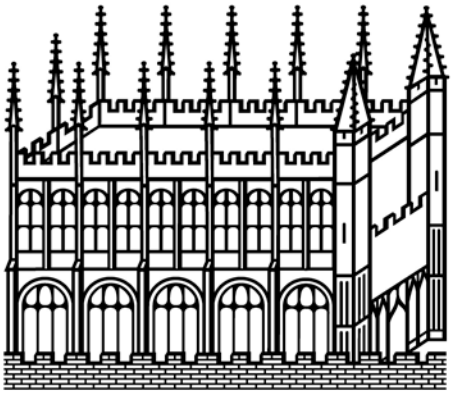

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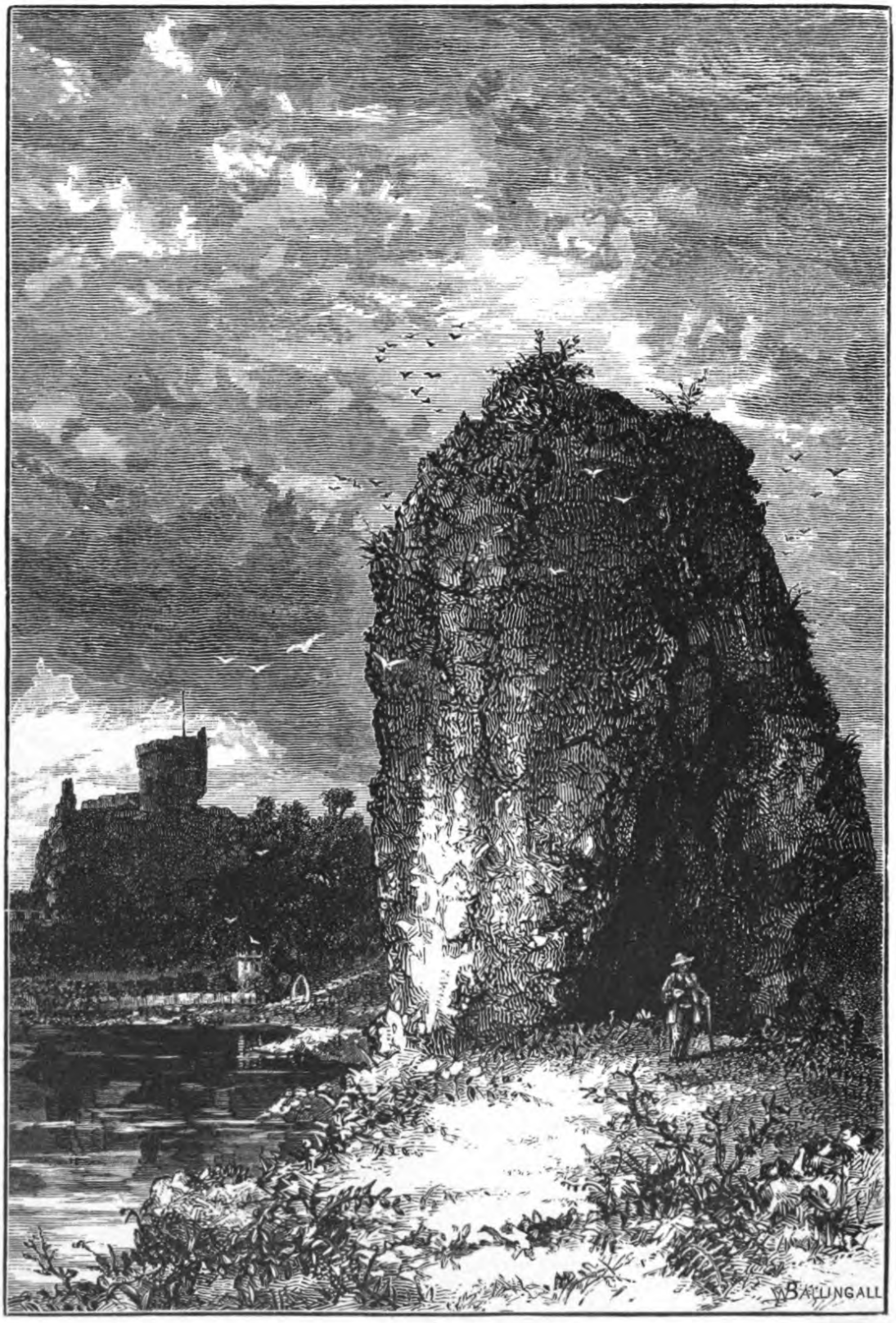
ROSE AND THISTLE.



DUNOLLY CASTLE AND FINGAL'S STONE.

"Here Hector fell!"

LONDON
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.
1878

ROSE AND THISTLE

POEMS AND SONGS

BY

WILLIAM ALLAN

AUTHOR OF "HEATHER-BELLS," "HAME-SPUN LILTS," ETC.

The Rose and the Thistle thegither are gane,
They bonnilie bloom noo in beauty as ane,
Their steeve-stan'in' sproutin's are plantit afar,
An' wae to the loons wha their growin' wad mar!

Old Song.

LONDON
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.
1878

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PRINTED BY HILLS AND CO., HIGH STREET WEST,
SUNDERLAND.

THIS VOLUME,

THE GLEANINGS OF EVENING HOURS,

IS INSCRIBED

As a Tribute of Esteem,

TO

JOHN JOHNASSON, Esq.,

LONDON,

By the Author.

Sunderland,

November, 1878.

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PART I.

THE DOOM OF DUNOLLY.

I.

THE night clouds are falling,
The curlew is calling,
Maid of Dunolly I come unto thee!
The grey mists are sleeping
On Cruachan Ben,
The red deer are keeping
Their watch in the glen—
Light of my darkness, come! come unto me:
Come gentle spirit! we part and for ever,
Come my lone star, see! my skiff 's in the bay;
Sunbeam of morning, alas! we must sever,
Maid of Dunolly! we part, and for aye.

The past I shall cherish,

My love cannot perish,
Maid of Dunolly, oh! why did we love?
The wrath of thy father
Is winter's cold breath,
Around me fast gather
Weird visions of death;
Soul of my dreamings! thy home is above.
Come drooping floweret, I've dared thy brave kinsmen,
Come lonely dove to thy warrior true;
Shadow of heaven! and pride of thy clansmen,
My heart goes to thee in my lingering adieu!

Ere died the echoes of the lay,
An oar-song swept across the bay;
Ere turned the youth his skiff to reach,
Swift footsteps ran along the beach:
Before him came Macdougalls dread,
Returning from an island raid;
Behind him came Macdougalls wild,
Aroused to guard their chieftain's child.
Their startling yells of rage were flung,
And back from grey Dunolly rung.

The oarsmen heard the well-known cry,
And fiercer far pealed their reply;
Their stalwart arms out sternward went,
Their lithe backs forward lowly bent,
To simultaneous motion prone,
Their oars arose and fell as one.
Impelled with danger's vigour new,
Swift o'er the bay each galley flew;
Like arrows shot from full-drawn bows,
On sped the billow-cleaving prows,
Till driven on the shingle nigh,
The oaken keels arose on high.
With sudden bound unto the shore,
Each clansman leapt with drawn claymore,
Bare-armed, unbonneted they ran,
To join the members of their clan
Ranged round a stalwart youth, who stood
Bold-fronted 'mid the savage brood.
At every point the thirsty brands
Around him flashed in angry hands.
With eagle eye, and undismayed,
The stranger drew his trusty blade,
And tighter grasped his studded shield,

And firmer stood upon the field,
And watchful as a wolf at bay,
His lightning eye did them survey;
Nor quailed, nor flinched, tho' well he saw
The gathering horde still closer draw.
No coward heart within him beat,
Nor sought he safety in retreat;
Unequal tho' the contest seemed,
Defiance on his features gleamed.
One hurried glance he flung above,
Where dwelt the maiden of his love—
A pale face from a window peered,
A sigh upon the wind careered,
A whisper trembled in the air,
As if an angel breathed a prayer.—
Undaunted all, and scorning death,
He faced his foes and held his breath,
With back against King Fingal's rock
He boldly met their onset shock,
And flung his haughty looks of scorn
Upon Macdougall, Chief of Lorn.

II.

O! Isles of the West, lovely Isles of the West,
As emeralds set in the blue ocean's breast,
The birth-place of clansmen war-nurtured and brave,
The home where the tempest King rides on the wave,
Where thunders roll on in their terrible might,
And keen lightnings dance on each peak with delight;
Where Morning's dawn-rays o'er the mountain-crests run,
And gloaming descends as a sigh from the sun;
Where pale ghosts career on the mist-shrouded hills,
And heard are their wails in the songs of the rills;
Where beauty is shrined in each lone grassy vale,
And wee flowerets laugh to the voice of the gale;
Where unfettered peace as a heaven presides,
And Nature's sweet loveliness ever abides;
Where maidens and youths, round their dim cottage fires,
Exultingly tell of the deeds of their sires;
Or sing with emotion the grand battle lays
Of heroes who fought in the far-away days
For King and for Chieftain, for honour and love,
For aught that would valour or dignity prove.

O! Isles of the West, ever bosomed in song,
My Highland harp whispers—the sound I'll prolong;
Speak on! my dear harp; list! it trembles again,
Its theme—The Macdougall and dauntless Maclean!

The sun-rays had fled from the mountains of Lorn,
And kissed the cloud peaks looming jagged and riven,
That westward were trailing as wanderers forlorn
Upon the broad heaths of the night-tinted heaven.
Peace clothed the green valleys, the hills, and the isles,
The strange sounds of silence seemed wondrously clear—
Unbroken, save when, with his chase-laden spoils,
Arose the loud shout of a brave mountaineer,
Which woke the weird echoes of corrie and cave,
And startled the lord of the clouds in his dreams,
Who raised his proud head and defiantly gave
His fierce challenge back in his shrill-sounding screams.
The distant bell-notes slowly rung from Lismore,
And fluttered with joy o'er the fast-ebbing tide
Which bore them with love unto Morven's far shore,

Where 'mid its blue mountains they whispered and
died.
Sweet o'er the dark waters the vesper hymn stole,
In cadences kissed by the gloaming's soft breath;
Monks poured their orisons, with joy-dwelling soul,
And hied to their cells in the fulness of faith.—
Who knelt with the Abbot? Who joined in his prayer?
Whose voice in devotion fell soft as a sigh?
Macdougall's fair daughter was worshipping there!
Macdougall's fair daughter was heard in reply.
Why lingered she thus as the sun-rays depart?
Dunolly was far! and the dark sea her path;
What recked she! she bore in her bosom a heart
That feared not the swift-rushing tide in its wrath—
A Child of the forest, a Child of the chase,
Accustomed to danger, to hardship inured;
Descended from chiefs of a warrior race,
Whose titles and acres were held by the sword.
The blood of the valiant flowed pure in her veins,
She loved to behold the brave clansmen in arms,
The bright flashing steel, and the pibroch's wild
strains,
Gave light to her dark eyes and grace to her
charms.

Tho' nurtured 'mid war's stirring clangour and din,
Her heart was a woman's in all which endears;
The fountain of tenderness welling within,
For children had smiles, for the dying had tears.
Her dark-flowing locks hung unfettered and free,
And waved in the wind as a banner love-driven;
Her brow, gently kissed by the sun in his glee,
Reflected the beauty of summer-fraught heaven;
Her eye-brows as fringes of darkness arose,
In soft, glossy silkiness fading to nought,
While 'neath their love-shadows, in tender repose,
Her dreamy eyes rippled in soul-light of thought,
Which brightly illumined her features, and lent
Ineffable witchery to the sweet smiles
Oft throned on her lips, with a gracefulness meant
To beautify Nature's pure innocent wiles.
In symmetry faultless, in tartan arrayed,
She moved as a sylph in her artless attire;
When heard were the songs of Dunolly's fair maid,
The clansmen wept great tears of grief, joy, or ire.—
The grey-headed Abbot stalked down to the shore,
And blest the young maiden, and bade her adieu;
She launched her light skiff, waved her hand, seized
the oar,

Then off with the tide for Dunolly she flew.

III.

Away, and away! with the speed of the wind,
Each headland, each creek, and each cranny she knew;
Lismore's verdant island was left far behind,
And distant Dunolly loomed darkly in view.
The tide-rush of Etive she battled with might,
'Twas vain! to the westward she swiftly was hurled,
Strong eddies, wild sweeping, hissed hoarse with delight;
As oft her frail skiff in their vortex was whirled.*
Undaunted and tireless she pulled at the oars,
Undaunted and fearless the breakers' deep song
She heard, 'mid Kerrera's wild treacherous shores,
But watchful and wary she darted along.
She saw with dismay that Dunolly she passed,
She saw its dark tower swiftly gliding astern;
As gloaming gave place to night's darkness at last,

* Under certain conditions of the wind, the ebb from Loch Etive is irresistible. The phenomenon of a tidal *bore* is often seen here. It is supposed to be the "roaring Lora" of Ossian.

The landmarks, erst known, she could dimly discern.—
The lone herald star of the evening appeared,
In pale silvern modesty's beauty serene;
While down in the east o'er the cloud edges peered
The halo that ushered Night's full-beaming Queen;
Then leapt every star from its holy repose,
As choristers sweet in the heavens above
Their bright, joyous anthems of glory arose
In soft trembling beauty, in homage of love.
On, on! and still on! to the westward she sped,
And cold-dawning fear filled her bosom with awe—
That awe which unnerves us and fills us with dread,
And makes us poor slaves to its pitiless law.
The night mists descended from lofty Ben More,
And rolled as a cloud on the breast of the deep,
Weird sounds rose anon—now behind, now before,
And floating sea-gulls wildly screamed in their sleep.
The conflict of currents hissed loud to the skies,
And heightened the waves that in anger arose,
Around her frail skiff their wan, death-gleaming eyes
Oft peered at the maiden and laughed at her woes.

The terror of death filled her soul with despair,
She trembled and wept as a motherless child ;
She gazed to the heavens, she shrieked a heart-prayer
In accents of agony fearfully wild.
Hark ! hark ! o'er the deep came a sound ; could it be
Her prayer was answered ? that succour was nigh ?
The harsh creak of oars on the mist-laden sea
Came nearer ! came clearer ! and filled her with joy.
A voice from the darkness was heard ! she replied,—
The moments seemed hours that would ne'er have an end ;
She marked through the mist a boat's faint shadow glide,
And heard the " Halloo ! " of a fast-nearing friend.
Invisible hands flung unerring a rope,
Its swift-gliding folds seemed the answer she craved,
'Twas clutched with the frenzy of fast-dying hope,
And consciousness fled as the maiden was saved !

Macdougall's grim chieftain was restless this night,
He stood on his ramparts, he watched, and he mourned ;

His henchman and clansmen, with fleet-footed might,
Had sought her afar, but despairing returned :
They sought her in chamber, they sought her in cot,
They searched Etive's shore, they scoured valley and heath ;
Their slogan pealed far, but an answer came not,
And filled was each breast with forebodings of death.
Macdougall's grim chieftain stalked thro' his lone halls,
Despair's moody silence o'ershadowed his face,
The voice of the night-wind in ominous calls
Seemed chanting a dirge for the doom of his race.
He started, he wept, then he laughed, then he scowled,
Then sullenly motionless stood on the floor,
And quivered with terror as dismally howled
The stag hound that kept his night-watch at the door.
Mysterious footsteps he heard as they moved,
Strange beings appeared but to vanish again ;
Ah ! little he knew that the daughter he loved
Was safe in the halls of his foe, The Maclean !

IV.

There was a time, a long, long time ago,
When Duart's halls resounded to the flow
Of minstrel harmony, of dance, and song,
Of mirth, and glee, from clansmen old and young;
When Duart's chief could muster at his word
A thousand doughty champions of the sword,
A thousand plaided men whose only faith
Was—Love the Chief, and fear no foe or death.
No other aspirations filled them then,
Save to be reckoned as heroic men;
Their hearts were fraught with burning warlike zeal,
Their frames were iron and their sinews steel.
On simple fare as hardy men they grew,
Nor Luxury's effeminacy knew;
Their cots and fields were theirs, rude comfort reigned,
They felt not Want, and healthful years maintained,
They loved their chief for honour and for name,
And freely shed their blood to guard his fame.
The chief loved them with patriarchal care,
Knew all their sorrows, heard each plaint or prayer,
And, as a father 'mid his children dear,

He lived beloved, and honoured without fear.
Untainted thus, with no Ambition's pride,
In Nature's happiness they lived and died.
See Duart now! its shapeless ruins gloom
In the sad grandeur of a shivered tomb,
Time's silent chisels have fell havoc spread,
A wreck is here, cold, desolate, and dead.
The moaning sea around the headland sweeps,
And o'er the rocks in fretful surges leaps,
Or wanders mournfully around the bay,
Where oft the black-prowed oaken galleys lay ;
The eerie wind within the ruin raves,
And shrilly whistles o'er the warriors' graves ;
The grasses bend 'neath the uncertain blast,
As Nature's mourners for a glorious past.
No sound is heard, no wandering footstep seen,
Decay's weird silence lords it o'er the scene ;
The night-bats dart from out the chinky walls,
And ghostly owlets own the roofless halls ;
The gloomy spirits of a valiant race
Seem stalking ever round the lonely place,
Or 'neath the full moon's wan, unearthly light,
Seem mustering as of yore for raid or fight,

Unto the mournful pibroch of the wind,
That dies, and leaves a deeper hush behind.
'Twas here the Hector of my tale
Drew his first breath, and poured his infant wail;
Here his young lips drew with a lover's zest
His future valour from his mother's breast;
Here his young eyes beheld with fond delight
The shining, steely panoply of fight.
His chubby hands oft vigorously essayed
To lift, with shouts, the old paternal blade,
A dirk and shield were his infantile toys,
Their rattling din the source of childish joys.
The ancient dame, endowed with second-sight,
Foretold his future as a chief of might;
The hoary bards would on him wondering gaze,
And croon to him their stirring battle lays;
The smiling clansmen would, with loving scan,
Applaud the antics that bespoke the man,
And gathering round their fair-haired future lord,
They taught him early how to wield a sword,
And bend a bow with steady hand and eye,
Until the shafts would all unerring fly;
To scale the rugged heights devoid of fear,

And track with wary steps the watchful deer;
To pull an oar, or tend a shortened sail,
When burst the fury of a sudden gale.
Beneath tuition such as this he grew,
Skilled in the various arts the clansmen knew,
Till daring Hector stood unmatched at length,
For feats of arms, agility, and strength.
The wolf that roamed the shores of Golla Dhu,
He tracked unto his lair and singly slew.
He fought the eagle on the giddy crest,
And conquering, bore the eaglets from their nest;
The prowling foe, on sudden, nightly raid,
Was vanquished oft beneath his foremost blade;
In skirmishes upon the mainland shore,
His skilful prowess oft the victory bore;
His doughty deeds were whispered far and wide,
And bards and maidens sang of them with pride,
Till 'mid the Isles his warlike name was spread,
And foemen feared the men by Hector led.
Proud was the father of his chief-like boy,
The gentle mother's only hope and joy;
His well-knit frame of perfect, manly mould,
At once the leader and the warrior told.

A calm determination lit his face,
And gave his mien an awe-commanding grace;
In judgment cool, in wary caution skilled,
His looks and gestures confidence instilled;
His eye, in peace, beamed with a kindly glow,
But fiercely flashed when told a tale of woe,
The heart that beat within his tartaned breast
Was swift to help the weak or the oppressed.
Untouched as yet by Love's absorbing flame,
It felt not aught save the parental claim,
As 'mid his clansmen's homes he freely roved,
The maidens gazed, and as they gazed they loved.
Thus Hector lived, and spent his youthful years,
A lordly prince amid his mountaineers;
By all who knew him loved, adored, revered,
By every foeman in encounter feared.—
Not so his fierce hereditary foe,
Macdougall's chief, who longed his hate to show;
Incensed to hear of Hector's rising fame,
His breast was filled with jealousy and shame.
Long in the west as Lorn's unconquered lord,
He awed the chieftains by his cruel sword:
In raid or foray, or in deeds of blood,

His wild and lawless clan the foremost stood;
Nor could he brook to know some chiefs had sued
Alliance with the clan he had subdued.
To guard his power, which seemed upon the wane,
His dark heart planned a conflict with Maclean.

V.

The full-browed moon leapt from her shrouds,
Leaving behind the darkening clouds,
And flung o'er mountains, hills, and braes,
The softened splendour of her rays;
O'er Cruachan Ben they nimbly crept,
On dark Loch Awe they gently slept,
And westward far she sent her smiles,
Till silver-bathed appeared the Isles.
The moon was up! then wide and far
Arose Macdougall's cry of war;
From Etive's shore, from sweet Bonaw,
To Kilninver and grey Kintraw;
It wildly pealed on Avich's side,
Dalmally and Kilchurn replied,
And gloomy Brander's echoes rung,
As speedy clansmen rushed along

Thro' tangled brake, o'er stretching heath,
And poured their startling cry of death,
Which summoned from each distant cot
The clansmen to the mustering spot.
Ere reached the moon her half-way mark,
From mountain-side, from gorges dark,
From heath, from hill, from every glen,
Rushed forth full-armed, stout, plaided men,
Whose distant forms were oft revealed
As flashed the moonbeams on each shield;
Obedient to the call they flew,
Nor aught of toil or fear they knew.
As singly some careered along,
They lowly hummed a battle song,
The distance lessening 'neath the lay,
Which cheered them on their lonely way,
Till on Dunolly's tower they gazed,
Upon whose northern walls still blazed
The beacon's fitful, lurid light,
Betokening danger, foes, or fight.
Around the walls were gathered then,
Two hundred of Macdougall's men,
Wild, unkempt, shaggy warriors grim,

Broad-chested, strong in arm and limb;
From youth to ceaseless warfare trained,
A terror far their names remained;
Before their Chief, in armed array,
The horde stood ready for the fray.
"Swift, to the galleys, swift!" he cried,
"We must away ere falls the tide."
Ten oaken, broad-beamed galleys lay,
Rocked with the tide, in Oban's Bay,
Now from their moorings soon they danced,
As oars upon the waters glanced.
And 'neath their Chieftain's eye and word,
The clansmen lightly sprang on board,
Four brawny arms seized every oar,
And soon the fast receding shore
Was left behind, and fainter grew,
As past Kerrera's Isle they flew.
Macdougall led; the course was west;
In whispers low his clansmen guessed
That, ere the morning sun arose,
Their swords would smite some island foes—
As huntsmen steal with caution near
The browsing, unsuspecting deer,

As wild-cats crouch and trailing creep,
Before they make their deadly leap,
As eagles circle in the sky
Ere on their prey they downward fly,
So stealthily the waters o'er,
Macdougall neared the hazy shore,
Where Duart's keep, hushed in repose,
In frowning grandeur looming rose.
Calm, standing on his galley's prow,
With anxious glance and cloudy brow,
The Chieftain led the dubious way,
And sought the sheltered, western bay,
Whose shelving shore gave footing meet
For landing, or for safe retreat.
Tho' steering in the hazy band
Which hugged the confines of the land,
He cleared the rocks that girt the shores,
And Duart passed with muffled oars.
Ah! wot he not the warder there,
Skilled in the night sounds of the air,
Had heard with ready, well-trained ear,
Oar-echoes softly stealing near,
Which all too measured, faint, and slow,

Betokened some advancing foe?
Quick from the ramparts, quick, he sped,
And roused young Hector from his bed—
"Up, Hector, up! a foe is near,
Their galleys 'neath the walls appear;
Arm! arm! arouse! they seek the bay,
Their coming brooks of no delay."
Up from his couch bold Hector leapt,
And o'er his startled countenance crept
A smile of joy, which seemed to show
His readiness to meet the foe.
"Wake, Malcolm, our retainers all,
Who slumber in the banquet hall,
Then speed thee on, ere dawns the day,
To Auchnacross and Tarosay;
Away! away! rouse every man
Who owes allegiance to our clan;
With lightning footsteps tireless go,
We must and shall repel this foe!"—
Devoid of bonnet, hose, or plaid,
He snatched his shield and glittering blade;
With eye that flashed red battle-fire,
And step that told of rising ire,

With lips compressed till void of blood,
He sought the hall where ready stood
Scarce thirty stalwart clansmen leal,
Whose hearts and arms were like their steel.
"No sound! no word! Men follow me,
A foe comes on us from the sea;
The lark pipes now its morning strains;
Come on! it rouses the Macleans!"

VI.

The morn was calm; bright in the east afar,
As a lone sentinel, the morning star
Glimmered its welcomes in the deep-hued blue,
As o'er the high-banked clouds the Monarch threw
His sceptre-gleams of living, glowing gold
Which vanquished Night, and, space-illuming, rolled
In all the grandeur of a conqueror's might;
Whose path is victory, whose throne is light.
The sullen shadows fled from mountain-crests,
And scowling sought the gorges in their breasts,
Their lingering footsteps in the trailing mist,
The airy smiles of light with fondness kissed,
Till grandly lone, with broad, uncovered brows,

As hoary worshippers each mountain rose.
The wonder-chorus of each stream was heard,
And joyous trillings rose from every bird.
Adown each glen the Messengers of dawn
Danced merrily o'er forest, heath and lawn,
Swift o'er the heaving bosom of the sea
They lightly flew with love-inspiring glee,
And kissed the pale lips of the wavelets cold,
Till gleamed their foam-flowers with the hues of gold;
They wooed the haze, that wrapt the slumbering Isles,
Which gently rose beneath their chastening wiles,
But ere it faded from the shores away,
The sounds of battle burst in Duart's bay.
Macdougall led the van, and well had steered
Into the bay, where on each side appeared
Brown, sea-washed rocks, whose unseen, stretching arms
Broke the wild fury of the northern storms.
Thus guarded from the ocean's wildest rage,
It gave a safe and sheltered anchorage.
His ready henchman, with inverted spear,
Probed the still depths, and found the shore was near,
Then passed a whispered signal to each crew;

To right and left the boats in order drew,
With silent skill the oars were placed on board,
And every clansman seized his shield and sword.
In line abreast the galleys forward went,
As, from the stern, they shorewards swift were sent;
No word was uttered, and arose no sound,
Save when the hard keels creaked upon the ground.
The Chieftain first leapt nimbly on the sand,
Then followed fast his fierce and warlike band.
The shore was still, no foe their landing barred,
No Hector stood his island home to guard,
No clansmen rushed impetuous to th' attack,
To drive with might the wild invaders back.
Where! where is Hector's deathful arm and blade?
Where! where the men he oft to victory led?
Alas! has valiant Hector's prowess waned?
His foes, unchallenged, have a footing gained.
Hark! hark! now pealed an agonising yell,
As in the sea Macdougall's henchman fell,
Pierced by an arrow that still quivering swayed
Within the wound its brazen point had made.
Again! again! again! with deadly aim,
The messengers of death loud-whizzing came

From daring men unseen amid the haze,
Who crouched with Hector on the furzy braes.
The feathered shafts from full-drawn bows were sprung
And 'mid the startled foes their challenge flung;
Brave warriors fell, and writhed upon the sands,
And wildly drew the barb with dying hands,
Yea, vainly strove in agony to stay
The pulsing stream of life which ebbed away;
And sodden sands the hot blood greedy drank,
Staining the spot wherein it bubbling sank;
Full well Macdougall knew, without dismay,
That Hector and his men around him lay;
Oblivious to the thickening arrowy storm,
His looks betrayed no fear nor dire alarm,
His ringing voice its chief-like orders gave,
Which cheered the heart of each desponding brave—
"Down! down, men! down, until the fading haze
Flies from Maclean's safe ambush on the braes."
Obedient all, they sank upon the shore,
And o'er their heads their shields aloft they bore,
Against whose sloping fronts the arrows rung,
And curving, far into the ocean sprung.

Then Hector knew, as clear that voice was borne,
His foeman was Macdougall, Chief of Lorn;
Undaunted, undismayed, yea, rather glad
To measure swords with one who oftimes had
In other years with devastation dire
Ravaged the lands and clansmen of his sire;
Outnumbered now, no rash onslaught he tried,
His skilful tactics numbers well supplied.
The dread confusion of attack on flanks
He early learned, and on the grassy banks
He placed his little but determined force
In two divisions 'mid the sheltering gorse,
Where, leading steeply downward to the bay,
The rugged, bouldered path between them lay,
Which thus commanding, with advantage great,
Their foemen's charge they anxiously did wait;
Nor waited long, for, as the sun arose,
The haze evanished, and they saw their foes.
Now as the dark tide-wave on Etive's shores
Rears its high crest and forward rolling roars,
Or as a pent-up spate, with mighty force,
Rushes upon its broad, resistless course,
So rose Macdougall's men, and forward dashed,

And brightly in the sun their weapons flashed,
Swift-footed o'er the sands with yelling wrath,
They sought the only upward-tending path;
O'er rocks and stones disorderly they flew,
And to the ridge in breathless hurry drew.
Macdougall led them on, and upward pressed,
To reach the gap upon the grassy crest;
Unswerving, unfatigued, he scaled the height,
And gazed around, but saw no foe to fight.
When suddenly from out each shady bush
The valiant Hector and his men did rush,
And loud arose their startling battle-yell,
As on the clambering foe they fiercely fell,
Who staggering, beheld with maddening grief,
Macleans between them and their warrior Chief.
Swords rung on swords, fire flashed from every blow,
Blood rushed in streams unto the sands below;
Forward, and forward still, Macdougalls rushed,
The foremost fell, to be by kinsmen crushed.
Upon the quivering corses of the slain,
They fighting came, and strove the ridge to gain,
But as a compact phalanx stood their foes,
Who mercilessly showered their deadly blows,
Which crashing clave each high-raised shining shield,

And smote the man beneath, who downward reeled.
Still on they came, in wild despairing might,
Unyielding stood the braves who held the height;
Not all Macdougall's warlike numbers now
Could backward drive the thirty from that brow,
Who spoke not, quailed not, but resolved to give
Their dearest blood for liberty to live.

VII.

Macdougall's chieftain-breast with anger burned,
And swiftly on the foe he fiercely turned,
But ere he could his sudden stroke bestow,
A readier sword met the descending blow.
'Twas nimble Hector's, on whose features played
A smile of triumph, as he quickly weighed
The issues of a fight with Lorn's dread lord,
Who now had raised his yet untarnished sword,
And backward drew a pace, then scowling glared
Upon the half-clad youth who thus had dared
To thwart his onset, and to turn aside
The blade which had the Royal Bruce defied.*

* The Macdougalls defeated Bruce in the battle of Dalree, at the head of Loch Tay. One of the Macdougalls seized the King by the

With sudden bound he on the stripling dashed,
Whose quicker weapon like a sunbeam flashed,
And kissed with joy Macdougall's baffled steel,
Which now, for once, an equal match did feel.
His groaning clansmen roused his ireful heart,
Again on Hector did he fiercely dart,
To be repelled with skilful blow or guard,
And backward hurled upon the dewy sward.
Ill could he brook defiance thus disclosed,
And with the youth in deadly conflict closed;
Now rung their blows upon each guardian shield,
And rugged dents their angry might revealed.
With equal skill the contest wildly raged,
Each knew a worthy foe he had engaged,
Tho' round them played the steely gleams of death,
They thrust and struck with unabated breath.
Each lightning eye was fixed, each sparkling gleamed,
Each marked the point where an advantage seemed,
And as each willing blade the opening sought,
The sudden guard made sudden efforts nought;

plaid, which was fixed across his breast by a large brooch. The King killed his assailant, but left the plaid and brooch in the grasp of the clansman. His brooch was long kept in the family of the Macdougalls.

And victory, wavering 'tween such sons of fame,
Withheld the laurels that each well could claim ;
Till youthful Hector's unabated strength
Proclaimed him victor in the fight at length,
For fast Macdougall's furious ire decayed,
And feeble blows his waning pow'rs betrayed—
Pale grew his face, his watchful eyes grew dim,
Less swift to guard, he shook in every limb,
Fast heaved his breast with ever lessening breath
And as he struck he reeled upon the heath—
Defeat's dark demon raged within him now,
Its withering shade sat scowling on his brow,
And fanned the feeble flame of hope in vain,
Which mocked the hero as his strength did wane ;
But Hector, tireless still, the conflict sought,
And by a subtle cut Macdougall smote
Upon the sword arm, which all pow'rless hung,
Then fell the blade which he in valour swung ;
Triumphant o'er his foe young Hector stood,
Nor sought he now to shed defenceless blood.
" Yield thee, Macdougall, yield ! " he hoarsely cried.
" And who art thou, bold youth ? " the Chief replied.
" Hector Maclean, of an illustrious line !

