

BURNS.

The rapturous sense of full-strung youth, the glow
Of lyric ardour and of love untamed
Within thy swelling bosom rose and flamed,
Now as the sun-light bright, now fierce as tow
Swift-burning; but thy golden songs' swift flow
Brought quenching to thy fire; well wast thou
named,
Singer of love: wherefore should'st thou be
blamed.
Whom Nature freely dower'd with joy and woe

More keen than other men's? Who shall repine
If that thou burnedst thy fierce youth away?
Thy love is ours, thy melody divine,
Phœbus Apollo in Jove's halls did play,—
And lo! as Mercury thou madest thine
His lyre, and fled'st to Scotia 'fore the day.