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THE  
EMIGRANT'S FAMILY;

OR,

Scotland and Australia,

A TALE FOUNDED ON REAL LIFE;

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY WILLIAM JAMIE,

AUTHOR OF THE "MUSE OF THE MEARNES," "STRAY EFFUSIONS; OR, GLEANINGS FROM NATURE," AND OTHER POEMS, &c., &c.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,  
    Forge an auld man's spleen,  
Wha midst your gayest scenes still mourns  
    The days he ance has seen.  
When time has past and seasons fled,  
    Your hearts will feel like mine,  
And aye the sang, will maist delight,  
    That minds ye o' langsyne!—OLD SONG.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY JOHN NEILSON, 32 DUNLOP STREET.

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TO

Miss Gibbon, of Johnston,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME, THE FRUITS OF THE AUTHOR'S  
MUSINGS, IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND HUMBLY  
DEDICATED,

BY WILLIAM JAMIE.

FAIR lady, like a tender flower  
That sweetly blooms in its young day,  
An offering from the muse's bower  
Before ye now I humbly lay.  
Oh! had the power and boon been mine,  
In sweetest strains to soar and sing,  
A richer garland would been thine,  
Wi' fairest gems of gentle spring.

These simple lays and lowly strains,  
Lady, I fondly bring to you,  
I've glean'd them from the rural glens,  
Where first the muse I tried to woo.  
The forest flowers which scent the gale,  
And crystal streams that wind along  
The margin of the sunny vale,  
Are themes I've woven in my song.

The shepherd's artless tale is told  
In Scotia's old and homely way,  
No warrior's deeds does it unfold,  
But rural scenes by queenly Tay ;  
Although from them he had to part  
To seek a home beyond the main,  
A youthful family to support,  
Where fortune smil'd on him again.

Lady ! these are warblings of my lyre—  
Rural flowers I've cull'd alone—  
Should there be one which you admire,  
They're purely chaste in every tone.  
Sweet one, now in the bloom of youth,  
May heaven grant you'll long be spared,  
And bless your honoured parents both,  
The earliest patrons of the bard.



## P R E F A C E .

---

THE Author, in coming before the public again, and for the fourth time, has little to say on his own behalf. A common excuse among Authors, is the urgent request of friends; but that is a term worn out and threadbare—as bare as the poet's coat, and as empty as *his purse*. Although, at the same time, he would be very ungrateful were he to say that he wanted many kind friends, who have at all times been ready to patronise his humble muse in her lowly flights by the winding streams in lonely glens, and where the songsters pour their sweetest notes to nature's loveliest scenes.

In launching the following little volume into the world, and upon the broad sea of literature, the 'humble Author does so of his own free will, with no vain idea that its merits will trumpet his fame to the skies; yet, at the same time, he considers it worthy of a perusal.

Being a devoted lover of his country and its dialect, the Author brings it before the public with no gaudy dress to recommend it; he brings it clothed in Scotia's homely attire, in the vernacular of her own land.

He leaves it to a candid public to be lenient with its failings, for, like the Author's *sins*, they are many. If, on the other hand, any remnant or signs of fire should be found in its bosom,

congenial in the least to the reader, or to beguile *a canny hour at e'en*, he will be delighted and think his time well spent. Some little flower might be found in a barren wild to attract the traveller's eye. No man's all should be despised—he has done his best. To those who read with a warm feeling, and feel for the visionary flights and too often blasted hopes (by castles built in the air) of the sons of the muse, and sees its faults, he hopes they will take into consideration the many disadvantages and trials that the humble and poor have often to contend with in the ways of life—their hard struggles before they can rise in the ranks of literature. A kindly feeling imparted oftener does more good to forward the views of a humble and deserving individual, and make him aspire, than the growlings of an angry critic. To him who reads but to condemn, and rend to pieces the web which he never wove, who would fight with the very wind with a mouthful of speech, the Author has no apology to make, and he asks no favour. The Author begs respectfully to return his most sincere thanks to his former patrons and kind friends who assisted and cheered him on in his last undertaking, and also those who have come forward on the present, and who have at all times been ready to forward his views and lighten his burdens when fighting with the stern battle of life; and to all his former subscribers for his other works, he returns his grateful thanks. May they in their labours be successful, and may every good attend them is the earnest wish of their

Most humble and devoted servant,

WILLIAM JAMIE.

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# THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT;

OR,

SCOTLAND AND AUSTRALIA.

---

OH, Scotland! bonnie are thy hills,  
Thy woods and vales, thy lochs and rills,  
Thy banks and braes, whare blue-bells hing,  
And broomy knowes, whare linties sing!  
Thy sons are eidant, brave, and leal,  
Thy daughters fair as Beauty's sell;  
And Industry, joined hand in hand  
Wi' pure Religion, guard thy land;  
While mossy cairn and castle hoar  
Proclaim thy gallant deeds of yore,  
And tell of Bruce and Wallace brave,  
Wha fought for freedom or the grave.  
While Time sweeps on till latest turn  
Our thoughts will glow for Bannockburn!

Oh, Scotland! weel hast thou been sung  
On sweetest harps that e'er were strung,

In strains that ne'er will be forgot—  
 The minstrelsy of Burns and Scott—  
 Names immortal in thy pages,  
 And household idols too for ages,  
 Frae wham auld Scotland's got a name,  
 O' warld's-wide and endless fame.

Whan simmer smiles on bank and lea,  
 Wi' bud and bloom on ilka tree,  
 How pleasant look our Scottish braes,  
 A' clad wi' bonnie heathery claes,  
 Wi' flocks o' sheep spread here and there,  
 Aneath their shepherd's watchfu' care ;  
 The lammies sportin' in the sun,  
 Like happy bairnies makin' fun,  
 And, oh ! 'tis blyth, when gloamin' hour  
 Has spread its grey plaid o'er the moor,  
 To see the shepherd pen his sheep,  
 Resign them to his collie's keep,  
 Then turn his steps hame to his cot,  
 Whistlin' contentment wi' his lot ;  
 His wife and bloomin' bairnies rin,  
 To meet their daddy comin' in,  
 He fondly dawts the bonnie pets,  
 While the guidwife the supper sets.

The supper o'er, and wi' his blast,  
 Wi' sang and tales the nicht is pass'd ;



The couthy neighbours in a pack,  
 Look in to hae a social crack;  
 And whiles the lads and lasses meet,  
 To hae some fun and shake their feet;  
 The shepherd plays the fiddle weel,  
 And gies them mony a merry reel.  
 Oh, happy hours! oh, rustic bliss!  
 E'en kings might envy life like this.

Near to the birth-place o' the Tay,  
 Whare mountains rise frae valleys gay,  
 Basking on a verdant hill,  
 Beside a noisy crystal rill,  
 And shelter'd by a shaggy wood,  
 A shepherd's farm-cot humbly stood;  
 Its tenant was an upright man,  
 Descendant o' Breadalbane's clan—  
 And here was born, and here was bred,  
 Here courtit's wife, and here was wed;  
 And Donald's father had possess'd  
 The place for generations past;  
 The farm was sma', and just lay o'er  
 Some hunder acres less or more,  
 And did maintain four score o' sheep,  
 A sonsie cow, too, had her keep.

A' Donald's wealth, and a' his stock  
 Were seen in his sma' fleecy flock;  
 But tho' in warld's gear fu' scant,  
 He had what riches aften want,

A lovin' wife, five sprouts beside,  
 To cheer his hame and be his pride ;  
 His bairns brought up in mountain air,  
 Bloom'd, like the daisies, fresh and fair.  
 His eldest ane, his Mary, dear,  
 Was noo intil her saxteenth year,  
 Fair as the dawn o' rosy morn,  
 Or dew upon the blossom'd thorn,  
 Was she wi' nature's modest smiles,  
 Devoid o' arts and gaudy wiles ;  
 His wife and he, noo aughteen years,  
 Had, hand in hand, mix'd joys and tears ;  
 Contented aye, baith morn and nicht,  
 They toil'd to rear their family richt ;  
 To learn them a' to write and read,  
 And teach them how to win their bread,  
 To 'tend the kirk and Sabbath schule,  
 And walk by faith and virtue's rule—  
 And 'boon a' things to fear the Lord—  
 To read ilk nicht the holy word,  
 Tho' sma' their means, their love was leal,  
 Had hands to gie and hearts to feel—  
 Wi' wife and bairns, the very best,  
 Guid Donald thocht that he was blest—  
 For while he made what serv'd their wants,  
 And also pay his half-year's rents,  
 His was a life o' warldly bliss,  
 A perfect type o' happiness.



But worldly joy is nae our ain,  
 It comes and gaes, and comes again ;  
 A' things do change as nicht and day,  
 And clouds cross o'er the milky-way ;  
 And ups and downs, in daily life,  
 Throughout the world are ever rife.  
 'Tis Providence that rules our fate,  
 And but directs his ain estate.

Ae winter cam' far mair severe  
 Than what had been for mony a year,  
 And smote the maist o' Donald's stock,  
 The very best anes o' his flock.  
 Without the means to purchase mair,  
 It nearly sank him in despair ;  
 His friends, to cheer him, a' did hint  
 To spend the landlord's half-year's rent  
 That noo was due, and which had lain  
 In Donald's kist 'gainst time o' payin' ;  
 But Donald was an *honest man*,  
 " Go you, do mean things if you can,"—  
 " For me," he said, " I do disdain  
 " To spend the gear that's no my ain ;  
 " I'd work for aye wi' pick and spade,  
 " Or even beg my very bread,  
 " Than do what would my conscience sting ;  
 " A mean, dishonest, sinfu' thing !"  
 He'd aften heard o' foreign isles,  
 Whare fortune aft profusely smiles,

And whaur wi' industry and skill  
 A man could win some land to till ;  
 And, also, whaur the gowd was found,  
 Like pebbles in ilk bit o' ground ;  
 And he made up his mind at once,  
 To trust in gracious Providence,  
 To sell his stock at valued rate,  
 And he and his to emigrate.

Wi' golden beams, the first o' May  
 Cam' smilin' o'er the silvery Tay,  
 Kissing the dew on leaves and stems,  
 And sparklin' a' things o'er wi' gems,  
 Waftin the perfume through the air,  
 O' birks and hawthorns blossom fair ;  
 Wak'nin' the blackbird in the bush,  
 The shillfa' and the mockin' thrush ;  
 Raisin' the lav'rock to the sky,  
 To carol heavenly melody ;  
 Openin' the gowanies on the leas,  
 And sendin' forth the bummin' bees,  
 Friskin' the lammies on the braes,  
 And drawin' the rabbits out to graze ;  
 E'en settin' nature in a thrang,  
 To raise a universal sang.

While nature thus did smile and sing,  
 At Donald's 'twas a different thing ;

They were about to bid adieu,  
 To a' thing that they ever knew;  
 To start for Perth, thence tak' the rail  
 To Glasgow, whence the ship would sail  
 To fair Australia's far aff strand,  
 And leave their ain dear native land.  
 Twa carts afore the door stood load,  
 Wi' needfu' things to tak' abroad;  
 While, in the house, the family were  
 Engaged in a parting prayer;  
 And neighbours join'd wi' tearfu' e'en—  
 It was a sad, but lovely scene.  
 'Mid kind farewells, and bursting hearts,  
 They took their seats upon the carts.  
 The tears roll'd down puir Donald's face;  
 'Twas sair to part frae sic a place—  
 He looked around upon the scene  
 That had his little world been,  
 The noble Tay, the mountains high,  
 The woody vales, and castle by;  
 Ilk little cot, and ilka tree,  
 Familiar were to Donald's e'e—  
 And as the carts gaed down the dell,  
 In broken voice he sang's farewell.

## BONNIE BANKS O' TAY.

TUNE—"Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff."

FAREWELL! ye bonnie banks o' Tay,  
 Ye woodie vales and sunny braes,  
 Ye mountains steep whaur lambkins play,  
 The scenery o' my bygone days.  
 Sweet little cot, my father's ha',  
 How dear to me your but and ben!  
 Oh! aft I'll wish, when far awa,  
 To hae your cosie bield again.

Farewell to yon auld house o' prayer,  
 Oh! may its wa's yet lang be spar'd;  
 My father's fathers' worshipp'd there,  
 Then laid them in its green kirkyard!  
 And ever hallow'd be yon mound,  
 The sacred spot, my parents' grave;  
 My banes will lie in foreign ground,  
 Nae bonnie broom will o'er *them* wave.

Farewell to you, kind-hearted friends,  
 For you my heart will aye beat true;  
 As our earth rows and time's thread winds,  
 May fortune's favours fa' on you!—  
 Till death's cauld blast shall lay me low,  
 Or I my sense and memory tyne,  
 Towards Scotia's hills my heart will glow,  
 To bonny Tay and auld langsyne!

## GLASGOW CITY.

GLASGOW CITY! St. Mungo's town!  
 Oh, what a giant thou hast grown!  
 Thy wa's extend noo, mony miles,  
 Substantial-like, and noble piles;  
 New streets, too, magic-like appear,  
 Swallowing acres every year,  
 Expanding aye on ilka side,  
 Impelled by population's tide;  
 And what a rich and mighty mart  
 Of commerce, trade, and every art—  
 A busy hive of industry,  
 And enterprising energy.  
 Thy princely Clyde incessant pours  
 The world's wealth into your stores,  
 And sends the life-blood through thy veins,  
 And ever golden fortunes rains!  
 Her matchless steam-ships hae thy name  
 Rais'd on the pinnacles of fame;  
 Whilst thy great warks, and fabrics fair,  
 Hae gather'd laurels every where;  
 Thy motto's been allowed its will:—  
 May Clyde and Glasgow flourish still!  
  
 The ship unfurl'd her snaw-white sails,  
 And Glasgow left, 'mid cheers and hails;

Upon the vessel many were  
 Wha ne'er would see St. Mungo mair;  
 Wi' captain brave, and sailors true,  
 She swiftly glided frae the view  
 O' hundreds, wha had met to see  
 The friends awa' they'd aft been wi'.  
 Tears and sighs gaed for their weel,  
 And mony an anxious heart did feel,  
 Wi' fond remembrance o' the past,  
 Ower youthfu' joys, too sweet to last!  
 The ship went gaily down the Clyde,  
 And Donald view'd the landscape wide,  
 Dumbarton rock and castle strang,  
 That's stood the blast o' cent'ries lang;  
 He saw Benlomond's lofty brow,  
 Dress'd out in simmer's grandeur now;  
 And towerin' to the gowden sky,  
 The Grampian range, with Conic\* high;  
 He gazed on scenes baith up and doun,  
 And matchless grandeur o' Dunoon;  
 And passing Arran's lovely isle,  
 He stood enraptur'd a' the while!  
 Till gloamin's cloak o' darksome dye,  
 Spread gloom ower Cowal's† hills sae high.

