

Detached parts of a larger work.

Kinross-House, September 9. 1768.

THE FIRST PART OF QUEEN MARY.

The following Dedication designed for ——— Esq;
+ deceased.

Deign to accept

The effusions—of my heart.

To thee, with love! I dedicate my art;

That high respect—thy virtuous mind demands.

TWAS under sail—the barge—to row them o'er,

Where Beauty's Queen was captive long before.

There had the Muse with pleasure led the way;

For there, in Autumn, now she loves to stray:

5 There

~~Done by the author~~
Done by the author

5 There on the shore—where oft the Queen at night,
 Had lonely walk'd—revolving her sad fate ;
 The trees—the walls—the ruin, all conspire
 The dome sequester'd—wake poetic fire :
 There oft the Queen, as the chaste dame *, had wove
 10 Her fatal story and their fatal love ;
 Young Gordon's doom—poor Chatilard's despair,
 By Murray's guile one common fate they share ;
 Her injur'd honour—and her infant son,
 Distracting thought !
 15 From cruel subjects turns her thoughts away,
 To milder scenes her fancy steals astray,
 † To peace—to justice—Bethlehem's shepherd King,
 His dog, his sheep, his crook, may there be seen,
 In well chose colours, work'd each scene with ease,
 20 As Nature taught her all the arts to please.

* Penelope.

† Peace and justice, and the story of David feeding his sheep, are both shown in the palace of Scone, as worked by Queen Mary's own hand when a prisoner in the Castle of Loch-Leven.

Kind

Kind Nature's gifts—her unmatch'd charms to prove,
The Muse and Graces here had interwove
Their various skill.

Tun'd to the harp, the Muses oft had sung,

25 In mournful strains, her story thus begun :

Her infant reign—Elis'beth's deadly hate,

The many troubles prelude to her fate ;

A fate uncommon—a beheaded Queen,

And all the various scenes that intervene.

30 Tho' drove from home, in * Henry's court she found

Each pleasure wait her, with politeness crown'd ;

Belov'd, ador'd, her dawning charms expand,

And Taste and Genius lead her hand in hand,

O heavenly Muse ! her early sorrows tell,

35 Let Truth and Pity clear her injur'd fame,

Which long conceal'd, the brighter now to shine,

To share the pleasure—and the praise be thine.

No father's care her infant years to guide,

† For death untimely—in the tomb had laid,

* Henry II. King of France.

† James V. of Scotland died of grief.

- 40 By grief of heart—and factious times opprest's'd,
 But more than all, by * Solway's los's distress'd.
 What could the † Queen in these disastrous times?
 She fought a refuge in more temperate climes.
 To Gallia's King, the royal charge conveys,
 45 Till Time and Wisdom civil discord lays.
 No easy task—where blind mistaken zeal,
 And diff'rent tenets but increase the flame,
 Religion pure,
 While mortals weak but prostitute thy name.
- 50 Fortune for a time now promis'd fair,
 And Henry, faithful, us'd his utmost care
 To form her mind—each science to impart,
 While thus our Beauty gains each youthful heart;
 Well pleas'd both nations mutual to entwine,
 55 † And weds to Francis this our blooming Queen.

* The battle of Solway mofs.

† The Queen Dowager sent over her daughter Mary to France,
 then six years of age.

† Francis, then Dauphin of France.

What does ambition? and aspiring Pride?
 Two regal sceptres to adorn the bride
 Could not suffice—assumes fair England's name,
 And royal arms—which the proud Dame
 60 Could ne'er forget—whose firm and cautious reign
 Made it unsafe for MARY then to claim
 Her nat'ral right, nor the young Queen be blam'd,
 By whomso'er that fatal counsel fram'd.
 65 Must still your * Queen—resentful thus to me,
 To bar my passage through the British sea.
 Unkind condolence! in a perplexing time,
 When thus sedition rends my native Isle.
 Scarce had I mourn'd my much lov'd mother's death
 When Henry too—resign'd his dying breath,
 70 More than a parent! I his greatest care,
 And parting sigh'd, for me preferr'd his prayer,
 Was it not hard? O Muse, forbear to tell,
 Her growing sorrows—thou knowest them well.

* Queen Elisabeth.

*} Kinross-House, a stormy day in
the month of December 1769.*

The SECOND PART of QUEEN MARY.

Dedicated to G. HAMILTON, Esq; on his design to paint that scene where Lord LINDSAY comes to demand the crown of Queen MARY, when a prisoner in the Castle of Loch-Leven.

