

To ———.

**I**N this suspense, a thousand bear a part,  
With hopes and fears alternate to their heart;  
With equal mind—wait thy uncertain fate,  
Whate'er's pronounc'd, yet still thou may'st be great,  
If wealth and honour are decreed thy name,  
Let no repentment be thy future aim.  
Nor if! ———  
Avert the thought—and in the doubtful hour,  
Be justice guarded by some heavenly power;  
Be D—— still—and let thy spirit show  
Thou art thyself, howe'er this contest go.

Burntisland