Before at sea he'd never been;  
 'Twas sair to part frae a' he'd seen,

\* A high mountain, beside Benlomond, in Dumbartonshire.

† A district in Argyleshire.

Whaur nature smil'd, like blushing bride,  
 Upon the bonny banks o' Clyde!  
 Fond recollections far behind,  
 Press'd sair and sad on Donald's mind.

Ye sailors brave, wi' dauntless hearts,  
 Your pleasing yarns tell;  
 And steer your barque wi' skilfu' hands,  
 Amid the ocean's swell:

Till past the hot and sultry line,  
 Whaur Neptune sits your King—  
 Spread out, spread out, your gallant sails,  
 And cheerfu' ditties sing!

Ye've brav'd the ocean's wildest wave,  
 When winds wi' fury blew,  
 And gather'd gems in far aft isles,  
 Wi' lightsome hearts, and true.

True as the needle to the north,  
 In every clime that be;  
 So is the sailor's manly breast,  
 Upon the trackless sea.

Donald and them soon gat acquaint,  
 He aften in amang them went;  
 And, lang ere they gat near the line,  
 He said, the sea he liket fine.

And whiles he took his fiddle doun,  
 And played them ower some auld Scotch tune;  
 They listened fondly to his play  
 Of jig and reel, and auld Strathspey;



In evenings fair, and calm the tide,  
 He lilted o'er sweet Bogieside;  
 The wabster's rant they gat it aft,  
 But Tullochgorum put them daft.  
 Some months and days had passed away  
 Since they had left the banks o' Tay,  
 Safe ower the seas, and a' in health,  
 Wi' pleasin' thochts to gather wealth—  
 The hopes o' fortune's happy smiles,  
 Wi' joy made licht life's tiresome toils—  
 It cheer'd their Mary's sweetest sang,  
 And made the time look nae sae lang;  
 The mither birrl'd her spinning wheel,  
 The family wrought, and a' did weel;  
 Donald tented wi' care his fleecy store,  
 Which made him mind on days o' yore.  
 A canty house wi' but an' ben,  
 In that far land was soon their ain.

Time glides awa', and waits on nane;  
 Three years out ower them soon was gane,  
 And Mary bloomed a lovely maid,  
 She cheer'd their hearts, and made them glad;  
 Her cheeks were like the roses hue,  
 At gloamin' gray when wat wi' dew;  
 And sweet she sang, in melting strains,  
 O' Scotland's hills and woody glens,  
 The hoary towers an' cairns gray,  
 Where wild birds rest at close o' day.



Australia's groves may be mair fair,  
 Hae birds o' wings and plumage rare,  
 There, gowden ore may cheer the sad,  
 And mony a weary heart make glad,  
 But Scotia boasts her thistle green,  
 For weel wi' a' can it be seen.  
 Strangers were aft at Donald's ha',  
 And mony ane gied him a ca'.

Amang the lave, ae simmer nicht,  
 When Flora's gems wi' dew were bricht,  
 A strapping youth drew near the door,  
 Wearied wi' the roads he had gaen ower—  
 His face they thocht they'd seen afore.

He said he cam' frae Angus braes,  
 'Twas there he spent life's early days.  
 Frae Angus braes! auld Donald said—  
 His verra heart wi' joy grew glad;  
 That name sounds sweetly in my ear,  
 Lov'd shire to me for ever dear,  
 Though it again I canna see,  
 Nor yet the frien's I parted wi'.  
 Ah, na! yon ocean's wavy faem  
 Is noo atween me and my hame.



Why need I mourn thus sadly now,  
 The snaws o' age mak's grey my pow ;  
 But while I live, my breast will glow  
                   For bonny Caledonia !

Nae mair I'll wander 'mang the broom,  
 On dewy eves, 'mid rich perfume ;  
 The stranger's lair will be my tomb,  
                   Far, far, frae Caledonia !

The nicht gaed doun afore they knew,  
 And aft at Mary looks he threw ;  
 Her maiden blushes, in return,  
 Made Willie's heart wi' love to burn ;  
 She sung the sangs which did him please,  
 'Bout Lunan side, and Noran braes.

#### NORAN BRAES.

AIR—" *My only Joe and Dearie, O!*"

OH, sweet to muse, at gloamin' grey,  
 On scenes where memory lingers now,  
 An' whaur the Lunan winds its way,  
 By Druid's cairn and Fairy-knowe :  
 But yet to Noran stream I'll gang—  
 It brings to mind youth's happy days,  
 When list'ning to the warbler's sang,  
 An' chasin' bees upon its braes.

My father's hame an' couthy ha',  
 Wi' frien's I lo'ed aye true an' leal ;  
 The langest day soon pass'd awa'  
 When liltin' blythely at my wheel.  
 My min' was light wi' prospects clear,  
 Like gowden straiks on sunny morn,  
 When wand'ring wi' my Jamie dear,  
 And puin' the sweets o' Noran.

But years sin' then hae roll'd awa',  
 An' kith an' kin are seen nae mair ;  
 Yon cauld hearthstane an' roofless wa'  
 Tell time's relentless han's been there.  
 The trystin' tree is skaith'd an' bare,  
 Aneath fa's shade I've tauld my waes—  
 But he wha wont to cheer me there  
 Is far awa' frae Noran braes.

But Jamie still may yet come back,  
 An' raise again youth's early flame ;  
 By Noran's stream we yet may walk,  
 An' view ance mair our native hame.  
 There kindly love we cherish will,  
 Until the latest o' our days ;  
 Then calmly bid a last farewell  
 To life an' love on Noran braes.

When mornin's rosy beams he saw,  
 He bade good-bye to gang awa' ;  
 To try his fortune made him fain,  
 But promis'd weel to come again ;  
 Since they had been sae verra kind,  
 He ne'er wad let them frae his mind.

Awa' sae soon ye mauna gang,  
 Auld Donald said it will be wrang ;  
 'Bide still and rest for twa three days,  
 And see my sheep amang the braes,  
 Five hunder noo fa's to my share,  
 An' ilka year aye gies me mair.  
 Willie gied consent, sae glad was he  
 To 'bide, and bonny Mary see.

But dearest frien's maun aften part,  
 Tho' love be hidden at the heart ;  
 Willie left ae mornin' at the dawn,  
 Convoy'd by Mary ower the lawn.

Noo for a time we will him lea',  
 And may his journey prosperous be,  
 To see the land o' gowden dreams,  
 Whaur ores, like sand, enrich the streams.

We'll back to Donald's gang ance mair,  
 And see how things are looking there ;  
 For he has flocks o' sheep and kye,  
 And fouth o' ither things forby.  
 As years flew past they gather'd gear,  
 Whilk to their stock aye made it mair ;  
 They gratefu' were, and aft to heaven  
 Their earnest thochts were truly given ;  
 The Giver there they aye believ'd,  
 And blest for mercies they'd receiv'd.

Oh! solemn wer e their Sabbath eves,  
 They read wi' care the sacred leaves,  
 Each took his part the chapter roun',  
 Syne closed the evening wi' a tune.

They a' were pleased wi' Willie's mein,  
 (Statlier youth they'd never seen),  
 And wished that prosperous he might be,  
 And hoped ance mair his face to see.  
 But there was ane had far mair thocht,  
 For something in her bosom wrought,  
 Mary had wooers mair nor ane,  
 But noo her heart wi' Willie's gane,  
 His manly looks, and gracefu' air,  
 Had fill'd her mind wi' thochts o' care  
 For fear that he wad ne'er come back,  
 Or meet wi' robbery and attack ;  
 Love has pains and pleasures baith,  
 That's sweeter than the flowery wreath  
 Of simmer's gay and fairest flowers,  
 When Flora smiles among the bowers.

When cross'd, its winter's sad decay  
 In autumn's sere and dwining day,  
 When nocht can cheer the drooping heart,  
 Nor balm be found to heal the part ;  
 It's ill to turn the stream whilk rins,  
 Or tak' the prize frae him wha wins ;

It's cruel to win a maiden's love,  
 An', syne, unconstant to her prove;  
 But sweet the bands when love is true,  
 It heavenly visions brings to view.

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THE DIGGINGS.

OWER roads fu' hard, and unco bare,  
 He reach'd the diggin's wearied sair;  
 And sic a scene there met his view,  
 For a' he saw to him was new;  
 Tents were spread on ilka side,  
 For diggers and their frien's to bide;  
 Thousan's were there frae ilka isle,  
 Digging for gowd aneath the soil;  
 Some had guns and gully knives,  
 Protectors o' their gear and lives;  
 Some o' gear were scant enough,  
 Wha'd come frae far, and left the plough.  
 There were brave chiels frae the far north,  
 And wabsters gude, frae yont the Forth;  
 And frae the glens, whaur Ossian sang,  
 Were kilted lads, baith brave and strang;  
 There Scotia's sons held aye their richt,  
 Drave a' wha meddled frae their sicht,  
 Nae dandy swells, tho' e'er so stout,  
 Frae their hard fists could bide a clout.



Sailors were there wha'd left the sea,  
 Resolv'd braw gentlemen to be,  
 They drank and roar'd, and chew'd and spat,  
 And swore that gold they'd soon be at ;  
 Wi' something hard to make them steer,  
 The Deil himsel' they didna fear ;  
 Wi' some auld skipper at their head,  
 They tried their pow'rs wi' pike and spade.  
 Hawker chiels, in droves, were there,  
 Each trying to sell his diff'rent ware ;  
 Jews were there, mounted on auld mules,  
 Riding and roarin' sellin' tools,  
 Lang sarks and caps, whilk miners need  
 To hap their backs and eo'er their head ;  
 And, in exchange, the precious dust  
 Aye got the goods, and cleared the cost.

Big swarthy chaps, clad o'er wi' scars,  
 And newly frae the Kaffir wars,  
 Tired o' the ranks and to their heels,  
 Are wirkin' noo like verra deils.  
 Wee Chinese chiels, frae Pekin toun,  
 Into the earth were wakin' down ;  
 Tired wi' their emp'ror's girnin' glowr,  
 Left his domains and wander'd ower ;  
 Although their chance o' gowd was sma',  
 They had the heart could tak' it a'.  
 Greeks and Turks, tae, in hundreds were,  
 For lack o' gowd their hearts were sair,



The Koran's laws they did regard,  
 And sware aye by Mahomet's beard ;  
 They spak' in jargon lang and queer,  
 Whilk seem'd uncouth to Willie's ear.  
 It cow'd a' scenes, baith auld and new,  
 A's life he ne'er saw sic a crew ;  
 And queer things mair, I trou he saw,  
 But time wad fail to tell them a',  
 How dandy swells whas han's were saft,  
 Wi' heat and fleas were maist pat daft ;  
 Shopmen turned carters on the hill,  
 And drave their team to town and mill,  
 Some herded sheep upon the plain,  
 And wish'd them wi' their dads again ;  
 Ithers were adding to their store,  
 By finding out the precious ore.  
 Our hero wrought and did his best,  
 And found his nuggets wi' the rest ;  
 And aft when laid below the tent,  
 His fondest thochts a' wanderin' went  
 Far back to Donald's canty ha',  
 Whaur lovely Mary first he saw ;  
 He thocht upon her witching smile,  
 It cheer'd his heart, made licht his toil ;  
 He wondered, yet if it might be  
 That she still lov'd, and aye was free—  
 He thocht she yet might be his wife—  
 Hope is the charmer o' our life.

He thocht he would be mair than blest,  
 If lovely Mary he possessed ;  
 Wi' thochts like these his breast did gleam,  
 When in the mine, and by the stream.

Frae mornin' air till it grew nicht,  
 He toil'd for gowd wi' a' his micht,  
 And in his labours didna fail,  
 For mony an ounce he got to sell ;  
 'Twa years an' mair this way he spent,  
 An' got what made him weel content.  
 Resolv'd to see auld Donald's ha',  
 Although some hundred miles awa,  
 Ae mornin', by the dawn o' day,  
 Wi' staff in hand, he took his way,  
 An' travell'd on, his spirits high,  
 For days, till ae lov'd spot drew nigh ;  
 And as he wandered down the dell,  
 He hummed this sang unto himsel'—

There is a balm can cheer our woe,  
 Whaur'er we're doom'd to wander ;  
 A blink frae her we dearly loe,  
 Is mair than warld's grandeur.  
 I've wander'd frae my mountain hame,  
 Whaur the blue bells langest tarry,  
 And sail'd across the white sea faem,  
 An' wooed, and won, my Mary ;  
 My Mary, my Mary,  
 And wooed, and won, my Mary.

I've gather'd gowd to busk her braw,  
 An' toil'd baith late and early ;  
 Sin' first her lovely form I saw,  
 O, I hae loed her dearly!  
 If wanting her, what wad I be  
 While rowin' ower life's ferry ;  
 A speck upon a trackless sea,  
 Sae leese me on my Mary ;  
                   My Mary, my Mary,  
                   Sae leese me on my Mary.

'Twas e'ening, and the simmer sun  
 His daily stent had nearly run,  
 The birds were friskin' here and there,\*  
 And nature's bloom was fresh and fair,  
 Flora rejoiced at the scene  
 Ower winter's gloom, which noo was gane ;  
 The distant loch was calm and still,  
 The mist was twining round the hill ;  
 The dew-draps fell like siller beads,  
 And bath'd the flow'ries tender heads ;  
 The woodman's darg that day was ower,  
 He rested at his cottage door ;  
 The youngsters sported on the green,  
 Contentment in ilk face was seen.

Willie noo had pass'd the aged trees,  
 And Donald's ha' ance mair he sees,

\* It is a well-known fact, that the birds in Australia never sing.

Whaur Mary blushed wi' maiden pride,  
 Her e'en tauld tales that wadna hide;  
 True love has many witching wiles,  
 Will follow through the track o' miles;  
 As he drew near her father's door,  
 A hundred thochts he pondered o'er  
 Whiles fu' o' hope, whiles in despair,  
 For fear his lov'd ane wasna there;  
 When, lo! before him, Mary stood,  
 And he addressed her in this mood:—

“ O Mary, love, how dear to me,  
 “ Again thy face ance mair to see,  
 “ Thy charms I value mair than a'  
 “ The gowden dust I ever saw;  
 “ Thou're dearer far, my love, to me,  
 “ Than a' the gems o' earth or sea!”

