
TO

A L A D Y,

A PATRONESS OF THE MUSES,

ON HER

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

WHILE sickness, madam, on your
vitals prey'd,

The sympathetic sisters shar'd your pain:
I mark'd them then in sable weeds array'd,
In concert sad assume the plaintive strain.

From Elly's * Land was heard the harp of wo;
A shepherd, once the blithest of the throng,
Did mirth inspiring, sportive notes forego,
And steep'd in tears the melancholy song.

* The Residence of the celebrated Poet, Robert Burns.

From *Irvine's* verdant banks, a doleful lay
Re-echo'd through the groves and distant
dale;

Each vocal throat was fill'd with dire dismay,
And heart-felt sighs proclaim'd th' unwel-
come tale.

Quick and unstable are the turns of Fate;
'Twixt well and wo are thin partitions rear'd:
I mark'd the drooping choir with hearts elate,
Exulting o'er the ills so lately fear'd.

When brooding on the verge of deep despair,
A gladd'ning voice did through the groves
resound;

Loud acclamations fill'd the ambient air,
And joy and pleasure triumph'd all around.

Health, blooming goddess, re-assum'd her
sway,

And did the tender, captive frame release;
All seem'd intent the tidings to convey,
In notes more grateful than the whisp'ring
breeze.

Some greet a patroness, all hail a friend,
Whose bosom feels seraphic virtues glow;
Nor further, madam, do your smiles extend;
Vice dreads your frown, and shuns you as a
foe.

Long may you live admir'd by all, and lov'd,
The honour of a long illustrious race;
Your worth innate, by Envy's self approv'd,
Which time nor sickness never can efface.