wailing with the rising storm.

Chief to my heart the shielded patience glo.
That Gallatinia's triumph'd shield received;
The form majestic drooped in passive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbibed.

* The scene, the king's park at Holywood house.
* St. Anthony's well.
* St. Anthony's chapel.
Revel'd that glory redoubled,
Reeling that banner, vast and keen,
That like a death's-head meteor gleam'd,
And gazed the mighty monarchs of the world.

"My Patriot son fell on untimely grace!"
With beating heart and lifted arms the cry:
"Now lies the hand that oft was stretched to save.
Now lies the heart that swelled with honest pride.

A weeping banner joins a victor's tear;
The helpless poor mix with the Orphans cry;
The shrieking Arts surround their Patron's hear;
And grateful Science kneels the heart in grief.

Jealous my soul resume her ancient fire,
Gone fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow!
But oh! how short is born but to expire!
"Relentless Fate has laid their Guardian low!"

"My Patriot falls; but shall he lie uncouraged,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?"
"No; every muse shall join her timbrel tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

And I will join a Mother's tender cares
Through future times to make his virtues last;
That distant years may boast of other Bards,
He said, and vanished with the sweeping blast.
A mortal quite unfit for fortune’s strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet imply wanting wherewithal to live.
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each gound,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laught at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find:
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attended not the proofs in prose lively to find;
A title, and the only one I claim,
[blank.]
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Gra-

Pity the tuneful muses’ hapless train,
Weak, timid landsmen on life’s stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never greatly takes enough;
The little fate allows, ‘tis shared as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb’d, wisdom’s hard-earning boon.
The world were best did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that “the friendly zere should wnta a friend!”
Let prudence number o’er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason and who give by rule,
(Fastinet’s a brute, and sentiment a fool!) Who make poor will do wait upon I should—
We own they’re prudent, but who feels they’re good?
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God’s image rude etch’d on base alloy!
But come ye, who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven’s attribute distinguished—be the best! Whose arms of love would grasp the human race: Come thou who giv’st with all a courtier’s grace;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes! Prop of my dearest hopes for future times,
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afrait, Backward, asab’d to ask thy friendly aid? I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
But there are such who court the tuneful nigh—
Heaven’s should the branded character be mine! Whose verse in manhood’s pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their beggling prose. Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Sorrows on the spurning wing of injur’d merit! Seek the thin thread in which the fortunes lie:
Pity the best of words should be but wind So to hear’n’s gate the lark’s shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the earol ends.

In all the clamorous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front; Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days! Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My bonny fist assume the plough again;
The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more; On eighteen-penny a week I’ve liv’d before. Tho’ thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift! I trust, meantime, my boon is in the gift: That, plac’d by thee upon the wish’d-for height, Where, man and nature fairest in her sight,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

**On the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair.**

The lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
Th’ incessant blast howl’d thro’ the dark’ning air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander’d by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov’d haunts of Scotia’s royal train; Or muse where limbless streams, once hallow’d, well;
Or mould ring bears the sacred name.**
Th increasing blast round’d roll the beetling rocks,
[skipping lines] The clouds, swift-wing’d, flew o’er the startled
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The pale moon rose in the livid east,
And ‘mong the cliffs disclos’d a stately form,
In weeds of wool, that frantic beat her breast,
And mix’d her walkings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
’Twas Tht’o’rnia’s trophied shield I view’d:
Her form majestic droop’d in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imlued.

Revers’d that spear, redoutable in war,
Reclining that banner, erst in fields unfurl’d, That like a deathful meteor glimm’d a-near,
And brand’d the mighty monarchs of the world—

“My patriot son fills an untimely grave!”
With acents wild and lifted arms she cried,
“Low lies the hand that oft was stretch’d to save,
[skipping lines]
Low lies the heart that swell’d with honest

* Var.—Helpless.—MS.
† Var.—Restnow.—MS.
‡ (In one of the poet’s memoranda books these verses were written with a pencil; he lamented that he had not composed them, and noted them down lest they should escape from his memory.)
§ Mr. Anthony Vell—R. Burns wrote originally.
** St. Anthony’s Chapel.—R. H.
†† Var.—Honour’d.—MS.