A king may wear a royal croun,  
 Wi' diamonds studded o'er,  
 And hae his subjects lealest wish,  
 Until his deeing hour.

The sodger lad, new come frae war,  
 May boast o' battles won;  
 An' how he fought wi' valiant chiefs,  
 Beneath a burning sun.

The miser may count ower his gear,  
 The idol o' his e'e,  
 An' sparin' live frae day to day,  
 An' think nane blest like he.

Noo dinna doubt, my bonny lass,  
 I loe you 'boon them a',  
 I covet nae the miser's gear,  
 Nor diamond croun sae braw.

Just gie your hand in wedded love,  
 And I'll be happy, syne ;  
 And o' the love I bear for you,  
 Thro' life I'll never tyne !

Mary wonder'd when his face she saw,  
 And sae did Donald, and them a' ;  
 Each kindly ask'd for ithers weel,  
 Syne Willie tauld them mony a tale  
 About the diggers and their laws,  
 And how they hang'd for little cause,  
 And how successfu' he had been,  
 How hard he toil'd frae morn till e'en ;  
 It pleas'd them a', an' gae delight,  
 As he rehears'd each curious sicht.

Kind readers a', ye'll hae nae doubt  
 What Willie neist will be about ;  
 The bridal day, it soon cam' roun',  
 When to his Mary he was boun.  
 And O, she was a bonny bride,  
 The fairest o' that kintra side,  
 Saft was her e'e, and sweet her smiles,  
 Free frae a' art and gaudy wiles.

The hermit, in his lonely cell,  
 Had he seen her, nae mair would dwell  
 The lonely wilds and caves amang,  
 His breast wad glow'd at her sweet sang.  
 This wee bit lilt her thochts will tell,  
 For aft she sings it to hersel'.

### MARY'S SANG.

I ANCE had doubts and dreamin's sad,  
 Aye fear'd for Willie's weel ;  
 We're wedded noo, and O I'm glad,  
 For lang has he been leal.

We'll wander 'mang Australia's flowers,  
 When e'ening shades doth fa',  
 And see the birds amang the bowers,  
 Syne nature bless for a'.

Wha kens, but Scotia's bonny braes  
 Thegether yet we'll see ;  
 And meet the frien's o' early days,  
 Langsyne we parted wi'.

By ilka auld familiar spot,  
 Wi' lightsome hearts to stray ;  
 Fond memory breathes—forget them not—  
 Alang the banks o' Tay !

Some hunder acres near a glen,  
 Young Willie noo can ca' his ain,

O' fertile land, and sheltered weel,  
 Whaur want nor cauld he wina feel.  
 There, wi' his young and wedded wife,  
 He'll hae a blythe contented life ;  
 Lang may they live, and happy be,  
 Until their bairns' bairns they do see.

And when, on earth, they've had their time,  
 E'en down to latest days ;  
 Syne theirs' the land o' bliss sublime,  
 Ayont life's thorny ways.

Fond feelings glow in ilka breast,  
 Tho' e'er so far awa, •  
 That they would like at last to rest  
 Whaur first the licht they saw.

It matters nae, tho' in the land  
 That gied us birth, we dee ;  
 If we dae weel, a powerfu' hand  
 Our guardian there will be.

Donald's noo auld, and unco frail,  
 Yet weel he cracks, and tells his tale  
 O' auld langsyne in life's young day,  
 When roamin' blythe by winding Tay.  
 His Phemie's locks, ance like the slae,  
 Are turnin' thin, and nearly grey ;  
 And aft she thinks she'd like to see  
 Her native hills ayont the sea.



Kind reader, noo we'll close our tale,  
 For langer on't we canna dwell ;  
 We young and auld leave weel in health,  
 And nae that scrimpit in their wealth ;  
 Lang hae they fear'd their Maker's laws,  
 And they hae never had nae cause  
 To rue the day they sail'd awa,  
 Wi' care-worn hearts, frae Broomielaw.

Farewell ! auld Donald, wi' your tales,  
 Life's hill noo totterin' doun ;  
 The langsome hour they've aft beguil'd,  
 And pleas'd the youngsters roun'.

On earth, yet lang may ye be spar'd,  
 Wi' blessings frae above ;  
 And her wha shares your joys and cares,  
 Your early, only love.

Her smiles yet cheer life's afternoon  
 Wi' tints o' sunny hue ;  
 And sair she feels when aught is wrang,  
 Auld Donald, man, wi' you.

Farewell ! ye youthfu' loving pair,  
 My blessings on ye twain ;  
 Aye trust in Him wha dwells aboon,  
 And we may meet again !



## THE EMIGRANT'S WISH FOR SCOTLAND.

FAIN wad I see, afore I dee,  
 Auld Scotland's hills o' blue,—  
 Her streams that lave, where fought the brave,  
 The trusted, and the true;  
 Where Ossian sang, till echo rang  
 Wi' mony airtfu' turns,  
 The leesome themes—the gowden dreams—  
 The land o' Scott and Burns.

Her hills, her dales, her songs, her tales,  
 The scenes of youth an' joy,  
 As fresh as when, through hill an' glen,  
 I roamed a laughing boy.  
 Her heather-bell, adown the dell,  
 I see it as of yore,  
 By visions bright in stilly night,  
 Far frae her dingly shore.

The bonnie bush, where sang the thrush,  
 I think I see it yet,  
 And her I lov'd, that constant prov'd,  
 Oh, how can I forget!  
 But ah! the scene—My Mary's gane,  
 And youth will ne'er reca';  
 I soon maun yield this frail auld bield—  
 My locks are like the snaw.

My frien's are gane—a' ane by ane,—

Few here can comfort me,

Which makes me fain to be again,

O native land, in thee!

My country's crest—the thistle's breast—

My blessin' rest upon it,

And ilka chiel wha wishes weel

“The bagpipe an' the bonnet.”

By Ganges shade, the Indian maid

May lilt her country's strain,

And black-eyed swains, through Mogul's plains

May follow in her train;

But mine the glens and broomy fens,

Where westlin' breezes blaw,

Where birdies sing in early spring,

And muircocks briskly craw.

For Scotland dear, I'll drop a tear

Into the briny wave,

For auld langsyne and frien's ance kin',

And Mary's lowly grave.

Ye have my prayer, I'll say nae mair,—

Ye hills and dells, adieu!

In fitful dreams my fancy gleams

Though far I be frae you.

## ELIZA'S FLIGHT.

"IF it were your Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, to-morrow morning—if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock till morning to make good your escape, how fast could you walk? How many miles could you make in those brief hours, with the darling at your bosom, the little sleepy head on your shoulder, the small, soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck?"—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

This song, which is set to music, was published lately, and, in a very short time, went through two editions. It was sung by Mr. MILNE, the Scottish vocalist, at one of his concerts in the City Hall of Glasgow. Mr. MILNE sung it with a depth of feeling which told upon his audience, and was loudly encored. The first, second, and fifth verses were sung by the vocalist.

ELIZA had no husband near

To cheer her way with helping hand;  
The tyrant's yoke was his to bear  
In wild Savannah's distant land.

A lovely boy was all her care,

On him her future hopes did dwell;  
And for his fate the silent tear

Oft down her cheeks would trembling steal.

His lisping tongue her cares beguil'd—

She listened to the tales he gave—

'Twas bliss to her whene'er he smil'd—

She minded not she was a slave.

But frost will blight the tender bloom  
 Just opening to the sunny ray;  
 The trader came, with sullen gloom,  
 The mother's flower to take away.

With mother's love what can compare?  
 'Tis stronger than a monarch's power;  
 She watch'd her boy with tender care,  
 With him to fly ere night was o'er.  
 Oh! see her, at the midnight hour,  
 When wintry winds were raving loud,  
 Shivering 'neath the sleety shower,  
 Far in a dark and dreary wood.

Ere another sun, with golden beams,  
 Had dyed the far, far distant west,  
 She saw Ohio's freezing streams,  
 With Henry sleeping at her breast.  
 The river's banks she'd scarce survey'd,  
 When, lo! behind the tyrant wild—  
 Stop, stop, in wrath he madly cried,  
 Or I will shoot you and your child!

Oh, spare my child! the mother cries,  
 Her heaving bosom beating fast;  
 Oh, spare my child! she frantic cries,  
 And press'd him closer to her breast.—  
 Upon the floating ice she sprung,  
 The only chance of life at hand;

From berg to berg she wildly flung  
Herself and child! they reach'd the land!

And, after days and danger brav'd,  
They made the land she longed to see;  
And her dear Henry thus she sav'd,  
Who's number'd, now, among the free.  
Britannia! empress of the world,  
Unfold thy flag of liberty  
Till slavery from the earth is hurled,  
And Afric's sons are all made free.

#### THEY'RE SAFE IN CANADA.

"THE little party were landed on the shore. They stood still till the boat had cleared, and then, with tears and embracings, the husband and wife, with their wondering child in their arms, knelt down and lifted up their hearts to God."—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

ELIZA's heart beat high with joy,  
When freedom's lovely land she saw;  
With husband dear, and darling boy,  
She hail'd the hills o' Canada!  
And, now they kneel in earnest pray'r  
To him, the Gracious Giver,  
That sav'd them from the tyrant's ire,  
Beyond the furious river.

Though they have neither house nor land,  
Yét they'll be rul'd by freedom's law ;  
No tyrant, now, dare them command,  
They've hail'd the hills o' Canada.  
They're free to roam—and Flora view  
Among her loveliest bowers—  
Where every flow'r that sips the dew,  
Tells nature's wonderous powers.

Eliza, with her youthful boy,  
Dreams o'er the dangers once she brav'd ;  
And oft her heart is full with joy  
To think, that now, they all are sav'd.  
And, aye through life, while they are spar'd,  
With pow'rs to think, and breathe can draw,  
They'll pray to Him that did them guard  
To freedom's land in Canada.

## EXECUTOR'S SALE.

“As, for example, Mr. Haley: he thought first of Tom’s length, and breadth, and height, and what he would sell for if he was kept fat and in good case.

“And how humane he was—that whereas other men chained their ‘niggers’ hand and foot both, he only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands as long as he behaved well.

“About eleven o’clock the next day, a mixed throng was gathered around the court-house steps—smoking, chewing, spitting, swearing, and conversing according to their respective tastes and turns, waiting for the auction to commence. The men and women to be sold sat in a group apart, talking in a low tone to each other. The woman who had been advertised by the name of Hagar, was a regular African in feature and figure. She might have been sixty, but was older than that by hard work and diseases, was partially blind, and somewhat crippled with rheumatism. By her side stood her only remaining son, Albert, a bright looking little fellow of fourteen years. The boy was the only survivor of a large family, who had been successively sold away from her to a Southern market. The mother held on to him with both her shaking hands, and eyed with intense trepidation every one who walked up to examine him. ‘He an’t gwine to be sold widout me!’ said the old woman with passionate eagerness: ‘he and I goes in a lot together; I’s real strong yet, mas’r, and can do heaps o’ work—heaps on it, mas’r.’”—*Uncle Tom’s Cabin*.

AH! see the harden’d traders’ come,  
 And quickly gather round  
 The poor dark race of Afric’s soil,  
 With iron fetters bound.  
 Oh! see them as they friendly sit  
 Together, whispering low,  
 Fearing their master’s heavy lash,  
 With many a cruel blow.



No Inn for them, they dare not go,  
 Theirs is the chilly ground,  
 With none to cheer their gloomy path,  
 And iron bands unbound.

Britannia! oh, Britannia!  
 Soon may thy banners wave  
 In every land and every isle,  
 With freedom to the slave!

With horrid oaths, the sale begins—  
 Heart-rending to behold,  
 The mother sees her only son  
 Put up, and quickly sold.  
 Crush'd with the toil of threescore years,  
 In agony her see,  
 Crying, O mas'r, buy me too,  
 Let us not parted be!

A numerous family once I had,  
 In slavery they were born;  
 And, now, the last of all my race  
 Is from my bosom torn!  
 Britannia! oh, Britannia!  
 When shall thy banners wave  
 In every land, and every isle,  
 With freedom to the slave?

Among the rest, the good old Tom,  
 To comfort her, drew near;  
 Bereaved like her of Ramah's land,  
 No comfort would she hear.

'Tis sad to gloom the songsters joy  
 That cheers the op'ning day;  
 But sadder, far, poor Hagar's heart,  
 When Albert's far away.

When shall these cursed sales be o'er,  
 And young and old be free?  
 Arise, arise! oh, freedom's sun!  
 With gladsome liberty!—  
 Britannia! oh, Britannia!  
 When shall thy banners wave  
 In every land, and every isle,  
 With freedom to the slave?

#### THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

THE New Year was in, and the fields looked dreary,  
 Nae lammies were frisking nor birds singing cheery;  
 The thaw 'mang the hills made the burnies rin ower,  
 And keen blew the wind o'er yon auld hoary tower.  
 Ae dull dreary day, as the gloamin' fell down,  
 A stranger drew near, frae a far borough toun;  
 In the village he sought for the lowliest couch,  
 For far had he wandered, and *toom was his pouch*.

He laid past his bundle, his bonnet, and staff,  
 And spak o' his trade, and how ill he'd been aff;  
 His claes they were thin, and his fare had been scant,—  
 Oh! wha wadna feel for the stranger in want!

When he tauld o' his hame, and those he left there—  
 His heart it grew grait, and his bosom heav'd sair;  
 For cauld is the bosom that heaves nae aye leal,  
 For the wee bairnies' cries, and mither's saft tale.

He got wark in the village, though sma' was the pay,—  
 After keeping himsel', he had little forbye,—  
 To send hame to those he held dear as his life,  
 His wee helpless bairnies, and ain loving wife.  
 Though sair he did toil, and unwilling to fa',  
 Like flowers o' the simmer he faded awa;  
 Oh! sad was his heart, and dim grew his een,  
 As he thocht o' his bairnies, and ain couthy Jean!

He thocht on her smiles and affectionate care,  
 And glad would he been to hae seen her ance mair;  
 He thocht on her tears when they parted afar,—  
 The counsel she gied him, said things might be waur,  
 To trust in his power, whas strength winna fail—  
 To succour the weary, and broken-heart heal;  
 Wha taught us to bend and submissively yield,  
 Nor fear that around us he'd watch as a shield.

