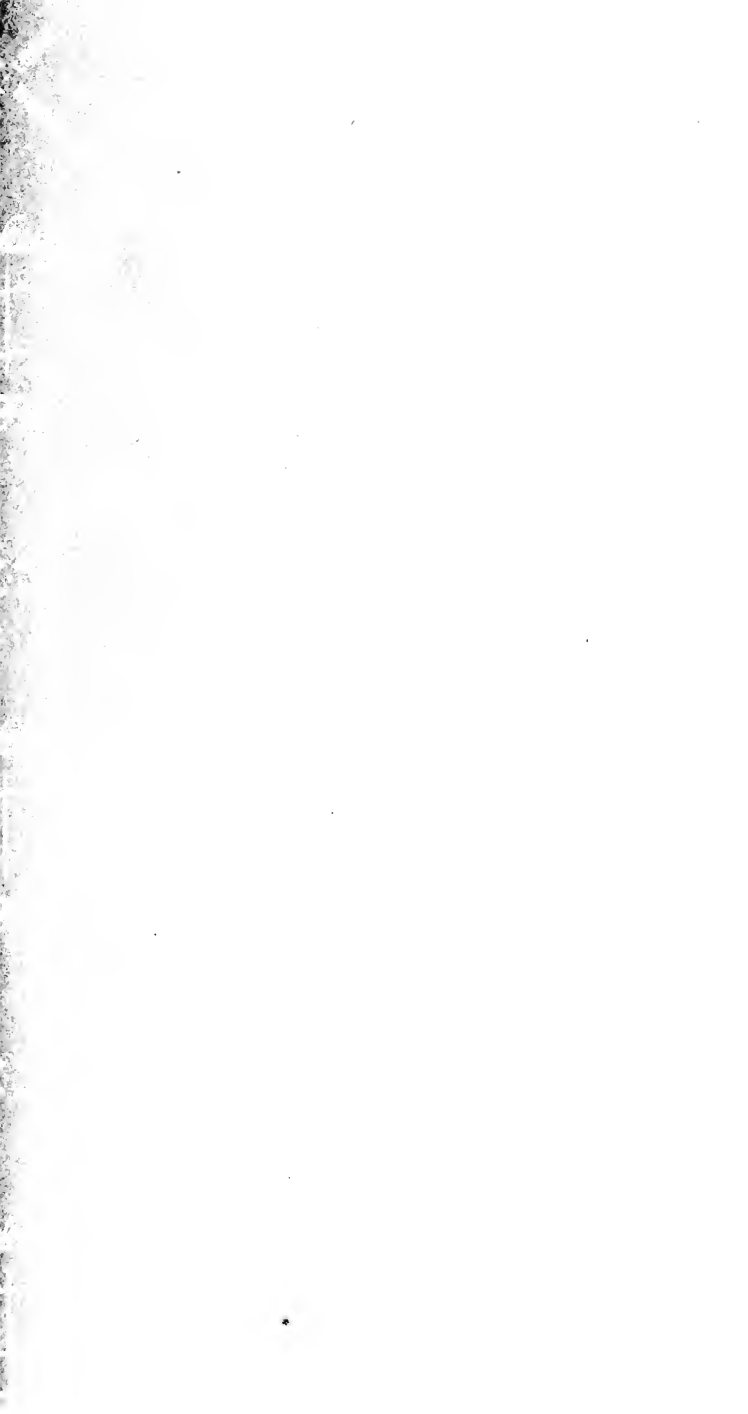


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POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

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James Gowans.
1853

POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

ROBERT WILSON.

“ Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?

* * * * *

The little knowledge I have gain'd
Was all from simple nature drain'd.

GAY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;

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1822.

POEMS

BY THE AUTHOR

SCOTTISH DIVISION

LOAN STACK

THE AUTHOR

CONTENTS

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

PR 5839
W29A17
1822

TO

JAMES PILLANS, Esq.

PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF EDINBURGH,

The following Poems

ARE HUMBL Y AND RESPECTFULL Y INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

SIR, wi' this simple rustic wreath,
My warmest wishes I bequeath.
Health haunt your brisket, wealth your spoung,
Content your hame, an' wit your tongue !
Lang may you fill the honour'd Chair,
An' pang your pupils' heads wi' lair ;
Lang beet the bashfu' younkers' flame,
That friendless seek the paths o' fame ;
An' may the seed in ilka pow
Braird bonnily, an' never dow.
An' when your haffets, lirk'd an' lyart,
Shew nature's wheels grow lag an' tir't,
May some guid Angel bear my Patron
Ayont the far'est blink o' Saturn.

JAMES THOMAS

PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY IN THE UNIVERSITY

OF EDINBURGH

THE FOLLOWING

ARE HIS WORKS AS PUBLISHED

IN THE

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TO THE READER.

BENEATH a lowly roof o' straw,
Did I the vital air first draw,
When surly Winter held his reign
Owre histy height an' level plain.
Sae deep the snaw lay on each field,
It ilka hedge an' dyke conceal'd ;
While through my cottage' chinky door
The drift pil'd on the earthen floor :
Sae neither gossiping nor mirth
Attended on my humble birth.
An' should the outset o' my rhymes
Meet cauld reception frae the times,
It's only what their author met,
When in the warld his nose he set.

Soon thoughtless childhood pass'd the hallan,
An' I at length became a callan',
Wi' a' the joys, an' hopes, an' fears,
That houff' the spring-time o' our years.
When aught years auld, I took the bent
A muirland farmer's flock to tent ;

Where aften on the mossy plain,
 I've brav'd the bitter sleet an' rain,
 An' heard the thunder's awfu' peal
 Contend wi' angry clouds o' hail ;
 An' though I trembled a' for fear,
 I lang'd anither peal to hear.
 Aft hae I, at the close of even,
 Slow daunder'd 'neath the open heaven,
 My faithfu' dog, my only pride,
 A close attendant at my side,
 An' view'd wi' joy gigantic shadow
 Slow stalkin' owre ilk glen an' meadow,
 As the approachin' hour it tauld,
 That ca'd my hirsel to the fauld.
 Aft 'mang the lang brown heather laid,
 Weel row'd up in a muirland plaid,
 I've hearken'd to the drowsy hum
 O' wild bees as they past would come.
 The pleasin' croon o' twilight mild
 Had music in't sae sweet an' wild,
 An' sae impress'd my youthfu' ear,
 That yet the strains methinks I hear.
 Ev'n Winter wild, in awfu' forms,
 I lov'd to see ride on his storms ;
 An' when the deep-cov'd wreaths o' snow
 Hung frownin' owre ilk mountain's brow,
 The sight did sae delight my een,
 I heeded not the tempest keen.

I hae a mind (at least I think it)
 Wealth canna raise't, nor poortith sink it ;

Though humble born, I dinna blush,
 For embryo canna hae a wish ;
 An' well I ween, the finest blood
 Like mine rins but through mortal mud :
 Though men on earth hae diff'rent sires,
 One God the living soul inspires.
 The kittle bauk o' mortal's kevel,
 Than man's aware, stands nearer level ;
 What munts aboon, pale fear abases,
 What sinks below, hope cheerfu' raises.

I've met wi' monie hair-breadth 'scapes,
 In monie strange an' fearfu' shapes.
 Ere twice sax simmers I had seen
 Hapt in a plaid o' lovely green,
 (Ah me ! but mortals little think,
 How aft they're near the fatal brink !)
 A threshin'-mill me nearly nicket,
 A surly bull me nearly sticket ;
 Ance in a loch my harns were soaked,
 I ance 'mang drift was nearly choaked.
 Ance at my breast, in heedless fun,
 A brither snapp'd a loaded gun.
 But Providence aye brought relief,
 To work some guid, or mair mischief.

My hands hae us'd a' rustic tools,
 Plews, harrows, dibbles, howes, an' shools,
 Forbye the axe, saw, plane, an' hammer ;
 An' now I hae ta'en up the grammar,
 Fu' laithfu' peepin' past the hallen
 O' lovely Learning's mensefu' dwallin'.

Her look has set my breast a-lowe,
 O wad my pen obey my pow,
 That ev'ry feelin' I might tell,
 That gars my soul wi' rapture swell,
 Which, new awak'd frae drowsy night,
 Is strugglin' at each pore for light !
 Wi' Mantuan bard an' Homer's sang,
 Like minstrel's thairm my heart-strings twang ;
 An' when explain'd by noble speeches,
 Their force the inmost feelin' reaches.
 Since Learning blest my longin' view,
 A' nature wears anither hue ;
 Friends may forsake, an' fortune fling me,
 An' to the brink o' poortith bring me ;
 But knowledge still man's worth evinces,
 An' bears him on a line wi' princes.

Expect na, Reader, here to find
 The produce of a cultur'd mind,
 'That has explor'd the shinin' pages
 O' modern wits, or langsyne sages ;
 But fruit o' rough royt rhymin' function,
 That kentna adverb frae conjunction.
 Alack-a-day ! the menseless menzy
 Ere now hac jeer'd a chield to frenzy ;
 An' what will I, gin they attack me,
 Without some couthy carles to back me ?
 But, trustin' to the public candour,
 Where inexperience may wander,
 To save mair waste o' pen an' ink,
 I cut my cable,—soon or sink !

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POEMS,
CHIEFLY IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT.

MAGGIE WEIR,
Or the Power of Superstition:
A Tale.

THERE liv'd a wife in days o' yore,
Had witch an' warlock tales in store ;
An' when the nights grew lang an' dark,
An' ploughman chields lows'd frae their wark,
The lads an' lasses us'd to mingle,
An' crack their jokes at Maggie's ingle.
Wi' fearsome tale or wae fu' sang,
Nae winter night to them seem'd lang ;
An' Maggie, she cou'd brag at least
As many converts as the priest !

For seldom it's been kent to fail,
 That either witch or warlock tale
 Is better minded than a sermon ;
 But what's the cause I'll no determine.
 Yet to ilk ane 'tis very plain,
 That Superstition's wide domain
 O'erspreads the warld in some degree,
 An' vot'ries has on land an' sea.
 There's no a raven can sit croakin'
 But what some mischief does betoken :
 Nae pyet haps upon the road,
 But some disaster does forebode :
 Nae maggot can in timmer click,
 But what's a dowie cauld dead nick ;
 Or gin a joint spring wi' the drouth,
 A fearfu' warning's there forsooth :
 (Though Superstition thus mistake,
 'Twar wise cou'd we the warning take) :
 Or gin the wise sagacious cock
 Shou'd dream, an' craw at twal o'clock,
 Nane o' the house cou'd be mair fear'd,
 Although some stalwart ghaist appear'd !
 There's something i' the sound sae drear,
 They lie an' shake, an sweat wi' fear.

Thus Superstition shews her power,
 An' reigns supreme at midnight hour.
 But lest the reader's patience fail,
 I'll now begin the promis'd tale.

Imprimis, then, you understand,
 A little village stood at hand,
 Twa park or three breadth frae the steadin
 Whar Maggie Weir an' Johnnie baid in.
 Maist a' its inmates Maggie kent,
 An' wi' her mony an' e'enin' spent.
 Ae night wi' her they did forgether,
 Some frae ae place, an' some anither ;
 Auld shepherd Wattie frae the hill,
 An' dusty Mungo o' the mill,
 An' sturdy Jock wha held the pleuch,
 Wi' Marion Crawford i' the cleuch ;
 Black-bearded Jamie frae the studdy,
 An' tailor Tam, that pridefu' body ;
 Wi' gaudsman Rob, an' thrasher Patie,
 Black-e'ed Nan, an' blue-e'ed Katie,
 Weaver Ned, an' Jenny Pringle,
 War a' arrang'd round Maggie's ingle.

Some sang a sang, some spier'd a guess,
Some roasted taties i' the aise.

At last auld Maggie's fearsome tale
Did owre ilk sang an' guess prevail.

She tauld that aft the water-wraith
Howl'd shrieks o' dire forebodin' death;—
How shepherds smoor'd amang the snaw,
An' fairies bore young bairns awa';—
How witches dimm'd the moon an' starns,
An' brownies throosh at night in barns;—
How Mary Owestin, in a rage,
A callant's skin hung on a hedge;—
How men seduc'd, syne murder'd women,
Regardless o' their tears or screamin'.
Ilk tale she tauld increas'd their fear,
An' to the fire they crap mair near.
Now a' war hush, an' harkit till her,
Except the fearless dusty miller,
Wha tried his eloquence and skeel,
To prove there's nowther witch nor deil,
Nor ony thing that could him fright,
At ony hour in a' the night.