Yield, thee Macdougall, now thy life is mine;
Behold thy clansmen unto these succumb,
To foil aggression, see, our kinsmen come!
Back to their galleys now thy men will be
Driven with the vengeance born of victory!"
Now rushed Macleans along the grassy fields,
And loudly struck their swords upon their shields,
With wild impetuosity they sought
The ridge whereon their dauntless kinsmen fought,
Nor checked their speed, but thro' the thin rank dashed,
And on the foe with headlong fury crashed,
Who baffled, fled across the sands, and sought
Safety on board their galleys still afloat.
Out from the bay with terror's speed they drew,
While in their midst thick showers of arrows flew;
Eastward they sped, with favouring tide and wind,
And left their wounded and their Chief behind,
Who, 'midst a throng of savage Islesmen stood
Unmoved, although they clamoured for his blood.
Now Hector spoke, then hushed was every voice—
"Clansmen, Macdougall's fate must be my choice;
No deed of wanton blood shall stain our name,

Unsullied victory is our highest fame.
Whoe'er the foe, whate'er the battle-cause,
We triumph best when ruled by Honour's laws;
Macdougall's Chief, thy life I now bestow,
Back to Dunolly, vanquished, thou must go;
Be thou the bearer of thy wounded men,
And war no more unjustly 'gainst Maclean."
The generous impulse stilled the angry band,
Who loved the virtue in their Chief's command;
With tender grasp the dying and the dead
Within the galley of the Chief were laid,
The wounded next fraternal care received—
Such love from foes their hearts had ne'er conceived.
Now ready all, between the conquering clan
Macdougall marched, a stern and gloomy man,
And as he, frowning, slowly stepped on board,
Hector, with princely grace, returned his sword.
The proffered gift with haughty grasp he took,
And thanked the donor with a threatening look:
Then, as the blood-fraught galley seaward drew,
He kissed the blade, and waved its dark adieu!—
Undying hatred, and revenge combined,
Stood warders at the portals of his mind,

And filled his heart with their demoniac fire,
Till the strange madness of their one desire
Reigned as the lord of his embittered life,
And chained him slave unto its fearful strife—
The visions of his hate-disturbèd brain
Were bloody spectres muttering "Maclean!"
In Horror's dreams he saw a ghastly train,
Which, passing, whispered in his ear, "Maclean!"
Lone on Dunolly's ramparts every day
His restless eyes were fixed on Duart's bay;
No light of joy illumed his vengeful state,
His life was now unfathomable hate.
His lovely daughter's smiles had lost their charm,
Her soothing voice no more his heart could warm,
Her constant fondnesses, her tears, her sighs,
Changed not the fierce gleam of his loveless eyes,
Macdougall dreamt not that erelong her love
Would of his conqueror the conqu'ror prove;—
Decreed by Heaven to meet her father's foe,
They loved, 'twas death, their death her father's woe.

VIII.

Bewitching, mild-eyed Nature bright,
Woke when her misty veil of night
Had left her vernal bosom bare,
And vanished in the sun-souled air.
The lark had risen from its nest,
The deer had sought the mountain crest,
The sea had lost its nightly hue,
The flowers had parted from their dew,
The streamlets poured their wanton lays,
The lambkins frisked upon the braes,
The hinds had yoked their oaken ploughs,
The rosy maids had milked the cows,
The clouds, in smiling beauty high,
Sailed o'er the blue deeps of the sky,
When from her sudden slumber yoke,
Macdougall's dark-haired daughter woke,
And gazed around the chamber strange,
While Memory, with contracted range,
From dreamy retrospection sought
The flickering truths of dawning thought
Which ushered in with stern delight,
The horrors of the former night.—

The door was ope'd and forward came,
A stately, gentle-featured dame,
Whose mother-looks, and smiles and voice,
Were such as made the heart rejoice.
The wondering maid she fond caressed,
And clasped her to her joyous breast;
She kissed her cheek, and kissed her brow,
And welcomed her awakening now—
"Daughter of warriors," she said,
"I joy to find my care repaid."
Dunolly's maid, half-rising, sighed,
And strove the welling tears to hide,
Her eyes beamed thro' her love's surfeit,
Her voice was tremulously sweet.
"Tell me, good mother, tell me true,
To whom my life and thanks are due?
Where am I now? Whose home is this?
Where dwells such Christian tenderness?"
"Child of the waves! calm the unrest
Which lingers in thy anxious breast,
Within our bosoms kindness reigns,
Know we are friends, although Macleans.
My Hector was by Heaven decreed

To save thee in thy hour of need;
Start not! no harm to thee shall come,
Our clansmen shall convey thee home—
Unto Dunolly's warrior lord
His daughter shall be safe restored."
The tearful maiden warmly kissed
The Chieftain-mother, whom she blessed,
Then from her couch she lightly rose,
At peace, though in the halls of those
'Gainst whom her father erstwhile fought,
On whom his wild revenge was sought,—
The morn's repast was quickly spread,
And by the Chieftain's lady led,
The blushing maiden entered then
The Hall where sate the Chief, Maclean,
Who rose and gave, with kindly smiles,
A lordly welcome to the Isles.
His hair, touched by Time's silvern spell,
Adown his shoulders streaming fell;
Of kindred hue his flowing beard
In snowy, furrowed waves appeared,
And gave a charm unto his face,
Which glowed with patriarchal grace,

His eyes beamed with the soul-repose
Which years of happiness disclose;
His broad brow showed in sundry scars
The valour-emblems of his wars;
His countenance was calm, benign,
His smile was fatherly, divine.
Of stalwart mien unbowed by years,
His voice dispelled the maiden's fears,
And as she heard his gentle tone,
She gazed with reverence upon
The hoary Chief, the Island-lord,
Who welcomed her unto his board.
Ere seated round the table all,
Young Hector strode into the hall,
One hurried bow he gave the maid,
Whose simultaneous glance betrayed
The strange confusion, unexpressed,
Which bodes a maiden's feelings best,
As on her saviour she gazed
Love's tumult in her bosom blazed,
Her meed of thanks refused to come,
Her eyes spoke now, her lips were dumb,
She heard of Hector as of one

Blood-thirsty, cruel, scarce a man,
Who drove her father from the shore,
In battle, nigh two months before;
Her father's ire she deemed unjust,
She saw in Hector one to trust.
As Hector gazed upon the maid,
His heart from every theme was swayed,
His morning meal before him lay
Untouched, save in a listless way,
A feast of fire o'erfilled him now,
He knew not why, he felt not how.
With truthful eye the Chief divined
The thoughts which racked the maiden's mind,
And ere the simple meal was o'er,
He sent his henchman to the shore
To launch his boat, to bend the sail,
To spread his banner to the gale.
"Sweet Maid of Lorn, thou must away,
Though welcome here, thou must not stay;
Thy father's grief none can reveal,
Thou can'st alone his anguish heal;
Hector shall steer thee o'er the sea,
And thy deliverer shall be.

Farewell, sweet maid, our prayers are thine,
May future joys around thee shine!"

IX.

Right well Maclean had read her heart,
The maid was anxious to depart;
Her earnest gratitude of soul,
O'erpowering rushed beyond control;
She sobbing bade them all adieu!
And from the Castle slowly drew.
Young Hector lightsome led the way,
Where in the cove the galley lay;
Then as a gallant courtier lord
He placed the weeping maid on board.
With skilful hands he plied the oars,
And shot beyond the sheltering shores;
Then hoisted up the broad, brown sail,
Which filled unto the gentle gale,
With favouring tide and favouring wind,
Grey Duart soon was left behind.
Right merrily the boat sped on,
And now they felt they were alone.
They spoke! 'neath Hector's voice the maid

The hidden mystery obeyed—
Her world, erst fair, seemed fairer now,
Her eyes beheld life's heaven below;
And yielding to the conqueror's sway,
They pledged eternal love that day.—
There is a music in the sea,
An everlasting melody,
An earnest chant of throbbing love,
An echo of God's voice above,
Which gives unto our hearts the peace
That bids our mutual loves increase.
The little dancing waves rejoice
To hear a maiden's love-fraught voice;
They leap with frenzied mirth and glee,
As fall her vows of constancy,
And fain their foamy crests would bless,
Affection's sacred, primal kiss.
They sang with joy when Hector brave
His heart unto the maiden gave;
They leapt with smiles on every crest,
To hear the maiden's vow expressed.
With hand in hand, eye fixed on eye,
The lovers kissed, and seemed to die

'Neath the enraptured bliss divine,
Which springs when Love's great fountains join.—
They neared Kerrera's rocky shore,
And round its northern headland bore;
Swift for Dunolly's curving bay,
The galley bounded on its way.
They saw upon the glistening sand
One solitary warrior stand,
Who marked Maclean's dread banner fly
Upon the nodding mast on high—
A whistle loud and shrill he blew,
Then from the cliffs Macdougalls flew;
But ere they bent a single bow,
He spied his daughter on the prow;
His hatred wilder, fiercer rose,
To mark her 'mid his deadly foes.
Ere slid the galley on the sand,
Hector beheld the threatening band,
Then lowered his sail, and seized the oar,
And slowly neared the dreaded shore.
One word of love he gave the maid,
Whose gestures all their vengeance stayed;
One look of hope beamed in her eye,

Which seemed to say "I all defy!"
Impatient now his child to free,
The chieftain rushed into the sea:
Before the keel had touched the sand,
He grasped again his daughter's hand,
Then in his frenzied, powerful arm,
He bore ashore her lovely form.
Hector he saw, and darkly flung
A scowl of hate from vengeance wrung,
Bold, standing with an oar in hand,
Before Macdougall's gathering band,
He forced th' unwilling boat astern,
And sadly could the maid discern
Amid the throng of clansmen, wild
With joy at finding thus their Child.
Remembering their hateful foe
They ceased their cries, and from each bow
Discharged a shower of darts which fell
Harmless into the ocean's swell.
Far o'er the sea on southern tack,
Hector with wistful eye looked back,
A ceaseless longing o'er him stole,
A darkness settled on his soul.

The brightness of the morn had fled,
And left him gloomy fears instead,
The dawn-rise of Love's cheering ray
Had vanished all too soon away,
The golden charm of Hope's bright goal
Seemed fading from his saddened soul,
And as he neared his native shore
One burning wish alone it bore.
Maclean received with joy his son,
As if a victory he had won;
But Hector's heart was far away,
His Duart's charms seemed to decay—
Unrest's remorseless cruel ban,
Had made him now an altered man.
He sought the shores in darkest night,
And ne'er returned till morning's light.
They watched, but none the paths could name,
Or how he went, or whence he came.
Ah! in his skiff he stole away
Across the Sound to Oban's bay,
Where, by King Fingal's rugged stone,
Macdougall's maid he met alone—
Renewed their vows, re-pledged their faith,

And kissed unswerving love till death.

X.

Not all a daughter's love assuaged the hate
Which in Macdougall's bosom burned elate,
Not all her soft expostulations sweet
Could the dread demon of revenge defeat;
Unmoved, and coldly calm he heard her prayer,
For well he knew that Hector was her care.
His trusty warder oft in midnight hour
Saw two mysterious forms beneath the tower,
And oft of late had heard the sound of oars
Receding in the darkness from the shores.
To crush her love, to overcome his foe,
His clansmen nightly watched the beach below;
And when they heard her Hector's parting song,*
They swiftly stole by secret paths along,
And rushed upon the youth, whose ready blade
Gleamed but an instant, and their onslaught stayed—
With sudden swoop, and straight-delivered thrust,
Three warriors fell before him in the dust.
His light steel shield with cunning motion flashed,

* See First Canto.

And on its front their blows descending crashed.
Forward! and forward still they pressed combined,
Struck but one blow, and, wounded, reeled behind;
On every hand his sword appeared to see
Their covert cuts of dark ferocity,
And instantly his ready guard essayed
To foil each stroke that fell and notched his blade.
Around him lay, in groaning, helpless rows,
The prostrate forms of his remorseless foes;
Some glared revenge; some cursed with dying breath;
Some strove to strike him in the throes of death;
Some drew their dirks in anguish of despair,
Upraised their arms, and, dying, struck the air;
Some tore, in agony, while life remained,
The clotted grass their own life-blood had stained.
Unwounded all, the youth unconquered stood,
Starred with the red drops of his foemen's blood;
Fired with the madness springing from defeat,
They blindly rushed, and struck, but to retreat.
Then forward stood amid the stiffening slain,
Macdougall's Chief, who fiercely hissed "Maclean!"
Awed by their Chief, the clansmen ceased to fight,
And viewed the combat with intense delight.

Revenge imbued his unaffected powers,
His blows descended on the youth in showers,
Who stood unwavering, and the onset foiled—
Yea, smote the Chief, who, wounded, back recoiled.
Implacable, and heedless of his wound,
He rushed on Hector with a sudden bound,
Whose sword hand, swol'n with conflict, filled the hilt,
And now, for once, he weakening Nature felt.
While raged the strife, loud from the cliffs above
A cry arose of agony and love:
The watching clansmen gazed in wild dismay:
Down from each crag, upon her headlong way,
Macdougall's daughter rushed, with frantic cries,
As Hector, wounded, fell no more to rise.
Swift through the silent horde she madly fled,
Oblivious to the dying and the dead;
And stooped o'er Hector, who, with fitful breath,
Smiled still his love, and whispered low "In death!"
Upon his dripping blade Macdougall leant,
As o'er the youth his weeping daughter bent,
Who kissed his blood-stained lips, and wildly cried,
"Cursed is the blade that pierced my Hector's side!"
Then strangely gazed around, below, above!

And falling, died upon her only love.
Macdougall gazed, nor thought his daughter dead;
Till stooping, gently raised her lovely head:
Her cold, pale face, too truly told the tale,
Then burst a father's deep, heart-rending wail.
Her eyes were closed, and silent now her tongue;
Bright on her pallid cheeks her last tears clung,
The gentle hands, which oft had stroked his brow,
Clenched in their death-grasp Hector's bosom now;
The lips which oft had sung in joyous mood,
Bore the red imprint of his trickling blood.
With groans of terror, anguish, pain, and grief,
The clansmen gathered round their stricken Chief,
Who gazed in silence on his daughter's corse,
While o'er her fell his tears of deep remorse.
"Warriors!" he cried, "Behold my daughter—dead!
No more around us will her light be shed:
Heaven wars with me; oh! that I had but felt
The depth of love which in her bosom dwelt.
Here let the lovers lie, no more to part,
In dust united, slumbering heart to heart;
'Neath Fingal's stone let them be gently laid,
To rest for ever in its storied shade.

In coming years the warriors of our race
Will stand uncovered o'er their resting place,
And breathe the tale of how Macdougall's maid
Loved unto death, and, dying, love obeyed.
The mighty stone, untouched by Time, shall tell
In voiceless whisperings, '*Here Hector fell!*'"
With folded arms, in stern and lowering mood,
Macdougall's Chieftain meditative stood;
While trembling, weeping, clansmen dug the grave
For all he loved, and for her Hector brave.
No song of woe burst from the anguished crowd
When both were laid within their earthy shroud;
The reddened sods they laid with care above,
And all was hid from eyes of grief and love.—
The Chief in dreamy silence strode away,
Unto unutterable woe a prey.
Revenge and Hate had from his bosom fled,
He longed for love, but all of love was dead.
No joy or peace within his halls remained,
To Hell's unrest he felt for ever chained;
While Conscience, with red-burning beak and claws,
Consumed the heart which broke its Maker's laws.

E'en coming foes, led on by Scotland's King,*
Stirred not his soul, nor could war's pleasure bring—
His sword was sheathed, his path was towards the tomb,
And Brander's battle pealed Dunolly's Doom!

* Bruce.

THE DEATH OF OSSIAN.

TORLUTHA'S* towers rang to the shouts of revelry and mirth,
Torlutha's chief a galley saw swift bounding from the north,
Torlutha's chief and warriors rose and sought blue Corriefin,†
Torlutha's chief saw Morven's seer! then stilled his warriors' din.
With broken and inconstant steps, with anguish-throbbing brow,
On Alpin's son he weary leans—Be silent warriors now!
Be silent braves! the Minstrel comes: he comes with solemn tread,
Down with each shield and sword and spear, uncovered be each head:

* Torlutha is Drumadoon. † Corriefin is Fingal's landing place.

His grey hair trembles in the breeze, his cheek is pale
and wan,
His sightless orbs to heaven are raised with grief's
unvisioned scan,
His limbs are yielding 'neath the yoke of Time's re-
morseless years;
Behold the weird and hoary bard! behold his silent
tears!

Those lips which oft in other times the deeds of heroes
sung,
And poured the battle-songs of kings green Ullin's
plains among,
And woke dark Cona's echoes deep, and Selma's
sounding halls,
Are quivering songless as the oak which 'neath the
tempest falls:

Those hands which shook dread Trenmor's spear by
Lubar's rushing stream,
Or swept the harp till rolling fell the heavenly music-
dream,
Are shaking now, and, withering hang, bereft of
ancient might,

No more the sword to grasp again, or strike the lyre of light:

Lead him unto his father's grave ere grief his soul consumes,
Where mighty Fingal sleeps amid a thousand heroes' tombs,
There let him mourn unhappy days, and far off happy years,
Let him the sward o'er Morven's king bedew with filial tears:

Where battle-scorning Oscar sleeps, lead him with tender hand.
There let him clasp the mossy stones, there let him lonely stand,
There let him touch the flowers that grow his warrior son above,
There let him weeping kiss the spot in agony of love:

He moves a fading meteor o'er dark Lutha's* narrow heath,

* Lutha is the Blackwater. All these places are in the Island of

Where sleeps the daughter of his heart, within the
house of death,
Lead him to where her cromlech lies, he longs his
tears to shed
Upon the cold grey stone that marks his loved
Malvina's bed:

Lead! Lead him where the south winds blow from
Ullin's distant shore,
Still bearing on their noiseless wings his love-fraught
songs of yore.
O! let them fan his pallid cheek and whisper in his
ear
That dark-haired Evirallin's shade still fondly hovers
near:

Warriors! around him gather! See! the hero-minstrel
falls,
Hark! Hark! from every drooping cloud a voice
triumphant calls,

Arran, unquestionably the scene of Ossian's decease, and where he is buried. For further elucidation of this, all lovers of Morven's bard, nay all Scotsmen, should consult that noble tribute to Ossian's truth, and Scottish literature, viz., *Ossian and the Clyde*, by Dr. Hately Waddell.

The spirits of his fathers join in one far-sounding lay,
And o'er him circle joyously to bear his soul away:

Swift-rushing to his ocean bed of golden-clouded fires,
The sad sun sinks in sorrow as his singer slow expires,
One lingering look of grief he casts, and lo! in love's repose,
A glistening crown of living light illumes the minstrel's brows.

Moi-Lutha's oaks moan to the wind, and bowed is every leaf;
Dark Lutha's stream rolls fitfully and pours its song of grief.
Night's hollow blast is but a wail from every hero's grave,
Death's ghostly dirge peals mournfully from every surging wave:

Lone Selma trembles at the sound! blue Morven hears it then!
Ghosts shriek from every mountain cave in Cona's gloomy glen!

Pale lightnings flash from every cloud! and muffled
thunders roar!
And Nature groans in agony; her Ossian is no more!

Raise high, ye braves, the funeral pyre! back to its
source give ye
The soul that sung of heroes' deeds in deathless
minstrelsy,
On to the cloudy halls where braves in glory gathered
are,
Let it in majesty ascend upon its fiery car:

Raise high, ye braves, The Minstrel's tomb! where
Ullin's breezes sweep,
Where ever peal the requiem songs and dirges of the
deep,
Let coming ages mark the spot, let coming heroes
trace
The grey stones guarding Ossian's dust—the last of
all his race.

Torlutha's towers are clad in night, grief's silence
brooding reigns,

Torlutha's unhelmed warriors chant their low despairing strains,
Torlutha's chief stalks through his halls, and sees amid the gloom
Dark shadows of the coming years which bode Torlutha's doom.

LINES SUGGESTED BY BOEHM'S STATUE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

COLOSSAL shaper of a nation's thought!
Lone prophet of the lion heart and voice!
Thy rugged lineaments by chisel wrought
I gaze upon, love-wondering, and rejoice.
Most beautiful in rocky boldness seems
Thy massive brow adorned with Time's white spray,
In whose recesses vast thy vatic dreams
With undisturbed sublimity have play.

Deep in their cavities thy fervid eyes
(As two stars peering through a dark cloud rent)
Seem to be gazing on futurities
With all a seer's benign astonishment;
Lit with the holy fire, by Heaven resolved,
They view the higher stage, the nobler ground,
Where mankind's problem is for ever solved,
Where manhood's glory, stainless will abound.

Oh eyes! how oft have ye flashed forth the fire
That wells from out a sympathetic soul!
Whose piercing shafts of Briarean ire,
As gleaming beacon-suns will ever roll
Around the universe with guiding ray,
Lighting for ever the abysm of Time,
For ever cheering mankind's gloomy way,
For ever teaching man to be sublime.

Thy stern-cut, haughty lips, so soft in smile,
Portray the Jove-like censor's Titan mind,
Or the great scorner of all grovelling wile,
And inborn falsity of humankind,
Methinks Denunciation's quivering leaps
Upon their bold determinative edge,
As the bright flash of lightning wildly sweeps
Along the tempest-cloud's portentous ridge.

Thy hands repose, their deedful fingers rest,
From many years of single-handed fight,
The calm of weariness broods o'er them blest,
For well the wondrous weapons of their might
They dauntlessly did wield, or deftly flung

The thunderbolts of truth, which from thy heart
In gorgeous glory all volcanic sprung
With heavenly power and God-directed art!

O'er all, the peace of hopeful waiting sleeps,
In softened radiance of Duty done;
The Prophet, Poet, and men's thinker reaps
The inward guerdon of his victory won,—
How grandly lone, waiting with unawed scan,
The silent, slumbrous change, which bears away
Earth's sole potential climax of a man
Unto the realms of everlasting day.

A POET-WAIF.

UNUTTERABLE pity filled my breast,
While gazing on a wreck of humankind;
Unkempt, unshod, blae, shivering, rag-caressed,
Unfitted to repel stern Winter's wind.
Ah! there he stood a drunken son of song,
Oaths on his lips, red fire-gleams in his eyes;
Self-immolated on the shrine of Wrong
By heedless Folly's craven cowardice;
Bowed 'neath the burden of his low emprise
Its tears and sighs.

In maudlin' frenzy, prone, he sang elate
The grief-lit lines of one whose fame we guard:
With vain conceit the loon believed the weight
Of equal misery made him equal bard.
Unschooled to toil, he chose to be a tramp,
And eat the lazy beggar's bread of shame,
Bearing the vile diploma of a scamp

Irrevocably fixed unto his name,
Eradicating all ambition's flame,
Or honest aim.

No manly aspirations filled his breast,
Or sense of sorrow for his loathsome state;
The groveller's habits seemed to suit him best,
Unblushingly he gloried in his fate.
Yea, proudly thought 'twas poet-like to be
In tatters garbed, with nothing in his purse;
Cold, homeless, lone, and wed to poverty,
The moony elf deemed as true genius' curse—
Heaven's sole reward for them who fondly nurse
The lyre of verse.

Aye! there he sat, and as he sat I saw
In him the power of idiot egotism;
At the behest of some strange demon-law,
He wooed the living suicide's abysm,
And bore its many-horrored pangs of woe,
Its hopeless dreariness, its endless gloom,
And ah! the bitterness of tears that flow,
When Reason's momentary rays illume

The desert prospect past, the coming doom,
The unknown tomb.

Poor soul! and thou art one like many more,
Whose coruscations of pale genius-fire
Gleam as an *ignis fatuus*, and lure
The wayward victim to destruction's mire.
Still I can sympathise with thee, although
Guilt's fearful shade sits on thy haggard face,
And waving tatters deck thy frame to show
Thy utter lack of self-respect and grace,
And the curst lash that whips thee in thy race
To some dread place.

Adieu! thou wretched one, I warmly shake
Thy coldly inert, clammy-curdled hands.
Fain would I see thee from thy false dreams wake,
And, Titan-like, asunder rend the bands
Which bind thee to perdition, and secure
Thee for Oblivion's dark, mysterious mine;
Then would thy lays flow from a fountain pure,
And happiness would shed its beams divine
Round thee and thine.

THE FOOL AND THE BIRD.

I HAVE a bird, a cheery soul,
A minstrel of the braes,
And sweet to me it warbles forth
Its native vocal lays.
It knows me, O ! it knows me well,
Some neighbours know it too ;
They've heard its simple pipings swell,
And thus familiar grew.

When weary with my daily fight,
Of labour's iron toils,
My little birdie sings a song
That care and trouble wiles.
'Twill pour with fervid notes its trills
Of wanton minstrelsy,
A song of glens and heathery hills,
A song of pleasure's glee.

When morning ope's its sunny eye,
It sings, and I awake ;
Then would my songster, trembling, fain
A skyward passage take.
When gloaming comes with mantle grey,
When Heaven's wee lilies peep,
It croons some softly chastened lay
That soothes me o'er to sleep.

Thus sings my bird ; but, ah ! one morn
A fool its music heard,
Then in his bosom hate arose,
And envy's fire was stirred.
With restless eye and soulless grin,
With jealous frown and thought,
A childish whistle, made of tin,
The knave in secret brought.

He came with stealthy, coward step,
To drown my charmer's voice ;
With wind-filled cheeks he, wildly shrill,
Blew his discordant noise.

The neighbours came and laughed to see
The croaking, hingeless elf,
Rejoicing in the melody
Which only pleased himself.

My birdie gazed with head awry,
And wondered at the din;
A song of pity from it burst
For him who sang through *tin*.
The simpleton, with vacant stare,
More simple then appeared,
And slunk away in shame's despair,
While all the neighbours cheered.

Unruffled all, my bird still sings
Its chimings, void of art;
Still, still it joy unto me brings,
And cheers my drooping heart.
Ah, me! wee bird, e'en thou must hear,
Dark Envy's blasts elate,
Alas! thy song-souled heart must bear
The pain of mankind's hate.

Sing on! Sing on! as thou hast done;
Sing on! and fear no foe;
Pour out thy lays from dawn of sun
Unto its setting glow.
I'll guard thee 'gainst all ruthless harm!
I'll nurse thee as of yore!
Sing on! my bonnie bird, my charm,
My solace evermore.

WHERE ARE THE MEN?

O Liberty! thou art a phantom wan,
When hounds usurp what God designed for man.

MOUNTAINS! mountains! ye courtiers old of heaven,
Reft of your sons ye lonely fathers stand,
Mourning for evermore the heroes driven
By stern Oppression from their native land:
Ye everlasting monuments of blood!
I stand on crags where warriors have stood,
Tell me why ye in sorrow darkling gloom?
Tell me why ye in mists your crests entomb?
The mountains, trembling, shake, and whisper then,—
Where are my sons? Where are my dauntless men?

Torrents! torrents! ye minstrels of the clouds,
Unanswered now ye pour death's saddest lays;
Wailing for ever, grief your beauty shrouds,
Deep your lament for other happy days:

Ye ever-sounding messengers of woe,
I listen to your solemn music flow;
Tell me why ye are tuned to sing despair?
Tell me why ye those tearful dirges bear?
The torrents paler grow and whisper then,—
Where are my sons? Where are my plaided men?

Valleys! valleys! ye verdant shrines of peace,
Silence unbroken broods your fields among,
Cold desolation makes your gloom increase,
No voices break your sleep with joyous song:
Ye mountain-guarded sepulchres of death,
I tread with joyless heart your waving heath;
Tell me why ye are lone and smileless now?
Tell me why wild flowers o'er your bosoms grow?
The rank grass weirdly waves and whispers then,—
Where are my sons? Where! Where! my mighty men?

Ruins! ruins! ye histories of fate,
Accusers still of bloody-handed foes,
Emblems of tyranny insatiate,
Of Wrong's vile laws, of dark Eviction's woes:

Ye murder-marked remains of happiness,
I wander 'mid your eerie loneliness;
Tell me why ye are roofless, wrecked, and dead?
Tell me why ghostly forms still round ye tread?
The moss-grown stones in sadness whisper then,—
Gone are my sons! Gone! Gone! the noble men.

ALASTAIR BAN.

ALASTAIR BAN, know the red-coats are coming,
Speed ye away to your mountain abode;
Alastair Ban! hie away in the gloaming,
Think not of me when the hounds are abroad.
Have they not reft us of chief and of glory?
Have they not slain the renowned of our clan?
Linger no more—seek the cave in the corrie—
Leave me, but love me, my Alastair Ban.

Alastair Ban, see our shielings are burning,
List to the shouts of our Sassenach foe;
Alastair Ban, hear the lone widows' mourning,
Homeless they wander in suffering and woe.
Why are ye sighing? oh! why are ye weeping?
Wild gleams your eye, and your cold cheek is wan;
Grasp not your sword—hark! the foemen are sweeping,
Kiss me and fly, my own Alastair Ban.

Alastair Ban, in my anguish of sorrow,
I live for your sake, and am ever with you;
Alastair Ban, how I pray for the morrow,
When peace shall abide in our valley anew:
Oh! it will come when the noble have perished,
When Sassenach strangers shall crush every clan;
See how they ruin the homes that we cherished,
Fly from their wrath, oh! my Alastair Ban.

Alastair Ban sped away in the gloaming,
Sad was his heart as he trod o'er the heath;
Alastair Ban saw the red foemen coming,
And heard their wild yells as they marked him for death.
'Mid the dark heather a maiden was kneeling,
To gaze on her lover with heart-broken scan,
Shrieks of despair unto heaven were pealing,
Alas! they had slain her own Alastair Ban!

MACLEOD'S MARCH.

SIOL THORMOID! Siol Thormoid! arise in thy glory,
Unsheathed is the claymore again,
Descendants of heroes! come rouse to the foray,
Our summons rolls never in vain:
Come from the mountains lone! Come from the valleys!
Come ere the moonbeams dance light on the waves;
Come for our swift-bounding dark-bosomed galleys
Must bear o'er the deep The Macleod and his braves.
March! March! Come away, come away,
Come with your belted plaids, claymores, and shields,
March! March! Come away, come away,
Come, for Macleod to a foe never yields!

The blood of our kinsmen is crying to heaven,
The wails of our fatherless peal,

As fierce as the blast of a tempest wrath-driven,
The foemen our vengeance shall feel:
As lightning wild-darting from dark clouds of thunder,
Our wake on the breast of the ocean shall be:
As light-leaping prows cleave the blue waves asunder,
So rush the Macleods in their terrible glee:
March! March! Come away, come away,
Come while Macrimmon's shrill pibroch rolls far,
March! March! Come away, come away,
Come, for Macleods are the children of war.

We bear in our bosoms the fire of our fathers,
We brook not an enemy's blow;
We shrink not from fight when the battle-roar gathers,
We welcome the haughtiest foe:
Then come! for a thousand years' memories we cherish,
Then come! by the names and the deeds we adore,
As heroes we vanquish, as warriors we perish,
Then follow we ever our chief as of yore:
March! March! Come away, come away,
Proudly our clansmen troop on in their might,

March! March! Come away, come away,
Macleods ever conquer wherever they fight.

LOCH SLOY!

IT is the pibroch's strain,
Loud-rolling up the glen,
It sounds! It sounds amain,
Up! up Macfarlane men!
Come buckle your claymores and let us away,
Up! Up! 'tis the summons for fight,
No cowards are we, let us haste to the fray,
Wild-rushing with conquering might:
Ben Voirlich shall echo our slogan afar,
Ben Lomond shall trembling reply—
Macfarlanes are ever the children of war,
Determined to conquer or die:
Hark! sounding aloud in the silence of night,
Our slogan rolls on in its terrible might,
Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!
Up! Up! every man, 'tis the music of death,
Our chieftain hath called, we must over the heath.

It is the pibroch's call,
Its war notes wildly stream,
See clansmen marching all!
See claymores flashing gleam!
As dark as the night clouds that sleep on Ben More,
As swift as the bound of a deer,
As fierce as the blast on Loch Lomond's lone shore,
Away through Glenfalloch we steer:
Our chieftain leads on o'er the moon-lighted path,
We follow his warrior tread,
Come foemen a thousand we reck not their wrath
While swung is his death-gleaming blade:
Hark! deep as the thunder that startles the earth,
Our voices as one the dread slogan give forth,
Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!
On! On! every man while the echoes peal far,
We love the old signal wherever we are.

It is the battle crash!
It is the shout of death!
It is one steely flash!
And then, a silent heath!

As shivered the crag 'neath the blue lightning's leap,
As withered the flower of the field,
As broken the reed 'neath the torrent's wild sweep,
The foe to the terror-shout yield:
Joy lights up the glance of our chieftain's dark eye,
As hushed is the clash of the fray,
Far over the heather the foemen swift fly,
And proudly he marks their dismay:
Hark! low-booming still in each corrie and glen,
The slogan rolls on of victorious men;
Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!
Long, long may each heart ever beat to its charms,
Then, who can o'erthrow the Macfarlanes in arms?

TO MY FERRARA CLAYMORE.

SWORD of the mighty,
Blade of the brave,
Weapon of Freedom for warrior men,
Rusted and hoary,
What is thy story?
Tell me of battles on mountain and glen.

With pride and emotion
I grasp thy brown hilt;
Fancy sees clansmen bound over the heath,
Pibrochs loud screaming,
Tartans wide streaming,
Far rolls the shout of the slogan of death.

With deathless devotion
They fight round their Chief,
Loud is the sough of each flashing claymore,
Death's terrible omen

To red-coated foemen,
Who fly as the foam on a blast-stricken shore.

I see thee with vengeance
Adorning thy cheek,
Bright as the gleam of a warrior's eye,
The oath-kiss still glowing
Upon thee, bestowing
The fire of revenge that will conquer or die.

Ah! oft thou wert fondled
By the hands of the brave;
Well did they battle 'gainst Tyranny's might.
Rest on for ever then,
O! may'st thou never then,
Be sheathed with dishonour when drawn for the Right.

Emblem of Freedom's dawn,
Peaceful thou'rt sleeping;
Who could behold thee and clansmen condemn?
Thou hast their fame maintained,
Thou hast their glory gained,
Blade of the mighty! I'll love thee for them.

GIVE ME A COT.

O ! GIVE me a cot 'mid my own native mountains,
A cosy wee nest, with a but and a ben,
Where sounds the strange music of silvery fountains,
That wantonly rush to their home in the glen.
There I would ever be,
Wandering in freedom's glee,
Enrapt with the pleasures of wild loneliness,
Breathing the mountain air,
Wooing the flowerets rare,
Seeking from silence life's soul-happiness.

O ! give me a cot where the red lightning dances,
And the lord of the thunder in majesty rides,
Where the bold eagle gazes with unquailing glances,
While Heaven's dread battle in glory presides.
There I would ever be,
Where the swift flashes flee ;

Exulting I'd list to the wrath-pealing voice,
Sounding its trump of war,
Rolling through skies afar,
Where cloud-bannered armies as conquerors rejoice.