At their humble hame (wi' her wee bairnies three)  
 Nae mair will they meet! he maun share the decree.  
 Fond memory is a' that noo clings to the past,  
 Alas! Death had seiz'd him, he soon breath'd his last!  
 And low is his bed in the stranger's lone lair;  
 Nae head-stane a tribute to mark wha rests there;  
 But the rank weeds and briers noo over it wave,  
*Thus lone and unknown* is the stranger's grave.

## THE LEGEND OF MONDYNES.

A TRADITION OF KINCARDINESHIRE.

A TRADITION of Kincardineshire favours the theory that the plague is popularly believed to have had a bodily form. On the farm of Mondynes, in the parish of Fordoun, and at no great distance from the banks of the river Bervie, stands, in the middle of a ploughed field, a large stone, underneath which the plague is said to have been buried. At the last occurrence of the pest in Scotland, say the country people, there dwelt in the district a benevolent warlock, who determined to free his country for ever from the terrible destroyer. By dint of spells, he succeeded in drawing towards him the whole materials of the plague; and, winding it up round his fingers, as people wind thread, the clew reached the size of a man's head before every particle was collected. When completed, he took it in his hands to the spot mentioned, put it into the earth, and covered it with this large stone. All this was done by spells, the power of which ceased when the stone was laid down, so that, according to the popular belief, if it were to be removed, the ball would burst forth, explode, and the plague would again overspread the country.

ANCE near Glenbervie's ancient yetts,  
 Though mony a day sin' then,  
 There dwelt a stout and warlike chiel,  
 Weel kent thro' a' the glen.

A thackit house upon a muir,  
 Wi' winnock to the north,  
 Some aul' warl chairs and muckle kists,  
 Was a' that he was worth.

But how he lived fowk didna ken,  
 Nor whaur his dealin's were;  
 By Bervie's streams he'd aft been seen  
 Atween the late and air.

For mony a thing he had been blamed,  
 Thro' a' the Mearns howe,  
 Frae whaur the Luther winds its way,\*  
 To Bervie's rocky brow.†

In blasts o' win, and spaits o' rain,  
 He ne'er was seen at hame;  
 When things gaed wrang about the toun,  
 Aye Brownie gat the blame.

The gudewife rais'd an unco wark,  
 'Cause maids were frighten'd sair;  
 When Hawkie's milk it wadna come,  
 They blamed his evil prayer.

Though they had used the rantree's branch,‡  
 Cut down at gloamin' fa',  
 It lightened nae the maiden's wark,  
 They Brownie blamed for a.'

\* Luther water in Kincardineshire.

† Bervie Brow, a projecting eminence of great height, near the Royal Burgh of Bervie, and a conspicuous landmark to mariners at sea.

‡ A branch of the rowan-tree, in the days of superstition, was considered a preventative against witches, &c.

Ilk fairy hicht, baith far and near,  
 This Brownie weel could tell,  
 Frae Bervie's bonnie mountain stream,  
 To Red Beard's lonely well.\*

Auld grannie said he'd aft been seen  
 'Mang Garvock's cairns gray,  
 And by Finella's lofty fall, †  
 Before the peep o' day.

The herdies feared his uncouth pranks,  
 When herdin' on the hill,  
 And when 'twas dark, nae ane wad gang  
 To smiddy or to mill.

Though he was blam'd for mony a trick,  
 O'er a' the parish wide,  
 Yet a' they said, was nae aye true  
 On bonnie Bervieside.

\* Red Beard's well is still pointed out at the present day. It is in a lonely spot among the Grampians in Kincardineshire. The author has seen it, and drunk of its waters. Red Beard was a noted freebooter, and lived with his followers in a cave among the hills. It is a Kincardineshire tradition, that when Dunnottar Castle was in its pride, one of the retainers fell in love with the daughter of Earl Marischall, Anna Keith of Dunnottar, and it is said they both fled to the Grampians to avoid the wrath of her father; and meeting Red Beard in a lonely unfrequented glen, and struck with the beauty of the artless lady, and hearing their hapless tale, his warlike breast glowed at beauty's tear. He took them to his cave, and used them kindly; and, by his warlike power and exertions, through time made a reconciliation between them and the Earl, when both were received back to the castle, and himself pardoned.

† A celebrated waterfall in the same neighbourhood.



When pestilence rag'd ower a' the land,  
And mony a victim fell,  
'Twas then he wrought a manfu' part,  
And laid it—by a spell.

Wi' muckle wark and skilfu' care,  
He gat his cantrips plann'd,  
And drew't aneath yon muckle stane  
That stands amang the land.

O'er Fordoun braid the deed it spread,  
And eas'd the people's min's;  
Aye after that he gathered fame,  
The warlock o' Mondynes.

But years on years since then's awa,  
Wi' mony a changefu' scene;  
And gane is Brownie wi' his spells,  
Nae mair to come again.



## TO BESSIE.

COME, Bessie, busk ye in your braws,  
 And wander forth wi' me,  
 To scent the wild flower's fragrant air  
 Upon the banks o' Dee.

We'll wander whaur the mountain rill  
 Meanders down the glen;  
 And through amang the shady birks  
 We'll hear the mavis' strain.

I'll lead thee whaur the wild rose sheds  
 Its fragrance o'er the dale;  
 And whisper saftly in thy ear  
 Love's sweet endearing tale.

Thy sparkling een o' bonnie blue  
 Wad brak a hermit's vow—  
 Thy guileless smile wad turn the frown  
 Frae aff an angry brow.

Unchangefu' as the seasons roun',  
 My heart still turns to thee;  
 And pure as winter's flakes o' snaw  
 My love shall ever be.

While starnies gild the vaulted lift,  
 And Luna spreads her ray,  
 I'll aye be proud o' Bessie's love,  
 While time holds on its way.

When mute the tongue, the heart's aft fu',  
 And true love mak's us shy—  
 For deepest waters smoothest rin,  
 While babbling streams gae dry.

Sae dinna turn wi' ruefu' look  
 Frae love's unceasing prayer;  
 Or leave my heart wi' gloom oppressed  
 To wrestle wi' despair.

### JOHNSTON'S BRAES ARE BONNIE, O.

AIR.—“*My Nannie, O.*”

WHEN nature smil'd wi' flowery claes,  
 And broom was blooming bonnie, O,  
 Oh! aft's the time on Johnston's braes  
 I've gather'd flowers for Annie, O.'

Oh! weel I lo'ed the burnie's soun',  
 Yet rowin' doun sae cannie, O;  
 Aft on its banks in balmy June  
 I've courtit wi' my Annie, O.

The birdies sung amang the bowers—  
 Their sangs were sweet and mony, O,  
 And lichtsome were the gloamin' hours  
 On Johnston's braes, wi' Annie, O.

Her form was tall, wi' gracefu' mien,  
 I lo'ed her mair than ony, O;  
 The priest himsel' in love wad been  
 Had he but seen my Annie, O.

Her een were o' the bonnie blue,  
 Their glances weel could win ye, O—  
 An' mair than a', her heart was true,  
 Sae guileless was my Annie, O.

Her cheeks were o' the roses dye,  
 When westlin' wins blaw cannie, O,  
 And meltin' was her tender sigh  
 For ither's wrangs, my Annie, O.

I'll ne'er forget those happy times,  
 Though I had years yet mony, O,  
 But breathe them in my fondest rhymes,  
 In memory o' my Annie, O.

I've seen the maids o' mony a glen,  
 Wi' rosy cheeks richt bonnie, O;  
 But, O, I'll never see again  
 The likeness o' my Annie, O.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS DESK.

O, WEEL I mind the maister's desk,  
 O' queer auld-fashion'd wark ;  
 Four sturdy posts its weight did bear,  
 Their sides wi' age grown dark.

At mornin', aye, when we gaed in,  
 Our names he called them there ;  
 Syne gied command to stand upright,  
 And rais'd his voice in prayer.

To Him wha made the warl o'er,  
 For blessin's on our head ;  
 And frae temptations luring path  
 Our youthfu' steps to lead.

And when we trifled on the road,  
 As laddies whiles will do,  
 'Twas then we fear'd his angry look,  
 Cryin' here my lads come through.

Sae to the desk wi' beating hearts,  
 Puir chiels we had to gang ;  
 And there he questioned ower and ower,  
 What keepit us sae lang.

I think I see his earnest gaze,  
 Sayin' whaur is sic a ane ;  
 Saw ye nae him amang the birks,  
 I fear he's nae his lane—

I doubt he's gaen the backward road,  
 An' bringing muckle dool ;  
 The want o' lear they find thro' life,  
 Wha idlers are at schule.

I see the pin whaur hung his hat,  
 As through a dream ane sees ;  
 And wee, wee Peter takin' aim,  
 To hit its croun wi' pease.

The muckle desk had queer contents,  
 Compos'd o' different ware ;  
 Jack Tamson lost his father's knife,  
 For shown 't in time o' prayer.

Big Sandy lost his muckle trump  
 He bought at Halloween :  
 When tryin' its tones at Jamie's back,  
 He thocht he was nae seen—

When, lo! the maister's weel kent voice,  
 Richt soon a silence made ;  
 But waes me, for puir Sandy's harp  
 Into the desk it gaed.

Pluff-guns and pouter there was in't,  
 Wi' steels and big flint-stanes,  
 Marble bools, and bits o' twine,  
 Wi' knackers made o' banes.

Lammer beads, and keys to Gray,\*  
 Tobacco pipes and baas,  
 Some queer auld knives wi' double sprint,†  
 Toothpicks and little saws.

Sma' bits o' lead for rinnin' balls,  
 An' pins for plaitin' hair,  
 And hooks for takin' muckle trouts—  
 Mony a thing was there.

Auld sneeshen mulls o' ilka mak,  
 We bought and sold wi' glee,  
 Though frichted for the maister's tawse,  
 He didna aye us see.

And weel I min' upon a day  
 Yet how we did contrive,  
 Pate Sangster brought his father's gun  
 That sair'd at Forty-five.‡

\* Gray's arithmetic.

† Springs.

‡ 1745, the time of the rebellion in Scotland.

And roun' we bicker'd in a ring,  
 Sae eager our desire  
 To see wha first would be the ane  
 To prime and mak it fire.

But years sin' then hae come and gane,  
 Like buds upon the thorn;  
 And we look back on bygane scenes,  
 Langsyne in life's young morn.

The maister's gane wi' a' his jokes—  
 Death cam', he couldna hide—  
 And mony a change in life there's been,  
 Sin' we were at his side.

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

FAIR maid, yet scarce in youthfu' prime,  
 May heaven spare ye lang  
 To add new treasures to this store,  
 Frae nature and frae sang.  
 Its pages a' I've pondered o'er,  
 And many gems I find  
 That tell o' love, and maiden worth,  
 And friendship's constant mind.



They bring to view the shady grove,  
 And bonnie birken glen ;  
 The gloamin' hour sae dear to love,  
 The minstrel's sweetest strain.  
 I think I see the yellow broom  
 And waving heatherbell,  
 And hear again the mavis' sang,  
 Adown the flowery dell.

Each well remember'd spot I see,  
 'Mid nature's choicest bowers,  
 Where love, and mirth, and friendly glee,  
 Chase the light-footed hours.  
 May nature's grandeur lang inspire  
 Thy mind wi' thoughts sublime,  
 Each fill'd wi' pure poetic fire,  
 And nurs'd by glorious rhyme.

Pure is the rose, in early spring,  
 That blooms upon the thorn ;  
 And like that rose, thy youthfu' mind  
 Which ither charms adorn.  
 May nae dark cloud ere tint wi' gloom  
 The glow o' life's sunshine ;  
 But happy dreams o' joyous years,  
 Sweet maid be always thine.

## LINES ADDRESSED TO AN OLD PURSE.

AULD frien' ye're tash'd and threadbare worn,  
 And frae your en's the tassels torn ;  
 Twa rusty rings mak' you forlorn  
                   To look upon :  
 Ye've had your time—yet sair I mourn  
                   Your inside's gone.

When it was weel and nearly fu',  
 I'm sure ye ken I'd frien's enew,  
 Made me believe they wad be true  
                   Till their last breath.

But, ah ! when your disease they knew,  
                   It did us baith.

To seen you bare wad gien nae fricht,  
 Had your intimmers keepit richt ;  
 Ye aye wad been a pleasin' sicht,  
                   Tho' like to birst.

The poet's cares aye to keep licht,  
                   Ye wad been first.

I gat you frae a lassie true,  
 Wha wrought thy sides wi' threads o' blue,  
 And for her sake I've keepit you,  
                   Tho' noo ye fast.

Oh ! had I fouth I'd fill you fu',  
                   And mak you last.

Mony a road wi' me ye've been,  
 An' mony an unco face we've seen ;  
 But 'mang them a' ye was my frien',  
                                     Tho' noo grown frail :  
 But need I mourn, I'll soon be gane  
                                     As toom's yoursel.

An empty purse brings mony waes,  
 An' kindred frien's aft turn to faes—  
 An' some dull chiels to en' their days  
                                     Wi' dolefu' bang :  
 Mak's bonnie lasses want the claes  
                                     They've thocht on lang.

E'en love itsel' has baffled been,  
 'Mid vows and sighs, and sparklin' een ;  
 For, ah ! an empty purse was seen  
                                     By the lov'd fair.  
 Then soon, puir thing, her love was gane  
                                     Wi' pridfu' air.

The brewster wife wad sit and crack,  
 As lang its hide contain'd a plack ;  
 But if she saw the claith grow slack  
                                     She couldna stay,  
 But bade good-bye, wi' haste ye back  
                                     Some ither day.

But ruthless time, creeps in on a',  
 And plows the brow o' great an' sma';  
 An' things, like fouk, maun wear awa,  
     Tho' e'er sae fine.  
 Sae fare 'st wi' Jamie's purse, ance braw,  
     In auld langsyne.

### THE BONNIE LASS O' LEVEN WATER.

AIR—"A' the airts the win' can blaw."

BLAW saft ye win's o'er Leven's banks,  
 And spare the wild flow'rs bloom;  
 May spring's first beauties there be seen,  
 To cheer the winter's gloom.  
 Whaur yonder hawthorn scents the breeze,  
 Doun in a fairy dell,  
 Dwells the Miller's bonnie lassie,  
 The charming Isabel.

She needs nae gems to braid her hair,  
 Nor gowden rings fu' braw;  
 For she is bless'd wi' nature's charms,  
 That's fairer than them a'.  
 Sweet is her smile, and saft's her e'e,  
 Whaur love's pure glances dwell;  
 Nae lovelier maid on Leven's banks,  
 Than bonnie Isabel.

