

Ever submissive; if but he commands,
 'Thine is the labour of a thousand hands.
 The shuttle darteth with the speed of thought,
 The fabric grows as if by magic wrought;
 'Th' astonished gazer freely must allow
 P'ncelope less diligent than thou.
 Less complex work, but valued not the less—
 We see thee yoked now to the plough and press;
 Our corn thou thrashest and our grain dost grind—
 We yet may teach thee both to reap and bind.
 Thy aid is asked, and from the lake below
 The limpid wave ascends in copious flow,
 On to the distant city coursing, where
 Thou art confessed a benefactor rare.
 The oak that long has stood the forest's pride,
 Thou with a speed like lightning dost divide:
 Thou strikest the anvil with such force as might
 Make Vulcan stare with wonder and delight:
 Thou heaviest up from earth's internal store
 Pile upon pile of ever-precious ore—
 Such weight, I trow, as Atlas never bore.
 O wonder-worker, with results so grand,
 Well may thy praises ring throughout the land;
 Well may the muse repeat exultingly,
 Man owns indeed a glorious gift in thee.

With eye prophetic, vain would I pursue
 Thy future triumphs crowding on my view,—
 How to earth's utmost limits they extend,
 Age after age increasing to the end;
 How the far Isles now 'neath barbaric sway
 Shall smile and flourish in thy better day;
 How the swart Indian, quitting club and spear,
 Shall be himself, in time, thy chamotéer—
 His savage appetites all laid aside,
 His hunting grounds transformed to cornfields wide
 "A stoic of the woods" no longer now,
 But going forth to toil with cheerful brow,
 Grateful to Him who framed the social plan,
 Thus reaching the true dignity of man.

Peerless discovery! Blessing rich and true!
 When such thy pow'r, and such thy promise, too,
 We well may hope in thee at last to find
 A chain that shall in peace the nations bind—
 A chain of love embracing all mankind.

Immortal WARR! I surely were to blame
 If ceased my song forgetful of thy fame:
 By thee a secret, long by all-wise Heaven
 Conceal'd from man, at last to man was given.
 Though some there be who with presumption vain
 Would call their own the fruitage of thy brain,
 Justice and Truth must scout the base design,
 And own the great achievement to be thine
 That has enriched the nations tenfold more
 Than all earth's boasted mines of golden ore,
 And makes thy name a more enduring sound
 Than if among the gods thou hadst been crowned.
 Scotland, with thee her son, is more than classic ground.