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POEMS
AND SONGS

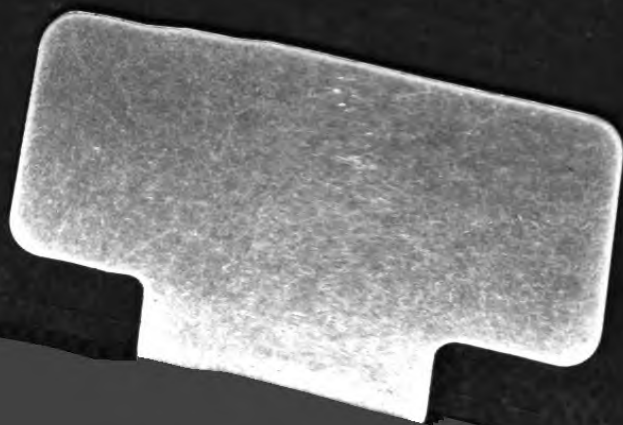


R. SANDERSON



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Feb

POEMS AND SONGS.

BY

ROBERT SANDERSON,

WEST LINTON, PEEBLESHIRE.

EDINBURGH :

COLSTON & SON, 80 ROSE STREET.

1865.



This Little Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

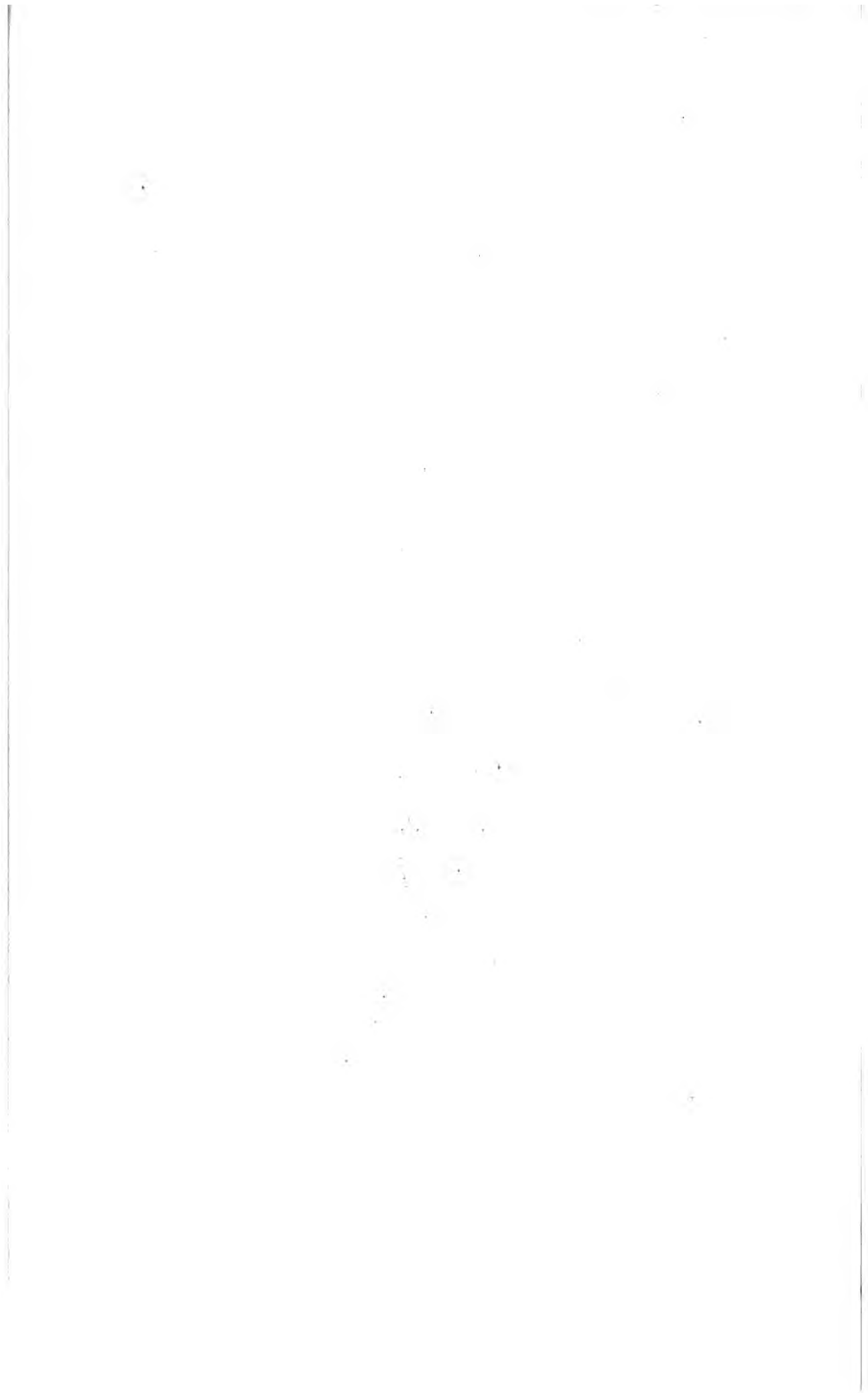
TO

CHARLES COWAN, ESQ., VALLEYFIELD

BY

HIS HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

IN introducing this work to the public, the author feels the risk of such an undertaking. He is perfectly aware that many of the pieces—that have been written for his amusement in leisure hours, though now laid open to public criticism without any other guarantee of their worth than the praise of perhaps partial friends—may have their faults and failings; but all he wishes is the candid judgment of the reader. To his subscribers, and those influential parties who have interested themselves in his success, the author returns his sincere and heartfelt thanks.

WEST LINTON, *May* 1, 1865.

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42 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH,
June 4, 1858.