O! give me a cot where the rolling mists gather,
And the ghosts of the mighty glide over the hills,
Where sadly they troop o'er the dew-shrouded heather,
And heard are their wails in the song of the rills.
There, 'neath the trembling moon,
Would I with them commune,
Beholding the shades of old warriors brave
Hovering still fondly o'er
Caledon's mountains hoar,
Where tempests in glory triumphantly rave.

THE PIPES.

OH! say shall the music our forefathers cherished
Resound never more in each gloom-shrouded vale?
Oh! say if the soul-stirring war-pipe has perished?
Arousing no longer the heart of the Gael!
Oh! surely the melodies hallowed with glory
Can never be cold to a Highlander's heart,
No! no! by our heroes of song and of story
Our love for our pibrochs must never depart:
Come, then, each Highland man,
Heed not the Saxon's ban,
Blow! blow! the chanter still,
Wake from each silent hill
The echoes that dance with delight as they peal,
Blow! till each mountain shakes,
Blow! till each valley quakes,
Blow! blow, the old pipes, with the soul of the leal.

What though by Oppression our clanship was broken,
What though we are scattered in lands o'er the wave,
Oh! let us still cherish our national token,
Which speaks to each heart of the deeds of the brave;
Rouse! Caledonians, from apathy's slumbers,
Rouse! in your bosoms old memories dwell,
Up! up! with the pipes, let their wild-rolling numbers
Still fling o'er our Highlands their awe-striking spell:
Banish your brazen bands,
Emblems of bloody hands.
Drums and fifes banish all,
True hearts they never thrall.
Out! out! from your midst sweep their child-pleasing strain,
Up with the pipes again,
Music alone for men,
Our shrill-pealing pibrochs for ever must reign.

Their war-breathing challenge affrighted the Roman,
And back from our mountains their legions we hurled,

Low sunk their proud eagles before the dread omen,—
Then Freedom's first notes rang afar o'er the world;
Shall Liberty's badge be for ever forsaken?
Shall Caledon's sons their old warriors ignore?
Oh! that the fire of Macrimmon would waken,
Then mountains and glens would be silent no more:
Come to the rescue, then,
Highland youths! Highland men!
Blow! blow! and ever play
Pibroch or old strathspey,
Give! give out the strain that defies or inspires,
Though ye all Chiefless are,
Though ye are scattered far,
Be true to the music that breathes of your sires.

ALASTAIR OG OF THE GLEN.

THE Prince of the pipers is Alastair Og,
Alastair Og of the glen,
He wanders around with his pipes and his dog,
Beloved by the lasses and men.
Hearts glow with delight as they list to his strain,
Feet tingle with joy when he comes,
The old dames believe they are youthful again,
And snap to the children their thumbs.
Heuch! Heuch! Alastair, Alastair,
There's love in each bosom and fire in each heel,
Heuch! Heuch! Alastair, Alastair,
Give from your chanter the soul of a reel.

Come! Alastair, Alastair, play up a reel,
Alastair Og of the glen,
The lads and the lasses of bonnie Glenshiel
Are gathered in couples twice ten;
The kiss of the gloaming still hangs on the brae,
The grass is untouched by the dew,

At each cottage door, see! our old fathers grey
Are joyously waiting for you.
Heuch! Heuch! Alastair, Alastair,
Who would not leap to the music ye bring,
Heuch! Heuch! Alastair, Alastair,
Flowerets are dancing as lightly we spring.

O! Alastair Og has the breath of a blast,
Alastair Og of the glen,
It wakens the deer as its echoes roll past,
It startles the fox in his den;
It fills every breast with the frenzy of love,
It lifts the old heart to the skies,
And dancers, though breathless, in ecstasy move,
As through the black chanter it flies.
Heuch! Heuch! Alastair, Alastair,
The dancers are dizzy, and, tottering, fall,
Heuch! Heuch! Alastair, Alastair,
Prince of the pipers, can conquer them all.

Ah! Alastair Og loves the old usquebae,
Alastair Og of the glen;
Full twenty good quaichs are his measure each day,
And lord of the piper 'tis then;

His faithful companion knows something is wrong
When fall the old pipes by the way,
But proudly he'll seize them and bear them along,
And fain to his master would play.—
Feuch! Feuch! Alastair, Alastair,
Why do ye drink till your music is dead?
Feuch! Feuch! Alastair, Alastair,
Prince of the pipers your glory is fled.

THE DYING PIPER.

RAISE up my head, that I may gaze
Once more upon my native braes ;
O ! let me see my mountain home,
Ere night's grey mists descending come.
The sun's last kiss is on Ben More,
The clouds are tremulously still ;
The drumlie Dochart's sullen roar
Is echoed faintly from each hill ;
The lark's night song is sadly shrill,
And gloamin's eerie shadow-pall
Is swiftly stealing over all,
Before the night mists coldly fall.

I seem to wander on the heath,
I feel the wind's pine-scented breath ;
Bring ! bring my sounding pipes again.
O ! I will blow a stirring strain
Ere fades yon burning, burnished sheen

That glistens in the distant West,
Where swelling-bosomed clouds are seen,
The golden glory on each crest.
Come! lay the old pipes on my breast;
There—now I'll play a merry tune,
Keep time with feet or softly croon.
Ah, me! the night mists come too soon.

Alas! my breath is but a sigh,
My soul is fired no more with joy,
My fingers now have lost their art,
No melody is in my heart.
Wife! take the silent pipes away,
Sit by the ingle, Donald, sit;
Play up! see dies the glorious day,
And ghostly omens round me flit.
Play "*We return no more*," while yet
The last gleam lights the nightly skies;
How sweet the sad notes wailing rise
As death's cold mists steal o'er my eyes.

PRINCE CHARLIE'S ADDRESS TO HIS HIGHLANDERS AT CULLODEN.

CHIEFTAINS! Clansmen! tried and leal,
Behold! the foemen come;
Steady! draw the trusty steel
For Scotland, King, and Home.
Victory to-day is near us,
Victory to-day will cheer us,
Sons of heroes! see! they fear us,
Draw! and conquerors be.

Chieftains! Clansmen! sons of fame,
For Caledonia stand;
Shall your laurels sink in shame
Beneath the coward's brand?
No! by Heaven's prophetic bodin'!
No! by Scotland tyrant-trodden!
Freedom broods o'er dark Culloden!
Draw! for liberty.

Chieftains! Clansmen! Scotland's boast,
Caledonians brave;
Shall Old Scotland's throne be lost,
Without a blow to save?
Never! while our hearts adore her!
Never! while our arms are for her!
Never! while a foe treads o'er her!
Draw! victorious be.

Chieftains! Clansmen! men of might,
Your fathers' spirits lead;
Hark! they cry—"As heroes fight,
'Tis Scotland's hour of need."
On! as dauntless conquerors ever!
On! they come! their legions shiver!
All is won to-day or never,
Charge! and Scotland free.

STAND FAST, CRAIGELLACHIE!

THE Gordons are out! let them come! let them come!
We'll fight them while we have a man;
Their claymores we scorn, for Strathspey is our home,
And Grant is the name of our clan.
See they come! see they come! Cocks of the North!
Afar let our slogan of battle ring forth;
"Stand fast! stand fast! Craigellachie!"
Hark! loud it rolls on over mountain and brae,
Deep startling the echoes in bonnie Strathspey.

We stand as the pines on the brow of Cromdale,
Defying the hurricane's might;
Though foemen a thousand our glen shall assail,
We'll shun not the tempest of fight.
We are one! we are one! Gordons shall know!
Our forefathers' slogan is victory's blow;
"Stand fast! stand fast! Craigellachie!"

Our name is unsullied, and dire be the day
When Gordons shall triumph in bonnie Strathspey.

As night's gloomy shadows depart from our vale
  Before the bright rays of the sun;
As scattered the dew 'neath the rush of the gale,
  So sure are our victories won.
On them, then! on them, then! death we disdain!
When heard is our slogan 'tis never in vain;
  "*Stand fast! stand fast! Craigellachie!*"
On! on! we will vanquish them, come as they may,
For Grants must be lords of their bonnie Strathspey.

THEIR GRAVES.

HERE lies the dust of our clansmen true-hearted,
Rank grows the grass 'mid their lone lowly beds;
Sad wails the wind for the heroes departed,
And flowerets in sorrow are drooping their heads.
Soundly they sleep in the land that they cherished,
O'er them the mountains their dark shadows fling;
What though their names from the grey stones have perished,
The deeds of the mighty around them still cling.

Uncovered I kneel 'mid the hush of their slumbers,
And kiss the sweet heather that red o'er them blooms;
Hark! wildly the song of the tempest's shrill numbers
Pours forth its deep dirge o'er their unheeded tombs.
Strange music rolls far from the loud-rushing river
That laves the green banks of their lone Highland vale;

'Tis Nature's wild coronach pealing for ever
Its sorrow's lament for the patriot Gael.

Oh! sadly my soul feels a pang of emotion,
One heather-bell blossom I cull from the sod
That shrouds the bold clansmen who fell for devotion
To chieftains who dared to break Tyranny's rod.
Sleep on! in the silence of Death's narrow dwelling,
Sleep on! in the land that ye loved to adorn,
Sleep on! o'er your graves, every glory excelling,
The fame of the hero for ever will burn.

HEATHER SONG.

I SING of the heather, our bonnie bell-heather,
The flower of the mountain that laughs at the storm;
'Mid cold, snowy tempests its beauties ne'er wither,
And proudly it grows in its evergreen charm.
The bright sparkling dew clings with tender love on it,
It ne'er has been trod by the foot of a slave;
It nods with delight on a Highlandman's bonnet,
The emblem of freedom, and badge of the brave.
O! give me our heather, a sprig of our heather,
The pride of Auld Scotland, the flower of the free;
The sweet-scented roses and violets wither,
I lo'e them, but none are like heather to me.

'Twas cherished by chieftains of undying story,
'Twas sacred to clansmen devoted and leal;

Its dear ruddy blossoms are hallowed with glory,
Which gives us the pride that we cannot conceal.
'Mid dark desolation, cold, lonely and dreary,
With all of devotion for evermore dead,
The tears of the exile, forsaken and weary,
In sorrow and sadness have o'er it been shed.
O! give me our heather, &c.

Amid the blue mountains of lone, gloomy grandeur,
Or by the white torrents that leap to the vale,
How sweet in the gloaming 'mong heather to wander,
And breathe its perfume in the breath of the gale.
We'll love it! We'll love it! O! lightly it never,
We'll joy in its beauty at home and afar;
Give Scotland her freedom and bonnie bell-heather!
And Scotsmen will triumph in peace or in war.
O! love, then, the heather, &c.

"SECOND TO NONE;"

OR THE SCOTS GREYS' CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

To arms! if the fire of our fathers still lives,
If glory still clings to their name;
To arms! with the valour that victory gives,
While Freedom and Honour we claim.
We are Scots! We are Scots! foemen shall know us;
Hark! the shrill trumpet is sounding afar;
Up and On! Up and On! who shall o'erthrow us?
We charge but to conquer, wherever we are.

Banners which tell of the deeds of the brave
Are streaming still o'er us in might;
Behold! while their tatters shall flauntingly wave,
A Scotsman is there to give fight!
We are Scots! We are Scots! foemen shall know us, &c.

Then form, as a phalanx of heroes who fear
No tempest of death-dealing guns;
Form! Form! we shall ever unwav'ring appear,
For Scotland can trust to her sons.
We are Scots! We are Scots! foemen shall know us, &c.

Charge! Charge! like a surge rolling swift on the shore,
We know how to vanquish or die;
Hark! Hark! 'mid the red volleys' loud-booming roar,
"*Old Scotland for ever!*" we cry.
These are Scots! These are Scots! who shall o'erthrow them?
List! their wild challenge is pealing afar;
On they go! On they go! foemen shall know them,
As conquerors ever resistless in war.

TO THE LARK.

AWAKE! O lark, where, where thy singing?
Spring lightly skips o'er hill and lea;
Though flowerets from their beds are springing,
No song of welcome bursts from thee.
Up! on light joyous wing,
Herald of smiling spring;
Why art thou songless? Arise in thy glee,
O! let me hear thy song,
Sun-lighted clouds among;
Minstrel of morning, I weary for thee.

Awake! the soft-voiced winds are calling,
And whisper far their gentle love;
Awake! the bright sunbeams are falling,
But thou, alas! art not above.
Mount in the rosy dawn,
Up from the dewy lawn;

Greet the red monarch that bounds from the sea,
Greet him with trills of praise,
Greet him with golden lays;
Songster of sunshine, I weary for thee.

Arise! thou ever-welcome singer,
No hymn the beauteous silence breaks;
Ah! wilt thou, canst thou, tuneless linger,
When Nature from her dream awakes?
No! thou must upward hie,
Pouring a song of joy;
Mount from thy lowly nest, song-winged and free,
O! let thy anthems rise,
Sweet in the morning skies;
Warbler of Heaven, sing ever to me.

SONG OF THE DAISY.

I AM peeping, I am laughing,
See! the Spring dew I am quaffing,
While the merry little sunbeams are reposing on my breast;
I am kissing, I am cooing,
And the soft winds sweetly wooing;
O! their gentle, joyous welcome comes from out the sunny West;
So I blush amid the grass,
As my lovers lightly pass,
And I sing, I am come! I am come!

I am nodding, I am telling,
As Spring melodies are swelling,
That the dark and dreary Winter days are dying once again;
I am growing, I am springing,
To the birdies blithely singing;

O! their lightsome, cheery lilting is a rapture-giving strain;

So I smile to hear their lay,

Pealing o'er me all the day,

And I sing, I am come! I am come!

BONNIE BLUE-BELL, BLUE.

STAR of the lonely heath, flower of the wild,
Blooming alone in love's beautiful grace;
Gem of the heavenly hue, tender and mild,
Why art thou hiding thy soft, timid face?
Why drooping thy lovely head? Say, art thou weeping?
Ah me! in thy bosom a dewy tear glows.
Oh! art thou a mourner in sad sorrow keeping
Thy watch o'er the grave of a hero's repose?
Bonnie blue-bell, blue—gentle blue-bell, blue;
Light of the mountain, joy of the dell.
Tender blue-bell, blue—artless blue-bell, blue;
Flower of my heart, O! with me aye dwell.

Toy of the summer winds, frail is thy form,
Nodding as zephyrs their blithe music pour;
Love of the Highland maid, simple thy charm,
Who can behold thee and never adore?

Alas! thou must sink 'neath the rude tempest sweeping,
And pillow thy head on thy mother's cold breast,
Where, reft of thy beauty, in death's shrivelled sleeping,
Thou'lt vanish away in decay's silent rest.
Bonnie blue-bell, blue—tender blue-bell, blue, &c.

AROS.

AROS! Aros !
Beautiful Aros,
Soft roll the waves on thy silvery shore,
Aros! Aros!
Love-beaming Aros,
Ever thy beauties I fondly adore,
Dear are thy smiling towers,
Dear are thy leafy bowers,
Dearer the golden hours
With Mary of Aros, My own Highland maid.

Aros! Aros!
Sea-sounding Aros,
Ever thy memories my soul will o'erfill,
Aros! Aros!
Dream-giving Aros,
Visions of love haunt my lone bosom still,

Dear are thy mountains blue,
Dear is dark Golla Dhu,
Dearer the maiden true,
My Mary of Aros, my own Highland maid.

Aros! Aros!
Mary of Aros,
Priestess of fate, my life's hope-lighted part,
Aros! Aros!
Beauty of Aros,
Oh that thine eyes saw thy worshipper's heart!
Graven thy image there,
Smiles, voice, and graces rare,
Grant me its only prayer,
My Mary of Aros, my own Highland maid.

CRAIG DHU.

SEE, up from Craig Dhu the fire-signal is streaming,
Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu!
Come, gather Macphersons while yet it is gleaming,
Our foemen the foray shall rue—
Come with the studded shield,
Come with the broad claymore,
Gather from glen and field,
Gather as sons of yore;
Our Cluny Macpherson shall lead to the cry—
Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu!

Hark! loud the black chanter its war-notes is pealing,
Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu!
Far over Benalder the summons is stealing,
Arousing the clan ever true—
See, as wrath-crested waves,
See, as a torrent's might,

Gather the battle braves,
Gather the sons of fight;
And Cluny Macpherson shall lead to their cry—
Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu!

O proudly they gather while wildly is sounding—
Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu!
No coward foot over the heather is bounding,
No coward voice answers anew—
Loud as the thunder's roar,
Through the cloud-covered glen,
Deep on dark Laggan's shore
Rolls the dread slogan then;
While Cluny Macpherson leads on to the cry—
Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu!

Macphersons! Macphersons! the foemen are nearing,
Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu!
Out! out from their sheaths see their claymores appearing—
On! on ye Macphersons and—do!
On o'er the heath they dart,
Vengeance in every blow,

Stricken the coward heart,
Vanquished the plaided foe;
And Cluny Macpherson hears victory's cry—
Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu! Craig Dhu!

THE HARPER OF GLENCOE.

STILL fondly though feebly by Cona I wander,
Still sweet is its song to my ear,
On glories departed, in sorrow I ponder,
While days ever vanished appear.
Again o'er my harp shall my old weary fingers
Sweep on with the sadness of years—
Again, while the spirit of melody lingers,
Shall roll the strange music of tears.

I hear not the voices of childhood glee-ringing!
I see not around me the brave!
I hear not the voices of maidens joy-singing!
I see not the dark tartans wave!
Alas! are there none to rejoice in my numbers?
Alas! are there none to adore?
The hollow winds speak from the caves of their slumbers,
And whisper:—Glencoe is no more!

THE HARPER OF GLENCOE.

"Glencoe is no more.'

Alone, all alone, do I sing to the mountains,
That gloom in the silence of woe,
While down their bare bosoms the white streaming fountains
As silent tears, ceaselessly flow;
On each rugged crest, in the pallor of sadness,
The cold mists of loneliness lie,
Around them with brightness, or life-giving gladness,
No golden rays joyously fly.

I hear the deep thunders of wakening Heaven,
Roll on in their terrible dream,
I see the pale lightnings o'er gorges rock-riven,
In grandeur exultingly stream;
Alas! are there none to rejoice in the battle
Which startles the earth to its core?
The thunder-clouds speak with a far-dying rattle,
And whisper:—Glencoe is no more!

LITTLE MARY.

LITTLE Mary! little Mary!
Dark-haired daughter, where art thou?
Art thou sleeping, little Mary?
Art thou hiding from me now?
O! I left thee in the morning,
Ere the sun o'er Rannoch rose—
Ere the stag, the valley scorning,
Sought the mountain's misty brows;
Thou wert sleeping, little Mary,
And I kissed thee, little Mary—
Kissed thee, Mary, on thy brow.

Little Mary! Little Mary!
Soft-voiced daughter, wilt thou speak?
Give me welcome, little Mary,
Kiss me! kiss me! on the cheek.
Tell me, shadows of the mountains,
Where does little Mary dwell?

Tell me, solemn whispering fountains,
Where the voice I loved so well?
She is silent, little Mary,
She is sleeping, little Mary—
Sleeping, and my heart will break.

Little Mary! little Mary!
Joyous sunbeam sunk in night,
Nevermore, my little Mary,
Shall I revel in thy light;
Ah! my heart in joy returning
From the chase on Buchael Ben,
Sunk, as loud the wails of mourning
Rolled their sadness up the glen;
And my staghounds, little Mary,
Howled in terror, little Mary—
Howled as passed thy spirit bright.

Little Mary! little Mary!
With the mighty thou dost roam—
With thy fathers, little Mary,
In that far mysterious home.
When the moonbeams lightly quiver

'Mid night's drooping clouds of grey,
I will see thy spirit ever
Beckoning me to come away;
Thou wilt lead me, little Mary,
Thou wilt guide me, little Mary—
Guide me, Mary, when I come.

THE SONG OF THE NINETY-SECOND, OR GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

WE come with the tread of our bold mountaineers,
Our deed-blazoned banner before us appears,
The war-pipe is sounding, and ever inspires
The bosoms that thrill with the fame of their sires.
No coward heart is in our ranks, we're warriors every one;
In native garb arrayed we march, the foremost fighting clan;
We are the men! from hill and glen! who can our arms subdue?
Where'er we are! we're first in war, as Gordons ever true.

Our forefathers fought for the old Scottish throne,
And rallied round Charlie when friendless and lone;
Culloden can tell how they rushed like a surge,
And Sassenachs quailed 'neath their terrible charge.

We're still! We're still! the mountain men who for
their chieftains fight,
Wild as a native tempest blast, resistless is our might;
We fear no foe! but on them go! and glory's path
pursue,
Where'er we are! we're first in war, as Gordons ever
true.

For Scotland and Freedom we stand as of yore,
We're ready to guard aye the home we adore;
Her honour we've ever maintained o'er the world,
When our banner in anger was proudly unfurled.
'Tis ours! 'Tis ours! to bear the love that decks our
feats of arms,
Our Caledonian valour burns 'mid war's majestic
storms;
We never yield! though dire the field, 'tis victory's
deeds we do,
Where'er we are! we're first in war, the Gordons
ever true.

THE COLUMBIAN SCOTS' HYMN.

WHEN first Columbia's banner mighty Washington
unfurled,
Pale Liberty's terrific shout rung o'er a startled world,
In majesty of victory, its stars triumphant rose,
Lit with the deeds of Freedom's men who fought
their kinsmen foes.
O! gloriously the trump of Fame proclaimed their
challenge forth,
Heaven heard the sweet, immortal notes, and blest
the nation's birth,
Brave Caledonian warriors around the standard stood,
Defiant, as their sires of old, they shed their hero
blood.
A hymn for all Columbia's Scots! a song for those
who claim,
The land of Wallace and of Bruce, the hoary land
of fame;

Though far from all its hallowed charms, with love-
illumined eye,
May every bosom proudly bear Old Scotland's
honour high.

Columbia's Caledonians true stand ever for the right,
When Freedom's glory is assailed they shun no foe
or fight,
Old Scotland's lonely glens and hills are monuments
that tell
How dark Oppression's legions failed the Scottish fire
to quell.
Ah! though we love Columbia's shore our hearts can
ne'er forget
That little, rugged land afar which haunts our dream-
ings yet,
Its memories around us cling, the Scotsman's sacred
trust,
For 'mid its silent grandeur lies our fathers' honoured
dust.
A hymn for all Columbia's Scots! a song for those
who claim, &c.

Columbia's freedom-girded shore we love as Scotsmen leal,
We love the starry flag that guards our liberty and weal,
Beneath its wide-extending folds we live in joy and peace,
And mark, where'er its shadow falls our happiness increase.
But though we toil in field or mine, or in the back-woods roam,
Or in the far and lonely West rejoicing seek a home,
We bear! we bear! where'er we are the love that never dies,
For Scotland's name round every heart a living halo lies.
A hymn for all Columbia's Scots! a song for those who claim, &c.

THE LAND OF THE GAEL.

GAELS ever! Gaels ever! are we,
We come from the land of the North;
Gaels ever! with honour we be,
Adoring the land of our birth.
Braw lasses loving,
Stalwart sons roving,
Pibroch notes screaming,
Tartans wide streaming,
Heather perfuming,
Blue-bells soft blooming,
Red deer swift flying,
Corries lone sighing,
This, this, is the land of the Gael

Sunsets enthralling,
Gloaming's hush falling
Mountains blue rearing,
Green glens appearing,

Rivers sweet singing,
Echoes far-flinging,
Sullen seas dashing,
Silver waves flashing,
This, this, is the land of the Gael!

Black clouds low waving,
Dark tempests raving,
Lightnings bright sweeping,
Shivered rocks leaping,
Thunders loud roaring,
Torrents wild pouring,
Winds sadly wailing,
Gloom mists prevailing,
This, this, is the land of the Gael!
This, this, is the home of the free!
Long, long, may our proud boast prevail—
Gaels ever! Gaels ever! are we!

CLACH-NA-CUDAIN.

O, DEAR Clach-na-cudain! I ne'er will forget thee,
Though far from thy beauties which cling to my heart;
Thy bright, happy memories ever beset me,
And from my lone bosom will never depart.
Sad, sad was the light of that cold-dawning morrow,
And cruel the hour of the parting I knew;
My soul was o'erladen with anguish and sorrow,
I could not bid dear Clach-na-cudain adieu!

O! the old Highland love in my bosom is burning,
And cheering my home in the wilds of the West;
I sing the old songs, and the wish of returning
Arises, 'mid tears of despair, in my breast:
When o'er the far prairies the thunder-cloud gathers,
Or hurricanes rush through the forests with glee,
My thoughts wander back to the home of my fathers,
I long near my loved Clach-na-cudain to be.

My sweet Clach-na-cudain! far dearer than ever,
I long, O! I long to behold thee once more;
I see in my dreamings thy clear flowing river,
And hear, with emotion, the voices of yore:
I wake! but I see not the dark-waving heather,
Nor green Tomnahurich, where slumbers my kin,
I see not the mountains where gloomy clouds gather,
I see not my own Clach-na-cudain again.

Ah! here are no glens, nor blue mountains enthralling,
No fields whereon Tyranny found but a grave;
No sweet-singing burnies, no gloaming's soft falling,
No old ruined castles which tell of the brave.
Though Fortune smiles on me it never can cheer me,
Home cannot be home to the heart without joy;
One wish,—when I go to the home of the weary,
Fain, fain near my own Clach-na-cudain I'd lie.

*THE OLD LION.**

Is the Lion of England asleep in his lair?
No! No!
Can he slumber while tempest-clouds roll in the air?
No! Never! No!
When dark thunder-blasts gather fast in the sky,
When omens of danger and battles swift fly,
When marshalled are hosts in the Orient afar,
The Lion of England is ready for war.
The Lion of England ne'er closes his eyes
When banners of war are unfurled,
Though crouching in peace, he can dauntlessly rise
To fight, aye! to conquer the world.

Shall the glory of England be dimmed in its glow?
No! No!

* This song was written sometime prior to the late war between Russia and Turkey.

Shall our Orient crown be assailed by a foe?
No! Never! No!
Though fierce is the breath of the dire coming storm,
Though Cossacks and Tartars war-mustering form,
Though fanatic Moslems their wild legions bring,
The Lion of England is ready to spring.
The Lion of England ne'er closes his eyes, &c.

Shall the Crescent be ever our ban of unrest?
No! No!
Shall its dying gleams wither the peace of the West?
No! Never! No!
Oppression encircles its war-cradled crown,
Its blood-ushered banner in blood must go down;
The vengeance of centuries bursts in its might,
But England's old Lion is ready for fight.
The Lion of England ne'er closes his eyes, &c.

Is the Lion of England awake as of yore?
Yes! Yes!
Do his sons leap to arms 'neath his terrible roar?
Yes! Ever yes!
Be ready! our prestige and peace are imperilled,

Our swords must be drawn and our banners unfurled;
The Key of the East we must guard and maintain,
For England's old Lion unbridled must reign.

The Lion of England ne'er closes his eyes, &c.

KNOW YE THE FLAG?

KNOW ye the flag of our old Fatherland?
Know ye the flag of the free?
Beneath its bright halo no coward can stand,
There! there heroes only can be;
'Twas spun in the homes of our wild mountaineers,
And Freedom her dear emblem blest.
Behold! still the glory of two thousand years,
Unsullied, illumines its breast.
'Tis the Lion flag of Scotland,
Forsake it shall we never,
The banner of our Fatherland
We love it, love it ever.

Know ye the flag of our loved Fatherland?
Know ye the flag of the brave?
While leal hearts around it in majesty stand,
It ne'er will be touched by a slave.

'Twas dipt in the blood of our bold Roman foes,
The Saxon beheld it with shame;
Triumphant the sun of our liberty rose,
And welcomed its charter of fame.
'Tis the Lion flag of Scotland,
Forsake it shall we never,
The banner of our Fatherland,
Victorious, glorious ever.

Know ye the flag of our own Fatherland?
Know ye the flag of the true?
Sons valiant as ever 'twill always command,
Aye, ready a foe to subdue.
We love it in peace and we love it in war,
Its memories we ne'er can forget?
We cherish its story wherever we are,
And fear not to fight for it yet.
'Tis the Lion flag of Scotland,
Forsake it shall we never,
The banner of our Fatherland,
Shall be our glory ever.

"STAND TO YOUR WORK."

A LABOUR ODE.

STAND to your work, as a man who loves labour,
  Come, fear not to toil with a vigorous arm;
Heed not the sneers of an eye-serving neighbour,
  Or coward-skulks' hate, which can never do harm.

Man is but man when he glories in duty;
  Work is the heritage given to all;
High is the soul in its measure of beauty
  When proudly it answers to Labour's roll-call.

What though your labour is merely stone-breaking,
  Turning, or fitting, or wielding the spade,
Add to your laurels of manhood by making
  An honest day's work as the soul of your trade.

Can ye take wages ye ne'er have been earning?
  Do ye not know that your life is but brief?

Shall it be said that ye toiled undiscerning,
And sank to the grave with the brand of a thief?

Honesty's gold is alone worth the having,
Of leal and true work 'tis the guerdon and pledge—
None can the trash of the lazy be saving,
For swiftly it melts as the snow on a hedge.

Is he a man who is frightened to cherish
The lofty impulse that attends on the brave?
No! no! in the lazy all higher thoughts perish,
And darkly he toils with the soul of a slave.

Say! are they heroes in life's rugged battle
Who will not with fervour their day-weapons wield?
Behold them! they stand as poor somnolent cattle,
Which crouch in the shade of the sun-lighted field.

Come! glorious morn, whose bright dawning shall banish
The dark clouds of sloth which o'ershade as a ban;
Come! then the warfare of labour shall vanish;
Come! then each workman shall be a true man.

HAMMER, AND CHISEL, AND FILE.

A SONG FOR THE IRON LEGION.

O! MY heart ever warms to my brothers in arms,
Who labour with iron and steel,
'Neath the steam-giant's shade, where their offerings are laid,
Behold them! united and leal.
There is joy in their eyes as the fire-gods arise
Beneath the enchantment of toil,
For they shape their strong limbs to the glorious hymns
Of hammer, and chisel, and file.
Hammer, and chisel, and file! Hammer, and chisel, and file!
The charters of our manhood, the emblems of our toil;
We swing them with a will, for we've greater victories still
To win upon the world with our hammers and our skill.

In the vanguard they stand, as the pioneer band,
Who fashion mankind's higher way,
For the weapons they wield to a foe never yield,
Triumphant is ever their sway.
O ! their banners of might are the beacons of light,
Which shine as a freedom-lit smile,
And the slave's bloody chains fall as peal the grand strains
Of hammer, and chisel, and file.
Hammer, and chisel, and file ! Hammer, and chisel, and file ! &c.

They are lords of the sphere, above king, duke, or peer,
Though flaunting no sword-given name ;
On their sweat-beaming brows there's a diadem glows,
Which pales the proud baubles of fame,
And the shrine of their lives is their homes, weans, and wives,
Whose love-bosomed welcomes beguile,
All the cares that belong to the bold battle-song
Of hammer, and chisel, and file.
Hammer, and chisel, and file ! Hammer, and chisel, and file ! &c.

A SONG FOR MEN.

WORK! work! work! work like the brave and the true,
Be not an idler while living on earth;
Work! work! work! work while there's labour to do,
Toil is the genuine emblem of worth.
Up with the dawn like a man of true spirit,
Shake off the slumbers that would ye control,
Roll up your sleeves to your work, never fear it,
Know, to a man, 'tis the soul of his soul.
Then work! work! work! work with a fond lover's will.
Sweet is the bread ye have stamped with your sweat;
So work! work! work! work and your duties fulfil,
To glory in toil is the joy of the great.

Work! work! work! work for your children and wives,
Bright is the home of the scion of toil;
Work! work! work! work is your love for their lives,
Shun not the labour that brings ye their smile.
Who would their God-given heritage shirk then?
Shall sloth's slavish yoke all your energies cloy?
Nobler to die in the harness of work then
Than live on the garbage the lazy enjoy.
Then work! work! work! work with an honest man's will, &c.

Work! work! work! work is the patriot's mould,
Be not a traitor to country or God;
Work! work! work! work like the loyal and bold,
Cheering your comrades on life's higher road.
The banner of labour is ever unfurled,
Grand are the notes of its loud trumpet call;
O! better be soldiers that quicken the world
Than cowards who live to do nothing at all.
Then work! work! work! work with a hero-souled will, &c.

STEAM SONG.

A HYMN for the Fire-god's might,
A song for his victor powers,
His sway gives the nations light;
O! where is a god like ours?
For his strength is the red fire's unseen soul,
His food is the flame from the crackling coal,
While his hot breath blows from his iron mail,
A monarch is he that can never fail.
Did the Greek or the Roman dream
Of this glorious god supreme?
O! no, they never knew
Of a King and Slave so true
As Steam! Mighty Steam! Ruling Steam!

He laughs at the surly gale,
He smiles at the tempest's wrath,
And the angry waves grow pale
As he treads his ocean path.

He rides on the deep in his fiery throne,
And the stormy winds must his sceptre own,
He heeds not their rage as they round him dash,
Nor the thunder's roar, nor the lightning's flash.
Did the Greek or the Roman dream, &c.

He flies o'er the land with glee,
Nor hills nor valleys can stay
A racer who runs as he
On his narrow iron way.
He bounds away with the speed of the wind—
See! his banner white streaming far behind—
Hark! his shrill voice rolls round the earth afar,
Triumphant it tells of his bloodless war.
Did the Greek or Roman dream, &c.

Who worship this Fire-god's smile?
What song do they sing to him?
Ho! ho! 'tis the sons of toil,
And their hammers peal his hymn!
For an iron song is this god's delight,
And the toiler's sweat is his fount of might,
And the homage grand of a horny hand

Spreads his empire over each darkened land.

Did the Greek or the Roman dream, &c.

ENGINEERS.

