

## THE COUNTRY BOY'S BOAST.

And hath he not whereof he needs must sing?  
And hath he not whereof he well may boast?—  
He from whose kin so many a one did spring  
To shape the mighty rocks that guard the coast  
Of History 'gainst Time, lest all be lost;  
And chiefly those who stamped the speaking page,  
Who bore the standard of Achievement's host  
In Fame's tenth legion, from the earliest age  
Till stately Vergil wrote, till Chelsea's Vulcan sage.

Judea's royal, world-renowned bard  
Was once a shepherd. How must Bethlehem's hills  
Have leaped and grown more lovely as they heard;  
Till raging monsters, music-charmed, he kills,  
And saves his flock, or with his harping stills  
More dire destroyers in his monarch's breast!  
And whence did Job arise, that prince whose ills,—  
Lost, flocks, lands, family, all that he possessed,—  
Wrung the immoral song his virtue to attest?

Let him be proud in later days to roam  
In Warwick vales by virtuous Avon's shore,  
Through fields of Ayr, around the humble home  
Of him, the Cincinnatus of song, or o'er  
Ettrick and Tweeddale in their days of yore,  
Or with the *Seasons'* bard on Cheviot green,  
With young Chile Harold laugh o'er Loch na Garr,  
The Solitary trace through Cumbrian scene,  
Or weep on Sussex downs with him of gentle mien.