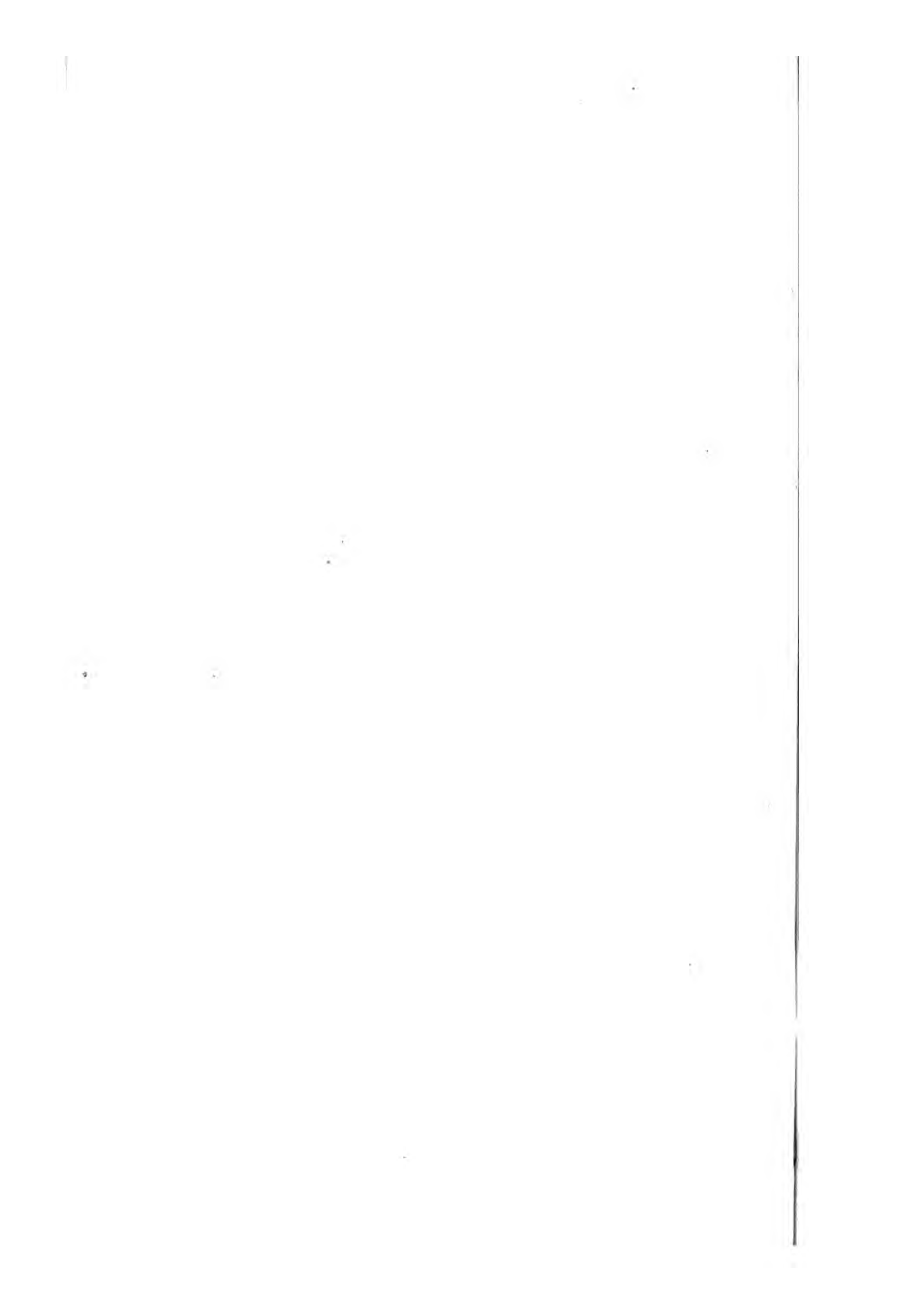
DEAR SIR,

I have your kind note of the 1st curt., and two copies of the *Southern Reporter*, in which I find some very sweet and feeling verses from your muse. It always gladdens my heart to meet with a new labourer in the field of Scottish song ; and it is cheering to know that there is scarcely a village or clachan in Scotland but can produce a good song writer. This encourages all true Scotsmen to believe that our dear auld country shall ever continue a land of song. Go on ; and if by your exertions you add one to the national stock, you will contribute more to the pleasure of your countrymen than if you bequeathed them hoards of gold.

Yours, with poetic feeling,

JAMES BALLANTINE.

Mr ROBERT SANDERSON, West Linton.



POEMS AND SONGS.



HER THAT WEARS THE CROWN.

PEACE to the land wherein we dwell,
Our fathers' much-loved land,
From whom our noble liberties
And rights establish'd stand!
Peace with the loftiest in the realm,
Unto the lowliest down ;
And blessings be upon the head
Of her that wears the crown !

Yea, blessings be upon the head
Of her who stretches forth
The sceptred hand o'er our fair land,
The proudest realm on earth ;
The land of light and liberty,
Of fame and of renown ;
May blessings be upon the head
Of her that wears the crown !

We do not now reluctant bow
 Beneath a tyrant's sway;
We bless the reign of one we love,
 And one for whom we pray,
A monarch mild and merciful
 As nation e'er hath known ;
May blessings be upon the head
 Of her that wears the crown !

And as she sits 'mid royal pomp,
 A lone and widow'd one,
Ten thousand hearts with hers still weep
 For worth and virtue gone,
A nation's sympathies still share
 The grief that bows her down ;
May blessings be upon the head
 Of her that wears the crown !

The blooming, fair, and youthful pair
 In holy wedlock join'd,
In whom a nation's fondest hopes
 Their source and centre find,
Be still their path with sunshine cheer'd,
 With choicest sweets bestrewn ;
Yet blessings be upon the head
 Of her that wears the crown !

And as throughout the past so bright
And prosp'rous it has been,
Still blest, still blissful be the reign
Of our illustrious Queen ;
Yea, till the last great enemy
She has through faith o'erthrown,
May blessings be upon the head
Of her who wears the crown !

Peace to the land wherein we dwell,
Our fathers' much-loved land,
From whom our noble liberties
And rights establish'd stand !
Peace with the loftiest in the realm
Unto the lowliest down ;
And blessings be upon the head
Of her that wears the crown !

THE COZIE FIRESIDE.

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER 1856.

ABOUT this time o' year, when the wind blaws sae
cauld,
Amaist freezin' the bluid baith o' young folks an'
auld,—
When snaws shroud the hills an' the fields far an'
wide,
Oh, there's nae place sae snug as the cozie fireside !

4 IS THE AULD GUDEMAN AYE LEEVIN'?

How cauld an' how cheerless the dark dowie days,
When Phœbus scarce reaches our earth wi' his
 rays!

But, oh! then how lightsome the lang e'enin's glide
'Mang the kind friends we meet round' the cozie
 fireside!

The wild winds howl loudly, we heedna their din,
For a' thing's sae heartsome an' cheery within;
The tempest raves round us, but snugly we'll hide
Frae the wild winds an' storms, round the cozie
 fireside!

It winna be lang ere grim winter be gane,
An' spring, smiling maiden! revisit the plain;
But sae lang round our cot-house the snaw-
 wreaths abide,
We'll be cheery an' blithe round the cozie fireside!

IS THE AULD GUDEMAN AYE LEEVIN'?

Is the auld gudeman aye leevin'? has he warsled
 out fourscore?

Is he able still to daunder out, and pop about the
 door?

Is there kind and wholesome counsel aften drappin'
frae his tongue?
Is he cracky 'mang the auld folks yet, and joky wi'
the young?

Is the auld gudeman aye leevin'? and does joy lit
up his e'e,
As the grandchild streaks his hoary hairs while
seated on his knee?
When the bairnies romp about him, does he laugh
wi' richt gude will?
And wi' kindly voice, though falt'ring, does he bless
the wee things still?

Is the auld gudeman aye leevin'? is he able still
to gang
To the parish kirk, on Sabbath morn, the villagers
amang?
In his seat fornent the poopit are his silvery locks
still seen?
Does the pastor speak him kindly when he meets
him on the green?

Is the auld gudeman aye leevin'? does his prayer
at e'en ascend
To the Source of all his comforts—to his Father
and his Friend?

Is that dwelling still a Bethel, by his saintly presence cheer'd,
 Where Jehovah's name is hallow'd, where Jehovah's name is fear'd ?

Is the auld gudeman aye leevin' ? then be Heaven
 his strength and stay
 In the languor and the helplessness of life's declining day ;
 And that household, like the house of Obed-edom,
 shall be blest
 When his dust in death is sleeping, and his soul
 has reach'd its rest !

 MY AIN ISABEL.

THE mild moon is beaming, the bricht stars are gleaming,
 Owre muirland, owre mountain, an' wild woody fell ;
 Oh ! calm hour o' gloamin'—how heartsome's thy comin',
 When wi' thee I welcome my ain Isabel.

How sweet 'tis to wander, an' cannily daunder
 Wi' her side by side, in yon lane leafy dell;

Where wild flowers bloom bonnie, though sweeter
 than ony,
 An' fairer by far, is my ain Isabel.

Yestreen, while I kiss'd her, an' kindly caress'd her,
 She breathed me a love-tale owre tender to tell;
 Her words—oh! how willing! how kind an' be-
 guiling!

The looks an' the smiles o' my ain Isabel.

Farewell, wealth an' pleasures! Farewell, worldly
 treasures!

My lot let it be in some wee cot to dwell,
 Wi' her I deem fairest, wi' her I lo'e dearest,
 Wi' earth's rarest jewel—my ain Isabel.

GAE BRING THE STRANGER IN.

GAE bring the stranger in, gudewife,
 Nor turn him frae the door,
 But bid him rest his wearied limbs
 Till that rude blast be o'er;
 The carlin's feckless, frail, an' auld,
 His cleadin's scant and thin,
 But ill he braves the winter's cauld—
 Gae bring the stranger in.

The wind howls wild an' angrily,
 Fast fa's the pelting rain,
 While snugly here we're seated
 In this hallan o' our ain;
 Yet, think, na mair deservin' o't
 We e'er the least hae been,
 The sma'est comfort o' our lot—
 Gae bring the stranger in.

Gae bring the stranger in, gudewife—
 We've lads an' lassies ten;—
 How some o' them may fare through life,
 It's weel we dinna ken;
 But as we'd wish that Heaven would watch
 Their wanderin's ilka ane,
 And guard and guide, whate'er betide—
 Gae bring the stranger in.

Gae bring the stranger in, gudewife,
 Till morn again shall daw';
 There's room aneath oor theekit roof,
 An' rowth for ane an' a;
 An act of pity never leaves
 Unpleasin' thochts within,
 But aye insures its ain reward—
 Gae bring the stranger in.

THE JOYOUS SPRING.

THOUGH wild round our dwellin' the winter winds
blaw,

Wi' frosts bitin' keenly an' deep driftin' snaw,
The blest hour approaches, 'tis fast on the wing,
When earth shall be cheer'd by the joyous spring.

