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*NELL'S ANSWER.*

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**W**HILE you, my friend, in beauteous,  
rural lay,

The ancient pile, and circling scenes display,  
Enthusiastic rapture fires my soul,

And admiration reigns without controul.

Methinks, while I your charming theme pur-  
sue,

That Loudoun castle rises to my view.

I see, or is it fancy that portrays?

The prospect stand before my ardent gaze:

Surpris'd I see a new Elysium rise,

In pomp august, before my wond'ring eyes.

With joy I view the sweetly, vari'd scene,

The winding vale, and groves of vernal green.

The garden will my fancy long detain,

And those fair fields that wave with yellow  
grain.



The blooming trees that form a sylvan shade,  
And those sweet bow'rs for contemplation  
made.

Would some propitious pow'r but grant my  
boon,

Send some kind genii with an air-balloon ;  
Take me aloft, and safe convey with care,  
Straight to the bonny blooming banks of Air ;  
To Loudoun castle soon I'd bend my way,  
And all its beauties joyfully survey.

The gothic structure, and its fair domains,  
Most amply would compensate all my pains.  
With you, dear Jenny, I would pass some  
hours,

Amongst its shady walks and fragrant bow'rs.  
Of poetry and poets talk by turns,  
And pleas'd make comments on the far-  
fam'd Burns.