

The fancy wild may welcome be fed,
 By fragrant thoughts that fall upon our head;
 Here passions play in their infinite form,
 Keeping th' affections of the bosom warm;
 And genius sheds her feathers from the soul,
 Like down from wings of angels as they fall,
 To allure the eye our spirit to condole.
 The towering bard drops his most brilliant thought,
 'Tis treasured here as things of value ought,
 And pure religion and her balm power
 Sheds heavenly light upon the heart each hour;
 Here wrong's reproved, and justice plays her part,
 To pang th' oppressor with a mortal smart;
 McMullen, thou with thy deep, mental toil,
 Hast welcome here within thy native soil;
 Live then to rise and bless thy native land,
 Obey the dictates of thy God's command,
 Till frowning age lay low thy weary head,
 Hide it in honour in earth's dusty bed—
 Then may thy name shed hallowed fragrance o'er
 Those left behind on earth's beclouded shore.
 I leave the printers, where "Gazettes" do fly,
 Dispersing news to every cottage nigh,
 That guides the public mind and mould its thought,
 To love the British law as Britons ought.
 And on my left I leave the Grammar School,
 Where eager minds do seize its rugged rule,
 And promise fair to bless some future hour,
 Their country's service with strong mental power;
 A nursery this, where grow for every stage
 Some blooming plants to adorn the coming age;
 And from her breasts may learned and eloquent,
 To fill their country's posts be ever sent,
 To raise to wealth, to glory and to power,
 To gem her crown and deck it with a flower.
 Mechanics' Institute shall grace my song,
 She's heard afore the warblings of my tongue;
 Now gently deign to hear again my praise
 As I, in song, my timid warblings raise;
 Lo, on thy brow have shone the learned, the wise,
 Whose eloquent floods hath oft caused thee surprise.

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