Though noo 'mang the wildwoods nae music is
heard,

Though hush'd be the voice o' ilk wee woodland
bird,

Yet sweetly they'll warble, an' blithely they'll sing,
When earth lists the voice o' the joyous spring.

Though cheerless the fields be an' desert an' drear,
Though joyless an' lonely the landscape appear,
Yet o'er them kind nature her fair robes shall fling,
An' lovely they'll be i' the joyous spring.

Oh, haste, then, ye wild winds o' winter, awa ;
Depart noo, thou cauldrie an' deep driftin' snaw ;
Ye chill hoary breezes, mak' haste an' tak' wing ;
Gie place to the gladsome, the joyous spring.

Then blithely the braes an' the burn'sides we'll tread,
When flowers ope in beauty an' saft fragrance shed,
When music an' song through the merry woods
ring,

Awaked by the call o' the joyous spring.

FEW TO MOURN FOR HIM.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A HOMELESS WANDERER WHO CAME
TO OUR VILLAGE A FEW WEEKS BEFORE, SPEECHLESS FROM
CANCER IN HIS MOUTH AND THROAT.

WITHIN a cheerless hovel, on a heap of straw he
lay,
When a destructive sore did waste his wither'd
frame away ;
His parched tongue was tuneless, and his eyes full
oft did stream
With bitter tears ; yet, oh, there were but few to
care for him !

One dark and dreary night king death did visit
that lone lair,
And did break off the fetters of that silent suff'rer
there ;
And there he lay a ghastly corpse at morn when
neighbours came,
Who thus their heartless comfort made—there's
few to mourn for him.

No priest to offer up a prayer did at his funeral
deign,
To bless the poor man's ashes, or to join the burial
train ;

Yet theirs was hallow'd work, though this, perchance,
they did not dream,
More hallow'd far because there were so few to
mourn for him.

Yet may not this neglected one be now among the
blest ?
May not he, Lazarus-like, in Abram's bosom be at
rest,
Singing that Saviour's praise who did his soul from
death redeem,
Though here there were so few to care—so few
to mourn for him ?

SONG.

WHILE bright streamlets wander by mountain an'
plain,
While proud rivers roll to the watery main,
While o'er the wide ocean the winds whistle free,
I'll ever love thee, oh, I'll ever love thee !

While fair are the buds an' the blossoms o' spring,
While summer her soft, balmy fragrance shall
bring,
While autumn an' winter rob earth o' its glee,
I'll ever love thee, oh, I'll ever love thee !

Till earth's dreams an' visions have faded away,
Till life's latest gloamin', an' dim, dying day ;
Till life leave my bosom, till death seal my e'e,
I'll ever love thee, oh, I'll ever love thee !

MY LITTLE SON.

My little son, now slumbering sae helpless in my
arms,
As fondly owre thy form I lean, an' feast upon thy
charms,
While thrilling thoughts my bosom fill, an' tears
o' joy my e'e,
I wonder what the blessing is, that I should ask
for thee !

My little son, I fondly wish that many mercies
may
Be thine amid life's bustle and while journeying
on life's way ;
Yet I'll beseech our Father for a greater boon
than this,
That He may make thee holy, make thee happy,
make thee His.

My little son, how winning and how innocent art
thou !

How soft thy lips, how sweet thy breath, how
beautiful thy brow !

Assuredly in thy sweet form, sae angel-like, we have
A princely pledge and token of our heavenly
Father's love.

My little son, an' will thae lips, that fondly now I
kiss,

Be laden yet to me wi' words o' love an' tenderness?
An' will thir dumpy, dimplet hands, that now in
mine I hold,

Yet watch an' aiblins toil for me when I'm
grown frail an' auld ?

My little son, though privileged in coming days to
see

Anticipations, fond an' bright, all fully crown'd in
thee,

A purer pleasure cannot from thy future welfare flow,
Than 'mid thy infant helplessness thou yieldest
even now.

My little son, thou art to us a source of true
delight,

Though oft we fear our love to thee be fonder than
it ought ;

For lest the ties that bind us should untimeously
 be riven,
 We'd strive still to remember thou art treasure
 lent, not given.

MY AIN HAPPY HAME.

SPEAK not of the pleasures the wine cup can gi'e,
 The mad, drunken revel is nae mair for me ;
 The path leads to sorrow, destruction, an' shame,—
 I'll no leave the joys o' my ain happy hame.

I've join'd with the drunkard in madness an' glee,
 I've tasted his pleasures, if pleasures they be ;
 But purer the bliss that this bosom can claim,
 'Mang the friends I lo'e dear i' my ain happy hame.

At e'enin', how heartsome an' cheerie we be,
 My wifie beside me, my bairns 'round my knee ;
 The soul tastes o' pleasure that tongue canna
 name,—
 I'll no leave the joys o' my ain happy hame.

For mony's the comfort that gladdens us there,—
 Yea, blessings unnumber'd hae fa'n to our share ;
 An' till life's latest day, oh, may 't still be the same,
 Wi' mine an' wi' me in our ain happy hame !

AULD SCOTIA'S SWEET BARD.

A LAY FOR BURNS'S BIRTHDAY.

LET us welcome that day—though wi' tempests it
come,
An' its clouds loom the darkest, 'mid winter's deep
gloom ;
As a day 'mongst the dearest to Scotland that's
dawn'd,
Be it hail'd o'er the length and the breadth o' our
land ;
While in every hame mirth an' gladness are heard,
Owre the greatness an' fame o' "Auld Scotia's
sweet bard."

Let the peasant that day be released frae his toil,
An' the artisan freed frae his labour a while ;
Let the wealthy an' great lay distinctions aside,
An' to hail heaven-taught genius, come stripp'd of
their pride.
Be that morn, with its memories, sweet usher'd in
By a blending an' mingling o' a' men as ane,
That the hearty response, by nae discord be
jarr'd,
Awarded in honour o' "Auld Scotia's sweet bard."

True, no sceptre he sway'd,—true, he sat on no
 throne,
 Though the names of such oft to oblivion have gone;
 But the cottage-born bard, 'mongst our fathers
 who came,
 Sits enthroned and enshrined in the temple of fame;
 And although the bright laurel be all his reward,
 Oh, how brilliant the fame o' "Auld Scotia's
 sweet bard!"

For his heart-moving numbers, how sweet lisp'd
 or sung,
 Frae the lips o' the sire, or the mild maiden's
 tongue;
 Yea, the heart that reverberates to gladness or woe,
 Wakes to sympathy deep,—warms wi' love's melt-
 ing glow,
 But re-echoes the strains, in soft symphonies heard
 Frae the lyre, langsyne swept by "Auld Scotia's
 sweet bard."

To that day ever dear, by the muses still hail'd,
 Brother Scots, then, a warm, generous welcome
 let's yield;
 Even that day, when, earth's lowly an' toil-worn
 among,
 Came the bard, who bequeath'd us his ne'er-dying
 song;

And from halls of the wealthy, and homes of the
 poor,
 From the dense crowded city, and hamlet obscure,
 Burst the loud peal of praise, that we proudly
 award,
 O'er its *long-hallow'd mem'ries*, to "Scotia's sweet
 bard."

 N I G H T.

THE evening spreads her sackcloth shades,
 While soft her breezes sigh ;
 The moon resumes her wonted course—
 The starnies blink on high.
 My path shall be through grove an' glade,
 Their sacred sweets to share ;
 My seat shall be the green trees' shade,—
 I ken wha waits me there.
 I love thy stillness, peaceful night,
 And dear thy shadows be,
 For mony dreams o' fond delight
 They oft ha'e brought to me.

There is a look that's kind an' mild
 As is the dawning day ;
 There is a smile that's lighter far
 Than summer's gowden ray ;

A voice wi' whose soft, silver tones
 Nae music can compare :
 Beneath the green trees' shade this night
 That voice shall charm mine ear.
 I love thy stillness, peaceful night,
 And dear thy shadows be,
 For mony dreams o' fond delight
 They oft ha'e brought to me.

BRIDAL AND BURIAL.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND WHO HAD
 BEEN A VERY SHORT TIME MARRIED.

CRIES of sorrow, voice of mourning,
 Heard where scarcely yet had ceased
 Peals of merriment and laughter,
 O'er the blithesome bridal feast.

They who met to wish them happy,
 Only three short months ago,
 There are gather'd sable mourners,
 Wearing badge and weeds of woe.

He within that coffin stretch'd,
 Then in stalwart manhood's pride ;
 She a pale and lonely widow,
 Then the blooming youthful bride.