“ Weel,” Maggie says, “ sin' ye're no carin',
This night ye may gae hame wi' Marion,

Down to the cleuch, 'tis something dreary,

An' twa fouk mak the road mair cheery ;

An' though her siller's no sae rife,

I'm sure she'll mak a thrifty wife."

"Content," says Mungo, "we'll awa' ;

But hear ! the wind begins to blaw ;

Marion, I hope ye're no afraid ;

We'll get the len' o' Wattie's plaid,

I'se gie him't safely back the morn,

He's comin' to our mill wi' corn."

"Aweel," says Wattie, "but tak care o't,

For though it's auld, I think far mair o't,

Than ony ither steek I hae ;

An' should ye tine'd, I wad be wae.

It was the first my Jenny made me,

Which on our waddin' day she gied me.

Alake ! for now she's e'en awa' ;

An' left auld plaid, an' me, an' a'."

"Nae fear," says Mungo, "o' the plaid ;

Guid-night t' ye a' ;" an' aff they gaed.

They parted a', an' hameward sped,

An' Maggie slippet till her bed.

At auld John's back she snugly lay,

An' little thought to rise till day.

A sailor chield, the day before,
 Had chanc'd to beg at Maggie's door ;
 A pickle meal she had refus'd him,
 An' wi' her tongue right sair abus'd him ;
 Said, her auld John was no sae able
 To work, an' yet he heap'd her table.
 The sailor swore an' vow'd revenge,
 An' said that night it wadna change,
 Till he wad set her house on fire,
 An' leave her nowther barn nor byre.
 The awfu' thought did keep her wakin',
 An' ilka lith an' limb war shakin' ;
 For she ilk moment did expect
 To hear him tirlin' at the sneck.
 A witty chield ca'd Andrew B**die,
 (Wha took his fun aff ilka body,
 He to his bus'ness was a wright,
 An' happen'd to be out that night,
 Secing his lass, or playing tricks,
 As barring doors wi' muckle sticks,
 Or stapping lums wi' cabbage stocks) :
 Just now at Maggie's door he knocks !
 An' when she heard the awfu' rap,
 Her heart out o' the hool maist lap !

She peepit up wi' tenty care,
 An' waesome like cried out, "Wha's there?"
 "A friend," says Andrew, "tint the gaet,
 That lodging wants, for now it's late."
 The auld gudeman cries in a fright,
 "We'll lodging gie to nane this night!"
 "Ye'll no?" cries Andrew as he swore,
 "Then I will soon break up the door!"
 A moment ceas'd the dinsome quarrel,
 Then stanes he round the wa's did hurl.
 When tir'd, he stopt an' gaed awa'
 The easiest way for hame he saw.
 "O John!" cries Maggie, "we're undone!
 Eye man, look sharp, bang to your shoon,
 An' no be murder'd i' your bed,
 I see the barns a' bleezin' red!"
 Then ne'er a word mair Maggie spak,
 But up the little winnock brak;
 Right clever through the hole she crap,
 An' owre the kailyard-dyke she lap,
 Syne ran like lightnin' through the park,
 Wi' naething on her but the sark,
 T'alarm the niebours i' the town,
 That a' the steadin' was brunt down?

The wind it howl'd wi' fearfu' thuds,
 The moon ran bickerin' through the cluds,
 Whiles hid entirely frae the sight,
 Whiles dimly seen, an' whiles mair bright;
 The water-wraith's ill-boding din
 Came fearfu' on the sughin' win'!
 Frae towers the ghaists an' howlets scream'd,
 An' thick an' quick the fire-flauchs gleam'd!
 By this time Mungo hame was comin',
 An' owre some cheery sonnet hummin',
 To keep his mind frae foolish fears,—
 When, lo! a desperate voice he hears,
 Cry, " Mungo! Mungo! Maggie furder *!
 There's nought at hame but fire an' murder!"
 He owre his shouther gae a look,
 An' Maggie for some night-hag took.
 He ran! in vain she cried she kent him,
 He ne'er again wad look behint him.
 Baith ran, while streaming back in air
 Was Mungo's plaid, an' Maggie's hair.
 A pool whar water stood right deep in,
 Whar Wattie us'd to wash his sheep in,

* ENG.—To help.

Clean heels-owre-head baith tumbl'd in't,
 An' Mungo Wattie's plaid there tint.
 Wi' speed he to the side did squatter,
 An' left puir Maggie i' the water.
 Syne hame he ran, burst up the door,
 An' swoon'd awa' upo' the floor.
 The landlord bang'd up in a fright,
 To try gin he cou'd get a light,
 But as he graipit for the lamp,
 He on puir Mungo chanc'd to tramp,
 Syne stamm'rin' brought it frae the brace,
 An' skailt the oil on Mungo's face.
 ('Twas lucky on that place it fell,
 It brought the miller to himsel').

" O landlord, landlord ! sic a fright,"
 Says Mungo, " I hac gat this night !
 I'll gang nae mair at night my lane,
 I'll never be mysel' again !
 As sure as e'er ye saw the sun,
 I saw a woman naked run,
 Wi' nocht o' covering on at a',
 Except a sark as white as snaw.
 Her hair did loose behint her flee,
 An' loud she holla'd after me.

My vera hair stood up wi' fright,
 I swat, an' ran wi' a' my might.
 Thro' park, thro' hedge, owre dyke an' ditch,
 For sure was I she was a witch.
 O landlord! but I hae paid dear
 For contradickin' Maggie Weir.
 Just whar the burn that ca's our mill
 Was damm'd by Wattie o' the hill,
 To wash his sheep on simmer last,
 There by the plaid she seiz'd me fast.
 Some o' her cantrips owre she mumml'd,
 Then headlang in the pool me tumml'd.
 We warsled lang, she held me down,
 Nae doubt intendin' me to drown.
 At length out o' the pool I wan,
 A bonnie draigl't droukit man.
 I hameward bicker'd owre the bent,
 But left auld Wattie's plaid behint.
 To him I'll ne'er daur shaw my face.
 Oh! war I in some ither place,
 I'll for a sodger list the morn,
 Ere Wattie Grey come wi' his corn."

Now the guidwife in bed was lyin',
 An' Mungo's tale set her a-cryin';

The landlord for the howdie ran,
 I wat he was an anxious man :
 Wi' muckle speed he gat and brought her,
 But ere they cam', she had a dochter.

By this time a' the town's alarm'd,
 Wi' forks, an' scythes, an' pokers arm'd ;
 The wives war greetin', men war swearin',
 An' Maggie now her hair was tearin',
 Cryin', " My man, my bairns, are kill'd !
 Their vera beds wi' bluid are fill'd !
 An' a' yer weel-kent Maggie's hame
 Is bleezin' in ae gen'ral flame !"

Some ran wi' forks, some ran wi' flails,
 Graips, scythes, whin-hoes, an' water-pails ;
 Some night-caps had on, ithers nane,
 Some twa gray stockings, ithers ane ;
 Some ran bare-legged a' thegither,
 Wi' yellow breeks o' buckskin leather,
 Weel button'd hauf-way up their thees,
 An' buckles danglin' at their knees.

The foremaist ran, yet took guid tent
 To see their niebours close behind ;
 The hinmaist keekit owre their shouther,
 An' like fear'd sheep, they ran a' throu'ther.

Ane cried, " It's time our staps war mendin',
For now I see the flames ascendin'!"

Anither cried, " O haist'ye, rin,
For sure I heard a roof fa' in!"

" Ah!" cried anither, " what a sight!
See how the sky reflects the light!"

" Ah! what a pity!" said anither,

" Puir Maggie's ruin'd a' thegither!

Nae mair we'll round her ingle meet,

The tiresome winter night to cheat."

Tam cried, the rogues gin he fand ance out,

He'd wi' his labroad smash their brains out!

Pate, wi' his flail hung owre his shouther,

Said he wad thresh them a' to pouter;

E'en hauf-drown'd Mungo swear an aith,

Gin ance the chields were put to death,

He'd grund their banes as sma' as flour,

Or onie simmer-sun dried stour.

Thus as they marched on in haist,

Each braggin' wha wad do the maist,

They cam' at last to Maggie's steadin',

An' fand John wi' the bairns their bed in.

The tailor crouse the cruise lighted,

Misca'd them a' for being frightened;

He then concluded, in a dream,
 To Maggie a' thing real might seem.
 Wi' double courage aff he march'd,
 An' byre an' stable strictly search'd,
 Lest onie corner thieves might lurk in,
 Nor yet begun their mischief wurkin'.
 A roofless barn he chanc'd to peep in,
 Whar Johnnie kept a cauf an' sheep in ;
 They, sair alarm'd at seein' the light,
 Cried, Baa ! an' bang'd back in a fright.
 He roar'd out, " Murder ! I am shot !"
 Syne tumml'd owre upon the spot.
 Some ae gaet ran, an' some anither,
 An' heels-owre-head they cowpit ither
 Into a pool wi' walth o' room in't,
 (For Maggie's geese war wont to soom in't).
 They fought an' toolied lang an' sair,
 Wi' cursin', swearin', ruggin' hair ;
 Ilk ane his nearest neibour strak,
 An' thought a robber on his back.
 Ah ! little Mungo thought, puir chiel',
 Sae soon to try his sodger skeel !
 Now for his life he didna care,
 But fought-like ony Greenland bear ;

An' monie an honest woman's bairn
 Was nearly smoor'd that night 'mang shairn.
 Some tint their bannets, some their shoon,
 An' muckle skaith there might been done,
 Hadna the cluds unveil'd the moon.

Now a', convinc'd they war mista'en,
 Swoor ne'er to do the like again.
 Like droukit flees frae the milk cap,
 Out o' the midden-hole they crap ;
 Some for their shoon an' bannets graipit,
 An' some their breeks an' jackets scrapit :
 Some triéd to stem their bluidin' snouts,
 An some tied up their shins wi' clouts ;
 Syne cauld an' clarty hirpled hame,
 Nae doubt they a' thought muckle shame.

Wha cou'd hae thought it wad been sae,
 When they forgether'd on the brae,
 An' unco frien'ship seem'd to hae,

Ere they did part ;

I wonder sair gin death was wae

To throw the dart.

Now cauld's the breast that us'd to glow
 Wi' nature's fire, the purest lowe ;
 His harp, that charm'd ilk heigh an' howe,

Wi' chearfu' strain,

Hangs tuneless on a laurel bough,

To wind an' rain.

Mourn, lovely Rose, o' flow'rs the wale !

Mourn, humble daisy, in the dale !

Mourn, gentle breeze, an' stormy gale,

That swell the wave !

O whisper soft my waefu' tale,

Owre Robin's grave !

Ye ragweeds wavin' owre the lee,

Wi' yellow taps sae fair to see ;

Ye whins an' broom sae bonnilie
 That gild the plain,
 Ilk little flow'r an' blossom tree,
 Come join my mane.

Alack-a-day! nae mair he'll view
 Or sing yer crimson-tipped hue,
 Bedeck'd wi' clearest blobs o' dew,
 Like siller sheen;
 While wand'rin' 'hint the halesome plew
 At morn an' e'en.

Mourn, cushats wild, in brake an' shaw,
 At mornin's dawn, or e'enin's fa';
 Ilk chirpin' bird, an' croakin' crow,
 For Robin mourn;
 In Charon's boat he's e'en awa',
 Ne'er to return!

Nae mair ye'll hear him i' the spring,
 Ahint the plew sae blythesome sing,
 Or see him stauk, an' furthy fling
 Athwart the seed;
 Or build the joyfu' harvest bing,
 For now he's dead.

Mourn, wimplin' burnies, as ye rin
 Down 'mang the stanes wi' tinklin' din,
 Or whar owre brae or rocky linn

Ye roarin' fa',

Tell ilka trout that spreads a fin,

Robin's awa'.

Nae mair he'll sing yer siller stream,
 Bright glancin' 'neath sweet Luna's beam ;
 Yer braes, whar wild-flow'rs sweetly teem,

Or rocky steeps ;

Alack-a-day ! in death's lang dream

He soundly sleeps !

Now winter may wi' fury blaw

Its bitter storms o' hail or snaw,

An' burns swoll'n grit wi' sudden thaw

May tummlin' roar,

An' Chanticleer in vain may craw,

To wake him more.

THE TWA CRAW:

A Tale.

