

To Russia I led on an army,
 As great as Xerxes led of old,
 And never dreamed that ought could harm me,
 Until my troops complained of cold.

To them I'd promised winter-quarters,
 In that great city of Moscow ;
 To ravish Russians' wives and daughters,
 They forced the way knee-deep in snow.

Now fye upon sly Alexander,
 My proffered arms he would not hear,
 Takes Cut-us-off as his commander,
 Who played the vile *ruse de guerre*.

Reduced the city a heap of ashes !
 Such treatment from him was unkind ;
 This Russian general, no doubt, rash is ;
 I would think Czar was of my mind.

Though I've run off and gained Smolensko,
 And hope in time to reach Warsaw--
 Which if I show--Pray how from thence go
 To escape the vile *black eagle's* (1) claw?

Who with the *non* now united,
 (The prophesy must be fulfilled,)
 To tear my heart will be delighted,
 In scarce^h of all the blood I spilled :

But if my veins could hold an ocean,
 They'd soon be drained to pay it all ;
 So, *Nick*, I'm all at your devotion !
 No matter now how low I fall.

Dumfries, 19th Dec., 1812.

1. Alluding to the remarkable prophesy in the possession of Lady Canwath, as published in the Dumfries and Galloway Courier of 4th August last.