Now he's borne, by those who loved him,
To death's dark and silent cell ;
Now she's heard, 'mid tears and anguish,
Weeping forth a long farewell.

Bridal mirth, and burial sadness,
Almost blended into one :
Earthly hopes and joys, how little
They may be relied upon !

Yet, can heart that ne'er was moved,
Still remain unmovèd here ?
Or the eye that never pitied,
Here refuse to shed a tear ?

Yea, can any hear the warning
Heaven here is pleased to send,
Without breathing forth the prayer,—
Teach me, Lord, to know mine end ?

YOUTH.

THE bright hopes and joys of life's early day,
How sweet did they taste, and how swiftly decay !
Like a dear golden dream, far too pleasing to last,
We have waked from the dream, and the glory is
past.

The joys of youth, ah, bright joys were they !
Unequall'd on earth while we wander and stray ;
When our feet trotted lightly by burnie and green,
We tasted of bliss we may ne'er taste again.

The kind loving friends, who each footstep did guard,
Are now laid to rest in the lonely kirkyard,
Relieved from the burden of sorrows and woes,
And we hallow the spot where their ashes repose.

The joys of youth, though they 're long, long gone
by,
Yet often our hearts shall be burning with joy
While we muse on life's happiest innocent days ;
For they 've left an impression time cannot erase.

THE AULD KIRK BELL.

THE auld kirk bell, the auld kirk bell !
Its long familiar chime
Reminds me o' a day long past,
An' o' a happy time,
When, led by a kind parent's hand
Unto the house of prayer,
I first was mingled in the band
Who kept God's worship there.

The auld kirk bell, the auld kirk bell !
 It brings before my view
 Mair solemn seasons, when we did
 Observe with rev'rence due,
 The last affectionate request
 Of Him whose blood was shed,
 That we from sin, from guilt and woe,
 Might be redeem'd and freed.

The auld kirk bell, the auld kirk bell !
 Its peal I'll welcome still,
 Inviting me on Sabbath morn
 To Zion's holy hill.
 For though I witness changes there,
 On which I dare not dwell,
 Yea, will not speak, oh, still I like
 To hear the auld kirk bell !

 THE FAREWEEL.

FAREWEEL to the eyes that sae brightly did glisten !
 Fareweel to the smiles o' that peerless white brow !
 Nae langer a voice sae deludin' I'll listen,
 Nae langer I'll trust to a heart sae untrue.
 For deep ye hae sunk me in sorrow and sadness ;
 There's nae tongue can tell a' the anguish I feel ;

The morn rises bright, but it brings me nae glad-
ness,
An' night's shades, how gloomy!—Fareweel,
love, fareweel!

Fareweel to the bright dreams o' bliss and o'
pleasure,
That oft lured our fancies at e'en while we
stray'd!

I loved thee then more than the miser his treasure,
Though love for thee now frae this bosom hath
fled.

Though wrench'd frae the arms that ance clasp'd
thee sae dearly,
Oh, think on the heart that was constant and
leal;

The warm beatin' bosom ye've wounded sae sairly,
An' left lone an' hopeless!—Fareweel, love, fare-
weel!

THE BLITHESOME MONTH O' MAY.

O THOU blithesome month o' May! O thou blithe-
some month of May!

Wi' thy sunny green fields shinin', an' thy valleys
fair an' gay—

Wi' thy sangs sae sweet an' pleasin', frae the morn
till dying day—
Oh, there is nae time or season like the blithesome
month o' May!

When I wander through the woodlands, when I
wander by the brook,
When I climb the lonely mountain steep, there to
read frae nature's book—
Then my heart is cheer'd within me, as I ponder by
the way,
An' my voice I raise to bless thee, O thou blithe-
some month o' May!

For thy balmy breath brings fragrance frae the
faulds o' many a flower—
Be it mornin', noon, or gloamin'—be it midnight's
eerie hour ;
An' thy voice, how rich in music ! an' how soft each
melting lay
That endears thy sweet returnin', O thou blithe-
some month o' May!

An' when flowers have ceased to flourish, and when
birds have ceased to sing,
An' when autumn winds hae perish'd a' the handi-
work o' spring,

An' when summer's fair an' lovely things nae langer
wi' us stay,
Still I think on a' thy beauties, O thou blithesome
month o' May!

Yea, when Winter, hoary carle! brings his frost
an' driftin' snaw—
When the loud an' angry blasts around our lowly
dwellin' blaw—
Then I'm cheer'd amid the darkness o' the dreary
winter day
As I muse on thy returnin', O thou blithesome
month o' May!

O thou blithesome month o' May! O thou blithe-
some month o' May!
Wi' thy sunny green fields smilin', an' thy valleys
fair an' gay—
Wi' thy sangs sae sweet an' pleasin', frae the morn
till dying day—
Oh, there is nae time or season like the blithesome
month o' May!

ON THE RESIGNATION AND DEPARTURE (IN
1863) OF MR THOMAS BROWN, PARO-
CHIAL SCHOOLMASTER.

HE has not left amongst us all, now that his work
is o'er,
One that will not his absence mourn, will not his
loss deplore—
One that will not of virtues tell, that to the name
belong
Of him who has among us been known and revered
so long.

While well-nigh twoscore years with us a sojourner
he's been,
So long our village school has of his labours been
the scene ;
Where from his lips instructions, warnings, kindly
counsels fell,
The worth of which, ah, many a heart hath known
and felt full well.

With him the poor have lost a friend, the father-
less a guide—
One who the homeless wanderer his pity ne'er
denied ;

Nor did his kindness end in words with those in
want and need,
But found relief in goodly gift, in kind and generous
deed.

Though now that face no more we meet, that voice
no more we hear,
With us his name shall be beloved, his memory
shall be dear ;
And many prayers o'er his weal have follow'd him
away,
To where he spends in ease and peace his life's
declining day.

There, 'mid the cheering influence that friends and
friendships lend,
Still may he know the friendship of his best, his
heavenly Friend ;
And when at last death's icy hand is laid upon his
breast,
May angels lead him to the land of everlasting rest !

THE FIELDS, THE FIELDS FOR ME.

THE city's haunts let others love,
Where gaiety and grandeur rove ;
I'm fonder o' the flowery grove,
Where peace and stillness be.

Let others choose the crowded street ;
Be mine the rural calm retreat,
Whaur siller streams are singing sweet—
The fields, the fields for me !

The verdant braes I love to tread,
When flauntin' flowers their beauties spread,
An' sweet an' halesome fragrance shed ;
An' when, frae ilka tree,
The mavis lilts his merry lay
Frae dawning morn till dying day,
Oh, there I'll roam an' gladly stray—
The fields, the fields for me !

Away, away at gloamin' hour,
When gently fa's the genial shower,
When blade, an' leaf, an' bud, and flower
Wi' dew-draps crowned be :
Oh, is'tna sweet to wander then
Through verdant howes and gowany glen,
Or owre the fair an' peacefu' plain ?—
The fields, the fields for me !

Kind Nature's sweets for me hae mair
Than miser wi' his wealth can share—
Kind Nature's sweets for me hae mair
Than gowd or gear can gie ;

The wavin' wood, the waterfa',
 The hoary hills an' mountains braw,
 The muirlands wild—I lo'e them a'—
 The fields, the fields for me!

THE LASSIE O' LORN.

I PRIZE not the crown by a proud monarch worn,
 The wealth o' wide nations indignant I scorn;
 I care for naught else in this fair world wide,
 If I had the Lassie o' Lorn for my bride.

In palace and mansion grand, gorgeous and gay,
 Let lordlings in luxury loll life away;
 Gie me the wee cottage the streamlet beside,
 And gie me the Lassie o' Lorn for my bride.

Then bright, bright the beams o' the blithe morn
 wad be,
 And blissfu' the dreams o' the e'enin' to me,
 And light wad my bark o'er life's weary waves glide,
 If I had the Lassie o' Lorn for my bride.

Unwearied I'd labour, unwearied I'd toil,
 Unmindful though fortune denied me her smile;
 And fearless I'd brave then baith tempest and tide,
 If I had the Lassie o' Lorn for my bride.

THE FRIEND SAE MINDFU' O' US A'.

FRAE Him we hae our dwellin', be't the palace or
the cot ;
Frae Him we've every comfort, every blessin' o'
our lot,—
Our friends, our wealth, our food, our health, the
very breath we draw;—
Then why should we forget the Friend sae mindfu'
o' us a'?