TWA craws ae e'enin' i' the spring,
 That they might rest their weary wing,
 Sat on a tree hard by the Amon,
 Some twa or three miles up frae Cramon'.
 Somehow oppress'd wi' love or care,
 In pensive mood I wander'd there,
 To see the lovely primrose growin',
 An' Amon's moss-brown waters rowin'.
 When young, I've aften heard it tauld,
 That craws, like men, war wise when auld;
 But never kent their sable beak
 To ought but burds or craws cou'd speak.
 Yet how it was I dinna ken,
 They baith began to crack like men.

The tane was grey aroun' the neck,
 Which tauld his years, an' claim'd respect ;
 The tither was a bonnie black,
 Wi' een as gleg as onie hawk.

Now ye wha like to hear a story,
 That eithly moves to mirth or sorrow,
 Lend me yer lugs, an' I sall tell,
 (At least sae far's I mind mysel'),
 How far that night the story ran ;
 The auld crow, croakin', thus began.

AULD CROW.

Hech me ! how things are alter'd now,
 Sin' owre this water first I flew ;
 I then was e'en a stately crow,
 As e'er wore feathers, neb, or claw ;
 But now it's aughty years an' mair
 Sin' I cam this way thro' the air.
 Fu' weel I mind the autumn morn,
 When fields war clad wi' beans an' corn,
 Awa' we flew to wade an' gather
 The berries ripe frae 'mang the heather.
 I mind fu' weel we lighted here,
 An' gat our gebbies cram'd wi' bear ;

The fouk had something then to spare,
 Nor war their fields sae wat an' bare,
 As now ye see that ilka fur
 Wad drown a muckle towzie cur ;
 An' stacks like little cocks o' hay.
 Alake ! gin that be the new way
 To manage farms, an' mak corn plenty,
 I doubt they'll rather mak it scanty ;
 Then for theirsels to gather gear,
 Puir fouk an' craws will e'en pay dear.

YOUNG CRAW.

Atweel, auld friend, as ye're remarkin',
 See yonder sheep now gaun the park in,
 Amang green turnips feastin' rarely,
 While we puir craws hae din'd but sparely ;
 I think they're better at sheep-feedin',
 Than plewin' grund, an' castin' seed in.
 He's surely but a muirlan' gowk
 Wha hauds this farm 'mang lowlan' fowk ;
 Nae halesome braird at a' I see,
 But stibble rigs an' histy lee,
 Wi' nowt an' sheep a' hash'd an' puddled ;
 I think the farm is sairly guddled ;

An' tho' I only am a crow,
I'd manag'd better than them a'.

AULD CRAW.

True, my young frien', yet what'll ye say,
The vera thought o't maks me wae!
For now-a-days there might be plenty,
Baith corn an' bear, gin fouk war tenty,
To sair their servants an' theirsels,
To keep for seed, an' grund in mills;
An' something owre they weel might spare
To burds an' craws when fields are bare.

YOUNG CRAW.

Alackanee! it's ill to find
A man sae sympathisin' kind;
Before they'd see a puir crow pickin',
They'd rather thole a hearty lickin'.
They think that craws sud feed on air,—
Sic way o' doin's far frae fair.
But something, Sir, I fain wad spier,
That's fash'd my harns for twa-three year;—
Wha made this warld at first? was't men?
Sure for my part I dinna ken,

But aft I've thought 'twas them that made it,
An' war sae proud because they did it.

AULD CRAW.

Na, na, young frien', that canna be,
They're tenants here as weel as we;
For he wha made an' still taks care o't,
Intended craws to get a share o't,
An' ilka burd an' creepin' beast,
Down frae the greatest to the least.
Man last was made o' ilka creature,
Yet stamp'd alone wi' heav'nly feature.
To ilka beast 'twad been a blessin',
Had he frae earth been still a-missin'.
'Twad fill yer youthfu' heart wi' sorrow,
Gin I wad tell the doolfu' story,
Which has been handed down by craws,
Frae ane to ane sin' the warld was.
They tell how it was made, an' when,
An' whar first fell a show'r o' rain;
An' a' the ups an' downs o' man,
Sin' first to row the warld began.

YOUNG CRAW.

Weel, sin' the warld is now gaun roun',
 An' yon bright bleezin' thing faun doun,
 An' a' our neibour craws are gane,
 An' left us here to sit our lane,
 I'm unco fond o' information,
 An' sic a tale's a great temptation ;
 Sae gin ye please, my wordy frien',
 To hear yer tale I'm unco keen.

AULD CRAW.

Alackanee ! ye little ken
 The awfu' gaets o' menseless men ;
 It's them that's done the warld sic evil,
 An' some queer chield they ca' the devil.
 They say grey-neckit craws aft serve him,
 But for a maister they deserve him,
 Better than owther craw or pyet,—
 His service aft enough they try it.
 I kenna whilk is maist to blame,
 Whether the deil himsel' or them ;
 Yet this I'll say, an' winna wrang them,
 They've fairly spoil't the warld amang them.

Langsyne, when Adam, wi' his bride,
 Did in a bonnie yairdie bide,
 An' wis'd awa' the lightsome hours,
 Wi' dressin' trees an' bonnie flow'rs;
 An' when the sun owre warmly beekit,
 Aneth a tree theirsels they streekit,
 Where apples ripe an' red war hingin',
 An' bonnie burdies sweetly singin';
 Or when they thro' the flow'rs war waukin',
 Amang their feet wad rin the maukin;
 Awa' it ran, as in a fright,
 Syne bicker'd back wi' a' its might;
 Now doun amang the flow'rs wad binkit,
 Syne started up, an' round them jinkit.
 Whiles on their heads burds wad hae lighted,
 An' chirlin' sung without bein' frighted.
 Baith beasts an' burds war then sae tame,
 They thought near man a kindly hame,
 Because a' had ae common mither,
 They 'greed like sister an' like brither.
 Nae guns war then, nor rattlebags,
 Nor sticks like men clad owre wi' rags;
 Nae strings wi' een to catch their feet,
 Whene'er they lighted doun to eat;

Nor yet dead craws nor pyets hingin',
 Tied to a stick i' the air swingin';
 Some wantin' wings, an' some a head,
 To fear the livin' wi' the dead.
 O' siclike things there was nae need then,
 Nor man nor beast war grudg'd their bread then.
 But men an' weans are now sae wicket,
 Tho' we be doin' deil-be-licket,
 Owther to hurt or yet offend them,
 Our nests in pieces they will rend them,
 An' break our eggs, or kill our young,
 Wi' cruel spangie owre a rung.
 For nought like cruel sport can cheer them,—
 Craws now-a-days hae need to fear them;
 For gin we light on dyke or tree,
 Nae sooner do we meet their ee,
 Than they to ane anither hark,
 " See yonder sits a noble mark;
 Hand me the gun, I'se wad a grot,
 I'll lay her flat at the first shot!"
 O' senseless callants I'd think less,
 The laws o' nature to transgress;
 But aged men, whase beards right grey are,
 As eager on our death as they are,

Flock frae that place they ca' the toun,
 The nest o' monie a noted loun!
 Wi' guns a-piece upo' their shouther,
 An' pouches cramm'd wi' lead an' pouter.
 They break their kirk an' country's laws,
 To spend a day in killin' craws.
 Wae to the priest wha first invented
 The pow'r o' nitre, sulphur-scented;
 It e'en has bred right muckle strife,
 An' monie a crow twin'd o' its life.

YOUNG CRAW.

Hech me! what pleasure can it gie
 To mak the brute creation wae?
 Nae doubt the tod whiles taks their hens,
 Or little lambkins frae the pens;
 The corbie too whiles taks a chicken,
 To keep its hungry young anes pickin';
 But corn-craw, doo, or harmless hare,
 The fate o' villains sudna share.

AULD CRAW.

That's true, nae doubt; yet man's a creature
 Possess'd o' sic a dev'lish nature,

He downa see a beast enjoy
The sweets o' life without annoy.

YOUNG CRAW.

Alake ! that's true, for weel I min'
A thing that happen'd no langsyne.
The caller mornin's crimson ee
Was haufins peepin' owre the sea ;—
The dew like blobs o' lammer hang
On ilka twig whare burdies sang ;
Nae ither sound was heard ava',
Except the croak o' distant craw :

Amang the grass a maukin happit,
An' dewy blades fu' sweetly mappit ;
The cheerfu' scene sae weel I liket,
Wi' joy my feathers clean I piket :
I thought there surely was some Bein'
Weel pleas'd his creatures blest in seein',
Wha, gratefu' for his tender care,
Wi' mellow music fill'd the air :
An' wi' the rest I croak'd applause,
Altho' I kentna what he was.

But soon I heard anither sound,
That a' the mellow music drown'd ;

I took my wing, an' owre the trees,
 I skimm'd the caller mornin' breeze
 To see the frey ; for dogs, loud yowlin',
 Fill'd woods an' wilds wi' hideous gowlin'.
 Upon an aiken tree I lighted,
 To gang ough nearer I was frighted.
 Out cam' a huntsman wi' his forces,
 Baith men an' callants, hounds an' horses ;
 Then haist'ly to the park repair'd,
 Whare 'mang the grass the maukin far'd.
 As soon as they cam' near the place,
 She started up,—an' sic a chace !
 Owre hedges, ditches, dales an' dykes,
 Pursued her fast the grouesome tykes ;
 The callants ran, the horses jumpet,
 The huntsman hoo'd, an' blew his trumpet ;
 The souple hare ran like the win',
 And left them wablin' far ahin' ;
 Yet they, upon destruction bent,
 Ay follow'd yowlin' on the scent,—
 I thought the chace was far frae fair,
 Sae monie hounds on ae puir hare !
 The whupper-in the hinmaist skelpit,
 While hirplin' on they yowl'd an' yelpit.

At last wi' chace an' dinsome clanger,
 The wearied hare cou'd rin nae langer,
 But just fell dead afore their face,—
 Syne a' cam' rinnin' to the place.
 The huntsman jumpit frae his saddle,
 An' claucht the maukin by the middle,
 Syne held her up.—“ O sic a prize !”
 Aloud ilk man an' callant cries.
 He took his knife, flang doun his whup,
 Syne ripp'd the puir dead maukin up ;
 An' as he held her by the lugs,
 He gied her inwards to the dogs,
 An' sprinkled bluid on ilka face,
 To mak them eager for the chace.
 Meanwhile a fop ahin' the rest,
 Wha hoo'd an' cried as weel's the best,
 Cam' skelpin' up maist out o' breath,
 Eager to see the maukin's death :
 But just while i' the heat o' gallop,
 His horse stood still, an' wi' a wallop,
 Clean heels-owre-head he wi' a lab
 Stack to the shouthers like a stab ;
 His lang legs waggled i' the air ;—
 Thinks I, My lad, the deil-ma-care,

May a' wha harmless hares pursue
 Ay meet wi' sic mischance as you !

AULD CRAW.

Dear me ! how ae tale brings anither,
 When social craws like us forgether.

Ae day, a horse gaun to the dogs,
 Wi' lang howe back an' hingin' lugs,
 Stiff hirplin legs, big greasy heels,
 An' clappit sides like turnip dreels ;
 His waefu' ee, right blear'd an' howe,
 Was far sunk ben his auld grey pow ;
 He stoitrin' stammer'd owre the stanes—
 A bing o' guid auld wizen'd banes.
 To the road-side some fillies flockit,
 That ne'er to plow or cart war yokit ;
 Warm pity fill'd their youthfu' breasts,
 Altho' they only war but beasts ;
 They nicherin' ruefu' made their moan,
 Yet he unheedin' hirpled on.
 At last the beast, sair tir'd wi' gaun,
 Upo' the road was forc'd to staun' :
 His auld grey face wad mov'd a stane
 To rise an' speak, or gang its lane.