And weel she wins her auld fowks love,  
 Aye kind to them she's been ;  
 Their morn o' life has lang been past,  
 Now she's their only frien'.  
 Young Sandy's heart has lang been leal,  
 And mony a vow he's made ;  
 But while her frail auld parents live,  
 Wi' ane she winna wed.

## LITTLE DAVIE.

## A NURSERY RHYME.

TUNE "*Calder Fair.*"

SEE Davie, rosy cheekit boy,  
 Wi' mirth in ilka e'e,  
 There playing wi' a braw new toy,  
 He's been presented wi'.

He gat a shilling frae the laird,  
 For learnin' s letters weel ;  
 If up to manhood he be spared,  
 He'll be a clever chiel.

He never seeks to gang astray  
 Wi' weans that lee and fecht,  
 Wha trua the schule, and bide awa  
 Out o' their parents' sicht.

Hear how he counts to twenty-nine,  
 And muckle words can spell;  
 He'll be a scholar yet that's fine,  
 And beat the laird himsel'.

Wi' sleepy weans, wha tak the pet,  
 To bed he winna gang;  
 But o'er his bookie fondly sit  
 And learn's questions lang.

When our auld chapman comes his roun',  
 And gi'es his usual ca';  
 I'll something buy frae borough toun,  
 Will mak my Davie braw.

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE LAMENTED TANNAHILL.

THO' Flora cleed Gleniffer's braes  
 Wi' fairest gems o' spring;  
 We want the bard o' bygone days,  
 Wha lo'ed their praise to sing.  
 His soul to nature out did pour,  
 In many a noble strain;  
 He sang o' love's enchanting pow'r,  
 Its pleasures and its pain.

He weel could wake the melting strain,  
 Amang Glenkilloch's bowers ;  
 Extol sweet Jessie o' Dumblane,  
 Near Cruikston's ruined towers.  
 To Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,  
 He sang in ardent theme ;  
 The scenery o' his artless lays,  
 Has gained an endless name.

Tho' gloomy clouds did hover roun'  
 His path, in life's young day,  
 Nae bard, but him by bonnie Doon,  
 Has sung a sweeter lay.  
 While birdies sing, and burnies rin,  
 And flow'ries bud and bloom,  
 His artless sangs will laurels win,  
 To deck his early tomb.

#### MY JAMIE'S DEAD AND GANE.

TUNE—"Land o' the Leal."

TEARS may weel fa' frae my een,  
 Sin' a' I lo'ed on earth is taen,  
 My Jamie will nae mair be seen,  
 An' I am left alane !



He and I were plighted true,  
 Our love the langer fonder grew;  
 But love and joy hae left me noo,  
                     For Jamie's dead and gane.

Dinna lat the bairnies play,  
 The birdies mauna sing the day,  
 For mirth maist braks the heart that's wae,  
                     Let nought but sorrow reign.

The bonnie flowers, and whins, and broom,  
 Maun for a time shut up their bloom;  
 The sun maun shine wi' dowie gloom,  
                     Sin' Jamie's dead and gane.

Greet wi' me, and ease my breast,  
 Greet, for Jamie's gane to rest,  
 Ye mateless birdies i' yer nest,  
                     Greet wi' me and mane.

A better lad there couldna be,  
 An' few were sae weel faur'd as he;  
 But a' is o'er, for wae is me,  
                     My Jamie's dead and gane.

## I'LL AYE BE TRUE TO THEE, MY JEANIE.

AIR—" *Roy's Wife o' Aldivalloch.*"

I'LL aye be true to thee, my Jeanie,—  
 Aye be true to thee, my Jeanie;  
 Tho' ithers smile wi' artfu' wile,  
 Yet frae my love they canna wean me.

Tho' for a while we twa maun part,  
 I'll soon return again, my Jeanie,  
 To clasp thee to my loving heart,  
 An' ye shall be my ain dear Jeanie.  
 I'll aye be true, &c.

Tho' winter's frown and surly blast  
 May lour awee on me, my dearie,  
 The fond remembrance o' the past,  
 Amid the gloom, will mak me cheerie.  
 I'll aye be true, &c.

O'er happy hours we've spent at e'en,  
 Fond memory aye will cheerfu' ponder;  
 I'll think upon my bonnie Jean,  
 Tho' far frae her I now maun wander.  
 I'll aye be true, &c.

Tho' I may gang to ither isles,  
 An' leave our hills sae blue, my Jeanie ;  
 Yet I'll return to thy sweet smiles,  
 An' prove my heart's aye true, my Jeanie,

I'll aye be true to thee, my Jeanie,—  
 Aye be true to thee, my Jeanie ;  
 Tho' ithers smile wi' artfu' wile,  
 Yet frae my love they canna wean ye.

YE'VE AYE BEEN TRUE TO ME, MY WILLIE.

*AIR—Same as the above.*

YE'VE aye been true to me, my Willie,—  
 Aye been true to me, my Willie ;  
 Nae milder face, nor form, nor grace,  
 Has chang'd the smile ye us'd to gi'e me.

My heart, wi' mony anxious thocht,  
 Beat high while we were parted, Willie ;  
 My leisure hours but dreamings brocht  
 O' faithless love and thee, my Willie.  
 Ye've aye been true to me, &c,

Dear Willie, noo, our bridal day  
 Has come at last, an' a' is gladness;  
 An' after years o' weal or wae,  
 May cheer, or change our bliss to sadness.  
 Ye've aye been true to me, &c.

Yet weel I ken that gowd nor gear  
 Can soothe the heart 'mid sorrows dreary;  
 But tender words can ever cheer,  
 Tho' changeful fate should mak us eerie.  
 Ye've aye been true to me, &c.

The blissful past, where memory floats  
 O'er brilliant scenes o' early fondness,  
 Will still play on its mellow notes,  
 'Mid winter's gloom or summer's blandness.  
 Ye've aye been true to me, &c.

Life's briery walk or balmy maze,  
 We're doomed to wander o'er thegither;  
 May heavenly virtue guard our ways  
 'Mang orange bowers or Scotia's heather.

Ye've aye been true to me, my Willie,—  
 Aye been true to me, my Willie;  
 Nae milder face, nor form, nor grace,  
 Has changed the smile ye us'd to gi'e me.

BONNIE JEANIE GRÆME.

A BALLAD.

OH ! think awee, gin it be richt,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme,  
 To win my love and then it slicht,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme.

Though I was puir, my heart was true,  
 An' mair than a', ye maun allow  
 Nae ither ane ye lo'ed but me,  
 On Leven's banks to wander wi' ;  
 What can I think o' ane like you,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme.

Mind aneath the moon's pale beams,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme,  
 That gilded Leven's crystal streams,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme,  
 Ye vow'd by a' to be sincere—  
 Sweet banks to me ye'll aye be dear ;  
 In ither lands when far frae you,  
 In fancy's dreams I will ye view  
 Wi' ane, wha's left me to despair,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme.

Gang nae near yon gowany glen,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme ;  
 For aft we've wander'd there ye ken,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme.

Gang nae whaur the blue-bells hing  
 Abune the burn, whaur linties sing  
 At gloamin' grey, we hae been there  
 Wi' lightsome hearts and free o' care ;  
 Bygane scenes to you they'd bring,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme.

When your father dwined awa,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme,  
 I saw your cheeks grow like the snaw,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme ;  
 And when your mither's heid was laid  
 Doun in the mools, amang the deid,  
 Your lily hand I held in mine,  
 An' tauld you never to repine ;  
 While I was spair'd I would provide  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme.

But a' that's past I you forgie,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme ;  
 But never, never, till I dee,  
                     Bonnie Jeanie Græme,  
 Will I forget love's early dreams  
 And plighted vows, by Leven's streams,

But happy, happy, may you be !  
 May He, wha rules o'er earth and sea,  
 Aye licht your path wi' cheerfu' beams,  
                   Bonnie Jeanie Græme.

Thro' ither lands I now maun roam,  
                   Bonnie Jeanie Græme;  
 Far frae the haunts o' my lov'd home,  
                   Bonnie Jeanie Græme.  
 'Mang lively scenes I've sought to dwell,  
 An' tried my weary mind to heal ;  
 But, ah ! these scenes nae mair I'll heed,  
 I only wish me wi' the deid ;  
 And God be wi' you in your need,  
                   Bonnie Jeanie Græme.

MUSINGS AMONG THE POLICIES OF  
 DUFF HOUSE.

---

INSCRIBED WITH GRATITUDE AND GREAT RESPECT TO THE RIGHT HON.  
 THE EARL OF FIFE.

---

OH, for the bard o' Coila's pen !  
 Then up Parnassus I wad glide,  
 Wi' numbers high, in flowing strain,  
 To sing the praise o' Deveronside.



And him wha owns yon castle gay,  
 Wi' lovely lands around it spread—  
 Whaus hand and heart are ready aye  
 The weary sons o' want to aid.

Though circled round wi' rank and fame,  
 He kindly feels for ithers' waes;  
 And at the mention o' his name  
 The wanderer's heart a tribute pays.

Baith far an' near, o'er hill and glen,  
 He weel may cast his kindly e'e,  
 And ca' the bonnie scenes his ain,  
 And worthy o' them a' is he.

Though lordly grandeur marks them a',  
 And beauty shines on bank and lea,  
 Through wide domain and princely ha'  
 The stranger aye may wander free.

Glenalvah's craigs o' hoary hue,  
 'Mid Phœbus' beams, wi' grandeur awe;  
 The birken trees, wi' siller dew,  
 Shed fragrance sweet at gloamin' fa',

And far below these rugged steeps  
 The murmuring stream o' Deveron twines,  
 And through yon Gothic arch it sweeps,  
 Whaur nature wild wi' art combines.

High, on the margin o' the vale,  
 Sweet Deveron Cottage meets the e'e,  
 Whaur saftly blaws the e'ening gale,  
 And blythly frisks baith bird and bee.

Ance, in the balmy month o' May,  
 'Mang these fair scenes I roam'd wi' pride,  
 And blythly spent lee-lang day  
 Amang the sweets o' Deveronside.

Here lovers true, wi' winning wiles,  
 May find the bonnie birken grove,  
 Whaur nature, wi' her sweetest smiles,  
 Invites to happiness and love—

Or nature's fond admiring sage  
 May wander here and never tire;  
 These scenes may weel the mind engage,  
 And wake the musing minstrel's lyre.

Sweet vale of peace and beauty rare,  
 Whaur peer and peasant happy dwell,  
 Wi' you my warmest wish I share,  
 Though I maun bid you now farewell.

## THE AULD LAIRD O' BOGIE.\*

O KEN ye wha young Jeanie's got  
 To mak' her blythe and vogie?  
 Wha! but auld pechin Donald Scott,  
 The cripple laird o' Bogie.  
 He lo'ed the lassie to extremes,  
 Singing Catherine Ogie;†  
 He saw her in his midnight dreams—  
 The doitet laird o' Bogie.  
 Hech, hoo, the auld Laird o' Bogie.

He hung his head out ower his rung,  
 To stay his frame sae shoggy;  
 Fechten for breath—said Jean, ye'll gang,  
 Be my third wife in Bogie.  
 She lichtlied souple Sandy Gun,  
 And play'd wi' him the rogie;  
 And wi' her auld man aft did run—  
 The whaislin' laird o' Bogie.  
 Hech, hoo, the auld Laird o' Bogie.

The bødies blin' upon an e'e,  
 He hoasts when it is fogie;  
 His head is bare, as bare can be,  
 The gleyed laird o' Bogie.

\* Bogie, the name of a water in Aberdeenshire.

† The name of an old Scotch song.

But he has siller, ye maun ken,  
 And that fills aye the cogie ;  
 But Jeanie vows when he is gaen,  
 She'll dance the reel o' Bogie.  
       Hech, hoo, the auld Laird o' Bogie.

#### THE SLAVED CAGED SEAMSTRESS.

THEY tell me that the corn  
 Now waveth with the breeze,  
 And that the hay is mown,  
 And bloom is on the pease :  
 That roses, in full beauty,  
 Now deck each cottage wall ;  
 And that the hills are blooming  
 With heatherbells so small.

They tell me that the blackbird  
 Now whistles in each grove,  
 And that the woods are ringing  
 With melody of love ;  
 That leafy trees are making  
 The sweetest sound of all,  
 And that there's heavenly music  
 In each little waterfall.

They tell me many girls  
 Get off from their employ,  
 To go and view the country  
 Fair nature to enjoy ;  
 To breathe the healthsome air,  
 And cull the little flowers,  
 Beside the crystal fountains,  
 And sport in woody bowers.

They tell me I should go  
 To some place down the Clyde,  
 To see the lovely scenery  
 By loch or mountain side.  
 Lochlomond must be gorgeous,  
 The river, banks, and all :  
 Oh ! that I could but see them—  
 But, ah ! I never shall.

They tell me that my mistress  
 Says I should not repine,  
 That few can get such places  
 So comfortable 's mine.  
 I only have to work from six  
 At morn to twelve at night ;  
 That I should be most grateful aye,  
 And should be happy quite.

Oh! surely we were never  
 Intended by our God  
 To work and toil for ever,  
 And never walk abroad  
 To see the land we live in;  
 Sure, made for every one :  
 Oh! that I were not slaved and caged,  
 But sometimes see the sun.

They're sending large donations  
 Away to foreign soil ;  
 Oh! would they only look at home,  
 And mind our hours of toil.  
 We ask them not for money,  
 To buy our daily bread ;  
 Shorten our hours o' labour,  
 And then we will not heed.

### THE BONNIE LASS O' DEVERON WATER.

AIR—" *Gala Water.*"

By stately Dee, I've aften been  
 To scent the birks, the braes perfuming,  
 And view'd the blinkin' starnies sheen,  
 Aboon its streams at dewy gloamin'.  
 O weel I lo'e the Heiland hills,  
 When Flora's gems are smiling at 'er ;  
 But dearer far the fairy dells,  
 Alang the banks o' Dev'ron water.

For there lives ane aye in my dreams,  
 Fair as the dawn o' rosy mornin',  
 When Phœbus spreads his gowden beams  
 Ower lofty hills, the Straths adornin'.  
 Few maids wi' her can equal'd be,  
 Sae gracefu', mild, in ilka feature ;  
 She's dear to me, and aye will be,  
 The bonnie lass o' Dev'ron water.

Ye've seen the spotless lily pale,  
 And dew upon the hawthorn's blossom ;  
 These are true emblems o' her sel',  
 For virtue reigns within her bosom.  
 Her smile a tyrant's heart wad move,  
 Wi' her he soon wad change in nature ;  
 O leese me on my only love,  
 The bonnie lass o' Dev'ron water.