His hand has been about us sin' our youth's maist
tender years,
Has soothed us in our sufferings, an' wiped away
our tears,
Has guarded us frae dangers that nae human e'e
foresaw;—
Then why should we forget the Friend sae mindfu'
o' us a'?

He promises to be our guide, our shield, an' great
reward,
Through life, at death, and in that world unfolded
in His Word,
If here we seek the Saviour's face an' listen to His
law;—
Then why should we forget the Friend sae mindfu'
o' us a'?



LAY OF THE LONELY.

THIS world 's a world o' sorrow an' pain,
An ocean where tempests are raging amain,
Wi' few rays o' gladness 'mid deep gloom to cheer ;
My soul 's sunk in sadness—my hame is na here.

My hopes have been blasted, an' blighted, an' lost,
While friend after friend I have laid in the dust ;
They've left me to wander through scenes dark
an' drear,
Baith wo-wan an' weary—my hame is na here.

But, oh, there 's a land, peaceful, lovely, an' fair,
A world unknown unto sorrow an' care,
Where bliss reigns unmarr'd by a sigh or a tear,
My hopes there are centred—my hame is na here.

'Tis there, when the toils of this world shall close,
I long to be lull'd into holy repose,
To join in the joys of those we held dear,
Through undying ages—my hame is na here.

THE AULD LINT MILL.*

AIR—"Kelvin Grove."

LET me linger on the brae by the Auld Lint Mill,
At the peacefu' close o' day by the Auld Lint Mill;
Let me list the torrent's din,
Rushing doon the deep ravine,
There to meet the limpid Lyne by the Auld Lint
Mill.

The valley, oh, how dear, round the Auld Lint Mill,
And each sight an' scene that's near to the Auld
Lint Mill!

Let the pleasin' past declare,
O' the happy moments there,
That return to me nae mair, by the Auld Lint Mill.

For how often did we play'round the Auld Lint Mill,
In our youth's delightfu' day by the Auld Lint Mill,
When our hearts were fou o' glee,
As the warblers on the tree,
Or the lambkins sporting free 'round the Auld Lint
Mill!

Though my playmates now are far frae the Auld
Lint Mill,
And though some will look nae mair on the Auld
Lint Mill,

* An old ruin on the banks of the Lyne, a mile above the village of Linton.

Every face and every name
 Dwells in memory's page the same,
 Though I dinna meet wi' them by the Auld Lint
 Mill.

Then the praises I will sing o' the Auld Lint Mill,
 Till the lonely woods shall ring 'round the Auld
 Lint Mill,
 An' the gladsome glitt'ring stream
 Shall re-echo back the hymn,
 'Neath the gloamin' shades sae dim 'round the Auld
 Lint Mill.

WE WILL NOT MEET AGAIN.

We will not meet again, when Spring
 Her soft green cov'ring spreads—
 When warblers in the wild woods sing,
 An' flow'rets rear their heads ;
 Though music cheer the woodlands a',
 An' sunshine hill an' plain—
 Though glad the morn, an' gloamin' fa',
 We will not meet again.

We will not meet again, though bright
 The summer's flow'rets bloom,
 And every gale, at eventide,
 Be charged with soft perfume ;

Though roses stud yon leafy bower,
 Throughout her joyous reign,
 Where oft we sat till midnight hour,
 We will not meet again.

We will not meet again, beneath
 The autumn moon to stray,
 When lyart leaflets thickly fa',
 An' flow'rets fast decay.
 The footpath through the lonely wood
 Untrod will now remain ;
 An' by the streamlet's dimplin' flood
 We will not meet again.

We will not meet again, when wild
 The winds o' winter wail,
 An' light the hours o' e'enin' glide,
 Wi' sang an' witchin' tale.
 I'll list in vain thy voice to hear,
 An' seek, but seek in vain ;
 Thy gentle form and gracefu' air
 We will not meet again.

There is beside our old church wall
 A lonely, lowly grave—
 I visit oft at dawning morn,
 And eke at drowsy eve.

34 FROM MR R—— M—— TO R—— S——.

There slumbers all that once was dear—
Remembrance, oh ! what pain,
To think I loved her so, and think
We will not meet again.

We 'll not meet here again—no change
That earth or nature knows,
Can wake to joy or grief the heart
That 's hush'd in death's repose.
But not far aye unbroken is
That ruthless tyrant's reign,
For, in a world of perfect bliss,
We yet may meet again.

FROM MR R—— M—— TO R—— S——.

ON hovering wing auld Caledonia's muse
Took flight frae 'mang her sons a bard to chuse,
Flew over Scotia wide, baith hill and dale,
Till, poising wing, she hung o'er Linton vale ;
Then, slow descending down on easy plume,
She flutter'd round her fav'rite on the loom :
“ Be thine,” says she, “ the laurel and the bay,
So to my lovely haunts let 's hie away ;
To where my mountains tower aboon the cluds,
To rocky dens adorn'd wi' wavin' wuds ;

Where sylvan warblers bid the echoes rise,
Where mounting larks pour music frae the skies ;
There with poetic fire your breast shall glow,
And from your harp melodious numbers flow ;
Sung by my sons, unto my poet's fame,
As lang as Scotia bears her ancient name."

TO MR R—— M—— UPON RECEIPT OF
THE ABOVE.

UNGRATEFU' were this heart o' mine, nay, scarcely
worth the name,
Should I forget your efforts made to fan my feck-
less flame ;
Should I o'erlook the honours that on me of late
ye 've laid,
The bright poetic tribute to poetic genius paid.

And though your pencillings, I guess, be twa-three
shades owre grand,
And though the glowing picture lacks o' naething
frae your hand,
Yet wrang 'twad be, while yet your lines ring
sweetly in my ear,
Should I but for a moment think that ye were in-
sincere.

For though unnoticed and unnamed I pass life's
 paths along,
 Though all unheeded be my muse, unsounded be
 my song,
 Yet there's a charm in numbers when thoughts to
 sweet sounds give way,
 Although my heart hath fully felt my pen may
 ne'er portray.

And though this pleasure's often a' the poet's bright
 reward,
 Oh, deem na this sma' recompense to lowly obscure
 bard ;
 Yet let the sangless multitude o'erlook my mea-
 sured line,
 Forgie me while I'm vauntie owre a friendship
 such as thine.

For by thy words encouraged, I will wake anew
 my lyre ;
 Oh, would it were wi' powerfu' hand an' true
 poetic fire !
 And, oh, they will be luckless times, wi' something
 sairly wrang,
 When I forget to chant my rhymes, when I re-
 nounce my sang.

SONG.

AIR—"My Highland Home."

WHEN softly sighs the evening gale,
 An' nature a' is still,
 Oh, meet me in yon quiet vale,
 Beside the murm'ring rill.
 When saft the balmy dews distil,
 In valley, glen, and grove ;
 Then let us meet to taste the sweet,
 The heartfelt joys of love.
 Oh, meet me in the quiet vale,
 The murm'ring stream beside ;
 Oh, meet me in the quiet vale,
 An' say thou 'lt be my bride.

The pleasures bright that there await,
 What tongue on earth can tell ?
 When seated on the streamlet's bank
 Down in the lonely dell ;
 When every whisper, every word,
 An' every look is love—
 Sweet foretaste of celestial bliss
 In brighter worlds above.
 Oh, meet me in the quiet vale,
 The murm'ring stream beside ;
 Oh, meet me in the quiet vale,
 An' say thou 'lt be my bride.

OUR BONNIE BURNSIDE.

WHEN night's sable shadows hae fled frae our earth,
And morn rises brightly 'mid gladness and mirth,
Let me wander away where the glad waters glide,
Where the soft zephyrs play by our bonnie burnside.

When gloamin's soft stillness around a' has spread,
Each fair bank, and flowery, how blithely I tread ;
When the silver moon beams to the clear crystal tide,
Then bright are my dreams by our bonnie burnside.

'Tis the spot where my youth's sunny hours a' flew by,
Where oft I hae tasted a leal lover's joy ;
'Tis the spot where I'll yet lay me down side by side
With the dear ones I loved by our bonnie burnside.

And the Lyne's limpid waves will as merrily stray
In the soft summer eves amang fields green an' gay,
When the wild flowers will bloom a' in beauty and
pride,
Round my lone, lowly tomb by our bonnie burnside.

LINES TO A SISTER IN THE NORTH OF
SCOTLAND.

