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## INTRODUCTION.

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**F**ORGIVE the strain, ye great and wise,  
Which untaught genius here supplies ;  
Pardon the rudely varying verse,  
That need has prompted to rehearse ;  
Who never made the lute complain  
For bread, nor ever may again ;  
An Irish mother's only son,  
(Her race on earth was quickly run)  
My father fought, and laboured hard,  
For GEORGE and Fame—a sweet reward,  
Came home to die, and leave his child  
Uncultivated, lonely, wild ;  
A poor, unpolish'd, orphan lad,  
Who learning's favors never had ;  
Whom mercy, smiling from above,  
Hath bless'd with common sense and love.