
ON A

VISIT TO MR. BURNS.

IS't true? or does some magic spell
My wond'ring eyes beguile?
Is this the place where deigns to dwell
The honour of our isle?

The charming BURNS, the Muse's care,
Of all her sons the pride;
This pleasure oft I've fought to share,
But been as oft deni'd.

Oft have my thoughts, at midnight hour,
To him excursions made;
This blifs in dreams was premature,
And with my slumbers fled.

'Tis real now, no vision here
 Bequeaths a poignant dart ;
 I'll view the poet ever dear,
 Whose lays have charm'd my heart.

Hark! now he comes, a dire alarm
 Re-echoes through his hall!
 Pegasus * kneel'd, his rider's arm
 Was broken by a fall.

The doleful tidings to my ears
 Were in harsh notes convey'd ;
 His lovely wife stood drown'd in tears,
 While thus I pond'ring said :

“ No cheering draught, with ills unmix'd,
 Can mortals taste below ;
 All human fate by heav'n is fix'd,
 Alternate joy and wo.”

With beating breast I view'd the bard ;
 All trembling did him greet :
 With sighs bewail'd his fate so hard,
 Whose notes were ever sweet.

* The name of the Poet's horse.