REMEMBER us, my sister, though 'tis now thy lot
to roam,
Far from the hallow'd haunts of youth, and child-
hood's happy home ;
Though 'mongst the scenes where classic Tay's wide
waters meet thine eye,
Forget not thou the wee cot-house where Lyne rins
rippin' by.

Remember us, my sister ; ah ! remember'd oft art
thou
By all within our dwelling, which seems not so
cheerful now.
Our little brother speaks of thee at morning's ear-
liest dawn,
And makes us grieve as oft at eve he cries for thee
alone.

Remember us, my sister ; night by night thou art
the theme
Of kindly converse, as we meet to sing our evening
hymn ;
Nor dream since last thou join'dst with us, and
mingled in the scene,
That in our evening prayers for once forgotten thou
hast been.

Remember us, my sister, till the long'd-for days
 shall come,
 When heard shall be thy silvery voice once more
 within our home ;
 Then may our cot with more than all its wonted
 mirth resound,
 Then dearer and more sacred seems the ties by
 which we're bound.

WEE MAGGY MACLEAN.

Now, Marion, be kind to wee Maggy Maclean,
 When her faither an' mither are baith dead an'
 gane ;
 Aye mind she's an orphan, a friendless bit wean,
 An', Marion, be kind to wee Maggy Maclean.

When gaun to your sport an' your play wi' the lave,
 Tak tent that wee Maggy ahint ye ne'er leave ;
 Gif ither bairns tout her then bid them refrain,
 For nae wean's sae kind as wee Maggy Maclean.

When ye in your pocket hae aught that is rare,
 Be ready the first o't wi' Maggy to share ;
 An' mind when ye're gettin' bawbees o' ye'r ain,
 There's nae faither to toil for wee Maggy Maclean.

An' gif ye be friendly in schule an' at play,
Ye'll baith get yer hansel at auld New-year's Day ;
An' twa-three bawbees ilka Saturday's e'en,
I'll aye gie my May and wee Maggy Maclean.

Now, Marion, be kind to wee Maggy Maclean,
When her faither an' mither are baith dead an'
gane ;
Aye mind she's an orphan, a friendless bit wean,
An', Marion, be kind to wee Maggy Maclean.

TO DAVID WINGATE.

AFTER READING HIS POEMS AND SONGS.

THOU tuneful bard, while o'er thy page with eager
eyes I pore,
And when the treasures of thy muse with wonder
I explore,
I feel that thrill of pleasure 'mid the warblings of
thy lyre,
Which poetry, and that alone, create can and in-
spire.

In thee I see the thistle of our country green again ;
In thee I hear the harp awaked that slumb'ring
long has lain ;

In thee I greet a transcript of that bard of other
 years,
 Whom every son of Scotland and of song loves and
 reveres.

And though I may not once presume the genius to
 define,
 That meets me in the beauties of those deathless
 lays of thine ;
 Yet I may join the loud response that o'er our land
 is heard,
 Of warm and hearty welcome unto thee, our Scot-
 tish bard.

 TO SCOTLAND.

LOVED land of our fathers, and nation, whose name
 Stands a bright beacon-light on the pages of fame,
 Whose heroes have ever, with valour and pride,
 Invader and haughty oppressor defied ;
 Whose sons let the brave 'mid the battle still fear—
 O Scotland, thy name shall for ever be dear !

Fair land, for whose sacred rights, sheerly denied,
 Our forefathers suffer'd, our forefathers died ;
 The martyrs holy, whose mouldering dust
 Makes sacred the muirlands and wilds where they
 rest ;

Deny them not, true hearts, the patriot's tear—
O Scotland, thy name shall for ever be dear !

Thy lakes and bright fountains, thy rivers and rills,
Thy blue towering mountains and heather-clad hills,
Thy rocks and thy ravines, thy glens and thy dales,
Thy wilds and thy woodlands, thy groves and thy
vales,

While yon moon and bright stars through the firmament steer,
O Scotland, shall ever, shall ever be dear !

OH, THINK ON ME.

Oh, think on me, my ain true love,
When morn begins to dawn ;
When Phœbus throws his gowden streaks
Athwart the dewy lawn.
When yon wan moon has kiss'd the deep,
Yon starlet closed its e'e,
When through thy pane the sunbeams peep,
Oh, think, then think on me !

Oh, think on me, my ain true love,
At gloamin's peacefu' hour,
When dew-draps hing like honey-blobs,
On ilka tender flower ;

The hour that we were wont to meet,
 Unseen by mortal e'e,
 To tell ilk ither a' our love,
 Oh, think, then think on me !

Oh, think on me, my ain true love,
 Whaure'er thy lot be cast ;
 'Mid fortune's sunshine, or when met
 By stern misfortune's blast.
 Though changes oft bring joy or grief,
 Changed let thy heart ne'er be,
 But in thy love, unchanging prove,
 And think, still think on me !

VERSES SENT TO A FRIEND SUFFERING
 FROM A SORE BEREAVEMENT.

THE happy circle now is rent,—that circle such an
 one
 As that broke in Bethany, by Holy Writ brought
 down ;
 Where and when He, both God and man, from
 friendship strong and deep,
 Did not refuse a flood of tears,—was not ashamed
 to weep.

That heavenly Friend, in human form, seeks not
the dwellings now,
Where His afflicted followers beneath bereavement
bow ;
Yet in unchanging sympathy, and never-dying
love,
He cheers, consoles, and comforts them with peace
from heaven above.

He brings not now departed friends back to this
world of pain,
To fight its cares, temptations, and its trials o'er
again ;
But He at last will raise them from the slumbers
of the dust,
To be with Him and those they loved in everlast-
ing rest.

Then will the hearts on earth that bled, with joy
be brimming o'er,
When sorrow, sighing, suffering, and bereavement
are no more ;
Then light upon His dealings with His people
God will throw,
That seem enwrapt in mystery and inexplicable
now.



OH, COME, LASSIE, COME.

THE muirlands nae langer are darksome an' dreary,
 Nae traces o' winter's wild tempests remain ;
 But a' thing looks heartsome, an' lively, an' cheery,
 Sin' Nature resumed a' her grandeur again.
 The fields, oh, how fair, and the green braes, how
 bonnie,
 The banks o' the burnie how flowery they be ;
 How sweet there at gloamin' to wander, my Jeanie !
 Oh, come, lassie, come, to the greenwood wi' me.

In yon bonnie dell I hae twined thee a bower,
 In yon bonnie dell where we aften hae been ;
 Oh, there, 'midst the fragrance o' mony a flower,
 How sweet will ae calm peacefu' hour be at e'en.
 Oh, there let me gaze on the face that is fairer
 Than fairest o' flowers 'mang the woodlands that
 be ;
 The face and the form that are dear to me ever—
 Oh, come, lassie, come, to the greenwood wi' me.

OUR LATE GRAVEDIGGER.

Verses to the memory of John Macron, who acted as bellman and gravedigger at West Linton for thirty-nine years, during which lengthened period he was not known to have been absent from duty, in either offices, upon one single occasion. He resigned only when the infirmities of age compelled him; and, shortly afterwards, from uncomfortability of circumstances, was forced to seek admission into the county poorhouse, where he died a few weeks after.

THE wrinkled sire, whom oft we've seen at work
among the tombs,
Nae mair 'mid solemn funeral scene to wonted duty
comes ;
He who for youth an' hoary age prepared the
sombre cell,
Is doom'd within the precincts of death's narrow
house to dwell.

Yet not where he so oft did wield the mattock and
the spade,
'Mong those whom he had laid to rest has he to
rest been laid :
He slumbers in yon lonely yaird, fast by the
Tweed's fair stream,
Whose fatten'd soil and dark green swaird were
ne'er upturn'd by him.

When trembling age unfitted him for labour and
for toil,
He doom'd with pinching penury to struggle hard
the while ;
When friends were few and faithless,—when he
saw and felt it so,
He sought the last resource of human wretchedness
and woe.

One month of pain and suffering there his pilgrim-
age did end,
Those sufferings all unwitness'd by kinsman or by
friend ;
They who his wants should have supplied him
carelessly did leave,
To dree the pauper's deathbed, and to fill the
pauper's grave.

And such of life with all its cares the miserable
close,
With one 'gainst whom no mortal man e'er lifted
up his voice ;
Yea, this the wretched end of one, may we not
blush to tell,
Who had amongst us served his day and genera-
tion well.