AH! how unfeeling, he demands her crown,
Her country to resign. Relentless Lindsay,
Did e'er real beauty touch a heart like thine?
Impossible—to thus insult—while spirit,
5 Nobleness of mind, and young Ambition,
All fluttering round th' imprison'd Queen
Yet weeping for her son! for him she dreads.
Ye ruin'd walls! with ivy mantled o'er,
And Winter snows, the emblem of her fate,

10 Which all extremes have known—nor Hope—nor Spring,
Nor Summer Sun return.—But I will plant
A thousand shrubs and trees to shade her injur'd name,
Invite the Muse! to wander with me there,
And op'ning gayer fields of new ideas.
15 Power of the mind! Sovereign of the Soul,
O! why denied that wond'rous art to me?
Titian—Rubens—Raphael—finish'd hands,
Hamilton! here's thy Lucretia*,
O'er all her dying frame, as life just fled;
20 The barb'rous poniard drops her sacred blood;
From Brutus arm! behold the fate of Rome,
Avenge his country on the Tarquin race.
What differ'd fates! while all the world admire
Thy honour'd name—chaste—pure as light, as truth,
25 To MARY's load of grief—to blast her fame!
Rome by one's death—from tyranny was freed,
A tyrant hop'd to reign in MARY's stead.
Of all my former ills, the Queen might say,
And soon to Nature I that debt shall pay.

* On looking at the print of Lucretia and Brutus, the original done by Hamilton.

B

30 My

+ different

30 My injur'd shade! shall mourn my blasted fame:
 My son perhaps shall curse his mother's name;
 O! cruel thought—if e'er my Darnley's life
 Avenge the deed—if e'er that name was dear,
 By these bleak mountains, and this lonely isle,
 35 The troubled waters, and the winds that blow,
 Or by that power superior to the storm,
 Attest my innocence. Too soon the seeds
 Of jealousy were sown—that fatal bond;
 Associate of their guilt—to be deceiv'd
 40 To wed his murderer! ah! had I died,
 Buried in the grave, e'er thus dishonour'd.
 O! all ye faithful dames for truth renown'd,
 Am I unworthy to be nam'd with them?
 — Had she, as thou! Lucretia—durst—
 But here the foul! superior by her faith,
 Triumph'd—and for her country and her son,
 Endur'd, in misery, all her cruel fate,
 Accurs'd marriage!—deep laid malice. O MARY!
 Their vill'nous designs—were here accomplish'd,—

And

And stabb'd thy fame! But time shall bring to light
Their darkest deeds—and heal thy wounded name.

—Avaunt thou!—Murray, Morton, Bothwell,

And thou Elifabeth, great as a Queen,

But deadly in thy hate—as desperate by thy love.

Mary and Effex, victims of thy ire,

Bright stars that fell by thy malignant breath,

Yet, yet I weep for thee—thy woman's weakness,

And thy jealous mind.

O they were punishment enough—forgive,

Forgive, O mighty God! forgive.

O Character! thou sacred name prophan'd,

Or gain'd so dear—by those who court thee

Only for a name,—and in fair shew

Appear what ~~thou~~ art not. Fair Rectitude,

Be thou alone my wish—retir'd and silent.

There, the motives of my heart to know,

And leave to others—what? as they deserve

A name! Shall I e'er gain thee by one restless thought,

B 2

Or

And

Or popular deed—to strive—to vie,

Or to supplant another.

To sacrifice my mind, my peace,

—Her's was gone.

No rather,

Suffer all—unknown—forsaken—unminded,

Or minded only when again to take

The little I have got. Whence is that envy

And that jealous eye? To be what? yes.

Let them. O happiness, canst thou demand

On aught—but truth, un sullied rectitude of thought,

And virtue fair,—with kind benevolence,

And humblest mind reflect how poor and weak

We're in ourselves.

Come, quiet thought, and leave the giddy restless

Vain pursuit of earthly cares—O come,

And by yon brook where dancing sun-beams

Wander through the trees—invite my Muse,

Or catch yon awful arch—from rock to rock

Where

Depend

Where dashing waters burst in broken falls,
 Or in the shady break where murm'ring rills,
 In wild meanders stray from wood to wood,
 Or list'ning to the evening song retir'd
 Where scarce a breeze is whisper'd through the scene.
 Who can behold yon glorious orb that gilds the sky,
 And not adore the hand, Author of Nature,
 Who in his works sublime paints out his power;
 In Wisdom all express'd, at awful distance, view
 The mighty mind—the thought, contrivance,
 And the powerful word.—And as the sun goes down,
 Come, evening mild—and with thy soft'ning dews
 Or gentle rains refresh the earth,
 Mother of all the sustenance to man.

C H O R U S.

Light Fame—no more I thee attend,
 No more thy airy flight pursue;
 Light Fame no more my soul can move,
 No more thy freaks and whims I heed.

ff.

II.

Light Fame—no more thy voice I'll hear,
Thy voice I thought how sweet to me;
Light Fame, I thought thy voice was true,
But soon it chang'd, how false, how wild?

III.

Light Fame—no more my soul can move,
Thy freaks and whims she may neglect.
Light Fame—no more my soul can move,
In conscious worth shall find relief.

N I G H T I N G A L E.

O! could my sweet plaint lull to rest,
Soften one sigh—as thou dreamst,
I'd fit the whole night on thy tree,
And sing, — — — sing, — — —

With the thorn at my breast.