IRON-SOULED warriors, invincible marchers,
Mockers of oceans and scorners of streams,
Piercers of mountains and wide valley archers,
Moulders of Nature to Titan-like schemes.
Weighers of worlds and lightning producers,
Measurers of distance, reviewers of spheres,
Critics of ages and sun-fire reducers,
Workers of wonders! our great engineers.

Makers of nations, shapers of histories,
Spreaders of Liberty, givers of light,
Haters of falsities, solvers of mysteries,
Builders of bulwarks 'gainst Tyranny's might;
Preachers of sermons whose soul is Progression,
Lifters of man from the mire of the years,
Bearers of banners unmarked with Aggression,
Heroes of peace are our great engineers.

HAMMER SONG.

STRIKE! strike! strike!
With a merry, merry chime let our hammers fall in time,
With a cheery, cheery swing let our hammers gaily sing,
Let them pour their iron rhyme in a melody sublime,
Let them sing rat! tat!
Let them ring rat! tat!
O! it is a joyous song, from a bosom wondrous strong,
And our arms give the charms as we strike—
Rat tat ta! rat tat ta! rat tat ta!

Strike! strike! strike!
Give a sturdy, sturdy blow, let our hammers' music flow;
For a brawny, brawny hand can our hammers' song command,
And their echoes rolling go, in a sweet, harmonious glow,

As they sing rat! tat!
As they ring rat! tat!
Hark! it is a song which tells, in its soul-enchanting swells,
That our arms give the charms as we strike—
Rat tat ta! rat tat ta! rat tat ta!

Strike! strike! strike!
What a stirring, stirring sound, ever in those hammers found.
O! it sweetens, sweetens toil, and its notes of joy beguile
All the cold cares which abound in the weary daily round,
For they sing rat! tat!
Loud they ring rat! tat!
O! it is a song for those with the sweat-encircled brows,
And their arms give it charms as they strike—
Rat tat ta! rat tat ta! rat tat ta!

LOOK FOR THE LIGHT, LADS!

Life is a scene where Light and Shade
Alternate sweep the prospect o'er.

ASK not why my brow is unfurrowed and fair,
Ask not why I smile though surrounded with care;
I laugh and I sing, aye, from morning till night,
And, 'mid all adversities, Look for the Light!
Look for the Light, lads, though distant and far,
Behind every cloud, lads, there's some wee star;
Fixed be your gaze, lads, with eyes beaming bright,
Bold are the hearts, lads, that look for the Light.

The campaign of life is ne'er fought in the dust,
Its weapons of battle are forged not to rust;
True soldiers ne'er quail in the thickest of fight,
But follow their banner and look for its Light.
Look for the Light, lads, though distant and far, &c.

The faint-hearted coward shrinks 'neath the first blow,
In pale, trembling terror his sorrow-tears flow;

Bewailing his fate he succumbs with affright,
Bereft of the courage to look for the Light.
Look for the Light, lads, though distant and far, &c.

The shouts of our brothers in victory's arms
Should spur on the weakest to brave the dread storms;
The laurel of manhood 's a glorious sight,
And won but by men who aye look for the Light.
Look for the Light, lads, though distant and far, &c.

Our path may be dreary and dim to our view,
Our souls may be weary, our friends may be few;
What matter? The joys that our trials requite
Are those which we reap as we look for the Light.
Look for the Light, lads, though distant and far, &c.

We cannot through tears see the light of the sun,
We cannot, despairing, a winning race run;
Away with our tears! let us banish them quite,
Let us sing as we march, lads, Look for the Light!
Look for the Light, lads, though distant and far, &c.

OUT FROM THE NARROW.

OUT from the narrow, friend, into the broad,
Love is the measure of man;
Out from the narrow, friend, rising to God,
Sympathy lightens His plan;
O! for the heart that can feel for another!
O! for the voice with the tone of a brother!
O! for the hand that can soothe like a mother!
Whose eye is a token
Of kindness unspoken,
And shows a grand soul in its pitiful scan.

Out from the narrow, friend, into the broad,
Hell is the guerdon of hate;
Out from the narrow, friend, lessening the load,
Cruelly crowning our state.
Why should we wrap ourselves up in vain dreaming?
Why should we see but our little selves beaming?

Earth with the groans of the weary is teeming,
And sorrows unended
Sink hearts unbefriended;
Ho! let us be angels of mercy elate.

Out from the narrow, friend, into the broad,
Actions the man ever prove;
Out from the narrow, friend, courting the road
Lit with the footprints of love;
True is our pleasure when others are sharing,
Great is the man who can cheer the despairing;
See him! the crown of the conqueror wearing,
While to him is given
Earth's passport for Heaven,
Where garlands immortal around him are wove.

Out from the narrow, friend, into the broad,
Jealousy reigns but to blight;
Out from the narrow, friend, why would ye plod,
Bound in Self's prison of night?
Help—for the poor one in poverty's lodging,
Smiles—for the less-favoured wayfarer trudging,

Prayers—from a heart that can give without grudging,
Brighten life's gloomy way,
Give it one happy day,
And spread in death's darkness a soul-cheering light.

THE TALE.

I MARKED the love of a silent tongue,
And the gaze of an infant eye;
And the chubby hands that timidly clung
To a mother's bosom nigh.
For the scene was strange, and the earth was cold,
And Life's dawn-time rose like a dream untold,

I heard a laugh from a prattling voice,
And the tread of two pattering feet;
And the merry shout from a throne of toys
Rung far as a joy-song sweet.
For the Spring was bright, and the earth was fair,
And Life's flowery path was bereft of care.

I saw a smile on two rosy lips,
And a blush on two lily cheeks;

And the full-souled eyes, in love's soft eclipse,
Shone out in their merry freaks.
For the earth below, and the skies above,
Seemed a heaven of joy to the heart in love.

I saw a tear in a sunken eye,
And a look devoid of charm;
And the trembling voice, and the helpless sigh,
Of a thin and wasted form.
Ah! the scene was strange, as the gloaming went,
And the darkness came as Life's day was spent.

I saw a mound in the churchyard old,
And the dew on the green grass shone;
And the spring-kissed daisies grew from its mould,
With a tear on every one.
For the dream was o'er, and the earth was cold,
And the sleeper slept, for the tale was told.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY THOUGHTS.

AWAY! ye dark spectres that nurture unrest!
Go! think not that I am your slave;
Usurp the repose of the coward-fraught breast,
But touch not the peace of the brave.

Your cold icy terrors may cravens consume,
Till sunk are their souls in despair;
Go! lash ye your wretches in Misery's gloom,
Till life is a burden of care.

Avaunt! ye Night tyrants, your shadows I scorn,
I laugh as their scowlings increase;
I glory in Life, 'neath the banner of morn,
And wear the bright armour of peace.

Go then to the weak! there your temple upraise,
Sap life with your revels of hell!

Wield Thought's thousand daggers! Set conscience
a-blaze!
All, all your attacks I repel.

SONNET

ON DR. RAMAGE'S "BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS" FROM ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS.

WHAT are they? Ask not. They are priceless gems,
Lit with the glow of Heaven-directed Art,
Of Time's eternal robes the lustrous part;
Truth's glorious stars, outshining diadems,
Beauty is dead in him, whose heart contemns
The wondrous lucence of this milky-way
Of Wisdom's constellations. What are they?
Unwithering flowers, fragrant on sapful stems,
Draped in the golden modesty of Truth,
Glistening for ever with celestial dews,
Which sparkle to delight the wondering eyes
Of hoary-headed age or giddy youth;
Full filling life with sweetnesses profuse,
They feed the soul and raise us to the skies.

SONG OF THE EAGLE.

I AM lord of the clouds, I am king of the sky,
The crest of the crag is my throne;
With broad-spreading wings on the tempest I fly,
And soar like a monarch alone.
O! I laugh at the voice of the blast and rejoice,
'Mid far rolling thunders I joy;
While the lambkins that leap in the green valleys deep
I bear to my table on high.
I shriek Hee! Hee! I laugh Hie! Hie!
Hie! Hie! Hie! Hie! Hee! Hee!
I'm lord of the clouds, I'm king of the sky,
Was ever a king like me.

I am proud of my queen, I am proud of my home,
I've princes to nourish and rear;
From morning till evening I ceaselessly roam
To bring them the daintiest cheer.

O! I glory to know that they watch me below,
With pride in each sun-daring eye,
And their shrill cries of love I hear far, far above,
Then loud is my cheering reply.
I shriek Hee! Hee! I laugh Hie! Hie!
Hie! Hie! Hie! Hie! Hee! Hee!
I'm lord of the vale, I'm king of the dale,
Was ever a king like me.

I am free as the wind, I am fearless and brave,
No foes can my kingdom assail;
I crouch not to man as a heart-broken slave,
Defiant, I never will quail.
O! with talons and beak, who can say I am weak?
The mightiest foe I defy;
As the swift lightning flash, I exultingly dash,
Victorious ever am I.
I shriek Hee! Hee! I laugh Hie! Hie!
Hie! Hie! Hie! Hie! Hee! Hee!
I'm lord of the wind, I'm king of my kind,
Was ever a king like me.

ANTHEM—ADVANCE AUSTRALIA.

ADVANCE Australia ever,
Land of the free-born brave,
Thy sons becoming never
The tyrant or the slave.
Sprung from a mighty stem,
Labour their diadem,
Who will their power contemn?
Advance Australia ever.

Advance Australia ever,
In peace thy glory spread;
No wars thy strength will sever,
No foemen o'er thee tread.
Nursed 'neath bright Freedom's sun,
Laurel'd with victories won,
Heroes from sire to son,
Advance Australia ever.

Advance Australia ever,
Onward thy banner bear,
Till mountain, plain, and river
Thy battle peans hear.
Blest be thy glorious sway,
Happy thy children aye,
Long may they proudly pray.
Advance Australia ever.

Advance Australia ever,
God be thy shield and guide,
His bounty fail thee never,
His arm be on thy side.
Queen of the Southern Sea,
Great will thy future be,
Nations will bow to thee.
Advance Australia ever.

THE DEATH SONG OF WALLACE.

NOW dawns the day, the hour is nigh
From galling chains and dungeons free;
A traitor's death I'm doomed to die
By cruel treacherie.
My sword was drawn 'gainst despots fause,
Who fled before its glamourie;
I could not brook Oppression's laws
As Scotland's destinie.

My foes may triumph now, but know
I scorn their taunting raillerie;
I fear not death, I will not bow
To ruthless tyrannie.
A thousand deaths I'd die to give
My country peace and dignitie;
A patriot's deeds will ever live
For man's fraternitie.

Yon sun beholds my Scotland's tears,
And hears her groans of slaverie;
'Twill see her yet in coming years
'Neath Freedom's victorie.
Farewell, my Scotland! 'tis for thee
I give my blood so joyouslie;
Farewell! each drop a prayer shall be
For Scotland's libertie.

ONE HEART ALONE.

GIVE me but one loving heart,
  Let it be my constant home,
Never from it will I part
  Wheresoe'er I roam.
'Mid this scene of endless strife
  Friends and joys are sparsely sown;
All I want to sweeten life
  Is one heart alone.

When to care and grief a prey,
  Warring with unhappy fears,
Love can soothe, and wipe away
  Sorrow's saddest tears.
Fond I seek for peace and rest,
  Now the world has coldly grown,
O! I find them truly blest
  In one heart alone.

All is not a joyless dream,
Hope will shine, and shine to cheer,
Heavenly bliss will sometimes beam
Sweetly on us here;
'Mid the gloom of weary days,
Many happy hours I've known,
Fostered by the golden rays
Of one heart alone.

I LOVE THE WIND.

O! I LOVE the wind, the galloping wind,
I love its changing glee—
Its soft-sighing tones, its loud-rushing groans,
Are music's soul to me.
It whistles and roars through the chinky doors,
And down the chimneys' gloom,
It plaintively cries, like a voice from the skies
With a sad and eerie whoom.
O! I love the wind, the galloping wind,
I love its changing glee—
Its soft-sighing tones, its loud-rushing groans,
Are music's soul to me.

It sweeps o'er the sea with a despot's glee,
It mocks the sailor's woe,
And its mournful wails seem the only tales
Of those deep, deep below.

The lone mother fears, as its chant she hears,
For one, her only joy,
And her prayers ascend to her only Friend,
To guard her sailor boy.
O! I love the wind, &c.

It bounds with delight o'er the mountain height,
It scuds o'er the vale and heath,
And the strong oaks cower 'neath the mighty power
That lurks within its breath.
It laughs and it sings, and weird music flings
Like a spirit unconfined,
It moans and it groans in the saddest of tones,—
Yet, I love, I love the wind.
O! I love the wind, &c.

SABBATH MORN AT MOFFAT.

SWEET-sounding through the peaceful vale,
Love-wafted on the soft wind's breath,
The bells ring out the heavenly tale
Of joy in life, of hope in death.
Ring on! O bells, afar proclaim
His message in your golden swells;
Ring on! ring on, His hallowed name
Lives ever in the Sabbath bells.
Loved bells, ring on! ring on!

Wee flowerets hear the gladdening tone,
And bow their tender, dewy blades;
The songsters of the green woods own
The solemn sound which all pervades,
Ring on! O bells, afar proclaim, &c.

The laughing streamlet silent seems,
No more is heard its merry peals;

Hushed, as the sound of song in dreams
Its voice in whispers faintly steals.
Ring on! O bells, afar proclaim, &c.

Responsive to the summons sweet,
From hill and dale, from moorland fells,
The toil-worn cottars joyous meet,
For God speaks forth in Sabbath bells.
Ring on! ring on! Lo! Nature feels
A holy awe that circling dwells
Above, around; an angel peals
A hymn of joy in Sabbath bells.
Loved bells, ring on! ring on!

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

THE leaf is on the tree,
The bloom upon the thorn,
But summer joys to me
Will never more return,
Will never more return,
Will never more be fair,
My heart of peace is shorn,
And life I cannot bear.

The leaf shall withering fall,
The snowy bloom shall fade,
And sorrow deck them all
With garments of the dead.
With garments of the dead,
Which soon shall cover me,
In some lone, silent bed,
Where none unhappy be.

THE GOOD OLD SHIP.

FAREWELL to the craft that has long been my home,
Farewell to the time-battered wreck,
No more on the ocean in beauty she'll roam,
Or bear gallant hearts on her deck.
O! she was the envy of every old tar,
As out from the harbour she'd slip;
They rolled their great quids as she flew o'er the bar,
And wished sailors' luck to our ship.
Now her spars are gone and her timbers rent,
Around her the slimy weeds drip,
Still I love her for all the bright days which I spent
On board of the good old ship.

Oft mothers and sweethearts would see her away,
And wave their white signals of love;
Oft many a heart for good weather would pray,

When dark clouds were gathering above.
With canvas close-reefed like a bird she would leap,
The waves she would joyously sip,
No matter what tempests swept over the deep,
Ever tight was the good old ship.
Now her spars are gone, &c.

Our skipper was staunch and the pride of his crew,
His heart ever beat for their weal,
They loved him as only good sailors can do,
When kindness is lord of the wheel.
They're scattered afar, and the skipper is gone
Away on the long silent trip,
My anchor is down, and I gaze now alone
On the last of the good old ship.
For her spars are gone, &c.

OLD JIM.

OLD JIM was a pilot as fearless and bold
As ever sailed out on the sea,
His ruddy face shone 'neath his sou'-wester old,
His smile was aye honest and free.
He cherished his boat as a child does a toy,
His horny hands mended its sail;
With Jim at the tiller it bounded with joy,
And danced to the song of each gale.
Brave Old Jim, bold Old Jim,
Foremost in duty, all weathers he braved,
Good Old Jim, kind Old Jim,
Many a sailor from danger he saved.

'Twas whispered of Jim that he never knew fear,
No matter what tempest came down,
And fishermen said as they stood on the pier,—
No sea could the old fellow drown.
When nor'-easters blew Jim would watch night and day;

If aught in distress he should spy,
Alone in his craft he would shoot from the bay,
And off to the rescue would fly.
Brave Old Jim, bold Old Jim, &c.

His good dame oft watched him with pride as he flew
Afar on his errand of love ;
She had not a fear in her breast, for she knew
Her Jim would victorious prove.
The waves seemed to know when Old Jim was afloat,
His cheery voice oft they had heard,
And trembled with joy at the kiss of his boat,
Which sped o'er their crests like a bird.
Brave Old Jim, bold Old Jim, &c.

One night from the breakers a signal was flashed,
A signal of death far away ;
Swiftly a boat through the snowy surf dashed,
And hastened the call to obey.
A weeping wife stood at her wee cottage door,
The fishermen searched, but in vain,
They found a frail craft bottom up on the shore,
But Jim never came back again.

Poor Old Jim, brave Old Jim
Sleeps in the grave of the wild-rolling sea.
Good Old Jim, kind Old Jim,
Blest shall his memory and deeds ever be.

TO WINNIE.

LAUGHING Winnie, darling Winnie,
Floweret of love's golden spring;
Know thy smiles, my gentle Winnie,
Joys unto my bosom bring.
Dearest Winnie, sweetest Winnie,
Sunbeam of my home art thou,
Come unto my bosom, Winnie,
Let me kiss thy bonnie brow.
Rosy baby, Winnie,
Full of mirth and glee,
Star of blessing, Winnie,
Shine, O! shine on me!

Joyous Winnie, wiling Winnie,
Child of Hope art thou to me;
May thy years be happy, Winnie,
From all tears and sorrows free.

Tender Winnie, loving Winnie,
Grace and beauty be thy throne,
Pledge of soul-light ;—Darling Winnie,
Kiss me once again my own.
Rosy baby, Winnie, &c.

ADIEU.

I NE'ER will forget thee, though now I must leave thee,
To part from the loved brings the tear to my eye,
Alas! in the sorrows of parting which grieve me,
I cannot! I cannot e'en bid thee good-bye.
The hour is at hand, and it brooks no delaying,
The ship's in the stream, see! they signal anew,
The white sails are loosed, and the anchor they're weighing,
I go! but in anguish, I bid thee, adieu!

I ne'er will forget thee, thy kindness shall lighten
The clouds which may gather in days yet to come;
In weal, or in woe, thy remembrance shall brighten
With soul-cheering beauty my far distant home.
The dearest of friendships, alas! must be broken,
'Tis cruel to sever from all that is true.
I go! and I leave as an undying token,—
The love of my heart, as I bid thee, Adieu!

AMY.

A WREATH of summer flowers I'll twine
For Amy, Amy, fair,
I'll deck the bonnie brow divine
Of Amy, Amy, rare.
When gloaming steals with golden feet
O'er valley, lea, and glade,
With lightsome step I hie to meet
My merry, merry, blue-eyed maid.
Amy mine, Amy mine,
Blue-eyed maid, my heart is thine.

O! brighter far than summer flowers
Is Amy, Amy, fair,
And dear to me the happy hours
With Amy, Amy, rare.
Then tell me not that life is drear,
And coldly wrapt in shade,

Hope ever gleams when she is near,
My merry, merry, blue-eyed maid.
Amy mine, Amy mine,
Blue-eyed maid, my heart is thine.

She's purer than the ruddy rose,
My Amy, Amy, fair,
And virtue's crown in beauty glows
On Amy, Amy rare.
Go give to others wealth and fame,
Or fleeting joys that fade,
But let me love, and loving claim
My merry, merry, blue-eyed maid.
Amy mine, Amy mine,
Blue-eyed maid my heart is thine.

PART II.

DE'IL WATT.

"The De'il was seized with sudden fear."

DE'IL WATT.

A STRANGE TALE OF DUNDEE.

If such a place as hell exists, I'm sure
  The grasping usurer with sordid heart,
Will all its scathing penalties endure,
  While common sinners will escape their smart.

Satan's Text Book.

HE was a mean, hard, money-grubbing wight;
Gold! gold alone was all his life's delight;
He'd lend at grasping interest, he'd buy
To sell again at prices monstrous high;
He poorly fared—in truth, he lived half-fed;
Starved ghostliness was o'er his features spread;
His garments, antiquated, patched, and worn,
Were of all primal beauty fairly shorn;

Upon his head he wore his only hat,
And where 'twas seen folk said—"There goes De'il Watt."

THE infant Sabbath of the year
With trembling steps was drawing near,
As Saturday's departing knell
Rung out from the auld Steeple bell,
Each hollow, booming, warning note
The silence of the city smote,
And rolled in echoes far away
Across the moonlit, rippling Tay,
Till 'mong the wilds of Fife they died
In plaintive sounds on each hill side;
Or o'er the guardian Law they pealed,
And to the Sidlaw range revealed
Another letter on the page
Of Time, against their hoary age.
Out from the Vaults the boosing throng
With fitful steps careered along;
Beneath the Pillars' gloomy shade
The sombre watchman them surveyed,
Whose law-made philanthropic touch

Oft helped the fools who drank too much.
Soon died the sounds of revellers' feet,
And stillness reigned in every street;
No sound was heard, no passing cry,
The night wind scarcely breathed a sigh;
The housetops gleamed with silvery hue,
The shadows deep and deeper grew,
And all of bustling life seemed dead,
As if Death's avatar had spread
Its baleful wings o'er all below,
So peaceful lay the city now.
That night the clouds, in sullen wrath,
Were marshalled on the battle path;
Distended, darkling, on they came,
And flung their vanguard darts of flame;
Heaven's nightly Queen grew faint and dark
Ere she had reached her half-way mark;
The stars affrighted sank to rest,
Like children on a mother's breast;
The slumbering air awoke in fear,
And rushed away with moanings drear;
Some distant watch-dogs, starting, growled,
Some, like an enchained demon howled,

Their piteous cries arose and fell
In notes which seemed to spring from hell;
The dead-watch in the Burial Howff*
Sat quaking, shivering, pale, and dowff.
Strange beings flitted 'mong the stones,
Strange sounds were heard like rattling bones,
Strange lights danced blue on every mound,
Strange tremors ran along the ground,
Strange feet upon the gravel walked,
Strange voices in strange language talked,
Strange omens, awesome, fearful, weird,
Within that sacred place appeared.
Poor Sandy from his peep-hole saw
A ghostly congregation draw
Around the lonely, ancient tree
Which marks the grave of sisters three.
Upon their lettered tombstone grey,
Were tongues of lambent flame at play,
Where sat the leader of the throng,
A hideous being, gaunt, and long,
Whose fleshless head bore gleaming high

* The Old Kirkyard.

A shining crown that lay awry.
A phosphorescent mantle shone,
Which scantly hid his frame of bone;
From 'neath its folds one arm was raised,
Whose fingers grasped a spear that blazed
With sickly, greenish lustre-light,
The emblem of his regal might.
Below, his serried ribs were seen,
With Horror's vacancy between;
While 'neath his garment's fringe of blue,
Ten bony toes were peering through.
He solemn sat, and round him stood
A glistening, grinning, ghastly brood;
When lo! each empty, bloodless figure
Seemed full of lusty life and vigour.
They jumped, and danced, and wildly shrieked,
While harsh their dry bones loudly creaked;
Then, at their chief's commanding strain,
They sung this terrible refrain:—

It must be done, ere the bell tolls one,
Away! away! away!
His race is run, and he hath not won,

Away! away! away!
We have asked the dwellers down below,
Where worms are lords of the gloom,
But the sleepers shook and they whispered "No!
Give him another tomb."
Away! away! away!

He counts his gold, though he's frail and old,
Away! away! away!
The hour hath tolled, and the wretch is sold,
Away! away! away!
We shall laugh to see his dying stare,
We shall laugh at his remorse,
And we'll shout with joy as away we bear
His sordid, sinful corse.
Away! away! away!

Ere died their eldritch notes away
They vanished in a vapour grey,
Which, rising on the shrieking wind,
Left not a trace of them behind.
Then o'er the darkened dome of heaven
The red firebolts of might were driven;

Then burst the startling thunder's voice,
Crash followed crash in awful noise;
Flash followed flash, peal followed peal,
Till earth and heaven did staggering reel;—
Then sleepers woke in every home,
And thought earth's final hour had come.

That night, all alone in his room, De'il Watt
Before his only table smiling sat,
With bolts and locks he had his door secured,
And felt the joy of confidence assured,
Self-satisfied, with sundry chuckling sighs,
That all was proof to human ears and eyes.
A pyramidal night-cap, wondrous red,
With friendly clasp encrowned his shaking head;
Around his withering frame a blanket old
Was closely wrapt to guard the De'il from cold!
His solitary candle's yellow rays
With pallid tints illumed the dismal place,
And shed upon his sharp-cut features wan,
The cold, unearthly hue of some dead man;
Upon its darkening wick, with lurid sheen,
An evil omen unconsumed was seen.

His parchment lips bore soulless pleasure's grin,
His grey eyes danced and gleamed with love akin,
(Two eyes which never knew the joy of tears,
And never gave that pity which endears).
Upon the table, ranged with tender care,
Some bloated bags he scanned with maniac glare,
Through whose dark sides the surfeit circles small
Were seen protesting 'gainst their leathern thrall;
With nervous touch of fingers lean and long,
He stroked their tight-drawn mouths, then loosed each thong,
To feast his eyes upon the shining store,
Or feast his heart by counting them once more.
Ah! in those swelling prisons lay the rents
Of those who once dwelt in his tenements,
Extorted from the poor by that heart-spear—
The cruel hammer of the auctioneer.
There lay the hellish price of broken hearts;
Of happy homes dissolved at auction marts;
Of houseless children's tears, of starving ones;
Of dying mothers' cries and rending groans;
Of haggard fathers' sighs of dark despair;
Of many a curse, of many an earnest prayer—

That dire, swift-footed vengeance would descend
Upon the wretch who lived without a friend.—
God heard their heart appeals, and, in His might,
His awful answer sped along that night.

The midnight hour had struck, and he
Sat chuckling o'er his gold with glee;
The candle flame looked wan and sick
Beneath its overplus of wick;
Strange shadows fluttered round the room,
And sprung from every nook in gloom;
A weird voice down the chimney sung,
In monotones from anger wrung;
A rustling sound was on the stair,
As if some footsteps light were there;
Faint on the door some fingers rapped,
While others on the window tapped;
Low whisperings floated in the air
From viewless beings everywhere.
The De'il was seized with sudden fear,
And felt some presence hovering near;
With anxious action quick he tied
The bags that stood on every side;

His claw-like fingers grasped the last,
As burst aloud the tempest blast.
One vivid gleam of blinding blue
The silent chamber vanished through;
One thunder peal, with awful shock,
Disturbed the house from roof to rock.
The De'il, aghast! sat gaping mute,
And cowering shook from head to foot,
As, stretching from beneath the door,
A shadow wriggled on the floor;
Then through the panels softly came
A bony hand of greenish flame,
Which o'er the bars in silence slid,
And noiselessly them all undid;
As swift the door wide open flew,
A hideous horde came rushing through.
The De'il in anger viewed the train,
And strove to rise, but strove in vain;
He strove to speak, but, ah! his tongue
Within its cavern powerless hung.
He clutched his bags in blank despair,
But found no strength or comfort there;
Cold sweat-drops shimmered on his brow,

No hand was near to wipe them now;
A burning thirst consumed his mouth,
No hand was near to quench his drouth;
Life's gates seemed closing in his throat;
His hoarded gold availed him nought,
But seemed in mockery to clink,
As life's last gleam did lower sink.
An icicle fell on his heart,
When swift the leader poised his dart;
With outstretched legs he grinning stood,
And raised his arm in threatening mood;
His satellites, with eager zest,
Observed the aim, which seldom missed,
And stood, as sentinels of hell,
To grasp the victim as he fell.
Ere sped the dart, one lightning flash
Swept o'er the bags of golden trash,
The De'il beheld his only trust
A mass of blackened, worthless dust;
He saw his sordid, life-long work
Evanish as a wispish spark;
No hope, no joy, before him loomed,
He sat condemned, for ever doomed.

Then as the thunder burst o'erhead,
The death-dart on its mission sped;
One groan escaped the De'il's pale lips,
As o'er him passed the dread eclipse.—
Then from the gazing, gleeful throng,
Arose this solemn, dirge-like song :—

The miser is stiff and grim,
He lies in the land of gloom;
No eyes have seen the end of him,
And none shall see his tomb.
Roll, thunders! roll!
We'll bear away his soul;
Ha! it will not rise in the wrathful skies,
So let it sink to doom.

His gold like a sunbeam fled,
The hate of hearts is here;
Their curses crown his hoary head,
And ne'er shall disappear.
Roll, thunders! roll!
They damn his guilty soul;
Ha! it hath no prayers of a friend who bears
Love's mighty word or tear.

Come! bear him away! away!
Ere the ceaseless clock strikes one;
Keep the shape of his useless clay,
But give it substance none.
Roll, thunders! roll!
Come forth! O! guilty soul!
To the Steeple high we must fly! we must fly!
The judge is on his throne.

The instruments of vengeance had fulfilled
The stern decree as God in anger willed,
With incantations wild, each hissed and spat
Upon the stony features of De'il Watt;
Then placed their bony hands upon the form,
Which suddenly, by some mysterious charm,*
Swayed gently to and fro upon the chair,
Then slowly floated in the clammy air;
Obedient to the touch of those around,
It rose unto the roof with lightsome bound,
And as they willed, it sank with motion slow,
Until it stood upon the floor below.

* What follows is the belief of Spiritualists.

Changed was the De'il, his gross material fled,
Leaving an airy essence-shape instead,
Infused with sudden life of spirit-birth,
Retaining still the form he bore on earth.
His thin, wan visage trembled as of old;
His eyes shone with a silvery lustre cold;
His pale lips fluttered, but no speech was heard;
His long, gaunt arms with fitful tremors stirred;
His left hand still its human aspect wore,
A contrast strange, life's ruddy hue it bore
Untouched, unchanged, because it once had given
A farthing to a beggar-child of Heaven.—
The transformation o'er, they seized the shape
With grasp which made the cold jaws widely gape,
Then, dancing with their prisoner round the room,
They bore him off unto the throne of doom;—
Swift through the roof the throng exulting fled,
And all was still within that chamber dread!

The jackdaws in the Steeple woke,
And raised their fretful, hideous croak;
Wee sparrows peered from tiny nests,
And chirped with fear which filled their breasts

The wind's drear, anguished moanings fell,
Till sighed the ancient brazen bell;
The many-wheeled, time-telling gear
Seemed laggard as the hour drew near;
Weird noises filled the honoured pile,
And muffled whisperings rose the while;
Aloft, through every embrasure,
Unearthly faces glimmered o'er;
The flagstaff seemed a bar of light,
Crowned with a banner waving bright,
Raised by some mystic hands to show
Their love for those who met below,
By some strange means, to man unknown,
The church interior brilliant shone,
And from its myriad window-panes,
The gleams shot forth in dull-red lanes;
Soon as the doors were opened wide
The congregation forward hied,
The pews were filled with beings queer,
Summoned that morning to appear
As witnesses against the man
Who lived to injure every one.
Some sat on forms, and some on chairs,

While others filled the pulpit stairs;
Some nodded to a friend, some yelled,
As near relations they beheld.
Hands met, with many a fervid shake,
For happy auld-acquaintance sake;
Though lost to every earthly view
They met, and lo! each other knew;
Their chattering joy the building filled,
But suddenly the noise was stilled,
The stern avengers of all sin
Victoriously entered in;
Between two brawny sons of flame,
De'il Watt with mournful visage came.
When marshalled round the pulpit foot,
Up sprang therefrom a hideous brute,
With shaggy head of ample size,
With ears erect, with lurid eyes,
With nostrils wide-expanding, grim,
With mouth like some volcano's rim;
High raised he then a burning paw
Which filled the abject throng with awe,
It touched two torches dead that stood
On either side, when flames of blood

Rose high from each, and brightly shed
A halo round the monster's head.
From 'neath his arm he slowly took
A big, brass-bound, black-lettered book,
Which on the pulpit front he laid,
And debtor columns calm surveyed.
Thump! thump! instanter silence reigned,
And pulpit-ward all eyes were strained.
In tones stentorian, harshly loud,
He thus addressed the grinning crowd:—
"Behold the man! the poor man's foe,
Whose heart was shut to others' woe,
Who filched all men for filthy pelf,
Who only lived for Gold and Self;
Behold him now! say, all of you,
With such a wretch what shall we do?
No credits to his name are laid;
He owes me much, I must be paid."
A rushing buzz of import dire
Was heard, and then one shout of "Fire!"
A shudder o'er the culprit crept,
As down the beast of darkness leapt,
Who bore aloft in either hand

A seething, crackling, blazing brand.
Then o'er the victim's writhing frame
He passed the bubbling tongues of flame
Which lapped the form, that lesser grew,
Till nought of it remained to view.
The throng arose, and roared, "'Tis done!"
Then pealed the solemn hour of One!—
As slowly boomed the note along,
The monster far the torches flung;
And ere the echo's murmur waned
The throng their earthy homes had gained,
And all was still, and all was dark,
And nought remained behind to mark
The consummation of a deed
Which few will trust, e'en though they read.
Yet true it is that morning came
To find the churches robed in flame;†
And, 'mid the wreck that strewed the ground,
Strange! there a charred left hand was found.

This tale was told to me in dawning youth—
It may be arrant lies, or simple truth;

† The churches were burned on the morning of Sunday, January 3rd, 1841, during a storm of thunder and lightning.

Whate'er it is, this moral point is sure—
That joy is theirs who help the suffering poor.
To readers, then, who con my rhyming chat,
I say,—Remember what befell De'il Watt.

PATE O' THISTLE-HA'.