Let some professing godliness, 'mid riches running
 o'er,
 Think how they ha'e at once denied its indwelling
 and power,
 In treating so unkindly one the race of life who
 ran,
 A peaceable, an honest, and an inoffensive man.

 S O N G .

ON THE ANNUAL RETURN OF PROFESSOR FERGUSSON TO HIS SUMMER
 MANSION, SPITTLEHAUGH, NEAR WEST LINTON.

HE comes from the hum of the busied street,
 To enjoy the calm of the rural retreat ;
 The dense crowded city on 'Thames' banks he
 leaves,
 For his quiet summer seat by the Lyne's limpid
 waves.

He comes ; let the tidings be borne far and near,
 So welcome to many a sufferer's ear,
 Who seeks in his healing relief from his pain,
 And seeks not his care or his counsel in vain.

Nor heedless is he of the humble and poor,
 Because of their place and their station obscure ;
 For penniless peasant, of lowly degree,
 Is welcome to him as proud lordling can be.

Then oft may the walls of his mansion resound
 With welcome to one now so widely renown'd ;
 And long in the homes of his cottagers may
 His landing be hail'd as a jubilee day.

THE LASSIE THAT 'S AWA.

WHILE lanely I sit cow'rin' owre the ingle lowe at
 e'en,
 Reviewin' a' the happy days an' blissfu' nights I've
 seen,
 How aften frae my weary e'e the tear-draps trick-
 lin' fa',
 An' aye when I am thinkin' on the lassie that's
 awa.

My love was fairer than the flowers that deck the
 mountain's side,
 Her cheeks were like the summer rose in a' its
 bloom an' pride,

Her bonnie brow was white an' pure as is the vir-
gin snaw,
An' oh, her heart was leal an' kind—the lassie
that 's awa.

An' oh, what bliss was ours when aft awa at e'en
we stray'd,
Where Lyne rins dancin' merrily through grove,
through glen, an' glade ;
I deem'd my riches greater than the wealth o' na-
tions a',—
My only hope an' treasure was the lassie that 's
awa.

I visit now our wonted haunts, I seek, but a' in
vain,
That gentle form that I nae mair on earth will
meet again ;
For owre her lonely, lowly grave the dews o'
e'enin' fa',
An' could's the heart ance warm to me—the lassie
that 's awa.

This warld is now a dreary an' a weary warld to
me,
Sin' in the downy sleep o' death my Mary closed
her e'e ;

Earth's fleeting joys and vain pursuits nae pleasure
 yield ava,
 They a' hae tint their lustre wi' the lassie that's awa.

Fareweel to braes sae braw an' green, to streams
 sae bright an' clear,
 To silent grove an' shady dell, sae sacred an' sae dear;
 Nae heart can number owre my woes, my griefs,
 an' sorrows a',
 Nor tongue can tell how weel I lo'ed the lassie
 that's awa.

 THOU ART MINE!

THOU art mine, when morn arises with her kind,
 heart-cheering smile;
 When a laughing earth rejoices, and when man
 resumes his toil;
 When the joyous sunbeams hasten on thy happy
 home to shine;
 When from slumber sweet thou wakest—fairest
 Mary, thou art mine!

Thou art mine, when peaceful even hath her sha-
 dowy mantle spread;
 When of day and dazzling sunshine the last trace
 and tint hath fled;

When the gray mist shrouds the mountains and
the valley by the Lyne,
Where embosom'd lies thy dwelling—fairest Mary,
thou art mine !

Thou art mine, till earth be listless to the music of
the spring ;
Until summer, autumn, winter, all unheard their
tidings bring ;
Till yon stars have ceased to twinkle, and yon silver
moon to shine
From the azure vault at even—fairest Mary, thou
art mine !

MEDWYN'S MOUNTAIN STREAM.

THE flauntin' flowers o' summer hae forgot their
gaudy bloom,
Nae langer on the genial gale they shed their saft
perfume ;
Ilk fairy scene eludes my gaze as flits a morning
dream ;
But lovingly I linger still by Medwyn's mountain
stream.

Now come, my lovely lassie, let us spend the
gloamin' there,
Though simmer sheds her rosy tints an' sunny
smiles nae mair;
For blithely owre our peacefu' path the harvest
moon will beam—
Oh, meet me at the close o' day by Medwyn's
mountain stream.

We winna see the summer sun gae smilin' doon to
rest,
As in the saft an' balmy eve in robes o' glory
drest;
Yet owre our heads a thousand bright an' glitt'ring
stars will gleam—
Oh, meet me at the close o' day by Medwyn's
mountain stream.

We winna hear the mavis sing his sweet an
pleasin' sang,
As oft we've heard when wanderin' the leafy woods
amang;
But thy sweet voice, so low an' soft, I sweeter music
deem—
Oh, meet me at the close o' day by Medwyn's
mountain stream.

It is not summer's pleasing smile can happiness
 impart,
 Nor flowery fields, with all their charms, bring
 gladness to the heart ;
 Where true love reigns, the barren waste a paradise
 will seem—
 Oh, meet me at the close o' day by Medwyn's
 mountain stream.

 LITTLE ANNIE.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL, DAUGHTER OF A NEAR
 NEIGHBOUR.

GANE frae her youthfu' playmates a',
 Gane frae her bonnie brithers twa,
 And frae her father's peacefu' ha',
 For aye is little Annie.

Gane to the silence of the grave,
 Gane owre the Jordan's dreary wave,
 An' left her kindred a' to grieve
 At loss o' little Annie.

Nae ferlie, though yon parent pair
 Are sorrowin' an' mournin' sair,
 For tenderly beloved an' dear
 To them was little Annie.

An' sharp an' keen they felt the blow
That laid their lovely darling low ;
A parent's heart alone may know
How they mourn'd little Annie.

It was a sad, a waefu' scene,
When sable mourners did convene
To bear unto the graveyard green
The corpse o' little Annie :

When lower'd in the lonely tomb,
Was coffin small with snow-clad plume,
An' left amid the kirkyard's gloom—
A slumberer, little Annie.

In vain for her now shall the spring
Her buds an' tiny flow'rets bring ;
Nae mair, though sweet, her warblers sing,
They'll gladden little Annie.

Nae mair, when summer days return,
We'll see her play beside the burn ;
Nae mair we'll greet at e'en or morn
The smile o' little Annie.

I dreamt ae nicht that far awa',
Where pain an' sufferin' ne'er befa',
Amongst a seraph band I saw
The form o' little Annie.

An' oh ! her beauty far surpass'd
The fairest flower earth e'er could boast,
When in yon brilliant heavenly host
Beheld I little Annie.

'Mid heaven's lofty melodies,
Methought I heard the gentle voice,
That oft made parents' heart rejoice,
The voice o' little Annie.

Bereavèd pair, though hard to bear
A separation so severe,
As that when death frae you did tear
Away your little Annie ;

Yet see that ye your grief restrain ;
You yet may meet your child again,
And dwell in yon celestial scene
For aye wi' little Annie.

An' bless and praise His holy name
Who saved her—took her home to Him,
An' with His royal diadem
Has crowned little Annie.

I THINK ON THEE STILL.

FOR MUSIC.

I THINK on thee still, although years now have
glided
Away to the past since, by Lyne's winding
stream,
We wander'd at eve 'neath the leafy wood shaded,
And tasted the sweetness of love's pleasing
dream.

And though we will never again by the river
Be seated when wakes the moon o'er yon wild
hill,
Life's joyous morning, that knows no returning,
Ne'er fades from my memory—I think on thee
still.

I think on thee still. Hast thou ceased to re-
member
The scenes of our youth, and the scenes of our
love,
Yon cottage homes fast by the streamlet's meander,
The walks through the woodland, and seats in
the grove?

If so, then a stranger thou art to emotions
That often my bosom's most inmost chords
 thrill;
And though I might wish that thy name were for-
 gotten,
All vain were such wishes—I think on thee still.

SUMMER, FAREWELL.

I.

MUIR an' mead, field an' fen,
 ' Joyless to see,
Leafless the forest, an'
 Flowerless the lea ;
Sunless the mountain side,
 Songless the dell,
Dark, dark the streamlet's tide—
 Summer, farewell.

II.

Gray, gloomy mist-clouds sit
 Close on the hill ;
Tempests are raging, yet
 Gathering still ;

Fast fa' the whitening flakes ;
 Frost hard an' snell,
 Freezin' our glassy lakes—
 Summer, farewell.

III.