His maister swure an' sairly lash'd him,
 Syne broke a stick, an' wi' it thrash'd him.
 The thorny nobs deep pierc'd his hide,
 An' bluid ran doun his furrow'd side ;
 He tried to gang, but wasna able,
 His stoitrin' shanks, sae auld an' feeble,
 Laigh bink'd beneath his toil-worn trunk,
 An' doun on the hard road he sunk.
 Meanwhile the fillies a' cam' near,
 An' wat the grund wi' mony a tear ;
 While wi' their tongues they lick'd his back,
 His head he lifted, an' thus spak :
 “ My bonnie bairns, ye maunna vex ye,
 Nor let my hapless lot perplex ye ;
 While ye hae youth an' health, enjoy them,
 For care an' age will soon destroy them.
 Tho' here I lie, an' downa rise,
 An' cruel men me now despise,
 At monie a battle I hae been,
 An' monie an up an' doun hae seen.
 The thoughts o' youth an' ither days,
 E'en now my dowie spirits raise.
 My neck I like a rainbow bended,
 An' owre the dykes an' ditches spended ;

I ramp'd an' champ'd my bit wi' rage,
 Eager in battle to engage ;
 An' rush'd, but either dread or fear,
 'Gainst glitt'rin' sword or pointed spear ;
 My brisket broke the foremaist rank thro',
 My hoofs the harns o' heroes sank thro'.
 When huntsman early i' the morn
 Arous'd the echoes wi' his horn,
 I aft the rugged rocks hae climb'd,
 An' owre lang muirs o' heather skimm'd.
 My staw was fu', my stable bein,
 My drink was clear, my beddin' clean ;
 Life's lamp wi' pleasure then was lighted,
 But a' my joy fu' sune was blighted.
 I gat a rack,—my maister sell'd me,
 But better far gin he had fell'd me ;
 For mony a weary, hungry day,
 I wad hae miss'd ! yet what'll ye say ?
 That day to me brought black disaster,—
 I gat a hirer for my maister.
 Sometimes he lent me to a clark,
 Or pridefu' tailor,—awfu' wark !
 Wha gar'd me weel set doun my feet,
 But seldom gae me onie meat :

An' ay when ladies war gaun past,
 Sae monie airs they had to cast,
 They cramp'd my bit, an' held me in,
 Syne wi' a wattle payd my skin.
 A chield ae day did on me ride,
 Sax stane o' flesh, an' mair o' pride;
 Some ladies how he rade war viewin',
 An' he frae side to side was bowin':
 I, vex'd to carry sic a load,
 E'en left him sprawlin' on the road.
 Strange medley on my back I've thol'd,
 Sin' my auld mither first me foal'd;—
 Dukes an' gen'ral, lords an' knights,
 Wi' monie winsome weirlike wights;
 Tailors, barbers, chimney-sweepers,
 Druggists, dentists, an' shop-keepers;
 Butchers, bakers, iron-tormenters,
 Kailwife sons, an' drouthy prenters;
 Chiolds frae the palace to the midden,
 Upo' this lang howe back hae ridden.
 Fishmarket boots an' borrow'd spurs
 Hae torn my pantin' sides like furs;
 Wi' monie a chield which I in fac'
 Thought shame to carry on my back.

I've seen the day I'd spurn'd their bit,
 But eild an' poortith maun submit.
 Aft thro' the dirty roads I brattled,
 While jinglin' chaises 'hint me rattled ;
 My neck an' back wi' bluidy clyre
 Sair sowin' as they'd been afire !
 The driver skelpt an' gar'd me rin,
 Wi' limp'in' legs, thro' thick an' thin :
 The coarsest night that cou'd hae blawn,
 I at the yill-house door bid staun',
 A' shiverin', hungry, stiff, an' auld,
 An' no sae stout to stand the cauld.
 Ae day at me they took an anger,
 An' swure that I cou'd rin nae langer ;
 Syne sell'd me to a cruel car-man,
 On yearth there cou'dna be a waur man !
 Nae ruth dwalt in his brutal breast,
 To shaw his puir auld brither beast ;
 He lade me far aboon my pow'r,
 Wi' stanes, coals, divets, corn, an' flour.
 Cauf-dust, wheat-strae, an' tatie peelins,
 A tate o' corn mixt up wi' sheelins,
 Was a' the meat I frae him tasted ;
 An' when I stood, he swure I reested,

Syne without mercy me abus'd,
 Altho' to draw I ne'er refus'd.
 But faithfu' dargs an' pains äre past,
 An' I hae come to this at last.
 Now fareweel sorrow, toil, an' care."
 He clos'd his een, an' spak nae mair !

YOUNG CRAW.

Hech sirs ! that's e'en a waefu' tale,
 It gars my heart a' flutherin' fail ;
 His auld grey face, his hollow ee,
 An' runkled ribs, methinks I see ;
 'Tis e'en a pity men hae pow'r
 To mak the lives o' creatures sour ;
 An' couthy 'gree amang theirsels,
 Yet plague the life o' a' thing els'.

AULD CRAW.

Hout, hout ! ye're far'er wrang than ever !
 Amang theirsels ? Ah, never, never !
 Men are the constant plagues o' ither,
 Sin' Cain thro' envy kill'd his brither.
 They frine an' fret at ithers' guid ;
 Curs'd envy rots their vera bluid ;

Nae wordy deed, nae wordy name,
 But spitefu' slander will defame ;
 Man murders man, an', strange to tell !
 He now-a-days e'en kills himsel,
 Wi' razor, raip, rock, pool, or bullet,
 For loss o' gowd, guid name, or jillet.

Yet war it sae, alackanee !
 The pency vriters a' wad dee,
 Or hae their hands dung out o' shape,
 Wi' clumsy shaft o' shool or graip.
 Their braw door-plates (the skaith'd man's carritch)
 Wad soon be pans for boilin' parritch ;
 Their wit, their fire, be reckon'd menseless,
 Their lang harangues cauld, douff, an' senseless ;
 Their pouter'd wigs, auld Scotland's brag,
 Unlockert hing on musky nag ;
 Their winnocks grac'd wi' batter'd lozen,
 Their vitals nither'd, cauld, an' frozen.
 Nae births for braw an' puir fowk's sons,
 Wad be 'mang murderin' swurds an' guns !
 Nae pickthank e'er, wi' sour grimace,
 Wad turn a neibour out o' place,
 Nor turn-coat burough bodies dine
 On turtle an' Madeira wine,

Nor 'gainst their conscience gie their vote,
 For pension, post, or braw new coat.
 For weir an' wae there's nae remeid,
 Contention hauds them a' in bread.
 While man has claes an' rowth o' gear,
 His friends like cormorants flock near ;
 But gin his purse an' coat turn bare,
 They e'en gae bye, nor ken him mair.
 Some spend their life in fousome riot,
 An' some live canny, douce, an' quiet :
 Guid ease an' plenty some hae baith,
 An' some are toil'd an' starv'd to death.
 But here to end enumeration,
 Man's life at best is but vexation,
 Whyles wi', an whyles without a cause.
 Let us be thankfu' we are craws,
 An' no wi' pride an' spleen tormented.
 They happy live, wha live contented.

Thus coshly crack'd the couthy twa,
 Syne flaff'd their wings, an' flew awa'.

CAWThER FAIR.

I.

LET ithers sing the waes o' war,
 O' Helen fair, an' Troy,
 Or shepherds wand'rin' i' the haur,
 Lamentin' after Chloe ;
 I sing a Fair weel kent afar
 To landart lass an' boy ;
 For when the lang'd-for day draws nar,
 Ilk heart louns light wi' joy,
 That they may splatter thro' the glaur,
 A sweatheart, place, or toy,
 To get that day.

II.

Here bodies frae a' quarters meet,
 To shaw their ware, or faces ;
 The country clown, wi' smell o' peat,
 Wrapt in his rustic graces ;
 The city spark to steal an' cheat,
 At a' kin-kind o' cases :
 Here tott'rin' eild, wi' weary feet,
 Fu' fast each maister chases,
 Gies time o' day, gin fair or weat,
 Syne spiers how fees an' places
 Are gaun this day.

III.

There's monie a tirlly-wirly here,
 To tak the landart ee,
 An' twine the thoughtless o' their gear,
 Till, in a tirrorivee,
 They curse the gewgaws glancin' clear,
 An' wiss they'd let-a-bee.
 The fool, wi' joke an' gesture queer,
 An' monie an antic swee,
 Invites them a' no to be sweer,
 But munt the stage an' see
 The show this day.

IV.

The sodger billies, deck'd wi' plumes,
 Alang the streets gae prancin',
 Wi' squeelin' fifes, an' deavin' drums,
 An' braid swurds brightly glancin';
 They promise gowd in muckle sums,
 The sodger's life enhancin':
 An now the Highland bagpipe bums,
 While some fa' to the dancin';
 Ane stamm'rin' on his neighbour comes,
 An' hauds the bodies rancin'
 Their staunds that day.

V.

The maisters sey wi' a' their might
 To fesh things to their ettle;
 To buirdly chields they only hecht
 Four pounds forbye their vittle,
 Wha grummle sair at sic a sight,
 An' leit it far owre little
 O' claes an' shoon to háud them right,
 An' wadna care a spittle,
 To gie their maister's nose a dight,
 An' eke his banes a bittle,
 For that some day.

VI.

Here some are fee'd to ca' the plew,
 An' some to haud her starn ;
 Some ca' the milk, some thresh the mow,
 An' some to rede the barn.
 Here fees for bonnie lasses too,
 To spin guid brairds for harn,
 Or teeze an' caird the creeshy woo',
 Or weans frae mischief warn,
 Or muck the byre, or milk the cow,
 Or stockin' heels to darn
 Fu' neat some day.

VII.

Here Highland Donald, wi' his stòts
 An' pownies, fills the park ;
 The English chields, wi' jockey coats
 Boots, spurs, an' ruffled sark,
 Wale out frae 'mang the monie lots,
 Some nowt an' pownies stark ;
 Syne in a yill-house weet their throats,
 To mak mair sicker wark,
 Whup frae their pouch a bunch o' notes,
 An' pay them ilka mark
 Aff-hand that day.

VIII.

Wha get guid fees are vera crouse,
 An' ripe for breedin' quarrels ;
 Wha maisters want are unco douce,
 An' hae few ginge'bread farls.
 Jock stauchers to the whisky house,
 In-owre a chair he harls,
 Says he, " This day I'se hae a bouse,
 I've hauf-a-croun o' arles ;"
 Syne bids the landlord lowse the clouss,
 An' let his whisky barrels
 Rin dry that day.

IX.

Now in a yill-house' cozy ben
 The swanky lads forgether,
 Ilk on his knee a bonnie hen,
 New catch'd among the heather
 The whisky gars them crack like men,
 Altho' they only blether ;
 They now for fiddler Geordie sen',
 An' at the dancin' lether ;
 The lasses cry for springs they ken,
 Wi' hearts as light's a feather
 For joy that day.

X.

Now sober billies hameward shank,
 When gloamin steeks the door,
 But lads an' lasses blythe an' frank,
 Keep up the merry splore ;
 Till some ane gets unsonsy clank
 For some misdeed afore ;
 Syne ilka chield, fu' stieve an' swank,
 Wi' nieves an' sticks in store,
 Lays on wi' vengeance but a mank,
 Till mouth an' nose rin gore
 Fu' red that day.

XI.

Jock, wi' his oxter pouches fou',
 For ghaist nor kelpie carin',
 (Altho' wi' fearfu' tales enow
 His mem'ry is na sparin'),
 The heather muir he marches thro',
 Whyles in a moss-hole lairin',
 To prie his bonnie Mary's mou',
 An' gie her walth o' fairin',
 Forbye a kame an' ribbon blue,
 To tie her bonnie hair in
 Fu' snod some day.

XII.

The cottar's ingle cheerie burns,
 His weanies weary sair,
 An' aften look gin he returns,
 An' brings their promis'd fair :
 Wi' anxious thought his wifie mourns,
 An' racks her breast wi' care,
 Lest man an' bairns ilk maister spurns,
 An' hae nae place to spare ;
 For man, that thro' this life sojourns,
 Has waes an unco share

Maist ilka day.

XIII.

At last they reach the chumla-cheek,
 Wi' legs an' feet right tir'd,
 Then chearfully their fingers beek,
 An' tell they're a' weel hir'd.
 The little bairns their fairin' seek,
 They prie, an' aft admir't.
 At last the sire begins to speak,
 An' straik his haffets lyart,
 Says, " Providence has a' in cleck,
 An' things as I desir'd

Hae gane this day.

XIV.

Now, brither Scots, weel may ye dow,
 Yer wives an' weans ay ruddy ;
 Lang may ilk glen an' broomie knowe
 Right weel employ the studdy :
 May kirk bells unmolested jow,
 Nor gospel streams rin muddy,
 An' may ye never want a kowe,
 To keep ye frae the wuddy,
 Nor hae yer pats an' girnels howe,
 Nor claes nor conscience duddy,
 On onie day.

THE

TWA MICE AND THE RAT:

A Fable.

