
INTRODUCTION.

FORGIVE 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.