He never knew fear.—*Common Saw.*

WHEN Simmer comes wi' sunny days,
When trees put on their simmer claes,
When flowers in simmer beauty grow,
When streams to simmer music flow,
When birds their simmer lilties sing,
When win's their simmer saftness fling,
Then is the time when wives an' weans
Are fu' o' wheengin', aches an' pains.
When cheeks are reft o' rosie looks,
When joys are fled frae schoolin' books,
When unco little brings a tear,
When languor's bother maks them queer,
When appetites are unco sma',
When restless sleep belangs to a',
When those we love seem unco strange,
An' ilka heart longs for a change.—
Nae man can thole the mental racks

O' woman's slee, weel-planned attacks,
When masked wi' fondness, granes, or sighs,
Or some sweet art that in them lies,
He's mair than man wha can resist,
(Tho' hardly wise or really blest).
To keep domestic peace an' smiles,
The pursie, 'neath their wanton wiles
Is loosed, an' sae to joys unkent,
An' rural scenes awa they're sent.
'Twas thus wi' Pate o' Thistle Ha',
Whase wife an' weans had gane awa
To Moffat's flowery, sylvan vale,
Whaur peace an' beauty aye prevail,
Whaur healthfu' hill-blawn win's are rife,
Whaur pith an' saul are gi'en to life.
Weel, to my tale, Pate, unco crouse,
Was laird for aince, noo, in his house,
A' day at toil, when nicht cam roun',
Wi' wearied footsteps hameward boun',
He neared his silent, shuttered hame,
Which hardly seemed to him the same,
Erst fu' o' licht, an' glee an' grace,
It felt a cauld deserted place.

Nae voices rang, nae patterin' feet
Cam' rinnin' noo puir Pate to meet,
Nae cheery fire, nae tea-things set,
Nae smilin' wife his vision met,
Unutterably lone an' dark,
Pate, inward vowed, "Twas awfu' wark,"
Yet bore unmurmurin' his lot,
As best became a sterlin' Scot.
Ae nicht, 'twas wearin' 'yont the ten,
Pate, maist disconsolate o' men,
Sat broodin' owre his lanely life,
Sat longin' for his ain wee wife,
Sat smokin' wi' well-nursed despair,
Sat dowie, hirslin' in his chair.
The fire was deid, the hoose was still
Wi' silence ominous o' ill,
The peek o' gas burned palely blue,
The shadows deep an' deeper grew,
The deid-watch ticked within the wa',
The nicht win' whoomed wi' solemn ca',
The young mune thro' the winnock keeked,
The wanderin' cats unearthly shrieked,
The slightest soun' seemed unco near,

The slightest movement heightened fear.
'Twas sic a peace that wad hae served
To mak' a hermit feel unnerved;
But Pate was buirdly, bauld, an' brave,
An' ne'er to fear had been a slave.—
Men are by nature weans o' fear,
The bauldest cower when dangers near,
Nae matter tho' they think they are
Strong-nerved, cool-headit, fu' o' daur,
An unseen voice wi' sudden shout,
A roar frae some hedge-hidden nowte,
An unsuspected touch, a word
Frae ane whase footfa' wasna heard,
A muffled soun' within the house,
A futterin' o' some hungry mouse,
A gleam frae some unkent o' licht,
A keyhole sough at deid o' nicht,
Will oftimes gar the bauldest feel
A terror-spasm atour them steal
Frae heid to foot, whase chillin' grip
Gars a' their vaunted courage slip,
An' leaves them tremblin' mortals then,
Puir helpless, feckless, nerveless men!

Pate felt that nicht some qualms o' dread,
An' dismal thochts rose in his heid,
Imagination's keenest sense
Drew pictures dark wi' hues intense,
An' fanned the inward fire o' fear
Which burned wi' uncontrolled career;
At every win'-sough saftly swirled,
Strange tinglin' tremors through him tirled;
At every little soun' he heard
He thocht a spirit near him stirred;
A sudden life imbued his hair,
His eyes moved wi' a hingeless stare,
His heart had lost its wonted beat,
An' fluttered wildly in its seat,
Then fled his gowden might o' mind,
Leavin' the worthless dross behind,—
As flowers decay 'neath winter's feet,
As streams are dried 'neath simmer's heat,
As licht departs when storms appear,
As beauty shrinks when death is near,
So slowly died Pate's vauntit bauldness,
An' quickly rose fear's craven cauldness,
But wi' ae michty effort blest,

He, faint at heart, retired to rest,
An' ere beneath the claes he leapt
A sense o' duty owre him crept;
To save himself, his hoose to guard,
An auld revolver he prepared
Wi' leaden messengers, whase flicht
Wad snuff oot life gin fired aricht.
Syne laid the instrument wi' care
Beside the caunle on a chair,
An' gaed to bed, weel-pleased to feel
That he was armed—come man, come de'il!
Pate laid him doon, but not to sleep,
Fancy aflame resolved to keep
Its tortured victim 'neath the spell
O' fearful revels fraught wi' hell;
Now hideous imps o' bronze-like hue,
Appeared, to vanish frae his view,
He saw upon the bedstead foot
A luminous, uncanny brute,
An' peerin' owre the curtain's rim
Were griffin creatures greenly grim,
While ithers wi' fantastic tread
Danced owre the surface o' the bed,

Or roun' the room they dartin' shone,
Obedient to some power unknown ;
Pate racked wi' terrors, glow'red his fill,
Syne closed his een, but saw them still.
Wi' pain he writhed, wi' dread he turned,
While torture-horrors in him burned ;
Nane saw his awfu' mental strife,
Nane heard his sighin's for his wife,
Nae joy was his, nae comfort near,
Sleep fled before despoilin' fear,
An' left him on despair's dark brink,
Afraid to move, or speak, or think ;
Then noises thief-like, muffled, low,
He heard within the room below,
Noo drawin' drawers, noo movin' chairs,
Noo clinkin' spunes an' table wares,
Noo birrin' quick, like tearin' claith,
Noo speakin' wi' a whispered breath,
Then shufflin' wi' the tread o' those
Whase han's some deed o' blood disclose ;
Pate listened wi' increased dismay,
An' vainly strove to cast away
The thocht that villains were at work,

To rob the hoose or him to burk;
He thocht upon his goods an' gear,
An' hoo their gettin' cost him dear,
He thocht upon the tales o' scorn
Attached to men o' valour shorn,
He thocht upon his wife an' weans,
An' nobly burst his coward chains;
Then slowly on his elbow rase,
Wi' manhood's lingerin' spark ablaze,
Determined noo to guard his a',
To face the thieves, or glorious fa'.
He quately lichtit up the caunle,
An' seized the auld revolver's han'le.
Syne frae his bed he bauldly crept,
An' to the door he gently stept,
Ae hand held high the caunle licht,
The ither gript the weapon ticht;
Then down the stair he lichtly stole,
His heart an' han' in guid control,
His tip-tae stap nae fear betrayed,
Hale to the hin'most doon he gaed,
A' een, a' ears, he glow'red aroun',
An' listened for the unco soun',

But nocht o' thieves his e'e could mark
Within the chamber still an' dark;
Puir Patie stood awee, an' vowed
That unco little made fouk cowed.
His risin' wrath was maist uncurbed,
At findin' a'thing undisturbed,
Sae fu' o' sudden valour-flame,
He thocht himsel' a man o' game,
An' fit to cope wi' hauf a dizzen
O' black-faced chiels new oot o' prison.
Ah! now he felt he had nae story
To tell his wife wi' manly glory;
Fu' crouse he felt that he could fecht
Wi' a' a lion's fiercest micht,
But nae bauld billies socht to test
The valour-rush that filled his breast.
Again he socht his bed abode,
An' up the stair he clampin' strode;
Then wi' a lang, house-soundin' knell
The clock rung oot the hour o' twel',
But ere the last note de'ed awa,
Pate felt a tug! a backward draw!
Ae loup! ae shriek! ae fearfu' yell!

He forrit flew, an' sooth to tell
His ghostly garment o' the night
For hauf its length was riven quite.
Instanter fled his warlike vigour,
His han' refused to pu' the trigger,
An' 'neath some sudden-lowsing spell
The auld revolver skaithless fell.
Up, up the stair he wildly sped,
An' socht the safety o' his bed ;
Cauld sweat descendit frae his broo,
A twitchin' motion seized his mou',
His tongue had lost its wontit art,
An icy cauldness froze his heart,
An' waur ! oh waur ! the coward's mark,—
His tattered, trailin', riven sark !

. . . . . .

Whae'er noo shall this truthfu' tale read,
Remember that a wee bit nail heid
Suffices aft to cow the chiel
Wha deems his nerves are strong as steel.
But wha is bauld ? we're weaklin's a',
An' mair inclined to boast an' blaw
O' courage, which wad flee awa
If tried like Pate o' Thistle Ha'.

THE POETS' HOGMANAY NICHT.

Scene.—MR GUIDHEART'S HOUSE IN GLASGOW.

COME sit ye doon, ye sons o' sang,
  Aroun' the ingle draw noo ;
Lat lilts an' cracks be chief amang
The honest, happy, harpin' thrang,
Wha thrum the lyre wi' soundin' twang,
  For Scotlan's honor a' true.

The earthly ba' has run its race,
  An' keepit up to time richt ;
The wheelin' gear is in its place,
Nae fauts or flaws oor een can trace,
Sae ye maun noo wi' poet-grace
  Record the fac' in rhyme licht.

Come A—d—n ! Come, scart yer pow
  An' dinna look sae glum a' ;

Your e'en proclaim the inward lowe,
Heaven-fed to dazzle yet we trow.
Oot wi't! we a' impatient grow
To hear Kirkconell's thrum fa'.

A—D—N'S CHANT.

O! EARTH! Earth! Earth! and thou hast once again,
As some unflagging racer, run thy course.
Whence is thy speed? or whence thy guiding rein?
Or where the mighty power which gives thy force?
Methinks that thou wing'st but a youthful flight,
And that thy years are but a mimic race,
Compared with those celestial spheres of light
Which stud the awful mystery of space.
If that mine eyes could but thy life behold,
If that my brain thy energy could span,
If that my thoughts could grasp the years thou'st rolled,
I would be still in nothingness, the man.
Roll on O Earth! as thou hast ever done;
Thou art not all to me, though thou art fair.
Roll on! until thy destined race is run,
Then wilt thou find a tomb. But where? Ay, where?

Why should I ask? 'Tis not for me to weigh
The unknown issues of Time's hoary load,
When thou, bright Earth, wilt vanish, too, away
Before the touch of thy creator—God.
Enough it is for us that we should live,
Striking the songful lyres unto us given;
In man's first duty strong, O, may we strive
To find each Ne'er-Day we are nearer Heaven.

Their shouts o' glee rung oot as ane,
When endit was the chant-sang,
As if dementit they had gane
They clapt their hands wi' micht an' main,
Syne a' declared in whispered strain
The like they'll hae to want lang.

Noo W—l—h—d! Come to your feet,
Keep up the Ne'er-Day lilt-line;
Ye needna fidge, or lauch, or greet,
We maun hae something frae ye sweet,
For Hogmanay's the nicht maist meet
To gar oor hearties melt fine.

W—L—H—D'S SANG.

BONNIE shines the mune at the Ne'er-Day time,
An' bonnie shine the stars in the deep blue lifts ;
Sweeter fa's the soun' o' the kirk-bells' chime,
An' lovelier the licht o' the white snawdrifts.
There are joys abune, there are joys below,
For we a' are freens at the Hogmanay ;
Lat us happy be, lat us kindness show,
An' be brithers a' on the New Year Day.

Faither unco frail, in the auld, auld chair,
Sittin' by the ingle, thinks on days lang gane ;
Mither hirplin' bowed, strokes his grey, grey hair,
An' kisses him wi' love that can life sustain.
'Tis a joy untauld for the auld fouk hoar
To feel Love's life-flaucht at the Hogmanay ;
O ! their hearts loup leal as they did o' yore,
An' their years lie licht on the New Year Day.

Dochters dress their weans in their Sunday claes,
An' hie to grannie's hoose, whaur they lived lang syne ;
Burly sons wi' wives tak' their kindred ways,
For the hearth o' their youth is a holy shrine.

What a blissfu' scene in the auld, auld nest,
What a pictur' gran' at the Hogmanay!
'Tis the shadowed joys o' a meetin' blest,
Whan they're a' awa frae the New Year Day.

Weel dune! weel dune! ilk warbler cried,
That's something like a man, R——d.
Their heartfu' smiles were ill to hide,
For a' in him had hopefu' pride;
Their loud applause he couldna bide,
Sae blushed, an' bow't his gran' heid.

Up! up! they roared. Come, Billy F——d,
We vote 'tis noo yer turn-haud;
The coterie can ill afford
Your wee excuses to record;
Up! up! for Time ye ken is lord,
His grip we canna spurn, lad.

F——D'S LILT.

SING a sang for Ne'er Day,
Sing a sang, sing a sang;

Wha is sour on Ne'er-Day,
  Lives fu' wrang, lives fu' wrang ;
Frae oor meetin' pit him oot,
Gar him ride the stang aboot,
Up an' doon gie him a cloot,
  Wha is sour on Ne'er-Day.

Sing a sang for Ne'er-Day,
  Sing a sang, sing a sang ;
Wha wad greet on Ne'er-Day,
  Greets fu' lang, greets fu' lang ;
Hingin' mou's, an' watery e'en,
Maunna on the earth be seen,
Hearts maun soar wi' joy serene,
  An' show their gems on Ne'er-Day.

Sing a sang for Ne'er-Day,
  Sing a sang, sing a sang ;
Wha wad hate on Ne'er-Day,
  Shun him lang, a' amang ;
Love maun rule wi' freenly spell,
Love maun owre a' theekin' dwell,
Hate maun sink in Hornie's Well,
  For a' should joy on Ne'er-Day.

Ere honest F——d had time to think,
They roared their pleasure gratefu'
As his careerin', hamely clink,
Into ilk breist did wimplin' sink,
They a' seemed fu' o' kindred drink,
And honours gae a spatefu'.

Noo C——n! Noo Willie leal,
Ye maunna be ahin, man,
For weel we ken your Hielan's zeal,
Your love o' sangs, an' Scotlan's weal,
A' sinkin' souls can aften heal,
Whan wee bit lilts ye spin, man.

C——N'S SANG.

I LO'E the auld lan' o' my birth,
'Tis the fairest o' a' unto me;
I've sang o' its beauty an' worth,
What else, O, what else can I gie?
I've toiled in its licht an' its shade,
I've felt the cauld glance o' its men,
Though humble I've ever displayed
The hero in wieldin' my pen.

Sae, sae as ilk Ne'er-Day draws hither,
Contentit, I bless aye my lot ;
I ken, should I see na anither,
The poet will ne'er be forgot.

Some fouk canna thole poet havers,
But what are sic fouk, can ye tell 's ?
A parcel o' wooden-heid ravers !
Condemned to live aye in themsel's.
They're joyless a' seasons an' times,
An' grope in their soul-shroudit way ;
Wha dinna' lo'e poets or rhymes
Will spend na a happy Ne'er Day.
Sae, sae as ilk Ne'er-Day draws hither, &c.

High, lood, and lang their wild guffaws
In volum's werena stintit,
For Willie's sel'-bedizened blaws,
Aye tickled Fancy's skelpin' tawse,
An' were o' fun the rivin' cause,
Till a' wi' lauchin' faintit.

Keep up the rhyme! Noo K——y bauld
Ye needna want oor speirin';
Come on, as ye hae dune o' auld,
Wi' French or German a' enfauld;
Feent ha'et we care, whate'er the mould,
Ise wat we'se a' be hearin'.

K——Y'S SANG.

O, A GREY old king by a river stood,
That sprung from the regions of light;
He marked the swift sweep of its noiseless flood
Sink far in the ocean of night.

He tottered, he shook, and he gazed below,
And, starting, he saw in the stream
A form of beauty in youth's fairest glow,
Which seemed to say, "All is a dream."

O, the grey old man read his mystic fate,
He saw his dark tomb far away;
Sadly he watched the youth rising elate,
Foreboding his coming decay.

He welcomed his heir with his dying breath,
Then vanished away with the stream ;
Bells rung out their joy for a birth and death,
And seemed to say, "Time is a dream."

Again the hearty roars were heard,
Frae ilka poet billie ;
Their joy the vera fire maist stirred,
For o'd, it bleezed an' cracklin' birred
To hear them a' wi' couthie word
Reeze up their brither K——y.

Noo, birkie B——r, come, cock your crest,
Your heid ye needna hing, man ;
Lang hae ye on the Musie's breast
Wi' changefu' fortin' made your nest,
Noo for her sake be like the rest,
An' for her honour sing, man.

B——'S SANG.

SURE Paddy McShane was a Skibbereen boy,
An' drownded in love wid young Biddy Molloy ;

He vowed when the Christmas toime came wid its fun
They'd go to the praiste an' be sowldered in one.
The Christmas toime came, he spake nivver a word,
For Pat got as dhrunk as an abshentee lord ;
So Biddy, wid heart nearly broken in twain,
Consaved that she'd punish bowld Paddy McShane.

The owld year was dyin' wid cowld in the head,
As Paddy, most dhrunk, staggered home to his bed ;
The whisky was up to the rims ov his eyes,
And he saw, rather quarely, two moons in the skies.
He tuk the owld chapel to be his own cot—
" Be jabers ! it is ; sure, I know the swate spot ;
Bedad ! but some divils have played me a trick,
An' round the owld crib have stuck stones moighty
thick."

As Pat neared the chapel he heard a strange sound,
And saw a white ghost risin' out ov the ground ;
Fire flew from its eyes, an' its breath was like stame,
An' sure through its ribs Paddy saw the stars glame.
Its long shinin' hands it stretched out wid a groan,
Pat muttered, "Och, Mary!" an' dropped like a stone;

Then, praiste-like, it said, "Pat McShane, divil's boy!
Yez murthered complately swate Biddy Molloy!"

Pat saw ugly imps on the heads ov the stones,
Playin' flutes that were made out ov murtherers' bones;
Some rattled on skulls wid a terrible din,
And iv'ry thump made their cowld jaws give a grin.
A hole like a grave, full ov fire, he saw well,
An' a black divil rise from its midst wid a yell;
"Holy Mother!" poor Paddy cried out wid affright,
"Have mercy, good divil, don't ate me this night."

"Pat McShane!" roared the baste, "would yez livin' enjoy?"
"Yes, sur!" "Then go, marry young Biddy Molloy!
Git up, now be off, an' be sure nivver tell
How near yez have been to the beauties ov hell."
Pat, sobered wid fear, flew away from the spot,
An' run like the wind to his own Biddy's cot;
He prayed for her hand, so his fears to allay
Sly Biddy wed Paddy upon New Year's Day.

Dumfoonert wi' the shock o' sang,
They a' looked in confusion ;
But as a tempest, gathered lang,
Their roars cam' oot wi' deaf'nin' bang ;
Till sense was pierced wi' pleasure's stang,
That lay in B——'s effusion.

Noo Gallant R——l, crouch na there,
The midnicht 'oor is comin' ;
Though hin'most on the list, I swear,
We lo'e ye aye thro' foul an' fair,
An' O ! be sure we ill can spare
Your journeyman-like thrummin'.

R——L'S LILT.

PITY the wives and the weans,
In Squalor's dingy haunts ;
Fireless hearths, an' broken panes,
An' hunger-madd'nin' wants.
Crouchin' an' shiv'rin' an' grim,
Cursin' the mune's wan e'e ;
Cursin' the bells' merry hymn,
Ringin' their doom to be.

The bells ring oot with gowden breath,
An' fill wi' joy the heedless gay ;
But oh ! to know their peal is death
To hungry anes on New Year's Day.

Sleepin' on pallets o' straw,
Twined are feetie an' arms ;
Frae Poverty's fire they draw
The strange, strange heat that warms.
Mither hauf-happit lies there,
Startin' in dreams which tell ;—
Earth is a howff o' despair,
A cauld an' loveless hell.
The bells ring oot their dulcet din,
An' mock the hungry's slow decay ;
Oh God above ! it is a sin,
That such should be on New Year's Day.

Is oor faith a sham an' gloss ?
Are Christ's demands so hard ?
Do we deem the puir but dross,
Beneath oor hearts' regard ?
Harvests o' Heaven abound,
Whaur Hunger sits as king ;

Would that the reapers were found
For God's great garnering ?
The bells ring oot a holy psalm,
Which calls us to oor work away ;
To cheer the puir wi' heavenly balm,
That a' may bless the New Year's Day.

In ringin' roars they a' gae vent,
Till a' the hoose was dirlin' ;
Ilk ane their roun' o' pleasure sent,
Till R——l, in bewilderment,
Felt a' his hair on motion bent,
An' vera heart-strings tirlin'.

The 'oor o' hame its warnin' gae,
That tell't the last was nearin' ;
Though fain were a' to longer stay,
Their couthie wives aye liked to hae
The hin'most 'oor o' Hogmanay
To kiss a guid New Year in.

They up an' a' took Guidheart's han',
Wi' poet-fervour wringin' ;

" Noo lads," quo' he, " aye bauldly stan'
In duty's ranks a noble ban',
An' gie oor little rugged lan'
Anither towmond's singin'.

May blessin's be on ilka ane
Wha bears the Musie's ray-licht ;
May a' your lilties laurels gain,
May health an' plenty roun' ye reign,
An' may we meet to spen' again
Anither Hogmanay Nicht !"

AULD SAWBATH DAYS.

A RETROSPECT.

WHAT Scot forgets the Sawbath days o' bygane
youthfu' years ?
Whan waukenin' on thae peacefu' morns opprest wi'
awfu' fears ;
Our merry lauchin' faces then were solemn, sad, an'
douce,
Nane spak' abune their breath, an' a' gaed quately
through the hoose.
The fire was kindled then without the clinkin' poker-
din,
The parritch syne was made by stealth for fear it was
a sin,
We washed oorsel's without a fecht, an' in oor better
claes
We supped them up, an' didna speak, upon thae
Sawbath days.

The parritch owre, an' table cleared, oor Bibles were brocht oot,
To mither then we read demure oor verse an' verse aboot ;
Syne by the chairs we knelt, an' sweet the bodie's prayer arose ;
We thocht her guid, for aye 'twas fu' o' muckle soundin' O's !
Oor story-beuks an' sinfu' things were tenty put awa',
An' Drummond's tracts or *Messengers* were handit to us a' ;
We read o' sinners like oorsel's an' o' their godless ways,
An' feared the penalties they gat for breakin' Sawbath days.

As sune's we heard the steeple-bell we trudged awa' fu' blate,
An' laid wi' pride an' birlin' din oor bawbee in the plate ;
Like sauntlin's sma' we took oor seats, an' thocht, wi' reverent air,
The minister a fearfu' man, gaun up the poopit stair.

He tell't o' fire an' brimstane hames, whaur ragin' deevils dwell,
An' terror filled our wauk'nin' minds which nane can ever tell ;
A nameless fear clung to oor hearts which time can ne'er erase,
'Twas awfu' teachin' then to us thae youthfu' Sawbath days.

The hydra-headit sermons, wi' their after headlin's sma',
Were unco' weary, sae, wi' joy, we sleepit them awa' ;
'Twas waur to hear the lang-spun prayers monotonous descend,
An', O ! what blessin's fell frae us whan they cam' to an end.
The thraldom o' the preacher's words was onything but sweet,
Oor hearts were filled wi' freedom's joy whan aince upon the street ;
Sae, sae we hurried hame again to sup, wi' thrawn displays,
The cauld kail made the day afore, to serve thae Sawbath days.

Then by the ingle neuk we sat, without a lauch or smile,
A' readin' psalms or chapters lang the twa hours to beguile;
We heard the weary bells begin, sae aff we marched again,
To get anither sleep aneath a drowsy sermon's strain.
The gloamin' cam', but, oh! we ne'er gat oot ayont the door,
The day seemed as a punishment, which we in silence bore;
'Twad been a sin, an' gossips' crack, to dauner on the braes,
Sae we were chained to fashions auld upon thae Sawbath days.

Ah! years ha'e flown since then, an' we see things wi' better e'en,
We've flung sic gallin' yokes awa'; on simple faith we lean;
We rise to God by honest works, an' feel within oor breast
That Sawbath is a day o' licht, o' happiness, an' rest.

We see His love in ilka flower that decks ilk sunny
field,
They beckon us to come to them, an' glory to Him
yield ;
His sermons ever round us peal, we Him rejoicin'
praise,
With hearts aye richt throughout the week as weel 's
on Sawbath days.

THE BOLD PULPITEER.

O! I HAE been happy 'mang a' kinds o' men,
The chiel o' the hammer, the sword, an' the pen,
But King o' them a' for guid crackin' an' lear,
Was honest Gilfillan the bauld pulpiteer.

His ruddy face shone wi' the freshness o' youth,
His e'e was aye bricht wi' the glory o' truth,
His voice had a ring o' ane awfu' sincere,
For soun' was the heart o' our gran' pulpiteer.

His sermons were swords sharpened aye wi' guid sense
Which gaed to the heart without ony pretence;
His wrath was but torrents o' sympathy clear,
For Love was the Lord o' our guid pulpiteer.

A Prince in the poopit, owre true to deceive,
He wadna preach doctrines he couldna believe;

Tho' mony fouk thocht that his views were gey queer,
They couldna see licht like our great pulpiteer.

He wadna be boun' as a slave to the creeds
The ancients conceived as the Kirk's title-deeds;
Owre honest to dole oot sic auld-fashioned cheer,
Broad paths were the pride o' our free pulpiteer.

He couldna thole chiels wha for bannocks an' brose,
Were willin' to preach wi' a ring in their nose;
He hated a' shams wi' a hatred austere,
An' struck the dreich blows o' a true pulpiteer.

Like genius-souled men he had plenty o' faes,
His warst were some billies wha wear the black claes,
Wha cowered 'neath the Truth's flashin' claymore or spear,
When swung wi' the pith o' our strong pulpiteer.

He longed to see Liberty lichtin' the Kirk,
An' redd o' the thraldom o' Bigotry's mirk;
He stood maist alane in the battle-field drear,
An' focht wi' the faith o' a God's pulpiteer.

Alas ! he is gane to the Synod above,
We cherish his name noo wi' fondness an' love,
A' Scotsmen o' worth will his memory revere
An' honor forever their bauld pulpiteer.

Auld Scotland is mournin' the fa' o' the brave,
An' sairly she grieves owre his lone, silent grave ;
The wreath o' the victor, she lays wi' a tear,
Upon the green sod o' her bauld pulpiteer.

GRANNIE.

SHE sat by the fire in the high-backit chair,
An' braw on her heid rose her snaw-linen mutch,
A douce, couthie dame, fu' o' crackin' and lear,
For green was her memory 'neath Time's hoary touch.
She'd crack o' her daffin, an' youth-lighted fun,
Her courtin' the lads, an' her trystins sae slee;
She'd lauch as she tell't hoo her young heart was won,
An' droll were the tales o' my Grannie to me.
O! Grannie was canty, O! Grannie was crouse,
An' prood was she aye whan I sat on her knee;
The bonniest picture we had in the house,
My auld-fashioned Grannie was ever to me.

Aft, aft, she wad tell o' her struggles in life,
Her ups an' her doons whan her purse was but sma';
An' hoo she aye managed in poverty's strife
To keep hersel' snod an' her weanies aye braw.

GRANNIE.

"The bonniest picture we had in the house."

Whanever she spak' o' the loved anes nae mair,
The het tears wad dart frae her dim-visioned e'e,
She'd fauld her thin hands, an' sob silently sair,
Till sorrow's sad cloods shadit Grannie an' me.
O! Grannie was canty, O! Grannie was crouse,
&c.

Years hallowed her pow wi' their glorious sheen,
Which shone like a garland o' sun-'lumined snaw;
A mirror o' honour, it ever had been,
Unsullied wi' onything wrangfu' ava.
Her specs on the table were laid ilka day,
Her Bible, weel-thoomed, aye beside them wad be;
An' aft she wad read, Ay! an' aft she wad pray,
Sae guid as an angel seemed Grannie to me.
O! Grannie was canty, O! Grannie was crouse,
&c.

She lived in the hope o' some bricht-dawnin' morn,
An' feared na the change to eternity's rest;
Unwearied she waitit, an' nocht did she mourn,
For heavenly happiness lay in her breast.

The saft summons cam', an' auld Grannie obeyed,
She gaed wi' a smile to the hame o' the free;
We grat when aneath the cauld sod she was laid,
An' dear is the memory o' Grannie to me.
O! Grannie was canty, O! Grannie was crouse,
&c.

AH! JEAN, O' THEE I WEEL MAY SING.

AH! Jean, o' thee I weel may sing,
An' ever chant thy love an' worth;
For thou hast been my life's day-spring,
An' made my hame a heaven on earth.
Though freens foresake me, still thou'lt be
The anchor o' my happiness;
The angel that will comfort gi'e,
The licht that beams to guide an' bless.

Hoo aft 'neath labour's sternest lash
Ha'e I a willin' martyr been;
Yea, maist owrecome wi' care an' fash,
I've totterin' trachled hame at e'en.
Thou'st ope'd the door! thy look! thy smile!
Victorious swept my pangs away;
Rejoicin' then, I felt my toil
Thy welcome dear did weel repay.

Whan a' oor bairnies soundly sleep,
We couthie spen' the e'enin' hours ;
Life's heavenly intercourse we reap,
An' feel its holiest end is ours.
My daily thraws, my hopes, my fears,
Maun a' be told to thee anew ;
Thy sage advice at aince appears
To point the course I should pursue.

Aye ! when opprest wi' anxious thocht,
An' adverse issues scowlin' gloomed,
Thy potent divination brocht
The dawn that a' wi' joy illumed.
Thou art on Life's rude battle-field
My henchman true to guard or cheer ;
Thou spur'st me on to never yield,
Thou mak'st me ever onward steer.

The warld's cauld blasts are ill to bear,
An' nip the heart as they blaw by,
Till low it sinks in dark despair,
Bereft o' licht, an' hope, an' joy.

I, too, ha'e borne the bitter word
An' scornfu' glance that spak' fu' mair ;
Though pierced wi' man's inglorious sword,
To heal ilk wound, O ! thou wert there.

Time gi'es oor love the strengthenin' grace
Which mak's us a' its burdens share ;
Sae, sae, I bless thy bonnie face,
An' for thee breathe my warmest prayer.
Ah ! Jean, o' thee I weel may sing,
An' ever chant thy wifely worth ;
Thou'st robbed my life o' every sting,
An' made my hame a heaven on earth.

TO A CORN.

THOU little, giant-cripplin' thing!
Thou pitiless tae-stabbin' sting!
Thou curst affliction!
Crouse on my wee tae-tap thou'rt beddit;
Thy grip! nae razor blade can sned it,
Wi' thee I am for ever weddit
To ae infliction.

Thou'rt no the growth o' fashion's shoon.
Mine by the souter aye are dune,
Lang, braid, an' easy.
Yet there thou sitt'st to plague my pleasure,
In business oors, or times o' leisure;
Resentin' e'en the gentlest pressure,
Keen-fanged thou'lt tease me.

When fu' o' plans for future days,
When a' absorbed in warldly ways,
Till sense is soomin',

Ae heart-gaun ding thou'lt gi'e me gladly,
Then gowden dreamin's vanish sadly,
Then! then! I ken, as hirplin' madly,
I'm unco human.

Frae kings to herds, whate'er we be,
Some wee bit corn will send ajee
Reflection's portals.
Wad we our naethingness but see then,
What gran'-souled, noble men we'd be then,
What love an' kindness wad we gi'e then
To brither mortals.

TO A DEAD LARK.

THOU silent Poet of the sky
That aft has cheered my kindred heart,
Nae mair thou'lt joyous upward fly,
Or pipe thy lays wi' heavenly art.
Aft, aft, hast thou when peeped the sun,
The tremblin' dews shook frae thy wing,
Syne soarin', hast thy lilt begun
O' welcome to the morning's king.

Aft to thy blushin' bride hast thou
Sung wondrous melodies o' love,
Yea, wooed her wi' thy song-made vow,
Poured frae some sunlit cloud above.
Cauld, cauld thy heart, an' songless noo,
For ever closed thy e'e and dim ;
For ever closed nae mair to view
The realm that heard thy hinnied hymn.

Thy morning's song was blithe an' glad,
Wee flowers awoke when burst the strain,
Thy gloamin's lay was sweetly sad,
An' hushed them owre to sleep again.
Puir Singer! a' thy joys are owre,
An' a' thy music ever gone;
Tho' lying laigh amang the stoure,
Thy song remembered is by One.

TO A JELLY-FISH.

YE clammy, tremblin', slithery mass,
Ye lump o' water gaun to glass,
My ken ye baffle;
Ye're bloodless, e'eless, tailless, heidless,
Ye're finless, gill-less, skinless, speedless,
Upon my word, I think ye're needless,
Ye ocean waffle.

What can ye be, ye fleshless thing?
Ye're neither haddie, cod, nor ling,
Ye unco' wonder;
My meecroscope's no worth a farthin',
I've socht your heart wi' tenty carvin',
But whaur it lies wad ding a Darwin,
Ye useless blunder.

I ken ye live, ye curious beast,
But whaur your life's fixed functions rest
Are unrevealed;

I'm fairly beat, though sure o' ae thing,
That ye maun be a Neptune's plaything,
Or else ye're just a livin' naething,
Frae froth congealed.

Haud there! I've laid ye on a plate,
If life ye ha'e ye're unco' quate,
Whan it is fleein';
Losh! ye are sma' whan oot o' water,
Your curvin' plumpness growin' flatter;
Fegs! but ye're made o' magic matter
That kens nae deein'.

Ye dinna waumle, kick, nor gape,
Or vainly ettle to escape,
Which me surprises;
Strange thing! ye lie evaporatin',
An' weel are ye corroboratin'
The uselessness o' mankind's pratin'
Hoo life arises.

Whaur are ye noo? O'd, sure enough,
Ye're just a pickle liquid stuff,
My wisdom scornin';

Nae framewark here, nae form, nae featur'
To tell me ye were aince a creatur',
Yet such awaits the haill o' Natur'
Some unco' mornin'.

SYMPATHY.

