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POETICAL.

THE PRIZE POEM ON BURNS.

WE GIVE TODAY

The following to the poem which took the prize of fifty pounds, offered in street Burns for the best poem on Burns, to be read at the Kilmarnock celebration of his birthday in the Crystal Palace. That thing is supposed to be an original name:

We hail this man
A company united sprang
A just benefaction
Who came of Bonny's immortal power
Unto his country's dust
Thus all the kings
Are honor'd
Upon some sunny mountain or
In the quiet brighter throne
Thus the sphere-lights they
Thunder to distant ages
While Scotia's
Sighing with the heart's fervor
Only the star-crowns keep their light
A gentle hope—
When all shall sleep, and
Quiet, quiet and sudden
Upon the Bonnie
Thus the Bonnie
Half his mother's
From his dark
Too weak to struggle
His in his
All sorts were
His father rolls him to the field;
Clothed and fed
He plods all day
To the rude
To what
The Gift-God's
Or some trifle thing
(For his great heart is here could hold them all!)
The Bonnie
Gilded by imbecility—
Know it and sought his hand;
And the most
Could she his heart have read,
Which into all noble things had wandered and sheltered.

To Nature's heart—
Who knew her noblest place
Kinship to name.
Kinship to name. Her chambers of the rose
Are draped with of tissue and with gold,
And people her
For him the poet said
For him he
Fresh the morse winds, sighing the winter poem,
Down to the slumberous
Of a lowly warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A kind
And with its martial tones—
Glittering from shield of warrior and of sun—
Rich human soul must rise,
Of Bonnie Joe trampling down
Before him; wrapt him in his purple state;
And to him mark for all the
Of Bonnie Joe trampling down
Of his heart's fervor.

Though he may yield,
Paradise and wonders hold—
Paradise in the field,
His regal vestments rolling
His queen of hall in Scotia's
He is a King for all,
Not be buried alone!
Half his array's himself in armor proof
Against imagination's darts!
In the proof of blood
With which rude prominent hearts,
To compel
Of mirth—woe.
A sacred shadow on his memory rests!
Poets have not ceased to
Imagination grief not when
To think—above that
This a low and sacred
Thou, thou art
I might not be?
Thou art
Had been no
Hast thou no
Save by the Maker of the universe!
Is thy relic alive
And from profaning touch, his heavenly gift without.

Regretful love
His memory man would prove,
Be grateful
Would take redress for blood
Not to be
Not to be
Not to be