

VERSES SENT TO MRS. BAILLIE ON HER  
BIRTHDAY, 1813.

A JUDGMENT clear, a pensive mind  
 With feelings tender and refined ;  
 A generous heart in kindness glowing,  
 An open hand on all bestowing ;  
 A temper sweet, and calm, and even  
 Through petty provocations given ;  
 A soul benign, whose cheerful leisure  
 Considers still of others' pleasure,  
 Or, in its lonely, graver mood,  
 Considers still of others' good ;  
 And joined to these the visioned eye,  
 And tuneful ear of poesy ;  
 Blest wight, in whom those gifts combine,  
 Our dear Sophia, sister mine !

How comes it  
 This day hath  
 No token pass  
 No rhymester

Love was no  
 Reserved, unph  
 Sat in her unre  
 Through basel  
 And could not  
 On plain, unfa

Yet be it so !  
 I'll hold with he  
 With or withou  
 Shall hail with g  
 The day when f  
 Did from inactiv  
 And in thy bab  
 Its doubtful, dar  
 A heavenly spar  
 To mount again

How comes it that, from year to year,  
 This day hath passed without its cheer,—  
 No token passing time to trace,  
 No rhymester's lay to do it grace?

Love was not wanting, but the muse,  
 Reserved, unpliant, and recluse,  
 Sat in her unreal kingdom, dreaming  
 Through baseless scenes of airy seeming,  
 And could not turn her 'wilder'd eye  
 On plain, unfancied verity.

Yet be it so! once in my life  
 I'll hold with her a generous strife;  
 With or without her aid, my lay  
 Shall hail with grateful lines this happy day.  
 The day when first thy infant heart  
 Did from inactive being start,  
 And in thy baby bosom beat,  
 Its doubtful, dangerous, fragile seat,—  
 A heavenly spark that downward came  
 To mount again a brighter flame.

BAILLIE ON HER  
 1813.

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Meantime, a warm and fostering blessing,  
More precious felt in long possessing,  
'Tis lent to those who daily prove  
Its gentle offices of love.  
Ah! for their sake, long be the date  
Of this its more ignoble state!  
I who, so near its influence set,  
Owe it a long and pleasing debt,  
In course of nature launched before  
From mortal nature's foggy shore,  
Would fain behind me leave some token  
Of friendly kindred love unbroken,  
Which in some hour, retired and lone,  
Thine eyes may sometimes look upon,  
While in thy saddened tender breast  
Ah, no! I may not think the rest,  
Lest, both bereft of words and strain  
My silent thoughts alone remain:  
This token then do thou receive.  
I will not tell thee to believe  
How in my heart its spirit glows,  
How soothly from my pen it flows.

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Through years unmarked by woe or pain,  
Oft may this day return again,  
Blessed by him whose rough career  
Of toil and care thy love doth cheer.  
Whose manly worth by Heaven was fated  
To be through life thus fitly mated;  
Blessed by those thy youthful twain,  
Who by thy side their place maintain,  
Still nestling closer to thy bosom  
As the fair flowers of reason blossom;  
By all who thy dear kindred claim,  
And love to see thy face, and love to hear thy name.

And so I end my simple writing,  
The muse in fault, but love enditing  
That which, but for this love alone,  
I thought not ever to have done, —  
A birth-day lay. Then sister mine,  
Keep thou in kindness this propine,  
And through life's yet untrodden scene  
Still be to me what thou hast been.