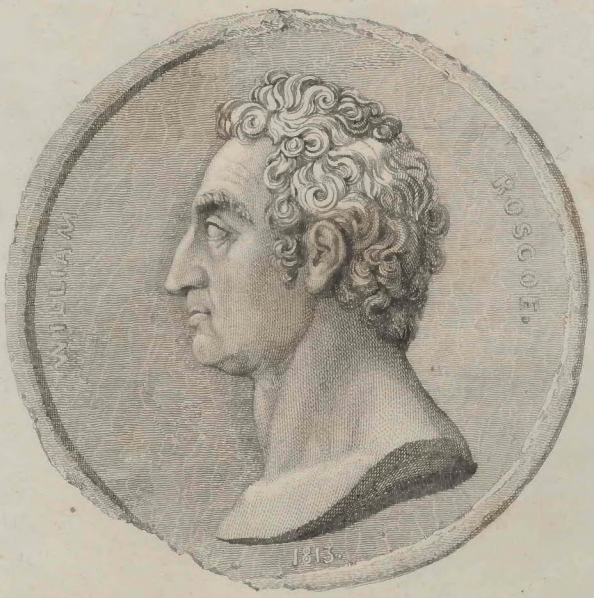
Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy sheltered vallies proudly spread;
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
But ah, what Poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard is dead
That ever breathd the soothing strain!

Thy lonely wastes & frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That wakd him to sublimer thought;
And oft thy winding dells he sought,
Where wild-flowers pour their rathe perfume,
And with sincere devotion brought
To Thee the summer's earliest bloom.

From lines to the memory of
Robert Burns — at the request
of a Friend W. Roscoe.


WILLIAM ROSCOE
1815