



T O A

MOUNTAIN-DAISY,

*On turning one down, with the Plough, in A-  
pril——1786.*

**W**EE, modest, crimfon-tipped flow'r,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
For I maun crush amang the stoure  
Thy slender stem:  
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!



Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!

    Wi's spreckl'd breast,  
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
    The purpling East.

    Cauld blew the bitter-biting *North*  
Upon thy early, humble birth;  
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth  
    Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the *Parent-earth*  
    Thy tender form.

    The flaunting *flow'rs* our Gardens yield,  
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
    O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the hiftie *stibble-field*,  
    Unseen, alane.

    There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
    In humble guise;



But now the *share* uptears thy bed,  
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,  
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!  
 By Love's simplicity betray'd,  
 And guileless trust,  
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
 On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!  
 Unskilful he to note the card  
 Of prudent Lore,  
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is giv'n,  
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,  
 By human pride or cunning driv'n  
 To Mis'ry's brink,  
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but HEAV'N,  
 He, ruin'd, sink!



Ev'n thou who mourn'st the *Daisy's* fate,  
*That fate is thine*——no distant date;  
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till crush'd beneath the *furrows* weight,  
Shall be thy doom!