ANCE on a time twa friendly mice
 Met baith to tak an' gie advice,
 How they o' life might mak the best o't,
 To bell the cat, an' a' the rest o't.
 The tane was mim, an' gentle bred,
 On cheese an' scraps it nightly fed,
 An' was a sleek an' sonsy mouse,
 As e'er grac'd rich or puir man's house:
 The tither was a silly creature,
 Wi' hunger painted in ilk feature;

The cauldrie kirk was a' its hame,
 An' aft it had a hungry wame ;
 A sweetie now an' then it gat in
 The pew whare wean or lady sat in.
 But ance a week its dinner cookit,—
 Nae wonner that it oury lookit !
 Baith by a buss now coshly crackit,
 An' wi' their teeth green threshes chackit.
 But tir'd at last wi' clishmaclaver,
 The sleeky mouse ask'd, as a favour,
 Its neibour to partake a share
 O' what the pantry had to spare,
 An' pass the night aneth the riggin'
 O' laird or lady's rowthy biggin'.
 It threw its visage, lang an' wither'd,
 An' sat a dainty wee, an' swither'd,
 Syne wi' a squeak its will denoted,
 An' for a supper aff they trotted.
 Owre monie a dub an' ditch they lap,
 Through monie a hole an' bore they crap,
 An' reach'd the pantry o' a lady,
 Fand a'thing cookit nice an' ready.
 Flesh, fish, an' fowl, by turns they mumpit,
 Frae shelf to shelf they ran an' jumpit.

Thus, when they baith had feasted sweetly,
 An' fill'd their little wames completely,
 Wi' right guid will they left the pantry,
 An' aff they gaed to see the gentry.
 That night the lady had a party,
 Sat ben the house, fu' blythe an' hearty;
 The mice atween the wa' an' plaster
 Sat snug, an' dreaded nae disaster.
 They scrap'd a hole, thro' which they saw
 An' heard what pass'd within the ha';
 The flour-meal headed flunkies ran,
 Wi' monie a pig, plate, cog, an' can;
 The bonnie ladies sat in raws,
 Wi' breasts like lilies, heads like craws;
 The fops o' fashion 'mang them plac'd,
 Wi' brisket stuff'd, an' middle lac'd.
 Wi' wine the table now was crown'd,
 An' toast an' sang gaed cheerfu' round.

"Hech me!" cried out the lean kirk-mouse,
 "This is a blythesome canty house:
 Wow! but I be a senseless thing!
 I ne'er kent fowk like thae cou'd sing.
 They aft enough come to the kirk,
 But sit as dumb's a donnert stirk;

To see them laugh I dinna wonner,
 For aft at hame they gar me sconner,
 When sage Mess John is warmly preachin',
 An' ilka nerve that's in him stretchin',
 To rouse the sleepy dowff attention,
 An' bring things to the comprehension."

The tither mouse in haste replied,
 " That they can sing can't be denied ;
 But sair theirsels they wad bemock,
 To sing wi' common country fowk ;
 An' war they no at guid to jeer,
 Puir fowk might think they war sincere ;
 An' now 'tis tip-top a-la-mode,
 To scoff the Priest, an' spurn his God !"
 " Whisht !" said a rat, " ye baith are wrang,
 There's guid an' ill a' kinds amang ;
 Because some upstart silly elf
 Esteems himsel for walth o' pelf,
 Is that enough to wite them a',
 An' deem fowk bad because they're braw ?
 There's monie a ane has walth o' riches,
 That ne'er will grace auld Cloutie's clutches.
 But what's *your* bus'ness wi' the matter ?
 If they brew weel, they'll drink the better."

They heard, an' like twa mensefu' mice,
 E'en took Lord Rotten's sage advice.

FEW LINES

SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY HIS FRIEND MR J. J.

ON THE

PLEASURES OF INFANCY.

I.

MY infant days delighted I review,
 For then, O then! did ev'ry object please,
 Because in nature ev'ry scene was new,
 And time I spent in sweet inglorious ease,
 Nor yet had felt the languors of disease;
 But when the years of manhood I attain'd,
 Instead of pleasures,—pleasures such as these,
 Both care and grief incessantly they reign'd;
 Thus joys I've lost, which here can never be regain'd.

II.

The vernal and the summer morn to me

Unnumber'd joys, unnumber'd sweets display'd ;
 The silver rill, the mead, the hawthorn tree,
 My infant mind enraptur'd still survey'd,
 And pleasures felt which cannot be convey'd.

But, ah ! those scenes, those blissful scenes, are
 gone !

Deceiv'd by friends, by fortune; and fair maid,
 In this delightless solitude I moan,
 Without one kindred soul to cheer me while alone.

III.

Yet He, yes, He, on whom my faith relies
 In darkest hours, doth often send relief ;
 My woes he marks, and soothes my rending sighs,
 When doubts, and fears, and clouds of unbelief,
 Me sore perplex, and fill my mind with grief,
 Fear not, he says, do thou from mourning cease ;
 Though vile you be, of sinners yea the chief,
 In strength divine, thro' me, you'll still increase,
 Till, rais'd on high, you live a life of perfect peace.

ANSWER

TO THE FOREGOING.

Wow ! Jamie man, ye're unco dowff,
 Yer Muse is surely in a grouff,
 To mak yer harns the horrid howff
 O' mēlancholy !
 Swith ! tak the dowie slut a yowff,
 Be blythe an' jolly.
 Ye've walth o' milk, o' meāl, an' claes,
 Black brammles, hazel-nits, an' slāes,
 Nae rackin' gout molests yer taes,
 Sae ye may gang,
 An' wander thro' yer briery braes,
 An' weave a sang.

Or you, wha hae experienc'd mair
 Love's pleasin' fetter,
 We'd done the same, for curtain' lair
 Gets aye the better.

What tho' we hae na muckle gowd,
 Nor are in silks an' satins row'd,
 Yet mair on us we hae bestow'd
 Than weel we use ;
 The gifts we hae are sadly dow'd
 Wi' sair abuse.

Kind Nature opens a' her treasure,
 That we may wale, an' tak our pleasure,
 Nor does she gie by scrimpit measure,
 But rinnin' owre ;
 Sae on her charms, when we hae leisure,
 E'en let us glowr.

The sun upon us shines as bright
 As on the greatest men o' might,
 Altho' we dinna to the sight
 Sparkle sae clear,
 As they wha claim a kind o' right
 Gowd lace to wear.

I've aften seen a broken pig
 On heather muir or histy rig,
 Send forth a sparklin' ray as big

As onie star ;

While brighter gems unseen did lig

Among the glaur.

Tho' envy's hairy blastin' breath

May shore to freeze us cauld as death,

Let's hap oursels in guid grey claith,

An' bear the brunt ;

To tine self-love I wad be laith,

For senseless grunt.

For when our sauls' hae burst the hool,

An' cross'd yon dreary, drumly pool,

Then Geordie Jackson wi' his shool

Will clap our head,

An' hap us cozie up wi' mool,

Among the dead !

The dearest boon o' life ye miss ;

Gin happiness on earth ye wiss,

Swith ! get a wife to daut an' kiss,

An' keep ye cheerie ;

For want o' that a' ither bliss

Is cauld an' dreary.

EPISTLE

TO

A YOUNG MAN,

BEFORE TAKING UP HIS RESIDENCE IN EDINBURGH.

WHEN in to Embro' town ye gang,
 Whare bodies o' a' kinds are thrang,
 Some doin' right, some doin' wrang;
 In monie a place,
 An' hurry-skurry, sair an' lang
 They lead the chace.
 To catch the clink is a' they care for,
 An' that's what maist o' folk gang there for;
 A' words an' wiles they do prepare for,
 The cash to gather;
 An' simple chields right aft rue sair for
 Believin' blether.

Gin friends in company ye're seekin',
 Ne'er try to gain them wi' much speakin',
 For that's the very way to steek in

Ilk friendly door,

An' men o' sense, as room that's reekin',

Will thee abhor.

When auld men speak, tent what they say,

An' it in some snug corner lay,

Sae that in sense ye may be gray,

Altho' ye're young ;

Use lugs an' een as weel's ye may,

But spare yer tongue.

Ne'er chuse a friend because o' grandeur,

Nor wi' a fop delight to wander,

Nor usefu' time profusely squander

At midnight parties,

Whare ilka tongue, wi' cursed slander,

Like onie dart is.

Let not envy yer breast-door enter,

Or down yer bosom it will venture,

Nor stop until it's i' the centre

O' heart or liver ;

An' there it sits a vile tormenter,

An' pest for ever !

Be modest, affable, an' wise,
 An' ilk unmanly deed despise ;
 Ne'er mark out innocence a prize,

Wi' vile intent ;

The rose ance trampet canna rise,
 Tho' ye repent.

Tho' some thus glory i' their shame,
 An' mak a brag, that monie a dame
 They hae seduc'd, an' now defame

Wi' slander vile !

Sic characters sair stain the name

O' Britain's isle !

Esteem the fair, an' aye protect them,
 Ne'er fondly woo, an' syne neglect them,
 Yer promises ye maunna break them,

For luve o' cash ;

For faithfu' conscience will reflect them,

An' sair ye fash.

Ne'er look to those aboon yer rank,
 For fear on you they play some prank,
 Or, glowrin' high, ye in a stank

Do arselins stummle,

Syne ye hae just yersel to thank

For sic a tumble.

But when ye gang a wife to wale,
 Seek ane that's virtuous, sound, an' hale;
 For red an' white can nought avail,
 Unless for fops,
 Or painters, to set up for sale
 In playfair shops.

Beauty, when women tak a pride o't,
 'Twere better far gin they war void o't;
 Unless that prudence be the guide o't,
 They needna boast,
 For aften in the swallin' tide o't,
 Fair virtue's lost.

Fareweel, dear Pate, weel may ye dow,
 Wi' purse an' meal-pock never howe!
 Lang may yer little ingle lowe,
 To warm yer shins,
 An' may the waves o' ocean row
 Owre a' yer sins!

ELEGY

ON A REDBREAST,

**WHICH THE AUTHOR FOUND DEAD, HAVING ITS WINGS
STRETCHED OUT ON A HEAP OF SNOW, IN A
SEVERE STORM.**

PUIR Robin! now thy breath is fled,
An' left thee cauld amang the snaw!
Altho' thy little wings are spread,
Frae me thou canna flee awa'.

Nae mair thy notes will charm the ear,
Frae yellow autumn's leafless spray,
Nor thou, sweet bird, wilt ever hear
The warbler's sang at dawn o' day.

Aft hae I heard thee cheerfu' sing
 The live-lang day on yonder tower ;
 Aft seen thee at my window hing
 For shelter frae the angry shower.

When wintry storms are ill to dree,
 Thou'lt seek my lowly roof nae mair,
 Wi' crimson breast an' sparklin' ee,
 Among the lave the crumbs to share.

For thou, sweet Robin, sleeps as soun',
 Upon a wreath o' frozen snaw,
 As in a nest o' thistle down,
 Fu' cozie in some auld grey wa'.

ANSWER

TO AN

EPISTLE FROM A FRIEND.

DEAR Geordie, when yon lines I gat,

I thought ye fairly i' the faut

To gie me sic a heezie ;

For pity's sake let's doun again,

This awfu' hight will turn my brain,

I find it's turning dizzy !

Sae smooth an' glib yer verses rin,

Sae funnie an' auld-farrant,

Like razor keen they scrape my chin ;

A shaver ye're, I'll warrant :

Yer batt'ry, o' flatt'ry,

Ye've sairly lows'd on me ;

When ye tell, I excel,

A' chields ye ere did see.

“ Whisht !” says my muse, “ ye’re in a creel,
For Geordie is a dainty chiel’,

An’ wad disdain to blaw ;

Tak’ a’ the praise that ye can get,

(E’en let worm-eaten envy fret)

For ye deserve it a’ !

Ye maunna heed what ilk ane says,

But aye try to excel ;

For some ye high as heav’n will raise,

Some sink ye low as hell !

Sae try aye, to vie aye,

Wi’ those wha brightest shine ;

Nor despise, sic a prize,

As Geordie’s hamespun line !”

Now on my Pegasus I’ve got,

An’ owre the bent begun to trot,

Just haudin’ by the rein ;

But gin wi’ me he rins awa’,

Rather than to the dirt I’d fa’,

I’ll cling fast by the mane !

Owre Scotia’s hills an’ vales I’ll ride,

An’ ilka glen explore ;

Me may our fathers’ spirits guide

To learn their ancient lore !

For dear still, 's the tear still,
 That weets their grassy graves!
 And the sighs, that arise,
 Frae their dark dreary caves!

Now, Geordie lad, hale be yer heart,
 An' may ye never find the smart

Dire disappointment brings!

But snug an' cozie a' yer days

Live, an' at e'enin' chant yer lays,

Till a' the girdle rings!