The birds will leave Glenalvah's braes,  
 Their warblings cease in ilka bower,  
 Ere I forget to sing her praise,  
 Or breathe for her a tender prayer.  
 The simmer flow'rs may dwine and dee,  
 And angry winds their sweetness scatter ;  
 Wi' her its simmer aye to me,  
 Upo' the banks o' Dev'ron Water.



ADDRESS TO THE  
 PARLIAMENT HOUSE, EDINBURGH.

THIS POEM IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE GENTLEMEN WHO ATTEND  
 THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, BY THEIR HUMBLE AND DEVOTED SERVANT, THE  
 AUTHOR.

HAIL ! ancient building, justice seat !  
 O' bygane days, thou mind'st me yet,  
 When in thy ha',\* our kings did sit,  
     Wi' nobles braw.  
 Scotland, those times will ne'er forget,  
     Tho' lang awa'.

Twa hundred years an' mair hae fled,  
 Sin' Charlie in thy ha' did tread,  
 Wi' knights and earls by his side,  
     O' high renown ;  
 When sword and sceptre Errol had,  
     Wi' our lov'd croun.†

\* The great hall in which the Scotch Parliament met, and in which the Treaty of Union was fiercely discussed, alone remains. It is one of the noblest apartments in Great Britain, a little more than 122 feet in length, and upwards of 47 feet in breadth. The floor is beautifully laid of oak, and its roof is arched of oak, its projections supported by abutments, and ornamented with gilding and painting. The Parliament House, it is said, was begun in 1631, and finished in 1640— (though a date carved in stone in the lobby of the Signet Library is 1636.)

† In 1641, when Charles the First visited Edinburgh the second time, the *Honours*, as the regalia were popularly designated, were left in the Parliament House, in the custody of the Earl Marischal and the Earl of Errol, Lord High Constable.

Within thy wa's gay scenes hae been,  
 The royal banquets there were gien ;  
 When nobles frae afar were seen,  
     As subjects leal ;  
 Their honour'd sov'reign to befrien',  
     And wish them weel.

The undying dead hae aft been there,  
 Mackenzie, Forbes, Melville, Blair ;\*  
 Besides a host o' mony mair,  
     Wha 're nae forgot :  
 Crosbie, † immortalized for e'er  
     By gifted Scott.

Thy sons hae gain'd an endless name,  
 High in the ranks o' classic fame ;  
 Our annals will their deeds proclaim,  
     Till time's nae mair.  
 Orations floun, as flows a stream,  
     Will aye be dear.

\* Near the north end of the great hall is a large marble statue of the first Lord Melville. Opposite, on the east side of the wall, is the fine statue of Lord President Forbes in his judicial robes ; and, on the other side of the principle door, near the large south window, is the statue of Lord President Blair. In this hall, also, was held the banquet given to George the Fourth by the Corporation in 1822.

† Andrew Crosbie, Esq., was the original of " Counsellor Pleydell " in " Guy Mannering."

Genius, though humble, there will find  
 Patrons, generous, just, and kind ;  
 Wha aye are ready to befriend,  
     And help ane frae  
 The straits that would him sairly bind,  
     And bring him wae.

Thy Jeffrey's gane the road o' a',  
 The critic, and the man o' law ;  
 He keen perception weel could draw  
     Frae nature's book ;  
 Thro' humble merit aye he saw,  
     And interest took.

Hail ! building, wi' thy seat o' law ;  
 Had I but pith my reed to blaw,  
 I'd soun' thy fame, to far awa'  
     Ayont the sea ;  
 And fecht wi' them wha wad misca'  
     Thy sons to me.

Nae doubt, at times, they're like to fricht  
 Poor chieils, wha thocht their case was richt ;  
 They bide the bangs o' mony a wicht,  
     Wha does nae ken,  
 On kittle points when they shaw licht,  
     As guides to men.

Auld Scotia's richts they weel maintain ;  
 Should fools dispute, they'll lat them ken  
 The burry thrissle is our ain,  
     Tho' roughly drest ;  
 That Scotia's sons are gallant men,  
     True to their crest.

Her lofty hills, whaur eagles soar,  
 Her cavern'd cliffs wi' summits hoar,  
 The waters' dark, whaur kelpies\* roar  
     Amid the storm.  
 Wi' scenes like these, and deeds o' yore,  
     Your hearts are warm.

The foamin' cat'ract's maddenin' ire,  
 The pow'rfu' minstrel's thrillin' lyre,  
 Whause strains the bosom's chords could fire,  
     And sorrows fricht.  
 Lang may ye live for to admire  
     And Scotia richt.†

Hail! structure fair, lang may ye stand  
 An ornament to guide our land ;  
 May worth, and learning, hand and hand,  
     Be thy bright star :  
 And highest talents aye attend  
     Thy honour'd bar.

\* Kelpies, fabled apparitions said to haunt rivers, particularly in time of a storm.

† A dispute about our coat-of-arms.

## THE POET TURNED VILLAGE MERCHANT.

## HIS MUSE AND HIS CUSTOMERS.

SCENE—*His Shop, containing a medley mass of eatables, drinkables, and miscellaneous—He at his desk composing a love effusion—Customers enter at short intervals—He serves them, and consequently his muse is often contemptibly interrupted.*

- MUSE ..... Oh, how I love my bonnie Mary—  
She's—
- A WASHER WOMAN. 'Half-a-pund o' soap.'
- MUSE ..... She's a' my thocht baith late an' early.  
I'll—
- A CARTER ..... 'Want sax yards o' rope.'
- MUSE ..... I'll never rest until she's mine,  
And—
- A BOY ..... 'Twa lang English pipes.'
- MUSE ..... And oh, sae blest would I be syne,  
Wi'
- A BAKER ..... 'Half-a-pint o' swipes.'
- MUSE ..... Wi' her I'd never tire o' walking,  
For—
- A GIRL ..... 'Want a pair o' pumps.'
- MUSE ..... For oh, I love to hear her talking:  
How sweet's—
- A LITTLE URCHIN. 'Twa bawbee trumps.'
- MUSE ..... How sweet's her voice, when—oh, 'tis bliss!—  
She asks—
- TWO GENTS ..... 'A gill o' brandy.'

- MUSE ..... She asks a little loving kiss!  
Oh, sweetest—
- A BOY..... ‘Stick o’ candy.’
- MUSE ..... Oh, sweetest maid, I’ll ever love thee!  
Come, witness—
- A LITTLE BOY..... ‘Jumpin’ Jack.’
- MUSE ..... Come, witness, all ye powers above me!  
I love—
- A LITTLE GIRL..... ‘A ginge’ bread cake.’
- MUSE ..... I love her for her angel face,  
And for—
- LANDLADY OF INN. ‘A sweet-milk cheese.’
- MUSE ..... And for her amiable grace,  
She’s—
- SERVANT GIRL..... ‘Half-a-pund o’ pease.’
- MUSE ..... She’s gentle as the lammies wee,  
That frisk—
- TWO YOUTHS..... ‘A pund o’ figs.’
- MUSE ..... That frisk upon the gowanie lea—  
She’s—
- BAKER’S WIFE..... ‘Half-a-dozen eggs.’
- MUSE ..... She’s lovely as the opening rose,  
That—
- VERY YOUNG GIRL ‘Ounce o’ seed for birdies.’
- MUSE ..... That lovelier gets as’t farther blows.  
Her cheeks—
- A SWEEP BOY..... ‘Twa penny thirdies.’
- MUSE . . . . . Her cheeks are wi’ twa peaches graced,  
Her lips—
- A SERVANT GIRL... ‘Twa fardin’ candle.’
- MUSE ..... Her lips wi’ cherries round her placed—  
Her nose—
- A SCHOOL GIRL..... ‘A skip-rope handle.’

- MUSE ..... Her nose is Venus's or Mar's—  
Her eyes—
- A DRESSMAKER.... 'Twa balls o' thread.'
- MUSE ..... Her eyes are like twa brilliant stars—  
Her foot's—
- A MILL BOY..... 'A loaf o' bread.'
- MUSE ..... Her foot's a fairy's, and her gait  
Is—
- A BEGGAR WIFE... 'Half-a-gill o' rum.'
- MUSE..... Is graceful as her form is straight—  
Her breath's
- A GENTEEL BOY... 'A sugar plum.'
- MUSE ..... Her breath's the scent o' hawthorn hoar,  
And—
- A HOUSEWIFE..... 'Half-a-pund o' tea.'
- MUSE ..... And round her head the graces soar!  
My—
- WEAVER'S WIFE... 'Pot o' kitchin fee.'
- MUSE ..... My Mary is perfection's model,  
No—
- A GIRL..... 'Half-a-pund o' butter.'
- MUSE ..... No wonder, then, that she's my idol!  
Oh—
- 10 O'CLOCK STRIKES.
- POET TO SHOP BOY. 'Tam put on the shutter.'  
[*Shuts Shop, and retires to his closet.*]



LINES TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF  
HIS MOTHER.

To see your letter I was glad—  
Sweet is your lyre my Willie lad ;  
But as I read, my heart grew sad  
    Wi' dewy een,  
To hear that death had lowly laid  
    Your æ best frien'.

A mother's love, wi' kindred ties,  
Mak's fancy's fondest feelings rise ;  
A mother's love it never dies  
    While here below :  
Sweet are her smiles, and saft her sighs,  
    Our friend in woe.

I feel for you, the fond endears  
And melting throes which mem'ry bears ;  
When looking back on helpless years,  
    Oh! then 'twas sweet ;  
A mother's smile could soothe our fears,  
    Mak joy complete.

But youthfu' pleasures last not aye,  
 And manhood's prime will soon decay ;  
 We, too, like her, must pass away—

Death will not spare.

Man's life is as a wintry day,

And fu' o' care.

While we are dwellers here below,  
 Our pleasures will be mixt wi' woe ;  
 The path o' life has many a flow

An' thorny waste ;

But there's a happy land we know,

Whaur weary souls rest.

She's left a warld o' sin an' care,  
 To realms of bliss, bright joys to share ;  
 And death, again, will never dare

Wi' sad revenge :

May you and I, on earth prepare

For that great change.

## S O N G ,

Written on occasion of the ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the GLASGOW  
 ABERDEEN, BANFF, and MORAYSHIRE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, 21st  
 July, 1853.

THIS nicht we've met for social glee,  
 To welcome friends, an' a' that;  
 We ha'e them here frae yont the Dee,  
 Frae queenly Tay, an' a' that.  
     For a' that, an' a' that,  
     For auld langsyne, an' a' that,  
 We lo'e the north wi' a' its worth,  
 An' lasses fair, an' a' that.

Its gallant sons we lo'e them a',  
 They're faithfu', true, an' a' that,  
 'Twas there whaur first the licht we saw,  
 When life was young, an' a' that.  
     For a' that, an' a' that,  
     Our schulin' days, an' a' that,  
 Whaure'er we be until we dee,  
 We'll mind on them, an' a' that.

The tartan plaid and bonnet blue  
 Our forbears wore, an' a' that,  
 And to their country aye were true  
 For freedom's cause, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
 'Neath burnin' suns, an' a' that,  
 The norlan' chiels, ha'e fought like deils,  
 An' laurels won, an' a' that.

We've worth and lear amang us here,  
 Our country's pride, an' a' that,  
 Posterity their names will bear  
 When we are gane, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their gifted minds, an' a' that ;  
 Though Scotland's hills look cauld an' bare,  
 Yet we ha'e gems for a' that.

Frae fair Edina, Scotland's pride,  
 They're sitting here, an' a' that,  
 Will aye be welcome to the Clyde,  
 While we ha'e powers to shaw that.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Wi' wishes leal, an' a' that,  
 Aft may we meet in friendship sweet,  
 Wi' them that's here, an' a' that.

Our worthy chairman, soney chiel,  
 We're blythe to see, an' a' that ;  
 For oh, his wark becomes him weel,  
 Sae fu' o' fun, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Sae jolly stout, an' a' that,  
 Lang be his days, an' few his waes,  
 An' muckle mair than a' that.

## SCOTIA'S DIRGE.

Written on hearing that JOHN WILSON, Esq., the Scottish Vocalist,  
had died in America, on the 9th July, 1849.

AULD Scotia now may sigh aloud,  
Her tears in torrents fa',  
Her sweetest harp now hangs unstrung,  
Since Wilson's ta'en awa.  
He sang o' a' her warlike deeds,  
An' sons that gallant were—  
Her hoary towers an' snaw-clad hills,  
An' maidens sweet an' fair.

His was a harp o' thrillin' sound,  
Could pleasure aye impart;  
Its melody o' bygane days  
Gaed hame to ilka heart.  
Its strains could bring remembrance back  
To youthfu' days at school;  
Or mak' us sigh for Scotia's wrangs,  
An' Flodden's day o' dool,

He sang o' beauty's winsome wiles,  
In mony a leesome theme,  
An' gather'd by his artless lays,  
A never-dying name.

While heather blooms on Scotia's hills,  
 An' burnies join the sea,  
 His aft applauded "Nichts wi' Burns"  
 Will ne'er forgotten be.

Ye gentle maids! a tribute pay  
 Frae 'mang your western bowers,  
 An' strew the Minstrel's lowly grave,  
 Wi' summer's balmy flowers!  
 Then, rest thee, Minstrel! Tho' thy harp  
 Can noo nae mair be found,  
 The lovers o' auld Scotia's sangs  
 Will ne'er forget its sound.

## COLIN AND MARY.

AIR.—“*Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon.*”

OH, Mary! will ye gang wi' me,  
 And share the shephērd's humble cot;  
 I canna boast o' gear to gie,  
 But yours shall be a happy lot.  
 When winter ev'nings lang come roun',  
 And frosty winds blaw snell and cauld,  
 I'll tak my guid auld fiddle doun,  
 And play strathspeys baith new and auld.

O Colin, lad, I dinna ken—  
 Do ye nae min' last Halloween,  
 Ye vow'd to see me up the glen,  
 But ye gaed ower the hill wi' Jean.  
 What wad ye thocht had ye been me,  
 To lea' me lanely a' that nicht;  
 Nae mair wi' you I'll e'er gang wi',  
 Ye ken yoursel' ye didna richt.

I saw your glances, weel could tell  
 Your heart and han' to her was gi'en,  
 Sae Mary bids you noo fareweel,  
 And happy be your bonnie Jean.



