

And calmly in our hermitage await  
 The public verdict to decide our fate.  
 Some savage appetites the thing may whet,  
 Whilst others grind their teeth or have them set  
 On edge, as will the sharp'ning of a saw,  
 Or a sour apple, that the tears can draw  
 Out of their eyes ; and, others in our verse,  
 See, or imagine what will make them fierce,  
 And operate upon a brainless skull  
 As rags of crimson on a crossgrain'd bull.  
 Or in a hurricane of hateful words,  
 Sent to perdition by creation's lords ;  
 Even in the pulpit for our special use,  
 A legend of the Lamech kind produce,  
 Which coming like a show'r of molten lead,  
 Was piously aim'd at the poets head.  
 Quite the reverse of ointment, the effect  
 Seem'd not what then the preacher did expect,  
 So overdone and noxious too the dose,  
 The audience saw extending from our nose,  
 Or might have seen by fancy's aid a pair  
 Of thumbs and fingers for a purpose there.

No scholar, yet we hold a place among  
 Those, who are now, or have been, sons of song !  
 With Burns and Campbell, Cunningham and Scott,  
 And Hogg, the index t'were a task to quote ;  
 A quire of foolscap might be found too small  
 To write their names on if we wrote them all.