

A POET KING.*

What meaneth this wild commotion ?

Why surgeth the crowd along ?

'Tis the natal day of a poet king,

The chief of Scottish song :

And lo ! they come in thousands

From mountain and strath and glen,

As free in soul as the air they breathe,

To honour a Saul of men.

And grandly, hark ! is ringing

On the silv'ry streams of day,

"The rank is but of the coin the stamp,

The man's the gold for aye."

No lyric dream is this,

To thrill with its magic thrall,

No fancy caught from the wilds of thought,

But a cry from the hearts of all.

The soul of manhood leaps

In the toil-encircled throng,

They shake the earth with their bounding tread,

For he hath made them strong ;

For wreathed with the light of genius

The labour-warrior stands,

And the bulwarks e'en of a throne might fall

If smote by his horny hands.

* Written for the Inauguration of the Glasgow Burns' statue, which was unveiled by Lord Houghton, on the 25th of January, 1877.