

POEMS

ETC., ETC.

JOHN MERCHANT'S VISION OF THE GREAT BEAST OF LAMBTON.

Away on the banks of yon river
Alone in a desert I lay ;
I'll think of the night now and ever,
Yes, mind it to my dying day.

Old Morpheus was guarding my pillow,
My Muse she had quit her old trade ;
A halcyon hand held a willow,
Which told me that I was betray'd.

Then a voice sounded sweet to my hearing,
Yes, sweeter than music by far :
It said that a beast was appearing,
Was part of an old fallen star.

"Now look to the south, and behold it,
Its rising aloft to the sky,
Its mission to you I'll unfold it,
And you may to all passers by.