
AN

EPISTLE

TO

MR. ROBERT BURNS.



FAIRFA' the honest rustic swain,
The pride o' a' our Scottish plain;
Thou gi'es us joy to hear thy strain,
And notes fae sweet;
Old Ramfay's shade, reviv'd again,
In thee we greet.

Lov'd Thallia, that delightful muse,
Seem'd long shut up as a recluse:
To all she did her aid refuse,
Since Allan's day,

Till Burns arose, then did she choose
To grace his lay.

To hear thy song, all ranks desire;
Sae well thou strik'st the dormant lyre.
Apollo, wi' poetic fire,
Thy breast did warm,
An' critics silently admire
Thy art to charm.

Cæsar an' Luath weel can speak;
'Tis pity e'er their gabs should steek:
They into human nature keek,
An' knots unravel;
To hear their lectures ance a week,
Ten miles I'd travel.

Thy dedication to G—— H——,
In unco bonny, hamespun speech,
Wi' winsome glee the heart can teach
A better lesson,
Than servile bards wha fawn an' fleech,
Like beggar's messin.

My rude, unpolish'd strokes wad blot
Thy brilliant shine,
An' ev'ry passage I would quote
Seem less sublime.

The task I'll drop; wi' heart sincere
To heav'n present a humble prayer,
That a' the blessings mortals share
May be, by turns,
Dispens'd with an indulgent care
To Robert Burns.