
VERSES

WRITTEN ON A FOREIGNER'S VISITING THE GRAVE
OF A SWISS GENTLEMAN, BURIED AMONG THE
DESCENDENTS OF SIR WILLIAM WAL-
LACE, GUARDIAN OF SCOTLAND IN
THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

OUR regal seat to Edward fallen a prey,
Our Chief's insulted corse his victim lay;
Our ruin'd land no monument could raise;
Yet grateful bards still sung his heart-felt
praise.

Long ages hence her hero still she'll mourn;
Still her brave sons with emulation burn.

His spirit guarding still our native place,
Proclaims this mandate to his latest race:

“ Let sacred truth bid living fame be thine;

“ Ne'er trust for honour to a sculptur'd
shrine.

“ Those modest merits marbles ne'er impart,

“ Love writes them deepest on the human
heart.”

Thus mid thy race did their lov'd Henry
dwell,

Whose dust shall mix thy memory with Tell*:
Truth, honour, spirit, animate that form,
Which beauty, grace, and symmetry adorn.
Here that rich blossom dropp'd, scarce fairly
blown;

The friend, the husband, father we bemoan!
Wail by the grave a mother's cheerless throes,
And share a widow's agonizing woes!

Dear youth, thy name to latest time descends,
Where gentle virtues made mankind thy
friends.

From no vain marble need you borrow fame;
Truth, love and friendship, here embalm
thy name.

A parent's silver hairs bestrew thy shrine;
Her griefs were mortal, but her joys sublime:
In tears we mourn the body laid to rest;
She hails thy spotless soul 'mid angels blest.

* A famous Swiss chief