Morn rises drowsy, maist
 Lightless the day,
 Then spread her shadows fast,
 Gloamin' sae gray ;
 Lang, lang the darkness day's
 Smiles scarce dispel,
 Feckless now Phœbus' rays—
 Summer, farewell.

IV.

Yet, by the glowing hearth,
 Heedless I hear
 Tempests whose blighting breath
 May not come near ;
 Blithe though the winter win's
 Louder still swell,
 Till the mild Spring returns—
 Summer, farewell.

LOVE SONG.

I LOVE her for the sunny smiles that ever light her
brow,
I love her for her wavin' locks o' richest gowden
hue,
I love her for her cheeks that like the blooming
roses be—
But more I love her for the words her lips have
dropt to me.

In a summer's eve, when softly did the balmy
zephyrs play,
Doon in a lanely, darksome dell, whaur lovers
aften stray,
As we sat beside a crystal stream that sings sweet
sangs o' glee,
I listen'd to the sweetest words that e'er were lisp'd
to me.

They were breathed in broken whispers, while my
hand she gently prest,
And, blushing, she hid her face upon her lover's
breast ;

Then closer still to me she clung, while the tear
 drap dimm'd her e'e,
 And, oh! I love her for the words that then she
 breathed to me.

And now, though in yon lanely dell nae sangs o'
 gladness cheer,
 Though winter's sadness reigneth there, to me 'tis
 ever dear ;
 For never till the downy sleep o' death has seal'd
 my e'e,
 Shall I forget the words that there my true love
 breathed to me.

TO LADY GIFFORD.

A statue, standing upon the Crosswell in Linton, erected by John Gifford in 1666 to perpetuate the memory of his wife, supposed by some to be on account of her good qualities, but generally believed to be for those of an opposite nature. In 1855 it was displaced; and in 1861 it was re-erected, after which the following was written.

AMID the loyal welcomes of the villagers each
 one,
 Thou art our ancient lady, now restored unto thy
 throne ;

As stately, as majestic, and as pleasing to the
gaze,
As thou wert nine score years since, in the morning
of thy days.

Let woe betake the graceless rake who once, at
dead of night,
Did thrust thee from that station, thine by long-
establish'd right ;
A deed of wanton devilry, of cowardice, and
shame,—
Sure if it were a townsman, we at once deny the
name.

For though in vain the stranger asks thy history
to know,
A matter clothed in mystery, though perhaps 'tis
better so ;
Yet this we'll prove, since first thy form exalted
here was seen,
An inoffensive onlooker thou verily hast been.

An 'round thee now the schule-weans play, as in
the days o' yore,
The generations many that have come an' gone
before ;

An' villager an' visitant the friendly look still
 cast
 On thee, thou strange remembrancer an' relic of
 the past.

I SIGH FOR SPRING.

I SIGH for spring. Oh, when will a'
 The winter's blasts be gane?
 When will the spring's saft breezes blaw,
 An' gowans gild the plain?
 When will the streams rin bricht an' clear
 'Mang fields baith gay an' green?
 When will I see the sunny hours
 In bygane years I've seen?
 I long to stray where warblers chant
 Their strains in artless glee,
 Where green fields wear their wonted
 smiles,
 An' streams dance merrily.

I sigh for spring—with her I love
 'Mong dewy fields to stray,
 To list that wilin', winnin' tongue,
 That made my heart its prey;

To roam through ilka glen an' dell,
 The scenes o' former bliss ;
 An' by the brooklet in the vale
 Taste purest happiness.
 I long to stray where warblers chant
 Their strains in artless glee,
 Where green fields wear their wonted
 smiles,
 An' streams dance merrily.

OUR LITTLE JAMIE 'S A WANDERIN' JEW.

“ UP i' the mornin' ” an' aff to his play,
 Then seldom mair seen a' the rest o' the day ;
 Sair pinch'd to get hame at the gloamin', I trow,
 Is oor little Jamie, the wanderin' Jew.

Whyles he 's in ae howff, an' whyles in anither,
 Whyles he 's awa' oot the toon a' thegither ;
 Yet aye hechles hame, though we whyles kenna
 hoo,
 For oor little Jamie 's a wanderin' Jew.

But then the wee man 's just as happy 's a king,—
 Wi' new tunes or queer sangs he can whistle or
 sing ;

66 , OOR LITTLE JAMIE 'S A WANDERIN' JEW.

An' wonderfu' stories to tell us na few,
Has oor little Jamie, the wanderin' Jew.

Yet though he be toddlin' sax days oot the seven,
'Mang freends and 'mang fremd folk frae mornin'
till even,
Should young or auld harm him, 'twere e'en some-
thing new,
Though oor little Jamie 's a wanderin' Jew.



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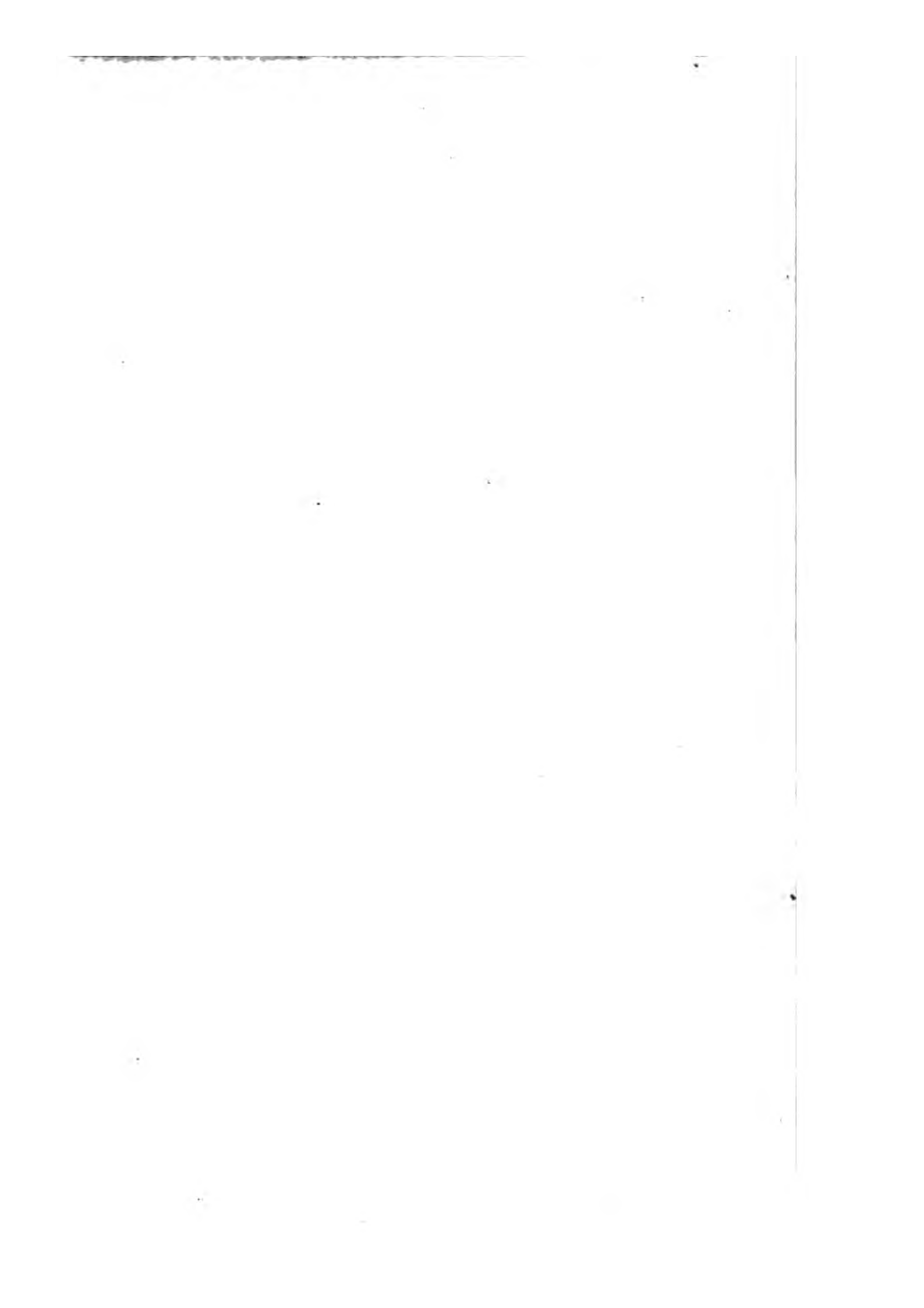
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