SWEET Sympathy! the soul's cement,
Dark Sorrow's only healin' balm,
Dried are Grief's tears when thou art sent,
Yea, Death itself 'neath thee is calm.
Life's magic link; Affection's core,
Puir human natur's golden key
Which aft unlocks life's priceless ore,
An' mak's us rich when puir we'd be.

If ought can mak' us truly blest,
It is to share anither's woe;
If ought gi'es sunshine to the breast,
It is to bear the filial glow;
Then reft is he o' human worth,
Whase life is selfish apathy,
He lives unloved by a' on earth
Whase heart is void o' sympathy.

We a' are but as muckle bairns,
An' need, oh need! encouragement,
Life's sair correctin' rod us learns,
Life's only truest sentiment.
The honest fact I'll ne'er conceal,
Whan real sufferin' heavy fa's,
My heart ilk cut can truly feel
O' Fate's subduin' ruthless tawse.

Yet there are fouk wha seem to joy,
In sel'-inflictit griefs and pains,
Contentit na till they destroy
The little sweets that mak' the gains.
I canna sympathise wi' those
Wha dinna do the richtfu' way,
Wha bring upon themselves the woes
Which shroud their being's lichtfu' ray.

I scorn to pity those whase deeds
Insult the beauties to them given;
I loathe the man whase nature feeds
On enmities to righteous Heaven.
Go, mark the wretch! wha bears the brand
O' slavery to low desires,

Wi' coward heart, behold him stand!
A moral hell o' endless fires.

Wha then to sympathise is swift
Wi' fellow-men wha sink the man,
An' glory in th' inglorious gift
Which withers manhood's noblest plan?
'Tis not in me ae pang to bear
O' sorrow for sic traitors' doom;
Forgie me! but I couldna spare
Ae tear upon a manless tomb.

THE WANT OF MOTHER.

THE house is cheerless, cold, and lone,
Joy from my bosom swiftly flies,
My bairnies speak in whispered tone,
For mother now in anguish lies.
I cannot want her cheering light,
Her smiles and voice I cannot spare;
Alas! I grope in darkling night,
The torments of my deep despair
I cannot bear.

Ah! could she view our hapless birds,
Strange, wandering round the lonely nest,
Their little sorrow-laden words
Would fill with keener pain her breast.
Wee Wattie desolate appears,
His toys have lost their pleasure rare;
Fair Teenie's great eyes swim in tears
While gazing on her vacant chair.
Would she sat there!

Hear not, Oh! Jean, the plaintive cries
Of our last pledge of mutual love,
They rend my bosom as they rise,
And pity's depths within me move.
His little heart, half-broken, throbs,
I cannot heal the unrest there;
His longing eyes and piteous sobs
Too well his misery declare,
Reft of thy care.

How slowly fly the dull-winged hours,
The old hearth seems unlovely, drear,
As flowerets long for summer showers,
They weary for thy presence near.
With simple, child-like earnestness,
They nightly unto God repair,
And say with sinless hopefulness,
"Our Father now our mammy spare.
Oh! hear our prayer."

CLUNY'S MUSTER.

THRO' the bracken, o'er the heather,
Dauntless clansmen fondly gather,
Hark! loud the pibroch echoes thro' ilk glen,
Following the eagle's feather,
Cheerily they troop together,
O! wha sae true as Cluny's fightin' men
Pipers blaw—the claymores draw,
Brave Cluny's oot for Charlie,
Tartans a', up banners braw,
An' follow him fu' rarely;
For gallant Cluny's kilted men
Will drive the Hessians back agen,
Our Cluny leads them warely.

See! they're comin' frae ilk shielin',
Round the standard a' are kneelin',
Wild Caledonia's children o' the hills;
Mustering wi' warlike feelin',
Ilka bosom faith revealin',

While ilka e'e the licht o' freedom fills ;
Comin' noo, their foes shall rue,
That Cluny led for Charlie,
Ever true, they a' will do
The deeds that coup them fairly ;
For gallant Cluny's kilted men
Will drive the Germans back agen,
Our Cluny leads us warely.

Brichtly Cluny's sword is gleamin',
Wilder far his pibroch streamin',
See ! see his prancin' charger leaps wi' pride,
Spears an' claymores flashin', beamin',
Maidens weepin', mithers screamin',
Awa' they march to fecht by Charlie's side ;
Strong and bauld, baith young an' auld,
That Cluny leads for Charlie,
Never cauld, whan tyrants fauld
The robes that fit them sairly ;
Heuch ! gallant Cluny's kilted men
Will drive the foemen back agen,
Brave Cluny leads us warely.

JEAN O' INVERORAN.

THE red deer seek the lanely brake,
The blue bell hangs its tremblin' head,
The moonbeams dance on Tulla lake,
An' sweet its dreamy beauties spread;
What tho' the gloamin' flings its spell
O' saftened joys on broon Ben Douran?
I'll up the glen, an' nane I'll tell,
To meet the lass o' Inveroran.

Bonnie Jean o' Inveroran,
Peace without thee I hae never,
Life to me is thee adorin',
Wi' a love unchangin' ever.

Love-laden is ilk mountain flower,
Love dances in ilk mellow beam,
Love lengthens out the gloamin' hour,
An' mak's its downy pinions gleam;

Love's sang fa's sweet upon my ear,
  Ilk breeze its love is saftly pourin',
But O ! its source I see when near
  The bonnie lass o' Inveroran.
    Smilin' Jean o' Inveroran, &c.

Not Tulla's lovely bosom fair,
  Tho' glist'nin' in nicht's silvery plaid,
Nor a' the blue bells slumberin' there,
  Can vie wi' my ain Hielan' maid ;
The lav'rock sings wi' heart elate,
  The eagle wi' its bride is soarin',
The cushat croodles to its mate,
  An' I, to Jean o' Inveroran.
    Wilin' Jean o' Inveroran, &c.

COME BACK TO LOCHABER.

OH ! when will young Donald, wha left me to mourn,
Come back to Lochaber again ?
Oh ! when will he true to his promise return,
To lighten love's shroudin's o' pain ?
Ochone ! but my heart noo wi' longin' is breakin',
Oor shielin' is gloomy an' wae ;
Ochone ! for Lochaber seems lane an' forsaken,
An' lichtless to me is ilk day,
Come back to Lochaber, thou heart o' my heart !
Come back to Lochaber, we'll never mair part !
Ye angels o' love waft my prayer o'er the sea,
An' bring Donald hame to Lochaber an' me.

The sang o' the lav'rock gi'es pain to my bosom,
Despair seems to sough in ilk breeze,
Ilk floweret, in pity, noo hides its wee blossom
An' shogs when my shadow it sees ;

The eyes that he gazed on are dimmed in their splendour,
Grief's sadness encircles my brow;
The lips that he kissed, ah! nae smilin's can render,
For sorrow broods over them now,
Come back to Lochaber, &c.

Fast closin' around me, cold, cheerless, an' dreary,
Hope's darkness relentless appears,
Soon, soon, I shall rest in the home of the weary,
Where never are sorrows or tears.
He'll come, but to gaze on the grave of his lover;
He'll weep on the flowerets above.
My spirit around him will joyously hover,
An' tell him I died for his love.
Come back to Lochaber, &c.

THE LONE LAND.

WE'VE nae chieftians auld noo,
We've nae clansmen bauld noo,
Claymores and tartans nae mair ye will see.
Our glory's departed!
Our Hielan's deserted!
For a' the true-hearted
Are far owre the sea.

We've nae native pride noo,
We've nae love to bide noo,
A' that was lovely is reft frae our hame.
Sair sighs ilka maiden,
Wi' sadness o'erladen,
For beauty is fadin'
Awa' frae our name.

We've nae pleasures sweet noo,
We've nae comforts meet noo,

Silent and dowie is ilka green glen,
Cauld, cauld is ilk shieling,
Our sorrows revealing,
For strangers unfeeling
The deer only ken.

We've nae hope frae doom noo,
We've nae licht in gloom noo,
Joyless, alas ! is the land of the Gael.
Our prayers are ascending,
Our hearts are maist rending,
But lang, never-ending
The wrongs that prevail.

There's surely some morrow
Will lighten our sorrow,
When joy will abound in the Hielans again ;
When darkness shall perish,
When a' that we cherish
Shall blossom and flourish,
O ! never to wane.

THE HIGHLANDERS' DEPARTURE.

'TWAS a weary day when they sailed away,
Away frae their Highland glen;
There were faithers grey, mithers fu' o' wae,
Braw lasses an' braw men.
They looked at the hills they would see no more,
They looked at the skies so fair;
They looked at their glen as they stood on the shore,
An' sighed wi' heart despair.
Oh! 'twas sad to see such a companie,
Wi' sorrow in each breast;
They were doomed to be sent owre the sea,
Away to the distant West.

Oh! the mithers clung to their bairnies young,
An' their tears unbidden came;
For their hearts were wrung wi' the anguish sprung
Frae leavin', leavin' hame.

An' the strong men sobbed, while on every cheek
Shone the path of a burnin' tear ;
Oh ! they silently stood, an' they couldna speak,
For their hopes were dark an' drear.
Oh ! 'twas sad to see such a companie, &c.

So they kissed the sward wi' the old regard,
An' pu'd some heather-bells ;
An' never were heard, as they stepped on board,
Such sad an' sair farewells.
Away frae the glen whaur their kinsmen sleep,
Away frae the land o' the true,
They sailed as the simmer sun sank in the deep,
An' their glen is lanely noo.
Oh ! 'twas sad to see such a companie, &c.

THE BANNETMEN.

WHEN Scots foregather, mark them weel ;
  Singin', crackin', fu' o' lauchin' ;
Ilk ane's a kick-ma-carem chiel,
  Ringin', roarin', fu' o' daffin'.
There's native fire in flashin' een,
  There's manhood's stamp on ilka broo,
An' freenship's badge is ever seen
  When meet the Bannetmen sae true.
    Sing, Hey! for the Bannetmen's fame,
      Sing, Ho! for the Bannetmen's weal,
    Sing, Hey! for the lads wha can claim withoot shame
      The land o' the Bannetmen leal.

They'll sing the sangs o' battle days,
  Freedom's lilties, ever bonnie ;
Ilk bosom feels the glorious blaze,
  Risin', burnin', a' uncanny.

Then wrathfu' is the haughty look,
An' death-defyin', scornfu' mou',
That dastard tyrants ne'er could brook
Frae vengefu' Bannetmen sae true.
Sing, Hey! for the Bannetmen's fame, &c.

But whan they sing o' dool an' wae,
Mournin', wailin', sorrow swellin',
Their tremblin' lips the darts betray,
Byganes bringin', sadness tellin'.
Then, then, the auld despair is felt,
Then memory's tears ilk cheek bedew;
Soon, soon the grief-refrain can melt
The hearts o' Bannetmen sae true.
Sing, Hey! for the Bannetmen's fame, &c.

THE REBEL'S LAMENT.

1745.

"Noo I maun leave my Hielan' home,
The red-coats hunt me sair;
Sae Flora! Flora! I hae come,
To kiss thy lips aince mair;
Lang on the mountains cauld I've lain,
An' deadly dangers shared;
To clasp thee to my breast again,
The bloodhounds I hae dared."

Nae maiden rushed wi' lovin' arms,
Nae maiden's voice arose,
Nae welcomes cam' wi' cheerin' charms
To soothe the wanderer's woes.
Wild beat his heart, cauld, cauld his broo,
An' vengeance fired his e'e,
Love's shielin' a' was harried noo
By ruthless tyrannie.

" Culloden's day was Charlie's fa',
An' mony mithers mourn ;
Culloden's day was nicht to a'
Wi' nae hope-dawnin' morn.
But wae's my heart ! Culloden's day
Nae sorrow brocht like this ;
They've ta'en ! they've ta'en my love away,
An' left me loneliness."

" Whaur tyrants rule wi' bluidy hands
Is no' a hame for me,
Sae I maun hie to ither lands,
Awa' frae a' and thee.
Oh ! Flora ! Flora ! fare-thee-weel,
The red-coats hunt me sair ;
Oh ! may kind Heaven to thee reveal
An exile's only prayer ! "

ALONE.

THE clachan is toom noo, an' seems fu' o' gloom noo,
The hame I ainee cherish'd nae comfort can gie ;
My Donal' is gane noo, an' I am alane noo,
Sae cheerless an' dowie is a' thing to me!
I weep an' I sigh noo, time winna gang by noo,
For sorrow is hamed whaur joy revelled before;
My bosom is sair noo, an' fu' o' despair noo,
I'm Mary the licht of the valley no more!

The auld kirk is strange noo, oh! sad is the change noo,
The lad that sat near me is far, far awa',
Nae gloamin' is sweet noo, nane comes me to meet noo,
The haunts whaur we wandered are wearisome a' ;
Tho' wee flowerets spring noo, an' lav'rocks a' sing noo,
Tho' saft simmer comes wi' her bricht jewel store,
Nae pleasure I hae noo, dark, dark is ilk day noo,
I'm Mary the flower o' the valley no more!

My smile's no sae bricht noo, my e'e's tint its licht noo,
My cheeks aince sae bonnie are cauldrife and pale;
The sangs that I sing noo to sorrow aye cling noo,
I droop 'neath the doubtin's that in me prevail.
By nicht an' by day noo, in anguish I pray noo,
That Donal' will come ere the simmer oors wane.
O! were he but here noo, I'd banish a' fear noo,
An' bloom in the valley as Mary again.

SAE YET! WE'LL HAE YET.

WHILE earth is curst wi' despot kings,
Whase thrones are stained wi' bluid, man,
Guidwill an' peace will ne'er be things
To flourish an' do guid, man;
Wi' selfish laws an' power o' steel,
The coward monarch rules, man,
An' smores the licht that wad reveal
His subjects to be fules, man.
An' sae then! we hae then,
O' cruel deeds nae dearth, man,
An' bluidy wars, an' feuds, an' jars,
An' hell upo' the earth, man.

The warl' maist seems to be a den
Whaur Murder's banner floats, man,
To fascinate those brutes o' men
Wha rive each ither's throats, man;

The Bible in ae han' they haud,
The ither grips a sword, man,
For thoosans slain, devoutly glad
They praises gie the Lord, man.
An' sae then! we hae then,
Religion made a sham, man;
A bullet faith, a creed o' death,
For human ills the balm, man.

The richt o' birth to rule for Wrang,
Or for a favoured few, man,
By Sense an' Law should ne'er belang
To those wha sic pursue, man.
Their gaudy pomp an' glitterin' show
May please the slavish e'e, man,
But honest men can this forego
An' nane the waur o't be, man.
An' sae then! we hae then,
Humanity enchained, man;
Their siller lost, wi' Folly's cost,
For guid, micht hae been hained, man.

Was Man ordained to be the food
O' poother an' o' shot, man?

To serve Ambition's thirst for bluid,
  Is this the common lot, man?
Na! na! a higher end they'd hae,
  Wad they this truth but ken, man,—
That tyrants wadna live a day,
  Gin a' wad act like men, man,
    'Twill come yet! we'll hae yet,
      Guidwill an' peace 'mang a', man,
    When Love shall stan' Earth's keystane
        gran',
      An' universal law, man.

WE'RE A' AE 'OO!

THIS nicht ye've asked me for a sang,
I kenna what to sing;
To waste your time is unco wrang—
I'll no dae sic a thing.
But noo, sin' I am on my feet,
My best I'll try to do;
As harmony is ever sweet,
I'll sing "We're a' ae 'oo."

We're a' ae 'oo, my boys,
We're a' ae 'oo;
I wish ye a' a twal'month's joys,
Wi' blessin's never few.

Some fouk are thrawn, some fouk are blin'
Wi' envy's hollow e'e,
Some canna lauch for fear they sin—
But nae sic fouk are we.

We are the lads wha life revere,
An' duty weel we lo'e;
Sae, sae we a' are happy here,
An' live—The a' ae 'oo.
We're a' ae 'oo, my boys, &c.

We dinna bear within oor breasts
Ae cankerin' shoddy thread;
We stan' the sterlin' manhood's tests,
An' humble virtues shed.
Lang will we aye Worth's praises pree,
Whan to oorsels we're true;
Lang will we show the warl' that we
Are aye—The a' ae 'oo.
We're a' ae 'oo, my boys, &c.

May Honour ever be oor shield
Frae slander's bitter darts;
May Honesty aye stan' revealed
The keystane o' oor hearts;
Sae, whan we lift oor lyin' time,*
The angels will renew

* To lift one's "lying time" is, in trade parlance, equivalent to taking one's departure.

This glorious hymn, wi' joyous chime—
They were—The a' ae 'oo.
We're a' ae 'oo, my boys,
We've nocht in life to rue,
Come, toast—"The measure o' oor joys
By a' the deeds we do."

WE'RE AYE LEAL YET.

THE love we bear for Scotland lives
  Whaurever we may be,
It fans the pride that ever gives
  The love-licht to the e'e;
It cheers the heart 'mid care an' toil,
  Or when wi' cronies met,
Sae we can say wi' honest smile—
  O! we're aye leal yet.
    O! we're aye leal yet, O, we're aye leal yet,
      An' sae shall we be ane an' a',
    Ever shall we sing when a' thegither met—
      We're aye leal, a' leal; wha'll say us na?

There's fouk wha think the warl' their ain,
  An' deem themsel's its lords,
Wha winna soothe a neebor's pain
  Wi' couthie looks or words;
But we are men wha hirsel yont
  That a' may pleasure get,

Ilk heart aye bears the motto on't—
O! I'm aye leal yet.
O! we're aye leal yet, &c.

What tongue can tell the joys that spring
Frae kindnesses, tho' wee?
Ae kindly word will comfort bring
When Sorrow's cup we pree.
Sae, sae we love to live for love,
An' duty ne'er forget;
We're Scots whase hearts and deeds will prove
That we're aye leal yet.
O! we're aye leal yet, &c.

We canna see a brither fa'
Without a helpin' han';
We canna hear a poortith's ca',
An' never act the man.
Na! na! we live, that when we pay
Life's sma' mysterious debt;
In endless joy we'll happy stay
Wi' cronies leal yet.
Sae we're aye leal yet, &c.

THE BUT AN' BEN.

O! MONY guid Scots hae been nursed 'neath the theek,
Whaur life is aye fed on aitmeal an' peat reek,
An' mony braw lasses an' leal-heartit men
Hae lived noble lives in a but an a' ben.
A but an' a ben, just a but an' a ben,
Great souls aften grow in a but an' a ben.

Still dear is the cottage o' youth unto a',
Its memories sacred we fondly reca';
Though pleasures surround us we never noo ken
Sic joys as we had in a but an' a ben.
A but an' a ben, just a but an' a ben, &c.

We see the auld ingle sae cosy an' wide,
The high-backit chairs that stood guard on ilk side,
The auld-fashioned stule we sat aften on then,
An' a' the nick-nacks o' the but an' the ben.
A but an' a ben, just a but an' a ben, &c.

The creepie is gane, an' the auld chairs are toom,
The auld bodies sleep in the lan' o' lang gloom;
They gaed to their rest 'yont the threescore an' ten,
Syne beauty was reft frae the but an' the ben.
The but an' the ben, just a but an' a ben, &c.

Ah! years hae flown owre us, wi' Fate's cruel law,
The weans o' the cottage gaed far, far awa';
Though richer, we'll ne'er be sae happy as when
We lived 'neath the theek o' the but an' the ben.
The but an' the ben, just a but an' a ben, &c.

Our ha's may be splendid, but say, do we find
A purer heart-love or contentment o' mind?
O! no, we'll ne'er reap, though a fortin' we spen',
The happiness felt in a but an' a ben,
A but an' a ben, just a but an' a ben,
We're prood whan we think on the but an' the ben.

PUIR FOLK.

WHAT tho' we're lowly by the law
The warl' applies to gauge folk;
What tho' were kent 'mang bodies braw,
As vera common, puir folk;
Contentment's cleadin' theeks oor cot,
We're happy in our humble lot,
The little that we hae is got
Wi' a' the pith o' puir folk.

Oor lums maun reek, oor wives maun smile,
Oor weans maun be like wean-folk,
For love we love the daily toil
God sends to bless his puir folk.
We little win an' little spen',
But pay oor way like honest men,
The pains o' purse we dinna ken,—
They never fash the puir folk.

The chield o' cash may sniff and sneer,
And think himsel' 'boon a' folk,
An' glower disdain whane'er he's near
The mendit duds on puir folk.
Wealth canna gie him peace o' mind,
Or mak' him blest to humankind,
Sae, guid be thanked! ye'll aften find
The noblest hearts 'mang puir folk.

When hair is grey, an' sicht is dim,
Wha'll pity us frail, auld folk?
Ne'er heed; oor faith an' trust 's in Him
Whase hame is Hope for puir folk.
His helpin' han' in life we trace,
We're rich an' happy in His grace,
An' weel we ken He keeps a place
Beside Himsel' for puir folk.

THE BONNIE WHITE SNAW.

THE bonnie white snaw, O! the bonnie white snaw
Comes doon as the kisses o' Heaven to a';
It glances an' gleams in the wintry sunbeams,
A symbol o' life an' its happiest dreams.
  Sae aye in the fa' o' the bonnie white snaw
  A whisper is heard frae the years gane awa'.

The bonnie white snaw, O! the bonnie white snaw,
The joy o' the joyous wha fearna its fa';
The wee toddlin' weans watch its freaks on the panes,
An' shout whan its glist'nin' nae langer remains.
  Sae aye in the fa' o' the bonnie white snaw
  The bairnies are cheered whan it warsles awa'.

The bonnie white snaw, O! the bonnie white snaw,
The want-warrin' puir canna thole it ava;
A dark chillin' shade owre their woes unallayed
It brings to the hearts cryin' loudly for bread.

Sae aye in the fa' o' the bonnie white snaw,
Comes the sad gloom o' death owre ilk poverty's ha'.

The bonnie white snaw, O! the bonnie white snaw,
Haps ilk kirkyard in its loveliness a';
Sae pure an' sae fair on the lowly hames there,
It minds us o' them we shall see nevermair.
Sae aye in the fa' o' the bonnie white snaw
The memories o' freens we in sorrow reca'.

AYE THOLE A'.

AWA' wi' your gloomin',
Your frettin' an' fumin',
The thraws ye endure are the warks o' puir man;
Sae dinna be doomin',
What aye should illumin',
The life that's as short as a slee tailor's span.
Your happy hours flowin',
Though comin' an' goin',
Are no' your ain makin'—ye needna say, Na!
Mankind are aye sowin'
Wee blessin's unknowin',
Sae pity their failin's an' thole wi' them a';
For man is a bodie hauf dark and hauf licht,
Just thole wi' his failin's, an' fegs! ye'll be richt.

Ye maunna be broodin'
O'er fancies dark cloodin'
The peace that is meant in your bosom to dwell;

Though wrangs be o'ercroodin',
Hoots! ne'er lat their shroudin'
Convert ye to ane wi' the burden o' hell.
Though baffled an' rackit,
Wi' slander weel hackit,
Ye maunna be yieldin', though freens gang awa';
Your life 's as ye mak' it,
Come! Courage, aye tak' it,
An' lauch at your foes as ye thole wi' them a';
For man is a bodie hauf daft an' hauf wise,
Just thole wi' his failin's, an' great are your joys.

The best o' 's are creatur's
Wi' queer selfish natures—
The virtues in neebors we seldom can find.
We're prood o' our featur's,
Our sense an' our statures,
An' deem oorsels mair than the lave o' mankind.
Awa' wi' sic feelin'!
Your weeness revealin'!
Be less for yoursel' an' ye'll ne'er feel a thraw;
Some kind han' is healin'
The wounds o' man's dealin',

Sae look ye abune an' aye thole wi' them a' ;
For man is a bodie hauf guid and hauf ill,
Sae thole we him ever, an' king ye are still !

THE MUTCHES.

I'M just like ither decent men, nae better nor nae waur, O,
An' a' I hae an' a' I ken is no eneuch by far, O;
But what o' that, I'm just a man, a mortal fu' o' fail, O,
Sae bear wi' me noo gin ye can an' I'se tell ye a tale, O.

Weel ken ye freens I like a dram o' Hielan' mountain dew, O,
I mak' nae mou's, I winna sham, it aften mak's me fu', O;
Daft things I do an' say, I'm tauld, whan it begins to rule, O;
I haver like a fishwife auld, an' blether like a fule, O.

I daunered oot the ither nicht against my wifie's will, O,
Wha vowed that she'd pit oot the licht upon the chap o' twel', O;

She sulked an' gloomed, but nocht I saw, save fancied crony-joy, O,
"Guid wife! I'll no' be lang awa', it's just a freenly ploy, O."

A social 'oor aye swiftly gangs, whan whisky weets its wings, O,
A crack, a dram, weel mixed wi' sangs, the pairtin' moment brings, O;
The lang 'oor rang gey strange that nicht, the whisky was abune, O,
My feet wad ne'er stap oot aricht, my heid aye wantit doon, O.

Hoo aft I couped, hoo aft I fell, or duntit ilk wa', O,
Is mair than ony tongue can tell, yet I gat hame for a', O;
I aff my shoon whan at the door, my wifie was asleep, O,
Sae cannily I owre the floor upon my fours did creep, O.

The licht was oot an' a' was dark, the fire was deein' wan, O,

I steered it up an' by its spark I saw a wee bit pan, O ;
What's this ! What's this ! she's cooked for me ? I
left her dour an' angry, O,
For love, she can my fauts forgie, she kent I wad be
hungry, O.

My gizzened lips I aft did wipe, I blest my happy fate,
O,
By a' that's guid ! 'twas tender tripe, an' sune the haill
I ate, O ;
Wi' thankfu' heart I gaed to bed, my thochtfu' wife I
blest, O,
She wadna speak or turn her heid, sae ae saft han' I
kissed, O.

I waukened late, I waukened pained, I waukened like
to dee, O,
My wife was up an' as I maened she lauched wi'
mickle glee, O ;
"Guidwife ! fareweel ! I'm dune ! I'm dune, I'm noo
in Sawtan's clutches, O,"
"Ha ! Ha !" quo' she, "It serves ye richt, *ye've ate my
linen mutches, O !*"

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

WHA daur deny us Freedom's light,
Or Freedom's glorious laws a'?
Wha daur deny our heavenly right
To foil Oppression's dastard might,
Or every tyrant fause a'?
Man is man when Right is won!
Man is man when Right is done!
Man is man when sire and son
Defy a hateful cause a'.

Wha daur deny us Freedom's speech
When Wrong exults in power a'?
Wha daur assail our right to teach
How men a higher stage may reach,
An' mak' the knavish cower a'?
Man is man when strivin' long!
Man is man when faith is strong!
Man is man when battlin' wrong!
Victoriously owre a'.

Wha daur deny us Freedom's peace
To toil wi' honest hands a' ?
Wha daur our weight o' woes increase,
Or shorten life's sure-endin' lease
Wi' war's remorseless brands a' ;
Man is man when lovin' man !
Man is man when true to man !
Man is man when Heaven's high plan
His earnest work commands a'.

THE BAWBEES!

THEY say that Scotsmen lea' their hame,
As wanderers owre a' seas,
An' that some cosy neuk they'll claim,
Whaur they can gather bawbees.
They say that Sandy's virtues rest
In pooches deep, baith breeks an' vest,
A muckle purse, a grippin' fist,
To haud or guard his bawbees.
The bawbees! The bawbees!
His life o' life 's the bawbees;
He'll toil fu' brave, gin he can save,
A hillock wee o' bawbees.

See Sandy owre the Border gane,
His a' a wee bit kistie,
He'll strugglin' fecht, wi' micht an' main,
To mak' his footin' fast aye.

Tho' licht o' cash, he's fu' o' brains,
An' weel he kens life's stappin' stanes,
Sae canny creeps, an' for his pains
He scrapes a pickle bawbees.
The bawbees! The bawbees!
He's nocht wha hasna bawbees;
The only gauge, o' this queer age,
Is—Hoo is he for bawbees?

The Scot wha makes a wechty purse
Should aye be muckle-heartit,
Oh! sair's the sicht whan gowd's a curse,
An' never freely pairtit.
A joy is wealth when wants are saired,—
A better joy when wisely waired,—
The noblest joy o' a'—when shared
'Mang puir fouk scant o' bawbees.
The bawbees! The bawbees!
Wha hoard an' lock their bawbees,
Can never taste the glorious feast
O' doin' guid wi' bawbees.

But Sandy's heart is ne'er ajee,
Tho' fouk may think him greedy;
His purse is there, to help or gi'e
To brither Scotsmen needy.
Tho' livin' sma', an' savin' hard,
For puirer kin he has regard;
Weel, weel he kens the great reward
For them that gi'e the bawbees.
The bawbees! The bawbees!
There's naething like the bawbees;
The man o' worth, while on the earth,
Serves Heaven wi' his bawbees.

PAY NICHT.

THE house maun be redd up an' clean,
An' a' thing snod the day;
For my guidman comes hame at e'en,
An' brings the siller pay.
I'll gar the winnocks blink wi' licht,
I'll mak' the floor like snaw;
A muckle fire maun burn the nicht,
To welcome him an' a'.
The house maun be redd up an' clean,
An' a' thing snod the day;
For my guidman comes hame at e'en,
An' brings the siller pay.

When frae the skule the weans come hame,
I'll wash them ilka ane;
Their towsie heids I'll tenty kaim,
An' daidles clean pit on.
Like smilin' cherubs they'll appear
Sae rosy, pleased, an' braw;

They'll loup whane'er his fit they hear,
To welcome him an' a'.
The house maun be redd up, &c.

I'll trim my bonnie raven hair,
I'll dress mysel' wi' pride;
I'll mak' mysel' again as fair
As whan I was his bride.
My youthfu' joy still in me lives,
My heart is aye the same;
Time canna chill the love that gives
A wifely welcome hame.
The house maun be redd up, &c.

I'll hae his orra bauchles warm,
His chair I will set doon;
The black teapat wi' cheerin' charm
The ingle neuk will croon.
We a' will hae for him a smile,
We'll a' oor pleasure prove;
Nocht, nocht rewards a week o' toil
Like wages paid wi' love.
The house maun be redd up, &c.

GATHER ROUN' THE HEARTH.

THOUGH winter's white mantle haps mountain an' lea,
Though Nature is dowie an' sad to the e'e,
Though snell blaws the win' frae the grey cheerless north,
Fu' joyous we gather aroun' the auld hearth.
Gather roun' the hearth! the nicht is wild an' cold,
Come tell the tales o' youth again, come sing the songs of old;
Happy we maun be, wi' life-inspirin' mirth,
Love sheds its blossoms owre again, as we gather roun' the hearth.

See! faither is sittin' upon his auld chair,
His limbs noo are cauldrife, an' grey is his hair;
The prood licht o' love, frae his e'e dancin' forth,
Tells a' o' his joy as we sit roun' the hearth.
Gather roun' the hearth! the nicht is wild an' cold.
&c.

An' mither fu' douce in her ain corner sits,
The wecht o' her years the puir bodie forgets;
She ca's us a' weans, an' aye cracks o' oor worth,
Life's lowe seems renewed as we sit roun' the hearth.
Gather roun' the hearth! the nicht is wild an' cold,
&c.

As verdure unwithered aneath the snaw's sheen,
Their powers are still bloomin' in youth's fairest green;
For ilka ane's ploys, frae the 'oor o' their birth,
Wi' glee they reca' as we sit roun' the hearth.
Gather roun' the hearth! the nicht is wild an' cold,
&c.

We banish their cares while the nicht speeds alang,
The auld biggin echoes ilk cheery-sung sang;
Where! where is a scene o' mair beauty on earth,
Than the auld fouk an' weans gathered roun' the auld hearth?
Sae, gather roun' the hearth! let love renew its gold,
&c.

BREAD ON THE SEA.

THERE'S a sough o' death in the win',
  There's a cry o' pain in the sea;
An' the great grey waves mak' an eerie din,
As they boo their heids an' come rollin' in
  Wi' a wild an' madd'nin' glee.
    Hush! Hush, bairnie, hush! dinna waukrife be,
    For our breid maun come frae the wild, wild sea—
      The wild, wild sea.

There's a boatie at sea the nicht,
  Far awa 'mang the drivin' faem;
Noo doon in the howe, noo up on the hicht,
O' the white-tapt waves it is dancin' licht,
  For it bears oor faither hame.
    Hush! Hush, bairnie, hush, &c.

'Tis the heid o' the storm-ringed mune,
  'Tis a gleam frae its cauldrife e'e;

Oh! it lichts the bar, but it dies owre sune,
An' the black clouds fa' frae their hame abune
An' sleep on the mirky sea.
Hush! hush, bairnie, hush, &c.

Wheesht! Wheesht! d'ye hear 't? there's a cry,
There's a cry that I weel can read;
It comes frae the rocks whaur the breakers fly,
Whaur the shrill win's laugh, for nae help is nigh—
Ah, me! that I noo was deid.
Hush! Hush, bairnie, hush! &c.

I am deid at heart wi' despair,
The cauld o' the sea 's in my breast;
Ah! oor cot is lane, for he'll come nae mair,
An' the sea's sad sang seems an endless prayer
Owre his deep an' lowly rest.
Hush! Hush, bairnie, hush! dinna greetin' be,
Oor breid-winner lies in the deep, deep sea—
The deep, deep sea.

THE FISHER O' CRAIL.

THE win' blaws frae the north,
We'll gang to the May awa,
Tho' drift cloods sweep,
An' grey maws wheep,
This nicht we maun daur it a'
An' scud to the mou' o' the Forth.

The hoose is cauld an' toom,
An' there 's ither bairnies three;
They hae nae shoon,
Their claes are dune.
Lads! this canna langer be;
Na, while fish in the saut sea soom.

A faither bauld an' brave,
Wi' his fearless laddies twa,
Sailed oot to sea,
While bairnies three

Stood greetin' them awa,
Far awa' owre the drumlie wave.