Some hours, ye say, ye'd like to spen'

Wi' me by some grey tower;

Or doun some dowie highland glen,

Whare ghaists at night do glowr!

Wi' pleasure, when leisure,

To me an hour can spare,

I'll meet ye, and greet ye,

In glen, or onie where.

Ye say ye'd like gin I could scan,

Why aft the worthless lead the van

O' those wha rin for fame;

An' why the friends o' sober truth,

Owre aften, while in early youth,
 Slip aff to their lang hame :
 Let nae sic thoughts e'er fash yer head,
 The reason 's very plain,
 For when truth's sober friend is dead,
 In heaven he will reign !
 While swearing, an' jeering,
 Amang the worthless braw,
 While they're here, 's a' their cheer,
 An' death devours their a' !

But gin I right hae reason spelt,
 Here earthly guid's mair equal dealt,
 Than monie ane's aware ;
 Altho', while thro' the dubbs we paidle,
 An' see a chield snug on a saddle,
 We're apt to cry, " No fair !"
 O fools ! to deem the peacock blest,
 Beyond a crawling creature,
 Because in gaudy feathers drest,
 An' pridefu' in its nature.
 We kill a', we spill a',
 The happiness we hae,
 Gin ent'rin', or vent'rin',
 Our heads wi' thoughts like thac.

But, Geordie, while the simmer rays
O' health beek on our youthfu' days,

Let's wale a bonnie flower !

An' ane that will, mid winter's gloom,

In innocence an' virtue bloom,

An' cheer our humble bower !

Ane like the bonnie wild moss-rose,

Steep'd in fresh mornin' dew,

Tho' on a lowly buss it grows,

'Tis nane the waur for you !

The gowd aft', enrow'd aft',

Ye'll find 'mang rusty ore ;

While the shell, does excel,

As it glitters on the shore !

Mine maun be modest, tight, and bonnie ;

Her breath as sweet as heather-honey

Maun scent the air a' round !

A great admirer of fair nature,

Harmless an' kind to ilka creature,

An' loo sweet music's sound !

She maun delight in awfu' scenes,

'Mang wuds, 'mang hills, an' glens,

Whare tummlin' waters owre big stanes

Do gush wi' haistic sten's !

There seizin', an' squeezin',
 Her to my pantin' heart,
 I'll kiss her, an' press her,
 Us death alone shall part !

Wi' bag-pipe, fiddle, an' a flute,
 An' rhymin' clatter to the boot,
 I'll keep my lassie cheery !
 An' thro' the lee-lang winter night,
 O' care we'll never get a sight;
 Nor will I let her weary !
 Content will mak our hamely fare
 Sweet, tho' we hae nae toddy,
 An' owre we'll maybe hae to spare
 A bite to some puir body ;
 As wand'rin', an' daund'rin',
 About frae door to door,
 They in vain, may complain,
 To owners of great store.

How sweet at night, when we retire
 Frae labour to a bleezin' fire,
 An' canty wifie's smile !
 Syne doors an' winnocks steekit fast,

To sit an' hear the roarin' blast,
 Yet snug an' bein the while!
 The winged moments sweetly pass,
 An' when we gae to rest,
 How dear the boon when we can press,
 Chaste virtue to our breast!
 How cheerin', endearin',
 Sic friendship an' sic love;
 In this warl', wha can quarrel,
 But 'tis nearest bliss above?

Wha weds a cankert thriftless wife,
 Weds to his days eternal strife,
 For, like the Tron Kirk bell,
 She ever hammers on his lugs,
 Till her an' hame at last he uggs
 As the dire door o' hell!
 Now ilka penny that he earns,
 A' to the cocks she scatters,
 An leaves him hungry an' his bairns,
 Like scaurcraws hung wi' tatters!
 Now cheerless, an careless,
 He follows plew or cart,
 Nor charm now, can warm now,
 Or mend his broken heart!

Frae strae, frae sheep, frae worms an' bears,
Some borrow a' their wily snares,

Wi' which they try to catch
The chields wha brag o' better bluid,
Especially ane wha's fortune's guid,

An' syne they get a match ;
For gin their outside be refin'd,
Weel deck'd wi' gem or jewel,
They carena tho' that part, the mind,
Be weak as water-gruel !

Gin scrape weel, they ape weel,
Some petty dancin' master ;
Tho' hamm'rin', and stamm'rin',
They break the painted plaster.

Some say nae happiness here dwells,
An' whinge, an' fret, an' vex theirsels,

Poor fools, they ken nae better !
Some waste the spring-time o' their days,
In coining fashions o' new claes,

An' some wi' useless clatter :
Some lacin' theirsels up in stays,
Sic now I'm tauld's the fashion !

Ah ! fye upon sic fem'nine ways,
They ought to get a thrashin' !

But sages, aye pledges,
 Their aith, some mischief's brewin';
 Vexation, our nation,
 Is on the brink o' ruin!

For now, there's nowther auld nor young,
 But sair disdains the mither tongue,

An' hauds't for a disgrace;
 But ere they tak' it clean awa',
 I'd like gin onie ane wad shaw

A better in its place!
 They ca' it vulgar! hang the fools,
 They little ken about it!

In spite o' a' their grammar rules,
 Their taste it may be doutit.

Gin read weel and heed weel

They wad our Robin's* book,

In ilka line, they wad tine

Th' idea first they took!

Some say they like him weel enough,

* Burns.

But O ! his style is unco rough ;

While ithers are less civil,

An' tell ye plainly to yer face,

That a' wha do his lessons trace,

He'll lead them to the devil !

To tak' his part I've nae pretence,

But gin I had the hauf in

O' Burns's power, I wad dispense

Wi' a' his piles o' cauf in ;

Sae neatly, an' sweetly,

His hamely numbers flow ;

Sae finely, and keenly,

They soothe ilk human woel

I'm wae to see't ; an' mair's the pity,

That male and female o' our city

Shou'd be led by the nose !

An' naething wear, unless it's spun in

Sic foreign parts as France or Lunnin,—

It sair dependence shows !

Now a' the upstart o' our grain,

Wi' wine their drowth maun quench,

An' think they're very mighty, when

They drink a health in French !

Gin chance then advance then,

A word o' mither tongue,

How blush't then, how dusht then,

As gin an ether stung !

Some poor vain mortals, when they rise,

That class frae which they sprung despise,

An' look at them wi' scorn !

O how they strut wi' haughty air,

An' a' to gar puir bodiès stare,

An' think them noble born !

Nor do they mind that puir fouk ken,

For a' their clitter-clatter,

They only women are and men,

An' than theirsels nae better ;

Altho' aye, they bow aye,

An' Ma'am, Sir, wi' yer leave,

Meanwhile aye, they smile aye,

An' laugh weel i' their sleeve !

Our Scottish heroes, when they're drest

In highland garb, they set it best,

Our fair in it equip them ;

Let France an' England baith combine,
Or a' the world frae line to line,

We will by far outstrip them !
For valour, none Scotch chiefs excel,

For beauty, none Scotch ladies ;

An' for a dress, nought sets sae weel

As what the tartan plaid dis:

How charmin', an' warmin',

To ilka Scottish breast,

While streamin', an' beamin',

Beneath the noddin' crest.

Dear Geordie, lad, ye maunna tire,

Nor weary o' my rustic lyre,

Nor think owre lang the tune ;

For a' my native hills inspire,

My brain is hot, my breast on fire,

I canna stop sae soon !

I hear the bag-pipe's warlike note

Arouse the brave to arms,

An' thro' the thickest pourin' shot,

The more the hero warms !

At last then, fu' fast then,

He grips his keen claymore ;

Syne hews a', and strews a'

The plains wi' reekin' gore!

O Bannockburn! this is the day

I see thy streamin' banners play

Loose on the wanton win';

Now, now, the battle's in array,

The awfu', the unequal fray,

This moment's to begin!

See! clouds o' arrows gloum the skies,

An' spears in flinders flee!

See! see! the flow'r o' England lies

A' reekin' on the lee!

A grave there, the brave there,

Gat by our Scottish steel,

Our foes there, the rose there,

Did to our thrissle kneel!

O Geordie, now my beast's awa',

I'm haudin' by the mane, an' a'

My strength is maistly vain,

To keep this gallop o' a sang

Frae hurtin' fouk, an' rinnin' wrang;

O war I down again!—

Now, now, a's right, I'm aff my seat,

An' stannin' at his side,

Tho' baith a' in a hail o' sweat,

No us'd wi sic a ride!

Now fareweel, and share weel,

O' a' this warl' can gie,

But beware, aye to spare,

Grim Charon's penny-fee!

THE
AULD MAN.

AE autumn e'enin', as the warl'
 Upon its axis round did whurl,
 An' frae the north the wind fu' gurl,
 Cam snell and keen,
 Which gar'd the leaves frae the trees twirl,
 An' strew the green.
 I dander'd out to snuff the air;
 An' glowr about, no heedin' where.
 At last did to the hill repair,
 An' syne sat down,
 An' threw my een wi' tenty care
 On a' thing roun'.

For whyles he canna get a bap
 O' wheat or beer;
 The taties kep an' unco' slap
 When meal is dear!

Hame frae the fields, in rain's war comin',
 Fu' monie a weary man an' woman;
 Afore, the Highland bag-pipe bummin'
 Some auld Scotch tune,
 Their dowie spirits up to summon,
 An' keep aboon!

Back frae ilk rock the echoes rang,
 An' swept the highs an' howes alang,
 An' whyles the chorus o' a sang
 Raise on the breeze,
 While Robin whissled clear amang
 The yellow trees.

Thus, as I view'd creation's face,
 An' glowr'd about frae place to place,
 An aged man, wi' creepin' pace,
 To me drew near;
 His runkl'd haffets seem'd to trace
 Back mony a year.

His ee was strongly mark'd wi' care,
 An' to the grund he bent right sair,
 His bannet aff, now shaw'd his hair

A silv'ry grey,
 While round his wither'd cheeks the air
 Did mak it play.

I bow'd low to the rev'rend sire,
 His length of years did sae require ;
 Says he, " This brae dis me sair tire,

Worn out wi' age ;
 I've travell'd far, an's surely near
 Life's hindmaist stage !

'Tis fourscore winters nearbye now,
 Sin' I first follow'd up the plew ;
 Ay, lad, I ance was young as you,

In vigour's bloom,
 But those wha liv'd then, are but few
 Out o' the tomb.

Bright shone my spring an' simmer sun,
 He to meridian cloudless run ;
 Nae sooner was descent begun,

Than storms arose,

An' clouds o' care, baith dark an' dun,
 Did round him close !

She wha smooth'd doun life's rugged path,
 Was frae my bosom torn by death ;
 To part wi' her I was right laith,
 But cou'dna save,
 Ten sons hae since resign'd their breath,
 An' fill the grave !

Nae friend on earth I now can claim,
 Nae warm fireside wi' cheery flame ;
 The barn, hauf granted 's a' my hame,
 My bed the straw ;
 An' beggar-man is a' the name
 They now me ca' !

On yonder naked barren lee,
 An aged, blasted aik you see,
 An emblem just it is o' me,
 'Tis now alane ;
 Tho' round it ance stood monie a tree,
 They a' are gane !

It now has seen the forest's pride,

Fa' doun at ane anither's side,

Yet nervous arms the axes guide,

An' mair require,

An' through the forests, far an' wide,

Spread havoc dire!

When youth an' health, without alloy,

Paint ilka prospect big wi' joy,

The fairy moments weel employ,

For aft ye'll find,

That crazy eild brings sair annoy,

Youth ne'er design'd!"

WINTER.

Now winter winds, fu' cauld and chill,
 Come whisslin' loud owre Craigie-hill,
 An' bring the blindin' snaw;
 Or, scourin' fast along the plain,
 The slushy sleet an' bitter rain
 Wi' wicked fury blaw!
 How dreary like looks ilka thing,
 When far we look aroun',
 For there we see nae pleasin' spring,
 An' hear nae cheerfu' soun';
 But weary, an' dreary,
 Is a' the mournfu' scene,
 Till nature's sweet feature
 To us return again.

Now swells the Amon's drumly tide,
 He rolls along wi' watery pride,
 Like onie little sea !

Now a' his lovely windin' turns,
 An' wonted course at last he spurns,
 An' bursts upon the lee !

Far floatin' owre the flow'ry haughs,
 Delightfu' to the view ;

While owre the souple bendin' saughs
 In sheets the waters spew !

Then hushin', an' gushin',

Outowre a rocky lin,

Wi' smashin' and dashin',

They mak a fearfu' din !

