

Inwrought, the ploughman pauses for a time,
 To hear that sweetest of all matin chime ;
 'Tis sympathy!—'tis not the sensuous ear
 Alone enjoys that lofty song so clear ;
 His soul partakes in the melodious flight ;
 He loves the music and would dare the height ;
 Would grasp the pleasure of that soaring voice !
 Itself rejoicing, making all rejoice !
 'Twas thus the poet's soul within him stirr'd ;
 He felt his mission as he heard the bird,
 Soaring instinctively its kindred skies,
 Like him inspired to sing, inspired to rise !

Too oft the bard of old could but afford
 Poetic homage to his chief or lord ;
 Squander'd on feasts and frays the minstrel's art,
 And praised the pomp of which himself was part.
 In later days it was for kings and peers
 The rhymers wrought his ready smiles or tears ;
 Or to some patron Croesus bent the knee,
 And flatter'd for a dedication-fee.
 The Muses wept o'er such degenerate times,
 And outraged truth disown'd the venal rhymes.
 A nobler nature and a larger heart,
 In Burns expanded the poetic art.
 He to no paltry limit caged his mind ;
 His ample wing encircled all mankind !
 Too proud his spirit for a patron's rule,
 Too fresh his genius for a faded school ;
 Too bold from tame originals to trace,
 He snatch'd from Nature's self the wilder grace—
 A grace that schools could never yet impart,
 AND ERST DECLARED BY ME "BEYOND THE REACH OF ART."