The dark nicht-cloods cam' doon,
An' the win's were lowsed amain,
An' swirlin' flew
An' wilder grew,
An' wailed at each winnock pane,
Wi' a strange deid-warnin' soun'.

Fouk said their prayers that nicht,
An' cowered as they gaed to sleep;
They a' had dreams,
They a' heard screams,
Comin' mournfu' frae the deep;
Waes me! 'twas an unco sicht.

On the beach in the mornin' grey,
Stood three bairnies orphaned a';
They heard the sea,
Sing aye—Waes me!
A faither an' laddies twa
Lie cauld in the lee o' the May.

THE LADS O' DUNDEE.

SING, Hey! for the lads o' Dundee, Dundee,
Sing, Ho! for the lads o' Dundee;
Up! Up wi' your crest, o' braw lads they are best,
An' foremost o' a' bear the gree.
They haud their ain grun' wi' a' 'neath the sun,
Aye lords o' the causey they be;
For daffin an' fun is the love o' ilk one,
An' badge o' the lads o' Dundee.
Then, Hey! for the lads o' Dundee, Dundee,
Sing, Ho! for the lads o' Dundee;
Up! Up wi' your crest, o' braw lads they are best,
An' foremost o' a' bear the gree.

Sing, Hey! for the lads o' Dundee, Dundee,
Sing, Ho! for the lads o' Dundee;
The Tay shall be dry, an' the Sidlaws shall fly,
Whanever their glory shall dee.
In tumult o' war the bauldest they are,
Frae foemen they never shall flee;

Strike ane gin ye daur, my sang! ye'll get waur,
To tell they're the lads o' Dundee.
Then, Hey! for the lads o' Dundee, Dundee, &c

Sing, Hey! for the lads o' Dundee, Dundee,
Sing, Ho! for the lads o' Dundee;
While stan's the broon Law, they'll be foremost o' a',
Sae prood may we aye o' them be.
In Labour's rough field they never will yield,
But toil as true men till they dee;
The weapons they wield are the soul o' ilk chield
Wha hails frae the toon o' Dundee.
Then, Hey! for the lads o' Dundee, Dundee, &c.

Sing, Hey! for the lads o' Dundee, Dundee,
Sing, Ho! for the lads o' Dundee;
The hoolets shall ca' in the Auld Steeple wa',
Whan gane are the lads o' Dundee.
For honour an' worth, owre a' the haill earth,
Their marrows whaur! whaur can ye see?
East, Wast, South, or North, go, bring ye them forth,
They're nocht like the lads o' Dundee.
Sing, Hey! for the lads o' Dundee, Dundee, &c.

THE WEARY WARL'.

DESERTIT by a'
Nae freens I've ava,
The fouk that aince kent me noo ken me nae mair;
My back 's at the wa',
I'm thocht unco' sma',
My pooches are toom, an' I've naething to wair;
Though tattered an' puir,
An' unco' obscure,
The want o' the siller is no my warst pain;
Its grip unco dour
Is hard to endure,
Whan fouk I thocht freens pass me by wi' disdain.

Aft, aft, I reca'
The bricht days awa',
Ere cruel misfortin' had darkened my licht;
Tears aften will fa',
As memory will draw,
A pictur' o' joy loomin' oot o' my nicht;

My joys are a' fled,
An' a' thing seems dead;
My freens flew awa' whan my siller took wing,
A' shun me wi' dread,
An' a shak' o' the head,
An' frae their cauld e'e keeks o' scunner they fling.

Ah! though I'm nae mair
Their bauchle to wear,
Though flung frae them a' as ane doon in the heels,
I'll joy as I bear
Life's weary despair,
For poortith has shown me what siller conceals.
A wallet o' strae,
A crust as life's stay,
I live on contentit, as happy 's I can,
An' ever I pray
For the dawn o' the day
Whan Gowd winna measure the Freenship o' man.

WE'RE MASONS A'.

WE'RE aye true Masons ever, brither ;
Wha can oor freenship sever, brither ?
The Pope may curse,
We're nane the worse,
But mair we cling to ane anither.
So we're aye Masons a' forever,
Lovin' Light and Law, my brither,
We'll scaud the nose o' priestly foes,
Syne hang them wi' a Mason's tether.

We scorn a' factions knavish, brither,
We hate a' actions slavish, brither,
We claim as right,
Broad Freedom's light,
An' for mankind we pu' thegither,
So we're aye Masons a' forever, &c.

We love our ancient story, brither,
We'll aye maintain its glory, brither,

Thro' hoary Time,
In every clime,
We'll toast the men wha lo'e their *Mither*.
For we're true masons a' forever, &c.

THE NEEDIN' O'T.

MAN is but ae longin' wish,
  Life is but the feedin' o't;
Toil is hoo to fill a dish,
  That 's a' the needin' o't.
    Hech howe! the needin' o't,
    The never-endin' needin' o't;
  We mak' our life a howff o' strife,
    Yet canna please the needin' o't.

What is wealth, or rank, or fame?
  Time the loon is weedin' o't;
Doomed to perish ilka name,
  What, then, the needin' o't?
    Hech howe! the needin' o't,
    The slavish, knavish needin' o't;
  We a' can thole a lack o' soul,
    To bear a fouth o' needin' o't.

Here the day, awa the morn,
  Wha the fact is heedin' o't?
Silent, cauld, o' beauty shorn,
  Dune wi' the needin' o't.
    Hech howe! the needin' o't,
    The weary, dreary needin' o't;
  The wreck we see, wi' lichtless e'e,
    Is mockin' noo the needin' o't.

Fickle joy will fill the breast,
  False an' vain the breedin' o't;
Can we then be wise or blest
  Longin' for the needin' o't?
    Hech howe! the needin' o't,
    Happiness we're needin' o't;
  Ah! ne'er on earth has it had birth,
    That 's hoo we're a' sae needin' o't.

Is there truth ayont the dust,
  Endless joy the readin' o't?
Nane can tell, lat's hope an' trust,
  Livin' for the needin' o't.

This, then, the needin' o't,
Simple faith the cleadin' o't;
An open door on Heaven's bricht shore,
Rewards our hope o' needin' o't.

HERE AWEE.

WHAT can we claim? what ca' we gain?
What hae we on this earth?
We've nocht but sorrow, grief, an' pain,
Close-clingin' frae our birth;
We seek endurin' joys, but, ah!
We ever, ever find
Some rufflin' shadow-thocht will fa'
Atour our hope-lit mind.
Here awee! here awee!
Naething ours, an' never blest;
Here awee! here awee!
Heirs to nocht but equal rest.

Our days are but a peek o' licht
Aneath a darklin' shade,
That darker grows, till out o' sicht
The wee bit flicker 's laid;

Tho' some mair ardent lowes will show,
Ah, me! 'tis a' the same,
Some shade will come, an' sure tho' slow,
Will hide the bonnie flame.
Here awee! here awee! &c.

Tho' we fancy bricht ideals
Upon a higher stage,
Still we are, an' will be reals,
The human lot our gauge;
Tho' we seek for calm o' being
To fill our bosoms fond,
Still our minds are ever seeing
Some cauld an' dreich beyond.
Here awee! here awee! &c.

Thus we are but Time's wee playthings,
An' reap no lasting gains;
Thus the best o' men are naethings,
Save emblems o' heart pains;
Sae if on earth we blindly grope,
An' think that a' is richt,

We only lock the gate o' Hope,
An' gain eternal nicht.
Here awee! here awee!
Naething ours, and never blest;
Here awee! oh! to be
Heirs to licht an' heavenly rest!

A SONG OF TOASTS.

HERE'S tae ye a', baith great an' sma',
May Fortune ever smile;
Lang may our hearts help poortith's ca',
Lang may we live by toil.
An open loof, an honest e'e,
Aye deal wi' neebors fair;
The love that mak's us a' agree,
The freens we canna spare.

Guid health, haill shoon, a fouth o' cash,
The man wha hides our fau'ts;
Confound the chiel wha glooms at fash,
May foes drink nocht but sauts.
Our clean firesides, our simple wants,
Oursel's, guidwives, an' weans,
Our cronies, chief o' warldly saunts,
May merit's badge be brains.

The hand whase grip is freenship's stamp,
The smile without deceit,
May Sawtan rack ilk manless scamp,
May Truth aye lees defeat.
May guid gaun gabs grace guid gaun chiels,
Fu' plates afore bane spunes;
May Selfishness be 'neath our heels,
May Honour be our croons.

The names we bear, our deeds an' worth,
A conscience aye serene;
The lan' we love, the best on earth,
Our rights, our laws, our Queen.
Lat Unity be lord below,
May Peace its blessin's give;
May Life be sae that Death's nae foe;
Our memories may they live.

I'M SADDEST WHEN 'TIS BRIGHT.

I'M saddest when 'tis bright,
  Loved Nature's smilings shroud
My melancholy's night
  In an eternal cloud.
My heart! my heart is sair!
  I'm no sae lichtsome noo;
Joys flittin' evermair
  Leave furrows on my broo.

My dreams are weird an' deep,
  My thochts to gloom are changed;
Life's dowie watch I keep,
  Frae Hope I seem estranged.
Auld friends still laugh around,
  Auld voices still beguile;
Auld tales still aft abound—
  But whaur is noo my smile?

Auld pleasures never mair
  Can bring their meed o' bliss;
Auld scenes my bosom tear,
  Yea, mock my soul distress.
Time seems a tyrant noo,
  Each hour his grasp betrays;
Nae golden dawn I view,
  Nae sunshine gilds my days.

Why should the poet-soul,
  Song-purposed, darkened be?
Why o'er him coldly roll
  The pains o' minstrelsy?
Ask not! the loftiest height
  Full oft is cloud-arrayed;
Ask not! Heaven's fairest light
  Involves the darkest shade.

OUR FRIEND.

O! WHAT wad be life were we reft o' the joys
That spring frae the kindnesses ithers bestow;
It's no in oursel's to be happy or wise,
Without makin' freenships as onward we go.
How puir is the man, though as rich as a king,
Wha hasna some crony on wham he can lean;
His wealth the mere comforts o' livin' may bring,
But never can buy him ae genuine freen.

I couldna be happy were nane e'er to prove
I hae in their bosoms a cherished bit place;
I'd rather be deid than hae naebody's love,
For life wad be void o' a' beauty an' grace.
Like stars in the darkness surroundin' us here,
Like beacons that guide us when dangers are seen,
Are those wha in sorrow can comfort an' cheer
Wi' a' the great love o' a genuine freen.

A blessin' o' blessin's it is to receive
The riches o' feelin' that lie in the breast,
O' ane wi' a soul that can silently weave
Its image around us to mak' us mair blest.
The siller we gather may vanish like snaw,
Its loss may be sair, still we happiness glean,
In kennin' we hae, ever proof to a fa',
A fortin' secured in a genuine freen.

THE LAST BAWBEE.

WHEN fortin' is frownin', when scanty is wark,
When freens are unfreenly, when a' thing is dark,
Aft, aft do we pray for some hope-givin' ray
To cheer us and lichten the gloom of ilk day.
Wi' claes maist in tatters, wi' shoon unco worn,
Wi' nocht on the shelf save the crust o' the morn,
Low, low sink our hearts, an' we're maist like to dee,
As we gaze wi' dismay on our last bawbee.

The keen pangs o' hunger are waur when we know
We've nocht in our pooches to battle the foe;
An' winter's snell tempests far caulder aye seem
When ingles are reft o' a cheer-spreadin' gleam.
We think on the sorrows that we've to endure,
We cower 'neath the woes that encircle the puir;
Despairin', we start, wi' a tear in ilk e'e,
As we feel the cauld touch o' the last bawbee.

How weary an' cheerless is life to the man
Wha 's willin' to labour as weel as he can,
To find as he wanders a close-steekit door,
An' never a smile a bit hope to restore.
His wifie sits greetin' at hame 'mang her weans,
Whaur cauld-chillin' Poverty merciless reigns;
Ah! little we know, as o' plenty we pree
The heart-breakin' tale o' the last bawbee.

WARSLIN' THRO' LIFE.

WARSLIN' thro' the muir o' life,
Feelin' aft its pains,
Fechtin' wi' its thorny strife,
Reapin' passin' gains.
Tho' its unco blasts o' wrath
Roun' me ragin' flee,
Shall I quat the stormy path?
Na'! that's no me.

Meetin' aft a sterlin' freen',
Cheerin' wi' his smile,
Lichtin' up the surly scene,
Soothin' rugged toil.
Wha is dearer than the man,
Sharin' pleasure free?
Wha wad spurn his glowin' han'?
Weel! that's no me.

Lovin' aye the ae bit lass,
Ever to me dear,
Hours o' joy, that nocht surpass,
Croon me whan she's near,
Sunny hame o' hinnied bliss,
Aye wi' her I pree.
Wha wad scorn sic happiness?
Fegs! that's no' me.

Livin' aye to pu' the flowers,
Sproutin' 'mang the weeds;
Seekin', 'neath her better powers,
Sweet Contentment's seeds;
Strivin' efter peace an' calm,
Joyous wanderers we,
Singin' baith ae simple psalm,
Noo! that's just me.

OUR SIDE YET.

THEY'RE unco folk, they're awfu' folk,
They're just nae folk ava,
Wha winna stan' for neebor folk,
When they are at the wa'.
Like Scottish folk, we're clannish folk,
When foes are roun' us met;
We tak' the part o' weaker folk,
Uphaudin' our side yet.
Our ain side yet, our ain side yet,
Maun be to sterlin' Scotsmen ever dear;
Our ain side yet, our ain side yet,
Maun be the faith o' Scotsmen far an' near.

We're rantin' folk, we're singin' folk,
We're fu' o' hamely joys,
We tak' our dram like moral folk,
In simple social ploys.

Like Scottish folk, we're honest folk,
An' toil for what we get,
Tho' puir we're prood, like richer folk,
We craw for our side yet.
Our ain side yet, our ain side yet, &c.

We're thrivin' folk, we're savin' folk,
An' independence lo'e,
For rainy days like prudent folk,
We hae the guardian true;
Like Scottish folk, we're cautious folk,
An' loup na to regret,
We think to act, like wisdom's folk,
Sae honour our side yet.
Our ain side yet, our ain side yet, &c.

We're plucky folk, we're fechtin' folk,
An' weel can guard or strike,
We haud our ain wi' ither folk,
But * either fash or fyke.
Like Scottish folk, we're loyal folk,
We've Freedom's banner set

* Old Scottish, meaning "without."

Aboon the theek o' humble folk,
Wha cling to our side yet.
Our ain side yet, our ain side yet, &c.

THE SONG-MAID.

THE Spring-maiden comes wi' sweet saft fa'in' showers,
An' joyously spreads her braw mantle o' green,
Her wee feetie kiss a' the slumberin' flowers,
That wauken wi' love in their beauteous e'en;
Licht-trippin' she wanders o'er mountain an' lea,
Wi' daisies an' violets twined in her hair,
While clear-throated lav'rocks their sang-homage gi'e,
And tell to the cloodlets she revels aince mair.

She cuddles the wild-wavin' broom in ilk dell,
An' gowden-broo'd blossoms, cauld-cradled, appear,
She blaws her saft breath on the tender bluebell
That loups frae its cleadin' wi' smilin's sincere.
The sleepin' moss-rose hears the sough o' her tread,
An' trembles ilk fauld 'neath her gentle love touch;
It shogs wi' delicht, an' is longin' to shed
The perfume that lies in its roseate couch.

Sweet, sweet is the voice o' the maiden to me,
I hear 't in the win's an' the sang o' the rain,
Sae as a wee floweret, my heart wi' her glee,
Is fu' o' the pleasure that dwells in her ain;
I see her enthroned in the sunbeams o' morn,
I see her enchantments in skies passin' fair,
I welcome the sunny-eyed maiden's return,
For O! 'tis her beauty that mellows a' care.

THE LASSES.

SOME sing o' the thistle, the shamrock, an' rose,
An' chant their rare beauties wi' glee,
But I'll sing a sang wi' the fervour that glows
Frae love ever burnin' in me.
The maidens o' England are bonnie an' braw,
The daughters o' Erin are dear,
But bonnier far, an' the queens o' them a',
Our ain Scottish Lasses appear.
Our ain Scottish Lasses! our pride an' our boast,
Can cheer us wherever they be;
Wi' love an' devotion, come drink to the toast—
The Lasses, wha bear aye the gree.

Our heather-bells bloomin' the mountains adorn,
Our moss-roses blaw in each dell,
Our wee daisies gleam in the jewels o' morn,
An' pure is the bonnie blue-bell.

O! purer than flowerets on mountains an' braes.
O! brichter than dewy gems clear,
In modesty's beauty an' heart-winnin' ways,
Our ain Scottish Lasses appear.
Our ain Scottish Lasses! our pride an' our boast,
&c.

Our lav'rocks may warble their joy-mellowed strains,
Our streamlets may sing as they rin,
Our silvery torrents may pour their refrains,
As saft as the trills o' the win'.
O! sweeter than music frae birdies or streams,
Whase melodies 'rapture the ear,
Entrancin', enchantin', the soul o' a' dreams,
Our ain Scottish Lasses appear.
Our ain Scottish Lasses! our pride an' our boast,
&c.

I'LL MEET THEE, LASSIE.

WHEN gloamin's shades begin to fa',
An' linties pour their evenin' ca',
When cloodlets tine their rosy hue
An' sleep in skies o' deep'nin' blue,
I'll meet thee, lassie, meet thee.

Whaur gently droop wee closin' flowers,
Whase fragrance fills yon shady dell,
Whaur murmurin' Annan saftly pours
Its silv'ry wimplin' evenin' swell,
I'll meet thee, lassie, meet thee.

Thy heid shall lie upon my breist,
My eyes on thine shall fondly feast,
An' O! my heart shall joyous tell
That a' its love is for thysel'.
Sae meet me, lassie, meet me.

The day is nocht without the sun,
The gem is nocht without its licht,
An' Love's gowd croon is never won
Without a lassie ever bricht.
Sae meet me, lassie, meet me.

BE MINE.

BE mine, mine, mine, my a',
Be mine, mine, mine;
Hoots! ye'll hae never ocht to fear,
Thae e'en shall never drap a tear,
My love unchangin' aye will cheer—
Yea, mak' us happier ilka year,
Gin ye'll be mine, mine, mine.

Be mine, mine, mine, my ain,
Be mine, mine, mine;
I'll toil wi' joy your breid to gain,
I'll soothe a' weary oors o' pain,
Love's rich content shall roun' us reign,
Love's licht an' joy shall never wane,
Gin ye'll be mine, mine, mine.

Be mine, mine, mine, my a',
Be mine, mine, mine;

Your e'en like sparklin' diamonds twa!
Your cheeks like blushin' cloods o' snaw!
Your lips like roses at the blaw!
An' O! thae sighs like gloamin's fa'!
Tell me, you're mine, mine, mine!

CAN YE LEAVE ME?

CAN ye lea' me, bonnie lassie?
  Can ye lea' me thus despairin'?
Reft o' ye, what wad be life?
  A burden hardly worth the bearin'.
Win's may blaw, an' leaves may fa',
  Flowerets bloom, syne fadin', wither;
Years may come an' gang awa',
  But I'll lo'e ye, an' for ever.
    Dinna lea' me thus despairin',
    Dinna lea' me a' uncarin',
    Lassie, turn an' pity gi'e;
    Lassie, lo'e, an' lo'e but me.

Heedna, lassie, neebors' clashin',
  Heedna, lassie, envy's leein',
Fouk wha canna see themsel's,
  Fauts in ither fouk are seein';

Na! by a' that mak's the man,
An' by Ane a hantle greater,
True to ye I'll ever stan',
Love like mine ne'er plays the traitor.
Dinna lea' me thus despairin', &c.

Dinna, lassie, look sae waefu',
Love maun a' its thraws be bravin',
Could my heart ae name disclose,
Yours alane is on it graven.
Come again into my arms,
Rest upon this bosom ever,
Noo, fareweel to a' alarms!
Mine, again! to pairt, O! never.
Lo'e me noo, an' lo'e me stronger,
Lo'e me true, an' lo'e me longer;
Years may come, an' death may sever,
But our love is life for ever.

THO' I GANG.

WHAT tho' I lea' thee, still thou art
A meteor-gleam in partin's night,
That sweeps wi' fire my cloudit heart,
An' gives, oh gives my gloom its light;
My morning's ray thou aye wilt be,
My noonday's a' unsullied beam,
My gloamin's sweetness, that will dee
Into my night's exultin' dream.
Then, tho' I gang thou'rt ever near,
Sair, tho' I gang thou'rt ever dear,
Near an' dear, oh! wha can say
That I frae thee am far away?

What tho' my longin' e'e grows dim
Wi' Hope's far-reachin' fervid glance,
My heart will pour some vernal hymn
To lichten up love's lone expanse.

Wearied na' o' hopin' ever,
  Thochts an' dreams gi'e painfu' bliss,
Love's keen darts that wildly quiver,
  Pierce, yet guide to happiness.
    Then, tho' I gang, &c.

LICHTSOME JEAN.

TICHTSOME, lichtsome, winsome Jeanie,
Smilin', wilin' ever;
Genty, tenty, canty Jeanie,
Frownin', gloomin' never,
Frownin', gloomin' never.
Life's wee burdens a' are blessin's,
Sae I lo'e them aye to tease me;
A' to pree the fond caressin's,
O' the heart that aye can please me;
Frowns are foes unto her nature,
Loveless looks she canna thole,
Happiness wi' couthie feature
Owre the house maun hae control.

Tichtsome, lichtsome, winsome Jeanie,
Smilin', wilin' ever;
Genty, tenty, canty Jeanie,
Frownin', gloomin' never,
Frownin', gloomin' never.

Ilka morn is aye affordin'
  A' the joy that brings anither ;
Ilka day maun dee recordin',
  A' our bliss unto its brither ;
Life wi' us has nocht o' rancour,
  Hamely peace is a' we prize,
Trustin' to ae mutual anchor,
  Earth to us is paradise.

I'LL TAK' YOUR BURDEN.

I'LL tak' your burden owre the burn,
Lassie, lassie;
Thae stappin'-stanes may gar ye mourn,
Lassie, lassie.
Loud the swirlin' stream may fa
Weet the stanes, and unco sma',
Fear na ye, I'll carry a
Trust me, lassie—ever.

I'll tak' your han' and lead ye owre,
Lassie, lassie;
Faith an' love will gi'e me power,
Lassie, lassie.
Tho' your footsteps shog fu' sair,
A' your fears I'll fondly bear,
Owre we'll gang, wi' tenty care,
Trust me, lassie—ever.

Come wi' me and fear nae harm,
Lassie, lassie;
Ilka step will be a charm,
Lassie, lassie.
When thou'rt near I'll happy be,
When thou'rt near I'll never dree;
Fa's or thraws that sorrow gi'e,
Trust me, maiden—ever.

Hand in hand we blithely gang,
Wifie, wifie;
Joys aye licht our staps alang,
Wifie, wifie.
Tho' the stream may wildly roar,
We will warsle bauldly o'er,
Reachin' safe yon ither shore,
Lovin' wifie—ever.

WOO ME IN THE GLOAMIN'.

O! LIVES there a lassie wha never was fain
To own that her heart was amaist no' her ain?
O! could there be ane wha was cauld to love's ca'?
I ne'er wad believe her a lassie ava.
I ken, o' my being, it is the gran' pairt,
To hae a bit laddie enthroned in my heart,
To live for his love, an' to drink the strange joys
That aye in the gloamin' aroun' me arise.

Sae woo me in the gloamin' whan the mune shines bright,
An' the bonnie lauchin' stars shed their lovefu' light;
When hearts enraptured move to whisp'rin's frae above,
The gloamin'! O! the gloamin' is the time to love.

My minnie an' daddie look waefu' an' sad,
They say that I'm doitet, because I've a lad;
He's young an' he's blate, sae he'll no' venture in,
An' never to meet him wad be a great sin.

He taps at the winnock to tell me he's there,
My heart gi'es a loup that I canna weel bear;
I dinna do wrang to steal out unco slee,
Whan a' that I lo'e is awaitin' for me.
He woos me in the gloamin' whan the mune shines bright, &c.

We seek the calm hush o' a flower-laden dell,
Whaur Natur's repose fans our loves wi' its spell;
Then deep in my bosom the feelin' is given
That mak's my soul rise to the portals o' Heaven.
I see in thae moments o' rapturous bliss
The gowden forebodin's o' a' happiness;
Sae, sae to mak' life's only blessin' secure,
Love's links maun be knit in the gloamin's saft oor.
Gang courtin' in the gloamin' whan the mune shines bright, &c.

CANTY IS MY LASSIE LOVE.

CANTY is my lassie love,
  Bonnie is she ilka way,
Purer than a snawy dove,
  O! I lo'e her nicht and day.
Cauldrife blasts that rudely blaw,
  Dinna breathe my lassie on,
Pass her by! she is my a',
  I lo'e the grun' she treads upon.
    Canty is my lassie love,
      Earth hasna sic another one,
    Guard her aye, ye powers above,
      I lo'e the grun' she treads upon.

Raven hair surrounds her broo,
  Darker still her sparklin' e'e,
Dainty is her smilin' mou',
  Temptin' e'en a saunt to pree;

Movin' like a thing o' licht,
  Singin' like a birdie lone,
Flowerets wauken at the sicht,
  An' bless the grun' she treads upon;
    Bonnie is my lassie love, &c.

Guileless is her tender heart,
  Hamely clad she aye appears,
Needless a' the charms o' art,
  Nature's gems eneuch she wears—
Ever wi' her I maun be,
  Peace without her I ha'e none.
Lassie! ever dear to me,
  I lo'e the grun' ye tread upon.
    Cheerin' is my lassie love, &c.

THE BONNIE MAY MORN.

FIE on ye! up, an' lat us gang,
  Blythe Nature waukens fu' o' glee,
The lav'rock pours its mornin' sang,
  The gentle daisy ope's its e'e,
The tender primrose decks the brae,
  The leaflets shak' wi' love anew,
We'll welcome gi'e the morn o' May,
  An' kiss its hinny blobs o' dew.

The sun keeks owre yon heathery hill,
  Mair kindly seems his pawkie e'e;
The feathery cloods wi' joy are still,
  An' gowden welcomes fondly gi'e.
The burnies croon anither strain,
  An' loup the linns wi' roarin' mirth,
Syne swirlin' roun' they sing again
  A hymn that lifts us yont the earth.

In bloomin' dells the mavis ca's,
An' sportive lammies speel the knowes;
On joyous wing the cheery craws
Are dartin' doon the dewy howes.
Sae haste ye, lads an' lasses a',
'Mang fragrant fields we'll lichtsome stray,
We'll tread wi' love the flowery shaw,
An' kiss the hinny dew o' May.

THE MAVIS SINGS IN YONDER GROVE.

THE mavis sings in yonder grove,
The sun has closed his gowden e'e,
An' gentle gloamin's peacefu' love
Is fu' o' joy to a' but me.
Ilk birdie sings a tender sang,
An' blithely seeks its cosy nest;
But waes me, noo I cheerless gang
Wi' dowie sorrow in my breast.

The morn o' love awakened fair,
An' bright beneath its glow was I;
But ah! a wee clood lingered there
That darkened a' its noonday sky.
As fa's the blight upon the flower,
An' withers ilka rosy leaf,
Sae my fond heart, ae deadly hour,
Was reft o' bliss an' filled wi' grief.

Nae mair I'll rove wi' lichtsome feet
  The flowery dells o' Garpol burn;
Baith nicht an' day I lanely greet
  For joys that will nae mair return.
Sae I maun thole the weary day,
  Nocht, nocht o' peace remains for me;
The mavis sings an' seems to say,
  "Sune, sune will bonnie Mary dee."

SIT YE DOON MY CANTY WIFE.

SIT ye doon my canty wife,
Sit ye doon my a', Jean,
Wintry win's wi' surly strife
Roun' our biggin' blaw, Jean.
Norlan' blasts may rage above,
Fu' o' muckle glee, Jean,
But they canna chill the love
Atween yoursel' an' me, Jean,
Sit ye doon my canty wife,
Sit ye doon my a', Jean,
Wintry win's wi' surly strife
Roun' our biggin' blaw, Jean.

Braw ye looked when we were wed,
Prood I ca'd ye mine, Jean;
Beauty's sel' I captive led,
O! ye were divine, Jean.

Years hae flown, an' still ye are
Jewel o' my e'e, Jean;
Bonnie aye, an' dearer far,
A' o' a' to me, Jean.
Sit ye doon my canty wife, &c.

Though we're growin' auld an' frail,
Youth we ne'er forget, Jean;
Time but tells the joyous tale,
Wooin' we are yet, Jean.
Rich are we in hamely bliss
Wealth can never gie, Jean;
Nane can tell the happiness
Atween yoursel' an' me, Jean.
Sit ye doon my canty wife, &c.

Lat me stroke your snawy broo,
Crowned wi' honor o'er, Jean;
Lat me kiss your hinny mou',
Fondly as o' yore, Jean.
Ane thegither we hae trod,
Ane we live to gree, Jean;

Ane thegither 'neath the sod,
Ane ayont we'll be, Jean.
Sit ye doon my canty wife, &c.

THE AE FREEN.

I HAE ae lovin', trustin' heart
That I can ca' my ain,
To cheer me 'neath ilk warldly smart,
To soothe ilk thraw or pain.
The wounded lav'rock seeks its nest,
The stricken deer its lair;
Sae I wi' fash an' faucht opprest,
Find a' my solace there.

We canna live within oursels,
We're helpless, puir, an' dark;
We need anither heart, whaur dwells
Some wee bit cheerin' spark
To guide us thro' life's tangled maze
O' fret an' cankerin' care,
That shroud our fancied happy days,
An' lea' us in despair.

The gem is nocht bereft o' licht,
Or flowers bereft o' hue;
The skies without the sunbeams bricht,
We canna, canna lo'e.
Sae man without some lassie's love,
To roose him wi' its spell,
Wad as a joyless wanderer rove,
An' find the warl' a hell.

Ah! life wad be a ban o' gloom—
A scene o' misery born—
A hauntin' shadow o' the tomb—
A nicht without a morn,
Had we no ane, the ae, ae freen,
Wha lo'es our woes to share,
Upon whose heart we aye can lean,
An' find a' comfort there.

GARPOL GLEN.

WHEN gloamin's glories gild the sky,
An' deepenin' shadows saftly fa',
When nature's evenin' minstrelsy
Is heard in ilka plaintive ca' ;
When mountain echoes die afar,
An' usher in the hush o' night ;
When gently peeps the queenly star,
A radiant eye, love-laughin' bright,
I'll hie awa' to Garpol Glen,
Whaur flowerets sleep in beauty lone,
Whaur nane can see, an' nane will ken,
To meet an' woo my only one.

Her sparklin' een, like stars above,
A tender sympathy disclose ;
Her cheeks aye bear the flush o' love,
Her lips are like the dewy rose.

'Tis hope to me her bonnie smile,
'Tis life to me her silvery voice—
She's a' I ha'e to sweeten toil—
She's a' I ha'e to gie me joys—
Sae I'll awa to Garpol Glen, &c.

She hauds my heart wi' tenty pride,
Fu' blithe I own her heavenly pow'r;
Sae, sae I canna be denied
The pleasure o' ae gloamin' hour.
'Tis hers to fan wi' skill divine
The a' impassioned feelin' pure,
That longs to mak' the lassie mine,
An' a' her love an' bliss secure;
Sae I'll awa to Garpol Glen, &c.

WHAUR ANNAN GLIDES.

WHAUR Annan sweetly glides alang
Thro' mony a flowery shaw,
An' pours its purlin' tender sang
Wi' music's gentlest fa';
Whaur bloomin' hawthorns scent the breeze,
An' shed their faemy white;
Whaur linties 'mang the sighin' trees
Sing lilts o' love's delight;
I marked a flower, a bonnie flower—
My heart sank wi' dismay
As 'fore me passed, wi' witchin' power,
The lass o' Chapel Brae;
The bonnie lass, the witchin' lass,
The lass o' Chapel Brae.

Her hair was o' the darkest hue,
Her een still deeper shone,
An' nature made her dainty mou'
Love's a' unsullied throne;

Her steps were like a shadow's fa',
  Flowers laughed aneath their kiss ;
Her voice was like an angel's ca',
  An' O! 'twas fu' o' bliss.
    I marked this flower, this bonnie flower, &c.

I gazed upon her lovely form,
  'Twas a' I daured to do ;
I couldna speak to sic a charm,
  She fired my soul anew.
A feast that brocht me sic despair
  Haunts like a vision still ;
Sae, sae I breathe a kindly prayer
  For her o' Chapel Hill.
    I marked this lass, this bonnie flower, &c.

OUR COT.

WHAT tho' our bit cottage is sma'?
What tho' it is happit wi' theek?
Love mak's it aye hamely an' braw,
Sae nae ither hame need I seek.
The sweet hinnysickle an' rose
A' cuddle wi' fondness its wa's,
An' green bourtree-bushes disclose
A shield frae ilk tempest that blaws.
I lo'e it, I lo'e it, tho' lowly;
I ken o' nae spot that can gi'e
A calmness sae mellowed an' holy,
As our humble cottage to me.

Ilk mornin' it sparkles wi' dew,
An' gleams like a gem-studdit croon,
While perfumes, saft blawin', anew
Wi' sweetness encircle it roun'.

Wee birdies, on licht-loupin' wing,
Joy-melodies cheerily pour
In warblin's o' gladness, that fling
A halo of tenderness pure.
I lo'e it, I lo'e it, tho' lowly, &c.

At gloamin' it seems to repose
In Nature's unsullied love-peace,
An' to me wi' welcomes it glows,
That bid a' my toil-troubles cease.
It shelters my wifie an' weans,
Whase love mak's it a' o' a hame,
While Virtue ennoblin' sustains
A glory that ha's canna claim.
I lo'e it, I lo'e it, tho' lowly, &c.

FOREVER.