Then through below an auncient brig,
 The mighty current flows fu' big,

Wi' headlang, tummlin' roar,

An' hurries wi' resistless sweep,

Till in the all-o'erwhelmin' deep

'Tis lost for evermore !

Sae fare the sons o' pomp an' pride,

Ilk stream adds to their strength,

Though they in gilded chariots ride,

They reach the grave at length !

For a' there, the sma' there,

An' great maun shortly be,

As journies o' burnies

An' rivers reach the sea !

THE

BLACKBIRDS' COURTSHIP.

TWA blackbirds ance in friendly chat,
 Down by a little burnie sat,
 The social hours o' life improvin',
 An' wi' ilk ither unco lovin'.
 A poet pass'd, wha kent the words
 O' trees, o' flowers, o' beasts an' burds.
 He listen'd to the artless pair,
 Tho' courtship list'ning's far frae fair ;
 The ane that had the saffron beak
 In kindly words began to speak.

“ Ance I could whissle i’ the morn,
 On aiken tree or milk-white thorn,
 An’ listen to the shepherd’s horn

Amang the flocks,
 While mellow echoes saft war borne

Alang the rocks.

But naething now, whare’er I flee,
 Can charm my ear, or please my ee,
 Aye since that mornin’ I wi’ thee,

Down in yon grove,
 Sat on a bonnie hollen tree,

An’ sang o’ love!

On ilka twig the dew-drops hang,
 Wi’ mellow notes the plantin’ rang,
 But as I listen’d to yer sang,

Sae sweet an’ clear,
 A little bumbee, wi’ its stang,

Me hurt severe!

I wi’ my neb it tried to pu’,
 But aye the pain the fiercer grew,

I row'd mysel' amang the dew,
 To gie me ease,
 An' night and day I restless flew
 Amang the trees.

I'm now grown lifeless as a stick,
 My wings I downa fash to trick,
 Nor can I think to tak a pick
 O' onie cheer ;
 For at the heart I'm very sick,
 An' unco queer !

Fair-farrand burdie, to be plain,
 Ye are the cause o' a' my pain,
 An' gin yer favour I could gain,
 I wad be blest !
 Without it, a' things else are vain,
 To gie me rest !"

Behint the blossom o' a bush,
 She tried to hide the rising blush
 That made her little neb to flush,
 An' thus replied :
 " That married joys are very frush
 Can't be denied ;

Sae single life's by far the best,

Gif burds wad hae their minds at rest.

Nae sooner do we big a nest,

Than care increases,

For cats or callants vile arrest,

An' tear't to pieces!

Then we are left to wail an' flee,

Wi' dowie hearts, frae tree to tree;

They marry may wha like for me,

But I determine

To lead a life that's light an' free,

An' far mair charmin'!"

" O dinna speak sic waesome words,

They pierce my little heart like swurds,

It natural is for beasts an' burds

In love to join,

An' why sud ye, when youth affords,

Sic bliss decline?

Ye cats or callants needna fear,

I ken a place they darena steer,

Whare a wee burnie rins fu' clear,
 Wi' tinklin' noise,
 O'erhung wi' broom an' bonnie brier,
 Whare burds rejoice !

The bonnie wauks, wi' monie a bow in,
 The shrubs an' flow'ries sweetly growin',
 Wad set the cauldest heart a lowin'
 At the first sight ;
 While bonnie hot-house warmly glöwin',
 Reflects the light !

Gin ye'll gang there an' big yer nest,
 Nae cat nor callant can molest,
 But snug an' cozie ye sall rest
 In bonnie bower,
 Whare bodies, beasts, an' burds are blest,
 At Millburn tower.

At night, when to yer nest ye creep,
 Upon a branch I watch will keep ;
 An' when the mornin' 'gins to peep,
 Wi' rosie ee,
 Wi' sweet love-ditty, out o' sleep
 I'll waken thee !"

“ I’ll nowther gang wi’ ane nor ither,
But bide an’ sing aside my mither ;

For war I to believe yer blether,

An’ thole the halter,

Ye soon might leave me for anither,

Minds aften alter.”

“ Sooner my feathers will grow trees,

An’ pairicks turn to wild bumbees,

The sun wi’ very cauld will freeze,

An’ staund stane-still,

An’ snaw like whins or heather bleeze,

On ilka hill !”

“ Hech me ! thae words sound unco fine,

But try some ither lugs than mine,

For be assur’d I winna tine

My liberty !

Sae ye may to a bumbee crine,

Or wasp for me !”

“ Alakanee ! my heart is sair,

My hope is lost for black despair !

Fareweel ! I soon will end my care

Down i’ the burn ;

An' when ye canna see me mair,

Ye'll maybe mourn!"

Wi' that, it like a love-sick fool,

Play'd plunge down i' the water-pool,

Whare it might get some ease, and cool

Its little liver,

An' leave this wretched land o' dool

An' care for ever!

The ither burd cried out, at last,

"Stop! stop! ye maunna be sae fast,

Sae soon awa' yer life to cast,

'Tis a rash deed!

Ye aye shou'd jouk, an' let the blast

Blaw owre yer head!

A' that I said was just in jokin',

I own I hae been owre provokin',

Now something loud an' sair is knockin'

At my wee breastie,

My foolish vow I've fairly broken,

'Twas made owre haistie!

I'll help ye now wi' a' my power,

By night an' day, at onie hour,

We'll big our nest in bonnie bower,

Or bush o' yew."—

They now agreed—for Millburn-tower

Awa they flew.

A SIMILE.

As rhymin' now is in the fashion,
A body needna use sic caution,
For e'en altho' I mak a blunder,
That, now-a-days, is nae great wonder,
Since poets swarm in ilka corner,
An' what is strange, ilk ither's scorner.
No ane will list a brither's lays,
But thinks himsel' maist worthy praise.
Parnassus scaur is ill to clim',
An' poets now are e'en but slim ;

Nae doubt their powers are mighty great,
 But what compos'd of 's self-conceit :
 Oft they attempt, but aye in vain,—
 They still come hurlin' doun again !

As on the sunny sandy brae
 Young callants sport in simmer's play,
 Oft they essay the brow to scale,
 Still doth each mighty effort fail ;
 The sand, sae dry wi' sultry heat,
 Proves faithless to the willin' feet.
 Tho' monie a souple-legged chiel',
 Gin get fair-play, the brae wad spiel,
 But empty-brain'd, conceited callants,
 Will ne'er allow superior talents ;
 Sae nae agility avails,
 While they can claught him by the tails,
 Or wi' loud laughter overpow'r him,
 Till he rows doun, an' maistly smoor him
 Amang the stoure that rows before him.
 Exultingly they see him fa',
 An' roar out a lang loud huzza !

While ithers, wi' mair steady aim,
Their sauls wi' fortitude weel frame,
In spite o' jests they gain the brow,
Synne turn and laugh at those below,
Wha 'gainst their wills the strife maun end,
Or tummlin' stanes in wrath descend !

My simile is hauf gane thro',
I'll leave the ither part to you.

Now, my auld cantie, crackie chiel',
 Wi' a' my might I wuss ye weel,
 An' walth o' taties, milk, an' meal,

In time o' need,
 An' may ye get the brae to speel,
 When ance yer dead!

O gin I could but near ye lodge,
 On ilka night I wadna grudge
 To sit till twal, an' never budge,

Nor think it late;
 But when it's dark it's ill to trudge
 Sae far a gaet!

Ye'll maybe think I try to blaw!
 Gin sae ye do, ye me misca',
 For sure ye weel deserve it a',

An' muckle mair,
 Gin my poor Musie wit could shaw,
 Or worth declare.

But worth in this warld's aft neglected,
 While villany is weel respected,
 But gin the end, when a's inspected

By power Divine,
 Fair virtue then will be protected,
 An' glorious shine!

Now i' the hill the houlet screams,
 An' thro' my winnock Luna beams,
 My blinkin' cruisie faintly gleams

Wi' dim blue lowe,

Sae I maun quat my idle whims,

To rest my pow !

Hale be yer heart, an' saft yer cod,
 Yer back warm clad, an' feet weel shod,
 About the doors lang may ye nod

Yer strippet coul ;

An' may ye never be abroad

In night sae foul !

TO THE SAME.

DEAR Robin, these few lines receive,
They're little, yet they're a' I have
 To shaw ye my guid will
To compliment ye :—I've nae wealth,
But, thanks to God, I hae my health,
 A treasure better still ;
For without health we're destitute
 A' pleasure o' this life,
An' siller aft, it's nae dispute
 Begins right muckle strife ;

Then I'm content,
 Let fortune stent
 The strings what way she likes ;
 Tho' whiles the jad
 Maist pits me mad,
 She has sae monie fikes !

She tumbles fouk sae up an' doun,
 Whyles on their feet, whyles on their croun,
 They kenna whilk end's upmaist :
 An' then she sets them a' asteer,
 When she hauds out her yellow gear,
 A' tryin' wha will grip maist !
 When they hae striven air and late,
 An' heaps o' goud hae gather'd,
 E'en then they will sit down an' fret
 They canna get it tether'd ;
 For wings it maks,
 An' heels it taks,
 Syne flees or rins awa',
 While firm they haud,
 Wi' heart sae sad,
 It aften breaks in twa.

But how it comes I dinna ken,
Some fouk get baith a but an' ben,

An' soon grow unco rich ;

While better chields, worn wi' sair wark,

Can hardly buy theirsels a sark,

Or the guidwife a mutch' !

An' just a set o' saughrin' chields

Wha mak the siller maist ;

When fortune a' her plenty yields,

I think 'tis maistly waste,

For them to get

A great estate,

Worth thousands ilka year,

While chields o' sense,

An' better mense,

Maun haud wi' poorer cheer.

But Robin, lad, cheer up yer heart,

Ayont the moon there is a part

Worth a' their gear an' goud ;

Whare you an' I will aiblins win,

In spite o' grousome death an' sin,

When ance life's bud is dow'd !

Syne free frae a' our warldly cares,
We'll bide ayont the stars,
Nor mair mind compasses nor squares,
Nor bluidy murd'rin' wars ;
 There we will rest,
 Nae mair distrest
Wi' aikin' heart or head,
 Nae trouble then,
 To cause us pain,
Can follow when we're dead !

EPISTLE

TO

THE REV. D**** C*****.

ALL hail ! thou reverend shepherd dear,
 Wha weel deserves a plaid to wear,
 May ye continue lang the fear

O' ilka sin,
 An' poor doilt wand'rin' sinners cheer,
 An' wyse them in !

Ye've got yer kirk a' new repair'd,
 The bodies hae their purses bair'd,
 Baith cash an' pains they freely wair'd,
 To mak it right ;
 T' enjoy it may ye lang be spar'd,—
 It's unco tight.

Yer poopit now looks unco weel,
 Since sorted by yon handy chiel';
 Lang in it may ye ramp an' reel,

An' preach an' read,
 An' gar vile sleepy sinners speel.
 The brae wi' speed!

Lang may ye herd yer little flock,
 An' aye be addin' to yer stock;
 For, as the Bible is the lock,

Be you the key
 To open when puir wand'ers knock,
 An' let them see

The happy hills o' Paradise,
 Whare they may win without a price;
 But gin they spurn yer sage advice,

It's hard to say,
 But they may rue their being nice
 Some ither day:

To think they had the gospel preach'd,
 An' ministers baith flate an' fleech'd,
 An' for their sauls' sake them beseech'd
 To flee frac sin,

Fain will they then, if they could reach't,
 Their life begin !

But ah ! the hour o' mercy's gane,
 An' time is lost that they hae hae'n,
 The talents a' are frae them ta'en

That they misus'd ;

In hell, sic precious gifts are nane
 To be refus'd !

But, Reverend Sir, can ye me tell,
 Why thae wha do in wit excel,
 An' at tent preachings bear the bell,

Wi' clav'rin' din,

As soon's a *paraphrase* they smell,
 Start up an' rin ?

Sic sweetness flows in ilka line,
 Whae'er daur say they're no divine,
 I really doubt they'll never shine

In glorious light,

But in a dungeon some day pine,
 As dark as night !

Repeating tunes they downa bear,
 They say they hurt the modest ear ;
 But, Sir, I hope the time is near,

When superstition

Will frae her vot'ries far an' near

Like woo come fleeshin' !

Fareweel ! may a' that's guid aye bless ye,
 May health an' plenty ever kiss ye,
 For gin ye dee, I'll sairly miss ye,

An' monie mae,

But frae my heart right weel I wiss ye,

Whare'er ye gae !

