

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!  
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly;  
 And mouldering now in silent dust  
 That heart that lov'd me dearly?  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

Years afterwards, his loss was felt with keen and intense anguish, (although he seldom suffered it to appear,) as is very evident from the circumstances attending the composition of his lines "To Mary in Heaven." "This celebrated poem," says one of his many biographers, "was composed by Burns, in September 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love Mary Campbell. According to Mrs Burns, he spent that day, though labouring under cold, in the usual work of the harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fire-side. On being again and again requested to do so, he promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eye fixed on a beautiful planet that shone like another moon, and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote exactly as

they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, these sublime and pathetic verses."

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'n'ng ray,  
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou usher'st in the day  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 Oh Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
 To live one day of parting love:  
 Eternity will not efface  
 Those records dear of transports past;  
 Thy image at our last embrace,  
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'n'ng green;  
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hear,  
 Twin'd and'rous round the raptur'd scene;  
 The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray—  
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care!  
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.  
 My Mary, dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

E. H.