OH! the wild sea sings at my lone cot door,
A sang o' dool an' wae,
An' the white waves coup wi' an eerie roar
That wearies me a' day.
Will my love come back to my arms again,
Say noo, O! mournin' sea?
Ah! its cauld breist heaves and it sighs wi' pain—
"Maid! dinna speir at me."

Oh! the sad win' sings wi' a waefu' tune,
An' owre the grey sea sooms,
It soughs doon the lum wi' a wailin' soun',
An' thro' the keyhole booms.
Will my love come back to my arms again,
Say win' that blaws sae hie?
Wi' a deid-cry maen, Oh! it shrieks fu' fain—
"Maid! dinna speir at me."

See the cauld mune glints in a caulder sky,
Nae hope, nae licht is there;
An' its ghaistly glower as the clouds pass by
Fills me wi' its despair.
Will my love come back to my arms aince mair,
Say mune as on ye flee?
Ah! it seems to say wi' a waesome stare,
"Maid! dinna speir at me."

Noo my heart maist braks, I get nae reply,
Is hope for ever fled?
Waes me! 'tis the thocht o' the days gane by
That maks me waur than deid.
Hush! the deid-watch ticks in the cauldrife wa',
My ears noo ringin' be,
An' I hear a voice like a spirit's ca'—
"Maid! Love can never dee."

BONNIE ART THOU EVER.

BONNIE art thou ever, Jeanie,
Dearer art thou ever, Jeanie,
Tho' growin' auld, love ne'er is cauld
Atween oorsel's, my wifie, Jeanie.
There's melody still in thy tread,
My only joys thine eyes are givin';
Thy smiles aroun' me pleasure shed,
An' mak' my life aye worth the livin'.
Bonnie art thou ever, Jeanie,
Dearer art thou ever, Jeanie,
Tho' growin' auld, love ne'er is cauld
Atween oorsel's, my wifie, Jeanie.

The flowers o' spring in beauty grow,
An' sweetly blaws ilk fragrant blossom,
They're dear to me; but O! I vow,
Thou art the gem that decks my bosom.
Bonnie art thou ever, Jeanie, &c.

The birdies lilt on ilka tree,
Their lays o' love sae sweetly ringin';
I lo'e them, but they canna gi'e,
The bliss I feel when thou art singin'.
Bonnie art thou ever, Jeanie, &c.

Tho' Time may owre us swiftly speed,
It closer twines our hearts thegither;
Thou art my heaven! wi' thee whan deid,
I'll be content tho' I've nae ither.
Bonnie art thou ever, Jeanie, &c.

THE MITHER.

SIC a wife I ha'e,
What a toilin' mither,
Toilin' nicht an' day,
Never grumblin' either.
Aye amang her weans,
Fegs! her job is kittle;
Wi' their joys an' pains,
Rest she gets but little.
What a love she bears!
Love that never withers;
Foremost in our prayers,
Aye should be "our mithers."

Ane upon her knee,
Cuddlin' in her bosie;
Roun' her ither three,
Rompin', yellin', noisy.
Tumblin' owre the chairs,
Ane has cracked her headie;

See! to soothe her tears,
Mammy's ever ready.
What a love she bears! &c.

Frae the mornin' chime
To the 'oor o' gloamin',
What a busy time
Waits the mither-woman.
Keepin' them aye snod,
Haudin' them thegither;
Gloryin' in her load,
Wha is like the mither?
What a love she bears! &c.

Faither sune wad shirk
Hauf an 'oor o' nursin';
Fidgin' at the wark,
Girnin', frettin', cursin'.—
"Wifie! tak' the wean,
Dinna to me lippen;
I wad haud him fain,
But he kens my grippin."
What a love she bears! &c.

FU'.

FAITHER! Faither! Oh! whaur hae ye been?
Puir mither maist dees wi' despair;
What's wrang wi' your stap, an' your face, an' your een,
What's wrang wi' your bonnie black hair?
I've socht ye up, an' I've socht ye doon,
I felt na the win's blawin' snell;
Your wee lassie gaed like a ghaist through the toon
Till twal' o'clock rung frae the bell.

Faither! Faither! there's naething to eat,
Nae fire in the ingle to cheer;
Our happin is thin, we've nae shoon on our feet,
An' death's awfu' whispers we hear.
The nicht win' sings a sorrowifu' sang,
That seems to be sent frae above,
An' it tells o' a hame whaur the weary gang,
An' it tells o' ae Faither's love.

Faither! Faither! Oh! keek in the glass,
  Syne tell me what is 't that ye see;
It's no my ain faither that's lookin', alas!
  It canna, it canna weel be.
The lips I aft kissed are noo cauld an' blae,
  Your nose as a cherry is red,
An' your bonnie black een hae a wild glowrin' way
  An' fain wad loup out o' your head.

Lassie! Lassie! my ain bonnie bairn,
  It isna mysel' that I see,
But a dark face scowls, an' a de'il I discern,
  Wi' death dartin' out frae his e'e.
It canna be me! O! it maunna be me,
  Wife! banish a' sorrow an' care,
God lists to the prayer frae our puir lassie wee,—
  Forgie me! I'll never drink mair.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

A TOIL-WORN man cam' hame at nicht,
And as he ope'd his door he saw
A smiling wife and bairnies bricht
Whase welcomes drove his cares awa;
Their kisses a' were sweetly given,
Quo' he—My life is just a heaven.

Ae nicht a toil-worn man cam' hame,
And as he ope'd his door he saw
A drunken wife bereft o' shame,
An' unwashed bairnies raggit a';
Nae welcomes rose wi' joyous swell,
Quo' he—My life is just a hell.

THE DRUCKEN MITHER.

THE snell win's were blawin', the robin was ca'in',
The broon leaves were fa'in' frae ilka sad tree,
When Mattie Kilbra'in', as gloamin' was drawin',
Gaed stoiterin' hame wi' a gill in ilk e'e;
Her puir raggit bairnies were greetin' an' weary,
A mither's saft comfort, ah! seldom they knew,
They crouched by the ingle, cauld, hungry, an' eerie,
An' glowred at their mither an' whispered, "She's
fu'!"

Her guidman frae toilin', and langsome day moilin',
Wi' joy maist beguilin' his labours forgot,
But whaur was the wilin', o' bairnies a' smilin'?
Wha cam' na to meet him as nearin' his cot;
Wi' sorrow's sad dreein's, an' maist in a swither,
He opened the door wi' his heart in his mou',
His lammies were tryin' to wauken their mither,
vin'ly cuddlin' her, but—she was fu'.

Sair, sair, was his sighin' to see them a' cryin'—
Owre mammy deid-lyin' upon the hearthstane;
His hopes noo were dyin', his joys noo were flyin',
An' life's beauty vanished to come na again;
He kissed his puir weans, an' the wee fire he lichtit,
He made them some parritch their pains to subdue,
Their tear-streakit cheekies he tentily dichtit,
Syne got them to bed, for their mither was fu'.

She lay a sad ruin, for ever undoin'
The years o' his wooin' he thocht aye sae blest;
He grat while reviewin' auld memories strewin'
Their sweet blinks o' licht in his sorrowfu' breast;
Love fled frae his bosom when gazin' upon her,
The wife he aince cherished was nocht to him noo;
In anguish he prayed 'mid his gloom o' dishonour—
God pity the bairns when the mither gets fu'!

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

FEW fouk ever think that age mak's them get aulder,
That youth's bloomin' beauty will soon fade awa ;
The slee warks o' art may deceive a beholder,
While a' underneath Time is workin' a fa' ;
The wad-be-time-proof are the prood an' conceited,
Wha lee aye to own the few years that they bear,
Wha greet wi' dismay, as their hopes are defeated
Wi' the sma', tellin' index,—the primal grey hair.

'Tis seized wi' disgust, an' a mind fu' o' dootin',—
'Tis narrowly scanned, an' gey aft it is turned,—
'Tis aften the cause o' a fouth o' disputin',—
It is a tell-tale that is hurriedly burned.
Their autumn o' age the *wee line* is betrayin',
That it couldna be grey,—O'd the victims will swear :
Hoots! No!—they are young, wi' feent ony decayin',
Their braw glossy locks couldna brook a grey hair.

The e'e may be bricht, an' the voice may be ringin',
The spring-time o' youth may be vernal gey lang,
But harvest maun come, wi' the hue that is bringin',
The thocht that the reaper triumphant will gang.
Fouk may in their pride bid his scythe a defiance,
An' heedless may be to his hints o' despair,—
Fause, fause are the hopes, on sic flimsy reliance,
For his warnin' voice speaks in the first grey hair.

COME BACK! SWEET FLOWERS.

NAE mair, oh! nae mair, do I see my loved flowers—
My sweet, silent songsters whase smilin's aye cheer;
Noo lichtless an' joyless to me are the hours,
Bereft o' the glint o' companions sae dear.
What though the wee snawdrap sae tender appears,
A wreath o' saft snawflakes adornin' its broo?
It hings its white head like a mourner in tears,
An' waukens despair in my bosom anew.

O! soon the pale primrose will start frae its bed,
An' timidly peep wi' a hauf-opened e'e;
'Twill loup when it sees a' the snaw-cloods are fled,
An' O! its mild fragrance 'twill joyously gie.
I'll welcome its comin', I'll sing it a sang,
I'll kiss its saft leaflets wi' fervour again,
An' roun' my auld Lyre like a jewel 'twill hang,
Aye sheddin' its licht owre ilk rapturous strain.

The virgin-hued daisy will peep like a star,
An' raise its wee pow frae the faulds o' the green;
Joy-ushered 'twill gaze on the blue skies afar,
An' haud its white cheek to the breezes serene.
Its bosie will glow like a wee blob o' gold,
Reflectin' the blushes that circle its form;
I'll croon it a lilt as its smiles I behold,
An' fondly my heart will exult in the charm.

The dear, gentle violet will burst in its pride,
In deep-tintit garments sae bonnilie drest;
Like pearlins that deck the dark hair o' a bride
The dewdraps o' mornin' will gleam on its breast.
O! come back again, a' ye emblems o' song,
O! wauken, ye kenna the joys that ye bring;
I wait as a lover, I wearily long
To kiss ye again, ye sweet heralds o' Spring.

NOVEMBER.

THE leaf fa's frae the tree,
The nor' win's rudely blaw,
The birdies' wanton glee
Is gane, is gane awa.
The warl' seems cauld an' deid,
An' lifefu' joys depart ;
Noo sorrow's eerie dread
Clings roun' my dowie heart,
In November.

Nae lovely gloamin's bide,
Nae gentle peace an' licht ;
The wintry sun-rays glide,
An' woo the lap o' nicht.
The mune is ringed wi' wrath,
Nae mair she loups wi' joy ;
Nae stars adorn her path
Atour the gloomy sky,
In November.

The grey cloods kiss the sea
That moans wi' deep despair;
Its white waves mark to me
The hames o' slumberers there.
It flings its angry spray,
An' louder pours its strain;
Its restless soul is wae,
An' shrieks to Heaven wi' pain,
In November.

Ah! what can cheer me noo?
My heart sinks lowly doon;
Strange dreamin's rise anew,
Strange sangs I sadly croon.
Say! is this earth a tomb
Wherein no beauties shine?—
Soft stealin' through its gloom,
Hope whispers, Why repine?
This remember.

THE PIRLIE.

PUT your penny in the pirlie,
Bonnie, bonnie bairn;
Aye, to hae, begin richt early,
Sune the knack ye'll learn;
Drap it in the holie cannie,
Lat it gather mair,
Whan the Ne'er-Day comes, my mannie,
Muckle ye can wair.

Put your pennies in the pirlie,
Lat them cosy lie;
Winter's blasts may blaw fu' sairly,
Ye can a' defy.

Put your penny in the pirlie,
Dinna spen' it noo;
See! it's just a haudin' ferlie,
Haudin' till it's fu'.

What! my bonnie laddie frettin',
  Fearin' noo to save,
Wanters spen' it at the gettin',
  Be nae sic a slave.
    Put your pennies in the pirlie, &c.

Put your pennies in the pirlie,
  Growin' as they sleep,
Keep them till ye are a carlie,
  Mair ye'll hae to reap.
Nocht sae sweet as gowden honey,
  Laddie noo begin,
Life is nocht withoot the money,
  Put your penny in.
    Put your pennies in the pirlie, &c.

GOD KENS BEST.

WILL my laddie be a man?
  Will he aye do richt,
Workin' oot life's noblest plan
  Wi' a Christian's micht.
Little kens, my bonnie bairn,
  A' that racks my breast;
Nane his future can discern,—
  God kens best.

I hae taught him hoo to pray,
  Trained him to be kind;
Surely Evil's darkenin' sway
  Winna stain his mind.
I hae been his gentle guide,
  Truth I've aye imprest;
Will my lessons wi' him bide?—
  God kens best.

Life to him may be a round
O' unceasing toil,
Peace and comfort never found,
Troubles to beguile.
Should his friends be cold or few,
Wi' nae love possest,
Will he to himself be true?—
God kens best.

I maun leave my orphan boy,
For yon gowden home,
Where his faither waits wi' joy—
Waits me when I come.
Ne'er forget your mither's faith,
Life in Christ is best;
Laddie! live for Him till death,
God will do the rest.

HAP HIM, MAMMY.

HAP him, mammy! Row him, mammy,
Cosie mak' the darlin' lammie—
Johnnie Frost is comin';
Doon the lum, hear him hum,
'Neath the door, hear him roar;—
Hap him, clap him, mak' him cosie,
Johnnie maunna nip his nosie;
Gang awa, Johnnie Frost, gang awa.

Hap his handies, hap his feetie,
Johnnie's breath has little pity—
Johnnie Frost is comin';
Hoo he wheeps, as he creeps,
Seekin' taes, thro' the claes;—
Hap him, rock him, mak' him cosie,
Frae his feetie to his bosie;
Gang awa, Johnnie Frost, gang awa.

Hap him, mammy, row him tenty,
Johnnie rins frae blankets plenty—
Johnnie Frost is comin';
Hoo he moans, hoo he groans,
Wantin' bairns, for his airns;—
Hap him, mammy, mak' him cosie,
Keep his chubby cheekies rosie;
Gang awa, Johnnie Frost, gang awa.

THE WEE TOOM SHOON.

WAES me! my bonnie lam's awa,
Awa! for ever gane;
He sleeps whaur tender violets blaw,
An' saft win's passin' maen.
Sair noo the tear fa's frae my e'e,
An' burnin' grief low sinks me doon,
My heart maist braks whane'er I see
The cauld, cauld look o' the wee toom shoon—
The wee toom shoon.

I see his bonnie curly head,
His dark love-lowin' e'e,
His chubby cheeks o' glowin' red,
An' lips sae sweet to me.
Strange! aft I hear his cheerie voice,
An' wi' delicht I'll turn me roun';
But ah! 'tis Fancy's cruel joys,
Nocht, nocht I see but the wee toom shoon—
The wee toom shoon.

THE WEE TOOM SHOON.

"For Death keeks oot o' the wee toom shoon."

I see him aft in gowden dreams,
  Sweet cuddlin' doon to rest,
His ae wee han' fu' aften seems
  Still lyin' on my breast.
Ah me! whan dawns the brichtest morn,
  Dark sorrow is my only boon,
I wake, to feel he's frae me torn,
  For Death keeks oot frae the wee toom shoon—
    His wee toom shoon.

OOR WEE, WEE WEAN!

SITTIN' on her mammy's knee,
  Pu'in' mammy's curls,
Lauchin', kickin', fu' o' glee,
  Hoo the darlin' skirls!
Croodlin' doon in mammy's breast—
  Teetin' oot again—
Fu' o' cantrips, love possessed,
  Is oor wee, wee wean!
    Ae e'e keekin', sleely teetin'—
    Twinklin', sparklin', unco fain,
    Snigglin', wrigglin', loupin', coupin',
    Sic a wee, wee wean,
      Is oor wee wean.

Bendin' noo to grip her feet,
  Gooin' wi' delight,
Tryin' wi' her mouthie sweet
  Stumpy taes to bite—

Wond'rin' hoo they move themsel',
Thinks they're no her ain,
Lookin' what her tongue wad tell,
Is oor wee, wee wean.
Ae e'e keekin, sleely teetin', &c.

Standin' noo on mammy's lap,
Glowrin' a' aroon'—
Ettlin' noo to tak' a stap,
Jumpin' up an' doon—
Eenie black, an' dainty nose,
Cheeks o' ruddy stain,
Lippies like a buddin' rose,
Is oor wee, wee wean.
Ae e'e keekin', sleely teetin', &c.

SPEAK KIND TO THE BAIRNS.

SPEAK kind to the bairnies, the wee toddlin' treasures,
The ingle-neuk angels that banish a' strife;
Their innocent ploys are the source o' their pleasures,
Their lauchin' an' rompin' the soul o' their life.
O! wha could be thrawn wi' a bairnie's sweet smilin'?
Wha, wha to their cuddlin' an' kissin' is blind?
The heart maun be deid to a' beauty beguilin',
That canna thole bairnies, an' speak to them kind.

Our freens may be cauldrife, our toil may be weary,
Our way may be sma' aff the little we earn,
But rich in affection, we, joyous an' cheery,
Wad gie our last bannock to comfort our bairn.
O! what has a man on this earth to be prood o'?
Were't no' for the nurslin's by Heaven designed
To lichten the life that they show him the good o',
Sae thole wi' their capers, an' speak to them kind.

Sair, sair are the tears o' the bairnies neglectit,
  Their wee hearts are broken aneath a harsh word;
They love to be loved wi' a love unrestrictit,
  An' joy whan their troubles are couthielie heard.
Hoo happy to ken we hae some that aye love us,
  Come age, or come death, they will bear us in mind;
They'll drap a love tear on the green sod above us,
  An' sigh as they say that we ever were kind.

"OUR AIN BAIRNS"

IN THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.

'Tis a' for the weans o' puir Scots we are met,
The lammies bereft o' guid guidin' an' lear;
As Scotsmen wi' hearts, oh, we canna forget
That Poverty's grip mak's a life o' despair.
See! 'neath its grim scowlin', wi' pitifu' glow'r,
The heart-broken widow its terrors discerns;
As round the cauld ingle o' misery cow'r
Her puir raggit nurslin's, her faitherless bairns.
Aft faitherless, aft mitherless,
Aft sisterless, aft britherless,
The duddie waifs wander uncared for by a';
We maun tak' them in our care,
We maun gie them claes and lear;
O! we sanna let our Scottish bairnies fa'.

What though they be humble and lowly o' birth,
They may be an honour to a' in the en';

Their hearts may contain the true seedlin's o' worth,
That mak' the real women and noble-souled men.
Come, Scots! lat us gie to the best o' our means,
A givin' heart ever God's high favour earns;
How joyous to ken, whan we lea' a' our freens,
Death's pathway is strewn wi' the blessin's o' bairns.
Aft faitherless, aft mitherless, &c.

We a' lo'e Auld Scotland, we honour her name,
We're prood to belang to the dear little land;
A true-heartit Scotsman aye deems it a claim,
Whan kinsmen are needy, to gie them a hand.
The heart o' ilk ane noo maun loup to ilk loof,
Our gifts are the angels that watch our concerns;
He's nocht but a soulless, contemptible coof,
Wha wadna help forrit our ain Scottish bairns.
Aft faitherless, aft mitherless, &c.

THE BLIN' BAIRN.

HE'S sittin' by the door alane,
While a' the ither bairnies joy ;
He hears their merry shouts and fain
Wad rise and mingle in the ploy.
He peers abune, an' shoggin' smiles,
He kens, he feels there's something wrang ;
He sighs, an' owre his cheekies whyles
A great roun' tear will dartin' gang.
Puir bairnie blin', ye canna, daurna rin,
Oh ! dinna be sighin' an' greetin' sae sair ;
Sweet lammie blin', though a' is dark within,
The angels o' licht hae ye aye in their care.

His heid is crooned wi' gowden hair,
That flutters roun' his bonnie broo ;
His cheeks the hue o' roses bear,
An' dainty sweet his lovely mou'.
He hears the music o' the win',
He hears the streamlet's plaintive hymn ;

An', though the gentle bairnie's blin',
He kens the angels speak to him.
Puir bairnie blin', ye canna, daurna rin, &c.

His tremblin' handies seem to ken
The warl' is fu' o' dangers a',
An' though he dauners oot an' in
They ever guard him frae a fa'.
He lo'es to feel wee tender flowers,
An' sings to them wi' childish glee;
The playmates o' his darksome hours,
They aye within his lap maun be.
Puir bairnie blin', ye canna, daurna rin, &c.

They tell him o' the sun abune,
That sheds on a' its cheerin' beams;
They tell him o' the stars an' mune
That deck the blue wi' gowden gleams.
He dootin' glow'rs, an' wond'rin' says—
"The warl' is but an endless nicht;"
He'll greet, an' 'mid his tears he prays—
"O! Faither, Faither, gi'e me licht."
Puir bairnie blin', ye canna, daurna rin, &c.

NAEBODY'S BAIRN.

CURLY heid o' gowden hair,
Unco bonnie; toosie ever;
Feent a bannet, feent a care,
Unco steerie; idle never;
Sparklin' e'en o' tender blue,
Chubby cheeks o' rosy hue,
Dainty nosie; kissin' mou',
Fu' o' smilin's ever.

Strippit sark o' buttons shorn,
Wafflin' baggy; cauldness lendin';
Breekies short an' unco torn,
Fleein' raggit; yont the mendin';
Pooches fu' o' thrums and threed,
Peeries, buttons, bools, an' breid,
Hooks an' baitin' worms hauf-deid,
A' to pleasure tendin'.

Feetie wearin' Nature's soles,
  Hard an' hackit; red 's a partan;
Bravely ilka thorn he tholes,
  Picks them oot an' ca's it scartin';
Kennin' whaur is ilka nest,
  Whaur the troots are maist an' best,
Whaur the lads and lasses rest,
  Nocht his e'e is thwartin'.

Wand'rin' in the auld kirkyard,
  Aften hungry; ever duddie,
Greetin' on the flowery sward,
  'Boon his mammy an' his daddie,
Sadly in the gloamin' air,
  Aft his sabs ascend fu' sair;
Aft he pours his mammy's prayer,—
  "*Faither! lead my laddie!*"

PUIR THING.

A LADDIE stood lane in the cauld nippin' air,
An' sairly he shivered an' shook;
His happin' was thin, and his feetie were bare,
An' hunger was seen in his look.
Oh! wae was my heart as upon him I gazed,
For thro' me gaed pity's keen stang,
To hear his wee voicie sae plaintively raised,
An' singin' this tear-bringin' sang—

My faither's ta'en awa, awa to heaven, they say,
The hoose is cauld an' toom, an' mither greets a' day.
Three bairnies cry for breid, but she has nane to gi'e,
Sae for their sakes I beg; Oh! pity, pity me!

Ae handie he drew owre his bonnie bricht e'en,
Syne looked up abune to the sky,

Whaur naething but snaw-clouds fu' cheerless were
seen
A' sailin' sae gloomily by.
He felt that the nicht was as dark as himsel',
An' sabbin' he grat unco lang;
Yet mid his sair tears aye wad tremblingly swell
The burden o' his sorrow sang—
My faither's ta'en awa, &c.

The fouk passin' by heard his poverty's strain,
But on him they cuist na an e'e;
It knocked at the door o' their hearts a' in vain,
For nane o' them pity did gi'e.
He stood till wi' frost his wee feetie were starred,
Till sadly his wailin' notes rang;
Syne wond'rin' hoo fouk were sae cruel an' hard,
He toddled awa as he sang—
My faither's ta'en awa, &c.

WEE NANNIE.

WHAT ails ye, wife?
I'm hame to ye,
Safe frae the strife
O' th' cauld, wild sea;
Oh! dinna greet,
I kiss your broo,
Whaur's Nannie sweet,
Whaur, tell me noo?
Wee Nannie's kiss
Pays a' my toil,
Hame maunna miss
Wee Nannie's smile.
Wee Nannie bring, bring, bring to me!

I sailed awa,
Bravin' ilk storm,
'Mid ilka blaw
I saw her form.

Aft did I hear
  Wee Nannie's voice,
Biddin' me cheer,
  Whisp'rin', rejoice!
    Wee Nannie's kiss, &c.

Wearyin' lang,
  I've come again,
Hame noo is wrang,
  Whaur is my wean?
Nannie! I'm back!
  Nae voice replies;
Wife! what a wrack,
  Hope in me dies.
    Wee Nannie's kiss, &c.

Nae welcomes noo,
  Nae kisses sweet,
Nae Nannie noo
  Comes me to meet.
"Clasp me, guidman,
  Close to your breast;
Hush! she's abune,
  Jesus-caressed!"

Nannie 's asleep,
Sleepin' below,
Joyless I weep,
Weepin' in woe.
Wee Nannie's gane! gane, gane awa!

WILD WILLIE WEE.

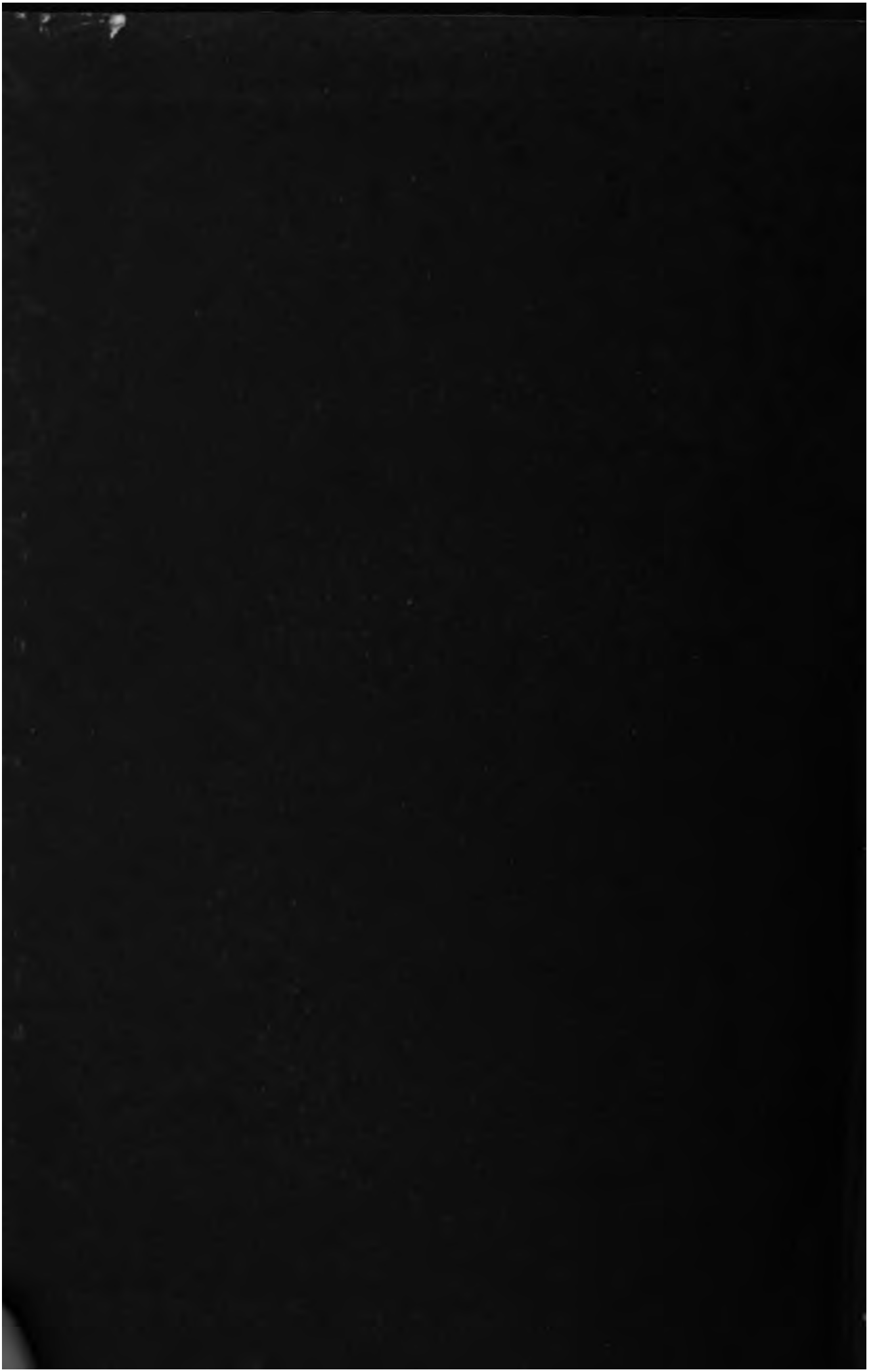
TODDLIN', stumpy Willie,
Just a twalmonth auld, noo;
Wilin', smilin', Willie;
Unco dour an' bauld, noo.
Thinks the hoose is a' his ain,
Lords it owre the ither three;
Tak's their toys an' scarts them fain,
Sic a wean I ne'er did see
As wild Willie, Willie wee,
Jewel o' his mammy's e'e.

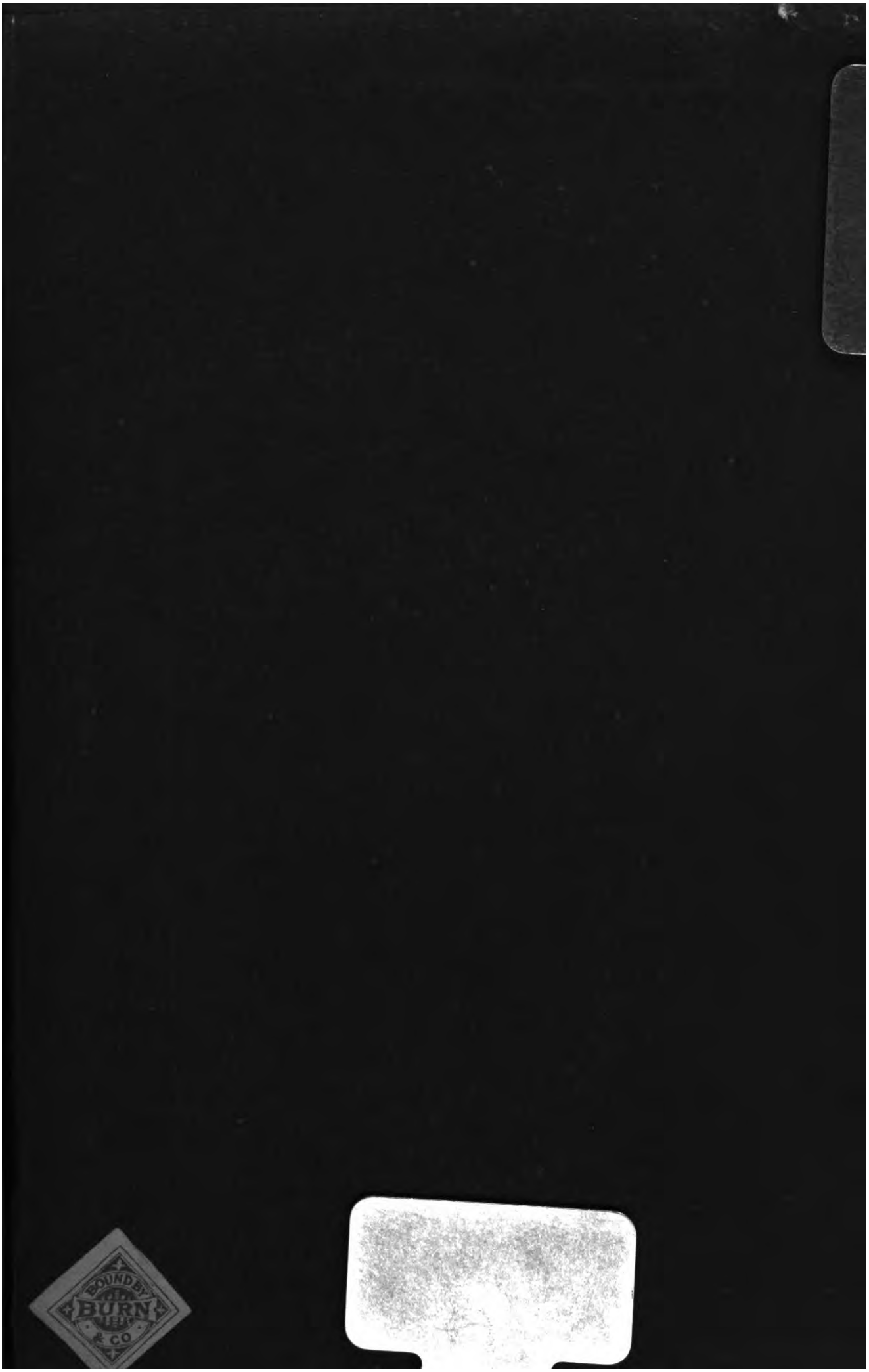
Roarin', rosy Willie
First maun hae his duds on;
Kickin', fechtin' Willie
Chairs an' tables thuds on.
Waukenin' sune, the steerie loon,
Cockie o' the cleckin' he;
A' the hoose he wad hae doon,
Gin his piece ye didna gie

To wild Willie, Willie wee.
Darlin' o' his mammy's e'e.

Warrin', warslin', Willie—
This is aff his faither;
Cuddlin', lovin' Willie—
That is frae his mither.
Fond is he o' mammy's lap—
Fonder still o' daddie's knee;
Ha! the rogue, wi' tremblin' stap,
Maun be up to craw his glee,
The wild Willie, Willie wee,
Faither-like he's sure to be.

Burly, black-e'ed Willie,
Fear't the lave to daur him;
Sturdy, wordie Willie,
Nocht ava will waur him.
Thole his din an' bick'rin' bustle,
Lat him grow as weel's he can;
Tho' he's but a younglin' thistle,
Fegs! he yet may mak' a man,
The wild Willie, Willie wee,
Something unco yet may be.

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