To feel a spirit in us move,
Some kindred tie with man to own,
To know that there are those who love,
And smile on us when others frown.

To feel that youth was not unblest,
Nor manhood bowed with hopeless grief,
When age shall find our souls at rest
In hopes of Heaven. This—This is life.

LINES
Addressed to an Aged Poplar, Standing in the College Grove.

Auld Tree! ye hand your head fu' high,
Your swittie spauls athart the sky;
Ye gar all ither stand a'bei gheigh,
Aboon them a':
I rede ye, tho' ye gae' sic sae skiegh.
Ye soon may fa'.

Ye ken ye stand on classic grun',
And reek na win', nor rain, nor sun;
For wee ye trow our lave youve won,
Auld totterin' frien'!
But now, I grieve your course is run,
Oure late to men'.

Ye have a stock of antique lear,
Whilk ye hae kept wi' tentie care
For ilka birkie wha may spier
Wi' studious airs;
For wee ye ken that we would hear
Of our forbears.

Ye mind ye weel—in bye gone days,
How Trustee fathers—earls o' grace,
When toddlin' on to choose a place
For Learning's seat,
Unco' forjesket—tak their ease
E'en at your feet.

How they beguiled the lee lang day
(An' auld Rip too, I weel might say)
Wi' clishmaclaver, crouse an' free,
In drucken gate
Or crooning o'ersome antient glee
Till gloamin' late.