Oh, Mary, love! I did do wrang,  
 And I hae rued my folly sair;  
 It's true, I did wi' Jeanie gang,  
 But I hae ne'er been wi' her mair.

My love for you was aye sincere,  
 O! do your Colin noo forgie,  
 Let a' that's past be buried here,  
 And say the shepherd's bride ye'll be.  
 She hung her heid and blush'd awee,  
 But wadna answer me ava,  
 I silence took consent to be,  
 And soon the Dominie I saw.

#### ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

HAIL, lovely moon! whose brilliant beams,  
 Upon a thousand rivers shine,  
 Thy rays inspire the poet's themes  
 To life and love, and things divine.  
 The evening hour and tranquil scene—  
 The placid stream, as on it flows—  
 Reminds us of the joys unseen,  
 When freed from time and all its woes.

And doubly dear are Luna's beams  
     To me, when hope is nearly gone ;  
 I love, I love thy silver streams,  
     When musing by myself alone.  
 I hail the hour, to lovers dear,  
     When Luna shines, the queen of night ;  
 I love to see the parting tear—  
     The pledge of love and beauty bright.

The sailor, as he walks the deck,  
     Views with delight thy silver rays ;  
 The captive hails the golden speck,  
     As in his dreary cell he lies,—  
 And oft, in sorrow's saddest hour,  
     When gloomy thoughts forbid to sleep,  
 Has he not lingered o'er and o'er  
     Her course, in contemplation deep ?

And sweet, in autumn's mellow day,  
     Her waning rays o'er waving grain—  
 An emblem of life's sad decay,  
     When earthly aid will prove in vain.  
 Hail, lovely moon! in that bright sky,  
     Undimmed by one dark-lowering spot,  
 Thou yet may cast a lingering ray  
     Upon my grave, when I'm forgot.

TO THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY AND ITS  
GREAT EXHIBITION.

A HUMBLE bard, frae the far north,  
His tribute fondly pays  
To great and enterprising worth,  
The pride of modern days.

He's from the land of hills and glens,  
Where cat'racts wreath in ire ;  
He's come from Scotland's rural scenes,  
To wonder and admire.

Come, muse descend wi' tuneful meed,  
Inspire me wi' thy smile,  
And I will sound my rural reed  
To Erin's lovely isle.

The trees are rich in Erin's bowers,  
And sweet birds carol there ;  
And balmy is the breath of flowers,  
That scents the vernal air.

Oh, Erin! wi' thy sunny vales,  
Few lands now equal thine ;  
Thy fame will spread thro' distant isles,  
And native talents shine.

Stern winter, wi' its angry gloom,  
 In torrents out may pour,  
 But genial spring, wi' bud and bloom,  
 Tell all his fury's o'er.

The maidens roam by Erin's streams,  
 As graceful as they're fair;  
 Enraptur'd youths in fitful dreams,  
 In fancy wanders there.

So winning are their smiles of love,  
 They're free from every guile;  
 Aye true and constant may they prove,  
 Sweet flow'rs of Erin's isle.

May power supreme aye be their guide,  
 In all that's good to learn;  
 And from deceiver's far them lead,  
 The lovely maids of Erin.

Fair Erin! from the nations round,  
 Are works in thy *Great Store*;  
 Immortal genius there is found,  
 Talents unknown before.

May thy lov'd Shamrock aye be green,  
 And laurels round it stand;  
 For there is now what ne'er has been,  
 In Erin's lovely land.

Had thy sweet minstrel yet been spared,  
 To wake the thrilling lyre,  
 This mighty work he'd have admired,  
 With true poetic fire.

And sung of arts in modern days,  
 Unknown in times of yore ;  
 He'd rais'd their fame in lofty lays,  
 To Europe's farthest shore.

Brave Dargan ! in this noble cause  
 Will gain immortal fame,  
 And get a nation's great applause,  
 And never-dying name.

Royal Society flourish on,  
 Through humble merits see,  
 Till Erin's sons, surpass'd by none,  
 In arts and science be.

May genius smile, and science hail,  
 And learning aye expand,  
 Till distant nations proudly tell  
 Of Erin's lovely land.

A humble bard, frae the far north,  
 His tribute fondly pays  
 To great and enterprising *worth*,  
 The pride of modern days.

## EPISTLE TO D. S. S——, Esq.,

A particular friend, on his presenting the Author with a number of  
valuable books.

DEAR friend, accept a bardie's praise,  
Wha's woo'd the muse on Angus' braes,  
Tho' weak the strains that I can raise,  
My love's sincere ;  
Sic gifts as yours I highly prize,  
And will hold dear.

I hae them snugly rank'd amang  
The works o' bards wha sweetly sang ;  
Aft to my rhyming neuk I gang,  
For there I find  
Something keeps time frae turnin' lang,  
Can please the mind.

My books are gems I value more  
Than ony miser's horded ore ;  
Companions of my lonely hour,  
In humble ha' ;  
I've gather'd knowledge frae their store,  
The source of a'.







In musin' mood I wander'd there,  
 Admiring nature's lovely view,  
 The spreadin' birks and floweries fair,  
 Wi' hingin' bells o' bonnie blue.

I heard the mill wi' eidant din,  
 Saw children playin' on the green,  
 And ane o' them I kent was blin',  
 I heard them ca' her sister Jean.

They were sae happy at their play,  
 They saw nae me come ower the lan';  
 Yet I could aften hear them say,  
 Tak' little sister's kin'ly han'.

Tho' she was blind, her face was mild,  
 Wi' a' her features fair to view;  
 At times I saw she sweetly smiled,  
 As if their youthfu' sports she knew.

Dear Willie, said the fair young maid,  
 I find the fragrant birks' perfume,  
 The birdies sangs they mak me glad,  
 And cheer my weary darksome gloom.

And are they lovely as their sang,  
 And do you see them in their glee,  
 And do they sport the trees amang,  
 Oh, brother, dear, noo tell to me?

Yes, sister, yes, I see them there  
 Abune our ain auld spreadin' thorn ;  
 And, oh, their bonnie breasts are fair,  
 And sae's the floweries doun the burn.

Could I but see them in their lay,  
 "Oh, happy, happy, wad I be !  
 I'd watch their soarin' far away,  
 And pray to God that I did see!

I wadna touch the lovely flowers,  
 For fear that they micht fade awa,  
 But wander 'mang the bonnie bowers,  
 And bless kind nature for them a'.

Ere lang, disease had laid her low,  
 She seemed contented for to dee,  
 Her mither bathed her aching brow,  
 And blessed her child that couldna see.

She held her mither by the hand,  
 And said, Oh, dinna weep for me,  
 I'm only gaun to that bricht land  
 O' endless bliss, whaur I will see !

And you'll come there, and sisters kind ;  
 And when you a' shall meet there,  
 Nae mair you'll see that Jeanie's blind,  
 Altho' she never saw you here.

## WE MAUNA MIND A MITHER'S FLYTES.

SHOULD unco lads forgether here,  
 When winter nichts are lang and cauld,  
 My mither's aye intill a steer,  
 And muckle, muckle, does she scauld.\*

Yestreen when our young smith cam' doun,  
 Wi' Jamie's irons for the pleuch,  
 I bade them on the daise † sit roun',  
 To haud them a' were room enouch.

I saw my mither gloom and glower,  
 Altho' a wee frail in her sicht ;  
 And twenty things she number'd ower  
 She wanted dune that verra nicht.

My father's mittens were to wash,  
 The herdie's hose to get a' mend,  
 Auld Hawkie's ‡ meat to gie a mash,  
 And tailor's supper to attend.§

\* Scauld, to scold.

† Daise, a long seat, at one time very common in farmers kitchens.

‡ Hawkie, a cow with a white spot on her head.

§ A number of years ago it was the custom for tailors to go and work at the houses of their employers, and great attention was paid to their victuals. In some parts of Scotland at the present time they continue the old practice.

She speir'd gin down the loan I'd been,  
 For whaur I gaed she couldna think ;  
 And gin the bailie's man I'd seen  
 Gaen hame that nicht thè waur o' drink ?

I heard her questions and her hints,  
 Their meanings brawly I could tell ;  
 For him I'd seen amang the bents,  
 And just as sober as hersel'.

Nae doubt, his failings are his faes,  
 But whaur is he that hasna nane,  
 It's nae the chiel wi' finest claes  
 That's aye the soundest at the bane.

Altho' my mither ca's him auld,  
 And says, thro' drink he'll yet be drown'd ;  
 Show me the sheep ne'er lap\* the fauld, †  
 Or yet a face that never frown'd.

The mither's a' may flyte and taunt,  
 An' hate the lads that lo'es us weel ;  
 We mauna mind their ilka hint,  
 'Bout this and that, and yon auld chiel.

Gin beltan day ‡ ance mair come roun',  
 And it again I'm spar'd to see,  
 I'll face the Priest wi' Johnny Brown,  
 Tho' he be puir as puir can be.

\* Leap.

† A fold, to shut sheep in the fold.

‡ Beltan day, the 3rd of May.

## DUNCAN MACCREE.

THE author remembers, when a boy, of a well-known character who made great pretensions to the healing art, and also the setting of bones and joints: to say, with Burns—in *Death and Doctor Hornbook*—those who swallowed his medicine run four chances of going to their *lang hame* for one of recovering. He had a cunning plan when rubbing a joint, or any part near one, when he thought no one observed, to crack his finger and thumb, and exclaim, “Did you hear yon?—it’s in noo; ye’ll soon be weel noo, laddie.”

DUNCAN MACCREE was a queer looking chiel,  
 Weel kent thro’ the hale kintra side;  
 ’Bout healin’ o’ sairs the bodie kent weel,  
 The change o’ the mune and the tide.  
 Had names for the herbs and ilka wee flower,  
 E’en those that grow wild on the lea;  
 Could tell o’ their worth and botanical power,  
 Sae learned was Duncan MacCree.

He made saws\* frae the root o’ the gowan,  
 Had balsams for young and for auld;  
 Mixtures made frae the bark o’ the rowan,†  
 And powders for curing the cauld.

\* Salvea.

† The rowan-tree.

Ill wi' your hearing', or frail in your sight,  
 It mattered nae what it might be ;  
 He kent what to gi'e to set ane a' richt,  
 Sae skilly was Duncan MacCree.

For thummin' o' sinews, or richtin o' knees,  
 Gin wrang on the road ane had stappit,  
 Says he, I'm the boy will soon gi'e you ease,  
 While slyly his fingers he knackit.  
 'Twas said, too, by some, tho' Duncan was clever,  
 Wrang mixtures at times he wad gi'e,  
 How he did for the auld gabby weaver  
 When ill, our wise Duncan MacCree.

He frichted the miller, I've heard him tell,  
 Sae strang was the dose that he gat ;  
 A cure nicht been wrought, he said, by the smell,  
 And he vow'd his hide to be at.  
 Auld souter Sandie, the bodie, ye ken,  
 Gaed aff to him ance in a spree ;  
 And he nearly stappit the carlie's win',  
 The lang-headed Duncan MacCree.



## LINES TO ———.

## A Fragment.

YE howling winds that loudly blaw,  
 And sweep the naked plain,  
 Blaw gently by yon artless maid,  
 Till she return again.

Oh! dinna stay, my bonnie lass,  
 Oh! dinna bide awa',  
 For eerie is the wintry wind,  
 And dowie is the snaw.

The trees hae tint their simmer bloom,  
 The gowans left the lea,  
 And swallows sought a milder clime  
 Ayont the rolling sea.

But simmer suns, wi' sunny joys,  
 Will nature's face mak' fair,  
 And trees again to bud and bloom,  
 And scent the azure air.

Tho' for a while we twa maun part,  
 I hope we'll meet again ;  
 Sae is a bardie's humble prayer,  
 Wha woo's in simple strain.

The wintry blast may sweep the plain,  
 And nip the tender flower,  
 And autumn, wi' her yellow leaves,  
 Mak' sere the simmer bower.

But I will never be the blast,  
 Wad blight thy peace, my Jean ;  
 May genial suns lang ower thee glide,  
 And cheer you thro' life's scene.

TO THOMAS GORDON, ESQ., ON LEAVING  
 FOR AMERICA.

THO' far awa, on bygone days  
 I'm sure ye aft will min',  
 When roamin' free 'mang Bervie's braes,  
 Wi' friends o' auld langsyne.

Tho' Scotia's shores ye leave behind,  
 And hills o' bonnie blue,  
 Oh! may ye meet wi' friends that's kind,  
 The trusted and the true.

May He wha reigns ower earth and sea,  
 Aye be wi' you and yours ;  
 Ower trackless waves your guardian be,  
 And cheer your saddest hours.

Farewell! kind friend, wi' wishes true,  
 Oh! may ye lang be spared;  
 Tho' far awa, I'll mind on you,  
 Wi' feelings o' regard.

TO MRS. G. D. F., EDINBURGH.

FOR HER AIMIABLE WORTH AS A LADY.

LADY! accept my grateful thanks,  
 For kindness shown to me;  
 I ever will esteem thy worth,  
 No haughty pride with thee.

Tho' high in rank, thy noble mind  
 Can feel with true regard  
 For humble genius, and the trials  
 That oft surround the bard.

Far beyond a worldlings care  
 Thy lofty mind can soar,  
 And pleasure find in doing good,  
 Which worth will aye adore.

May fortune aye upon you smile,  
 And cheer you through life's ways;  
 And richest health be always thine,  
 E'en down to latest days.

And may you reap that rich reward,  
 Provided for all those  
 Who place their trust in Him above,  
 Who every action knows.

Thy honour'd husband, may he long  
 Be spared, and live to see  
 The bud and bloom o' many years  
 Out o'er you both to be.

TO G. W——K, ESQ., GLASGOW.

COULD I but soar in lofty rhyme,  
 Then would I sing o' thee,  
 The poet's true and constant friend,  
 Sae generous kind and free.

When fate look'd dark, and fortune gloom'd,  
 And pangs were bitin' sair,  
 Aft times my path ye hae illum'd,  
 And eas'd my load o' care.

Ye dinna act the warldling's part,  
 Wha, smooth o' speech, can spin  
 Wi' honied words, like painted flowers,  
 Or shallow gusts o' win'—

That winna help ane up the brae,  
 Nor yet his birn lift  
 Gin he were press'd on ilka side,  
 And couldna farther shift.

Mony ane will profer weel;  
 But only try their purse,  
 They'll glunch and gloom, and fret and frown,  
 And some will even curse.

That ye may prosper, morn and e'en,  
 And lang be spar'd to share  
 Domestic bliss at Eden ha',  
 For bonnie flowers are there.

