

a highland girl, a peasant he
To whom the present judgment made,
Within itself eternity
And the whole world that shade,
Beneath the trees which gently stirred
With music on each bough
The waving leaf, the singing bird
and whispers fairy low.
A long a bright long summer day
Past like the stream beside
Which ran in shine and song away
Above the scarcely seen to glide,
They parted she to early rest
And he to earn a name
A nation ranks amid her best
And gives what they gave fame
Let no one say that vain report
Is in the peerish lays
Which say too high a price is set
Upon such hard won praise.
Look on the wrong and littleness

Robert Burns's Her Highland Mary
Mary

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The sorrow and the strife
The hope that every day makes less
Of literary life.

Look on the consciousness of power
The presence of despair;
The vision of the loftier hand
Broken by present care.

Even as the Jewish monarch said
Who walled in joy or pain
Ultimate as sweet music showed
The veil spirit's reign.

But what have we to do with this
Ours is that earlier time
I've the heart proved for vain bliss
On the life spoke in rhyme.

The power within him only gave
New beauty to the scene
Lured love thoughts with the gentle reader
And with the forest green.

And gave the sweet and simple face
On which he gazed a charm.

Dear Mr. Potter
a sudden visit must be
in two days which I
intended to give - prevented
my answering your last kind
letter - I now send
another equally kind - I am
so glad to have my judgment
confirmed by yours. Will
please the proof over to me -
will you allow me to show
my plates - may I say Lone
Quarrie - The welcome, General
"the by way" - and I shall be
happy to add a prose tale
You shall have them in the course
of a week - yours in such a
hurry but most truly
J.S.L.

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