

**WALLACE; OR, THE
FIGHT OF FALKIRK; A
METRICAL ROMANCE**

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Wallace; or, The fight of Falkirk; a metrical romance by Miss Margaret Holford

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MISS MARGARET HOLFORD

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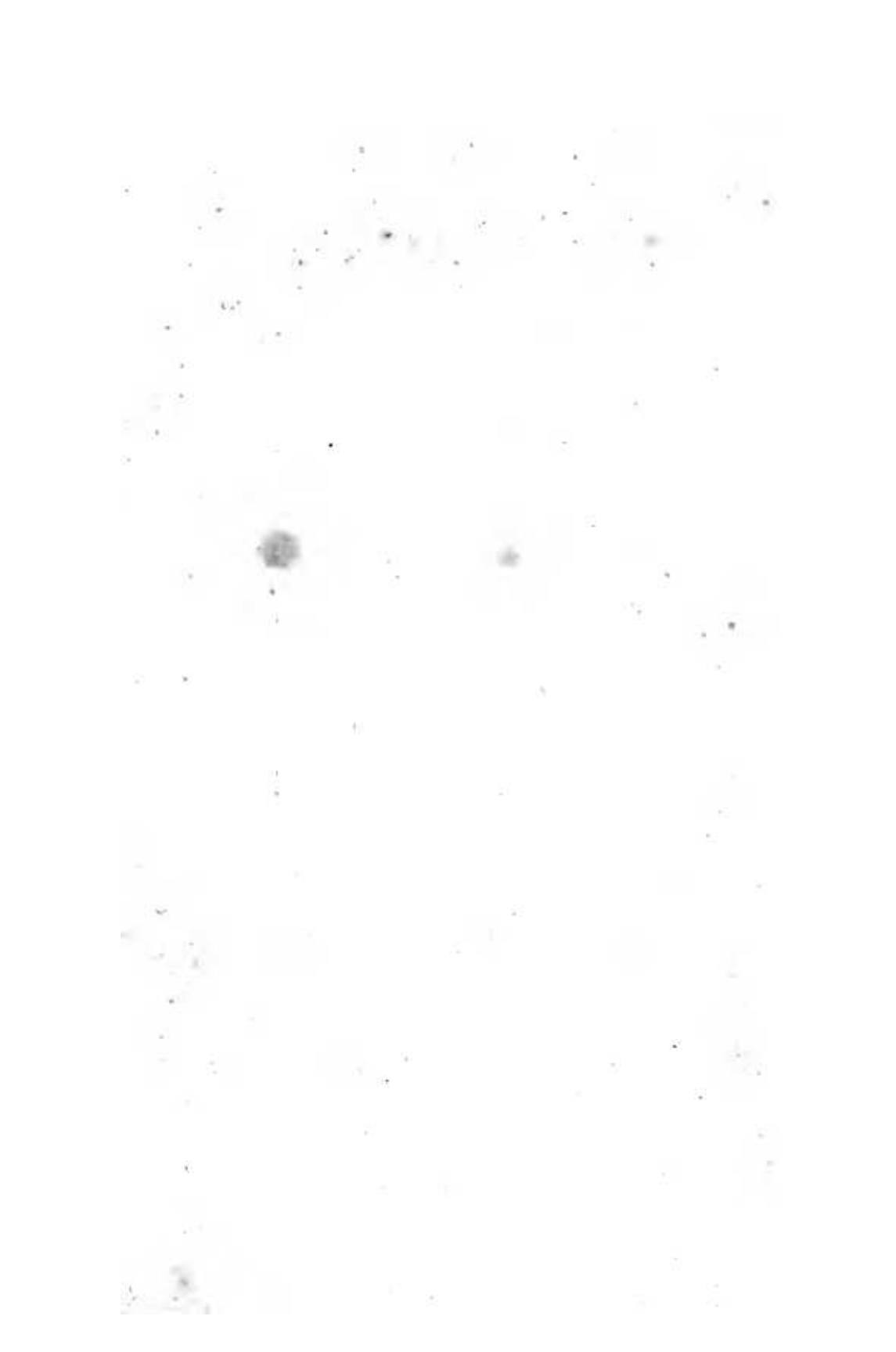
BY MISS HOLFORD.

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TO

MISS GERTRUDE LOUISA ALLEN.

Oh, Friend! who hand in hand, o'er steep and vale,
Along life's path still journeyest by my side,
Content alike, if sorrow's storms assail,
Or hope and fortune shed their sun-lights wide,
With me the varied climate to abide!
Oh, Friend! thro' every change of feeling dear!
Or droops my heart, or emulant in pride,
My buoyant fancy wings her high career,
And scatters with bright glance the flimsy forms of fear.

Wilt thou reject my Muse, and scorn the song
She lov'd to weave and consecrate to thee?
No! for thy glowing cheek and faithful tongue
Say, thy heart cherishes the minstrelsy!

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Then let the critic scowl with frosty eye,
 Let censure's marking finger soil the lay,
 Let envy's demons, flitting thro' the sky,
 Shed their dense vapour—if the Muse's ray,
 And friendship's steady light, with lustre gild the day!

And deem not, jealous for our native land,
 With alien step I sought the billowy Forth,
 When led a pilgrim by the Muse's hand,
 I climb'd the rude hills of the stormy north,
 And sung her sons—their hardihood and worth!
 No! as I turn again my truant eyes,
 To mark the pleasant land which gave us birth,
 Quick in my soul what rushing crowds arise,
 Heart-cheering visions all of native sympathies!

Yes! for mine eyes first open'd on the day
 In England! gem and glory of the west;
 Where the light minstrel pours the unbidden lay,
 Untremulous, untrampled, unoppress'd,
 Pours from a free, a proud, a happy breast!
 Home of the exile! Mother of the brave!
 England! among the nations singly bless'd!

O'er the wide world whose arms are stretch'd to save,
Whose silver throne stands fix'd, amid the eternal wave!

Long, long, my country, may thy favour'd land
Drink at the source benign whence blessings flow!
Long may we kiss our Father's gentle hand,
And mark with moisten'd eye his sacred brow,
Bleaching in many a rugged winter's snow!
And oh! while all around the nations shake,
While ruin's wasteful whirlwinds o'er them blow,
Let not the sight our rash presumption wake,
God his Anointed loves, and spares us for his sake!

Hail George the Good! our sovereign, and our friend!
Hail christian king! Thy people's father, hail!
Oh! as thy feet life's craggy path descend,
Which from the hill-top winds into the vale,
Millions with blessings load thy evening gale!
Belov'd by England, dreaded by the foe,
Unquench'd by age, thy spirit scorns to fail;
Smiling thou bidst thy sons to battle go,
And when they fight for thee, 'tis heaven directs the blow!