While I can breathe, and reason rules,  
 Wi' powers to feel and think,  
 I'll ne'er forget the kindly deeds  
 O' noble hearted W——k.

May health and plenty aye be yours,  
 Will ever be my prayer,  
 And get the Psalmist's number'd years,  
 An' maybe twa three mair.

## THE HERD'S CAIRN.

SOME of our most eminent men have been herds in their day, like the poor fatherless boy, which my humble muse tries to describe. Such men are an honour to their country, a beacon to cheer others to follow their example. At the present time, on a night every year, I think halloween, the herds in a certain district of Kincardineshire, meet with the schoolmaster of the place, and go to a hill in the same neighbourhood, and kindle a fire, where he, from an old legacy left by a gentleman who had no doubt at one time been a *herdie* himself, regales them with small beer, and distributes so much money according to their age and the time they have *served as a herd*.

A BRAMBLE buss noo marks the cairn,  
 Upon yon ferny hicht ;  
 'Twas there the herdie's spirit fled  
 Ae dreary winter's nicht.

The wind howl'd loud, the drift fell fast,  
 No human aid was near ;  
 Nae glimmering licht, amid the blast,  
 His deein heart to cheer.

His faithfu' dogie by him stood,  
 And lick'd his frozen hair ;  
 An' puir wee thing, it sadly moan'd  
 As if its heart were sair.

• Twa pair o' stockings and a sark  
 Were in his bundle clean ;  
 That nicht his mither's he 'd been at,  
 He was her auldest ane.

Wi' staff in hand, as manfu' like,  
 As he'd been ower to y'ears,  
 He thocht to brave the angry blast,  
 An' soothe a mither's fears.

His father dee't into decline,  
 Left him an' twa three mair ;  
 Young to the frammit had to gang,  
 And for a herdie sair.

Intil his bonnet were the proofs,\*  
 For weel he lo'ed to learn ;  
 The Sabbath schule he did attend,  
 When he was but a bairn.

Some queer nick-nacks about him were,  
 When they his claes did ripe, †  
 A whittle had his father's been,  
 A flourish‡ and a pipe.

\* A common practice for boys to carry the Shorter Catechism in their bonnet, or any pamphlet they may be reading.

† To search.

‡ A piece of steel used with a flint-stone to kindle a match.



The box o' saw his mither made,  
 His hackit han's to heal ;  
 For cauld and wet amo' the neeps,  
 Had made them unco frail.

Sma bits o' cord to mend his whup,  
 Some tackets and a heel,  
 A muckle pencil made o' lead,  
 Some cauk and bits o' keel.

A sneeshen-pen and horn-kaim,  
 Some buttons and a file,  
 A medal and a penny-piece,  
 And trump o' brawest style.

Round the ring he used to sit,  
 In winter's langsome nichts,  
 And hear the ploughmen tell their tales  
 O' ghaists and Elfin knichts.

He little thocht, when he gaed out,  
 He'd ne'er see hame again,  
 Or fa' a victim 'mang the drift,  
 A wee abune the glen.

Aye, when the herdies pass his cairn,  
 They add anither stane  
 In memory o' his mournfu' fate,  
 Wha perish'd there alane.

TO D. M'C——N, ESQ.

ACCOUNTANT, GLASGOW.

I'VE thocht o' you times ower and ower,  
 When musin' in my leisure hour  
 By moss-clad stane and ruin'd tower,  
     'Mang breckans lang;  
 Aye thocht to catch the muses power,  
     An' weave a sang.

But fortune's frowns, wi' piercing dart,  
 Mak's weary mortals pine and smart;  
 And luckless bards hae little heart  
     Ye ken, to sing;  
 Were't nae for some wha tak their part,  
     An' to them cling.

When wintry win's wi' fury blaw,  
 An' hills are white wi' driven snaw,  
 Oh! sweet is licht frae some lone ha'  
     At evening hour;  
 It cheers the wanderer far awa,  
     On dreary moor.

Sae like that licht is friendship's glow,  
 It cheers one's path while here below,  
 And mak's the tide of life to flow

Mair smoothly on :

When sair borne doun wi' cares and woe,

Oh ! sweet it's tone.

Sma' is the meed that I can raise,  
 My warmest thochts in hamely phrase,  
 Drest out in Scotia's guid auld ways,

Wi' feelings true :

Were mine the gift, wi' loftier lays

I'd sing o' you.

Thy kindly acts in days that's past,  
 (Aye fighting wi' the warl's blast,)  
 Engraven on my min' will last,

Whaure'er I go ;

Till death's cauld gloom is ower me cast

And me laid low.

Lang may ye live to cheer the rays  
 O' genius true, through humble ways  
 My gratefu' heart its tribute pays

Wi' thochts sincere :

May fortune's smile aye cheer your days,

Till latest year.

Accept a bardie's humble prayer,  
 For thy sweet lady, young and fair ;  
 Lang may she live thy joys to share,  
                   And happy be,  
 Till fourscore years, and aiblins mair,  
                   Ye baith do see.

TO W. M'G——Y, ESQ.

ADMIRER o' my hamely muse,  
 That wont my youthfu' heart to rouse  
 Wi' glowing thochts, at nature's views,  
                   When roamin' free  
 Amang the birks and broomy howes,  
                   By winding Dee.

Though poverty the bard beset,  
 In ilka path baith air an' late,  
 There's something whispers fondly yet  
                   The muse is kin',  
 And bids him min' how aft they met  
                   In auld langsyne.

I've woo'd her in the gowany glen,  
 Far frae the haunts o' busy men,  
 Whaur shepherds pipe their sweetest strain  
                   At gloamin' fa :  
 I've woo'd her for a lover's pain,  
                   To lasses braw.

Though rough my lyre and low its key,  
 Yet fain, dear frien', I'd sing to thee ;  
 Though I to sing hae little glee  
                   Wi' fortune's smart :  
 But, ah ! ungratefu' could I be  
                   To such a heart.

When toss'd upon life's stormy wave,  
 A helping hand ye frankly gave,  
 That I the storm might bauldly brave,  
                   And be at ease ;  
 Thy generous heart will ever have  
                   My heartfelt praise.

Pure as the mountain rill that flows,  
 Or like the tender budding rose,  
 Is he who feels for ithers' woes  
                   In time o' need ;  
 And sae to thee my bosom glows,  
                   A friend indeed.

There's mony a cuif wad set and boo,  
 If he but thocht my pursie fu,  
 An' swear through life aye to be true,  
     Be't foul or fair—  
 But ask a pound, he'll screw his broo,  
     Be frien's nae mair.

If e'er fause frien' try thee to wrang,  
 May he be sair'd wi' Hornie's bang,  
 And suffer in his prison strang,  
     For sic a faut,  
 Till he forget to earth he did belang,  
     And ever saw 't.

'Mang sons o' light, oh! lang may ye  
 The mystic badge be honour'd wi',  
 Sing Scotia's sangs wi' lightsome glee,  
     To cheerfu' airs,  
 And guided by the plummet be,  
     Till latest years.

Since Solomon and Hiram reign'd  
 As brethren true, ye hae maintain'd  
 The square and compass, noble end  
     To craftsmen a';  
 Ye level true, that brings to mind  
     Kind nature's law.

Lang may ye live, shall be my prayer,  
 And fouth o' joys fa' to your share  
 Wi' sweet Eliza, young and fair,  
     Thy joy and pride :  
 Ye powers abune, oh ! lang her spare  
     By queenly Clyde :—

Till bonnie lads and lasses rise,  
 To bless her fond maternal ties,  
 Wi' tender love that never dies,  
     In bosoms leal—  
 Emblem o' joy ayont the skies,  
     Whaur angels dwell.



THE FOLLOWING EPISTLE WAS SENT EIGHT YEARS AGO,

TO A. M——E, ESQ.

A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

DEAR FRIEN,—I write you frae the hills,  
 Whaur wimplin' row the crystal rills,  
 Thro' bonnie braes that nature fills  
                     Wi' yellow broom,  
 And whaur the cottar's lassie smiles  
                     In artless bloom.

Dame nature's works they are sublime,  
 And doubly dear is Scotia's clime,  
 And solemn is the village chime  
                     When day is ower;  
 Her deeds are fam'd frae earliest time,  
                     Doun to this hour.

How canty are the shepherd swains  
 That roam amang the gowany glens,  
 And sing wi' glee our hamely strains,  
                     In lonely ha',  
 When gloamin' ower the welkin reigns,  
                     Richt blythe they're a'.

And sweet our maidens wi' their smiles,  
 That care and time an' a' beguiles,  
 They cheer the shepherd's wi' their wiles  
                                   An' laughin' een :  
 Aye lightsome is the rural toils  
                                   Whaur love is seen.

I did expect frae you a line,  
 Altho' ye hinna time to tyne,  
 To lat me ken, for auld langsyne,  
                                   How ye were a' ;  
 But o' I fear I'm frae your min',  
                                   Richt far awa.

I hope my frien' ye're soun' and hale,  
 Wi' her the sharer o' your meal ;  
 An' never heed, though Hornie keel  
                                   Wi' his *black caul*k,  
 Ye'll bruise him yet wi' *yon lang heel*,  
                                   And will him baulk.

May health and guid aye wi' ye gang,  
 To cheer you in your native sang,  
 The laurels o' the muse to you belang  
                                   In highest tune ;  
 Ye solemn sing the braes along  
                                   The banks o' Doon.

For wha, like thee, ayont the Tweed,  
 Can soun' sae weel the lyric reed,  
 An' Scotia's sang wi' sweetness cleed,  
                     To please a' ranks:  
 Oh, lat me hear, in mellow weed,  
                     Fair Islay banks.

The bonnie lass o' Logan braes,  
 The sodger's joys and mony waes,  
*The German Lairdie* scant o' claes,  
                     Ye bring to min';  
 And Wallace brave, wha faught his faes  
                     In auld langsyne.

Gin I be spar'd till hairst come roun',  
 I'll pay a visit to your toun;  
 Then up your chanter ye maun tune,  
                     Wi' notes that swell  
 Wi' *Tullochgorum*, roun' and roun',  
                     Till then, farewell!

To MRS. P—K R——N, GLASGOW.\*

DEAR lady, with poetic fire  
 I fain would touch the string,  
 But tuneless is my humble lyre,  
 And weak my gift to sing.  
 The larks that carol in the sky  
 The sweetest anthems raise,  
 The linnet on the bush am I  
 That sings more lowly lays.

Were mine the power, with measur'd turns,  
 To soar in verse sublime—  
 Had I the genius of a Burns  
 To animate my rhyme,  
 Then would I sing a lofty strain  
 To Robertson and you,  
 For in my bosom feelings reign  
 As grateful as they're true.

A stranger in this mighty mart,  
 How grac'd was I to find  
 A patron, with so gen'rous heart,  
 Prove more to me than friend.

\* The above lines were sent with a copy of the Author's former publication, with his grateful thanks and warm respects.

'Twas you and he first held the hand  
 Of welcome to the bard,  
*His* kindness since has knit the band  
 Of never-dying regard.

Farewell!—and with this gift, I leave  
 My wishes most sincere—  
 All blessings may you both receive  
 And prosper year to year!  
 In fancy I will oft retrace  
 My sojourn in the west;  
 And ruthless time can ne'er efface  
 What's grayen in the breast.

TO J. N——N, ESQ., GLASGOW.

A GENTLEMAN WHO TOOK A WARM INTEREST IN THE  
 AUTHOR'S LAST PUBLICATION.

GIN my Pegassus wad but start,  
 I'd hae a ride doun frae the Cart,  
                     To great St. Mungo's toun,  
 Tho' sma's the skill I can display  
 To jockeyship in ony way,  
                     In gratitude I'm boun.  
 For what ye did when last in print,  
 And I brought out my sang,  
 Your kindness then I hinna tint,  
 Nor will whaure'er I gang,

Ye aided me and guided me  
 To gallant hearts and true,  
 Wha rais'd me and pleas'd me,  
 And taul me to pursue.

There's some ye ken wha want the will  
 To help a puir chiel up the hill,  
     Though he were cauld and sad;  
 Tho' business thrang'd, yet ye fand time  
 To help the humble son o' rhyme,  
     And cheer'd him on his road.  
 M'Dougall, Boyd, and mony mair,  
     On whom ye made me ca',  
 My wishes leal, I'm sure wad share,  
     Tho' I were far awa.  
 Nae hank'rin' nor cank'rin'  
     Out frae their bosoms cam;  
 They friendly and kindly  
     Supported *Uncle Tam*.\*

Tho' I be puir, my heart is true,  
 And may ye never hae to rue  
     For gi'en a helpin' lift,  
 And tryin' to send me up the brae,  
 Frae poverty that wicked fae,  
     That I sae fain wad shift.

\* See page 31.

Prosperity aye on you fa',  
 And health lang wi' you bide,  
 To cheer you in your cozie ha',  
 And blest your ingle-side.  
 My prayer, then, I'll share then  
 For her wha cheers you there ;  
 May nae waes, nior nae faes,  
 Ere mak her bosom sair.

TO MR. WILLIAM JAMIE, ON HIS POEM TO  
 SCOTLAND AND AUSTRALIA.

SING on, sweet bard ! thy artless strain  
 Can soothe, can cheer, or melt the heart ;  
 Sing on ! thou dost not sing in vain  
 Thine nature's song, all void of art !

Not sweetest warbler of the woods  
 Can thee surpass, tho' aim'st not high ;  
 Of mountain, moor, and dale, and floods,  
 Sing, with a poet's raptur'd eye !

And like thy guileless gentle mind,  
 Thy course been steer'd by moral duty ;  
 With ardent love of human kind,  
 Of manly worth and female beauty !



Long may you live, bard of the north!  
 Our Doric tongue thy breast hath fired  
 With mental and with moral worth,  
 And with true genius art inspired.

To soar in regions high, no claim  
 Nor doth pretend thy humble lay;  
 Like Tannahill be dear to fame,  
 For songs art thine shall live for aye!

This simple tale, most touching told,  
 With more of art might gloss'd thy story;  
 A Donald, Scotland leave for gold,  
 And Mary, one of Scotia's glory.

And Willie, worthy Mary's love,  
 What perils and what dangers braves,  
 Doth true and faithful to her prove  
 Amidst the hordes of Mammon's slaves.

And nuptial bliss doth crown the whole—  
 Yes! much those pages doth impart;  
 Who reads unmov'd, is void of soul,  
 Or destitute of sense or heart!





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