

Extempore On Some Commemorations Of Thomson

Dost thou not rise, indignant shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn,
When they wha wad hae starved thy life,
Thy senseless turf adorn?

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
Wi' meikle honest toil,
And claught th' unfading garland there-
Thy sair-worn, rightful spoil.

And wear it thou! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted-
Would thou hae Nobles' patronage?
First learn to live without it!

To whom hae much, more shall be given,
Is every Great man's faith;
But he, the helpless, needful wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.