Lang may ye herd yer pickle sheep,
 An' frae the hungry tod them keep ;
 An' when death in yer bower sall peep,

May't bring good news,

An' ye, like Stephen, fa' asleep

Wi' the same views !

THE FIRESIDE.

WHEN a' the sheep are in the fauld,
An' bodies kindly mingle,
When winter-nights are lang and cauld,
Around a bleezin' ingle ;
What unco wonder tales are tauld,
In prose or rusty jingle ;
Ahint fouk's backs there's nane sae bauld,
As by theirsels sit single,
But closer creep, baith young an' auld,
While a' their heart-strings tingle,
At ilka tale !

The runkl'd granny at her wheel,
 Owre some auld ditty chantin',
 To please the bairns she has great skeel,
 Gin fearsome tales they're wantin'.
 She ghaists an' witches kens fu' weel,
 What glens an' castles hauntin',
 An' monie time she's heard the deil
 Deep groanin' thro' the plantin',
 Or kent a witch wha in a creel
 Owre hills an' seas gaed rantin'
 Maist ilka night !

Now warlocks, witches, wraiths, an' ghaists,
 Are a' brought on the carpet,
 Frae tale to tale, she thro' them haists,
 Till round ilk heart they're warpit ;
 An' deep the dire impression lasts,
 Nae time can out the scar pit,
 For in ilk buss a bogle rests,
 Wi' harpy claws keen sharpit !
 Thus superstition sair infests,
 An' maks life like a taur pit,
 But happy he wha it detests,
 His nose but dread he daur pit
 Out onie night !

MAGGY'S LAMENT.

COME, a' ye bards, wi' Maggy mourn,
An' let yer tears rin like a burn,
For things hae ta'en an unco turn,
The tod has ta'en my cock awa!

Nae mair he'll rise us i' the morn,
To houk the peats, or shear the corn;
The hens, puir things, sit now forlorn,
Since he, puir beast, was stoun awa!

Nae mair he will upon them chick,
 Or stand an' guard them while they pick,
 The tod has play'd an unco trick,
 The greedy beast's ta'en him awa !

Whene'er he clapt his wings an' crew,
 Strange things war tauld that aye cam true,
 A' future fates fu' weel he knew,
 An' *yet* the tod took him awa !

Now ghaists may gang at braid day-light,
 An' bodies fear as weel's at night,
 Nae mair he'll to their hames them fright,
 The tod has ta'en him clean awa !

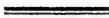
I've met wi' losses monie ane,
 The length I thro' the warld hae gaen,
 An' quietly cou'd them a' hae ta'en,
 Hadna the cock been stoun awa !

O had the tod gaen to the laird,
 A supper he cou'd weel hae spar'd,
 The servants wadna muckle car'd,
 Altho' the tod had ta'en them a' !

Nae mair the laird will get his kain,
 For hens can nae mak' burds their lane,
 But lairds an' tods are a' like ane,
 For takin' puir fouk's hens awa !

ROBIN AND MARION:

A Dialogue.



OWRE the muir the blast blew keenly,
 Roarin' thro' the leafless wuds;
 Rob an' Marion sat fu' beinly,
 List'nin' to the dreary thuds.

MARION.

Hear the hailstones how they blatter,
 Och! it is a fearfu' night!
 Pity fouk on yird an' water,
 Near nae ingle's cheery light!

ROBIN.

Since within this auld clay biggin'
 Mess John tied our bridal baun',
 Saxty winters owre its riggin'
 Monie bitter blasts hae blawn.

MARION.

Aye, dear Robin, saxty seasons,
 Tho' it fernyerlike appears,
 Ilka runkle truly reasons
 We are waidin' deep in years.

ROBIN.

Then yer cheeks were plump an' rosy,
 Now they're wither'd, lang, an' thin;
 Then yer teeth were white an' glossy,
 Now yer nose meets wi' yer chin.

MARION.

Whisht ye, Robin ! dinna tease me,
 Tho' my bluid rins thin an' cauld ;
 That is nae the way to please me,
 Tho' it's true, to ca' me auld.

Yet than me ye're sax years aulder,
 Now whan I get time to tell;
 Therefore, lad, whase bluid rins caulder,
 Ye may brawly guess yersel.

ROBIN.

What tho' I hae rock'd yer cradle,
 Pu'd ye gowans frae the lee,
 While ye flicht'rin' us'd to waddle
 Round yer thrifty mither's knee?

First when Jamie Tamson taught us,
 Nae doubt I in bouk was mair;
 Now we're wand'rin' in our aughties,
 Sax year's nowther here nor there.

MARION.

Robin, we fu' cosh thegither
 Thro' life's pools hae paidled lang;
 Now we'll no cast out wi' ither,
 A' the gaet we hae to gang.

ROBIN.

Weel, weel, Marion, since time's drawin'

Near a close wi' me an' you,

Ere we pay life's hindmaist lawin',

Let us bygane days review.

Tho' our frames, sae auld an' crazy,

Downa pass ayont the door,

Yet the mind is seldom lazy,

Youthfu' scenes to wander o'er.

Even pain, when past, gies pleasure,

Gin nae reuth be in the cup

For a weary mind at leisure,

Mix'd wi' bygane joys to sup.

MARION.

Och aye, Robin ! to look backward,

Life is like a fairy dream,

Tho' our langsyne gaets now aukward

To succeedin' mortals seem.

I hae thought mysel as gaudy,

Dress'd in hamespun worsset gown,

As a lord or captain's lady,

Deck'd wi' a' the braws in town.

Women then war proud to boast o'
 Makin' guid grey claith theirsel,
 Now their brag is, what's the cost o'
 Sic an' sic a piece the ell !

ROBIN.

Nae doubt, Marion, fu's the warl',
 Now-a-days, wi' thriftless pride,
 Yet it's nae worth while to quarrel
 A' the time we here can bide.

Weel I mind the autumn e'enin'
 You an' I first took a wauk,
 Ae grey plaid we sat fu' bein in,
 Doun a bonnie briery bauk.

Up frae yont the briny ocean
 Redly raise the full orb'd moon,
 Gentle winds kept a' in motion,
 Soughin' bye wi' soothin' croon !

Owre our heads the starnies twinkled,
 Nature a' her joy exprest,
 Through my veins the bluid warm prinkled,
 As I held ye to my breast !

Lang we sat ! While I was keepin',
 Geordie Crawford's ewes neist morn,
 Weel I mind I fell asleep, an'
 Let them a' amang the corn.

MARION.

Aye, but Robin thae days now are
 E'en awa ne'er to return,
 Auld acquaintance very few are
 This side o' life's boundin' burn !

Lang we hadna' slept thegither,
 An' ae blanket hapt us baith,
 Till ye lost yer worthy father,
 His was e'en a sudden death !

ROBIN.

Weel I mind he cam to see us,
 Aught days after Kirsh was born,
 Stay'd a cheerie fortnight wi' us,
 Helpin' me to stook the corn.

Aft our bonnie bairn he blest her,
 Frae a bosom warm an' leal,
 Doun his cheeks the tears did glister
 While he bade us a' fareweel!
 Aft he turn'd about an' lookit,
 As he scam'led owre the law,
 Syne his bannet aff he took it,
 Wav'd it round his head o' snaw !

MARION.

We hae met wi' monie losses
 Through misfortune's bitter blast,
 Yet for a' that, seemin' crosses
 Aye turn'd out for guid at last.

While we snug an' dry the land on,
 Sit an' hear the tempest rave,
 Some nae buss can claught their hand on
 Toss'd upon a dang'rous wave !

ROBIN.

Marion, mind to hap the ingle,
I'll awa slip to my bed,
Houpin' sune frae warldly ping e
You an' me will baith be redd !

WALLACE.

“ How sleep the brave, who sunk to rest,
By all their country’s wishes blest.”

COLLINS.

DOUN a romantic glen o’erhung wi’ rocks,
I chanc’d ae gloamin pensively to stray,
An’ saw a shepherd tent his wandrin’ flocks ;
Amang the knowes the lambkins ply’d their play ;
His scanty hair hung wavin’ silv’ry grey,
Wi’ lirks o’ time his face was furrow’d o’er ;
Fast by a wimplin’ burn he musin’ lay,
That murm’rin’ kiss’d the primrose-cover’d shore,
As down the lonely howe the crystal waters bore.

II.

A rustic whistle frae his plaid he drew,
 For lack o' usin' it was harsh an' dry ;
 To mak the notes flow mellow, clear, an' true,
 He douk't it in the burn that wimpled bye,
 Syne to his wither'd lips did it apply,
 An' fill'd the glen wi' wild enchanting strains ;
 Frae cave to rock the echoes made reply,
 Then faint an' low wide scatter'd owre the plains ;
 I faund the vital rill rin warmer through my veins.

III.

Fast by a cove bedeck'd wi' gouden bell,
 On foggy brae I lonely laid me doun,
 While gloamin's misty mantle slowly fell,
 An' winds soug'd owre my head wi' mournfu' soun'.
 His faithfu' cur, wi' coat o' glossy broun,
 Fu' wistfu' sat close by his wither'd knee,
 An' lick'd his trembling hand, syne lap aroun',
 An' row'd an' tumml'd on the flow'ry lee,
 Wi' monie playfu' freiks, to glad his master's ee.

IV.

His lay was sad, an' lade wi' ither years ;

His country's dool, her darlin' hero slain
By treach'ry, brought frae his een saut tears,

While thus to Heaven he pour'd his plaintive strain.

“ Flow fast my tears, ye dinna flow in vain,

Ye're for the guid, the warlike, an' the brave,

Wha now forgotten an' unkend remain

Aneth the cov'rin' o' a cauld dank grave,

For aye o'erwhelmed deep in dull lethean wave.

V.

O Scotland ! ance yer far-fam'd rough burr-thrissle

Its waefu' head hung bendin' to the grun',

An' thro' its auncient beard, wi' eerie whistle,

Snell blew oppression's blightin' haury wun',

Dark dreary days, without a cheerin' sun

To shed owre broomy knowes ae hopefu' ray ;

Bluid-shorin' cluds anon cam rowin' dun,

An' frae yer ee dark dern'd the face o' day,

For a' yer flowers o' freedom far war wed away.

VI.

Yer heath'ry hills, an' primrose cover'd braes,
 The pride an' boast o' warlike days o' yore,
 Were sair o'eraw'd by bluidy southron faes ;
 An' monie a sheugh ran red wi' reekin' gore,
 That ne'er was wat wi' Scottish bluid before.
 Maist a' yer chiefs were kill'd or captive ta'en,
 The sacred croun frae aff yer head they tore,
 An' eke awa they bore yer chair an' stane ;
 Than Scottish valiant kings that e'er had rested nane.

VII.

Lang ye sat broodin' owre the dolour ills,
 An' view'd o' liberty the last remains.
 A scanty flock ran tentless owre yer hills,
 Nor owsen graz'd nor turn'd yer fruitfu' plains,
 But slavery cam clankin' wi' her chains ;
 Fu' weary groanin' 'neath the gallin' load
 The doolfu' sight yet fresh yer mind retains ;
 Then seemin' justice sway'd her iron rod,
 An' made yer hills an' glens of wae the sad abode.

VIII.

But as the day-star climbs the rosy east,
 An' flegs the sable clouds o' gloomy night,
 So rose a hero out o' fortune's breast,
 An' round him spread a cheery skyrin light ;
 Wha soon himsel in weirlike weapons dight,
 An' gar'd yer faes afore him flee wi' speed ;
 Nane could withstand an arm sae fu' o' might,
 That wrought amang them sic unsonsy deed,
 As made their bauldest men sleep aften but the head.

IX.

Yer weal, O Scotland ! was his ilka thought,
 An' twin'd his weary een o' balmy sleep ;
 Yer mortal faes sae furiously he fought,
 Till frae his claes the crimson moist wad dleep,
 An' a' yer flow'ry plains in gore-bluid steep.
 Whare Carron water rows the moss-brown wave,
 His dauntless arm aft rais'd a doolfu' heap
 O Southron carcasses, wha wi' him strave ;
 Yet monie a clever chield fand there a bluidy grave.

X.

There fell the brave, by jealousy misled,
 There fell the Graham, o' warriors the best
 Alake ! that envy e'er should find a bed,
 To bloom an' flourish in a chieftain's breast,
 An' twine his saul eternally o' rest.
 The noblest deeds that hand or head atchieves,
 Its haury breath, like to a grievous pest,
 Strews a' their honours like sere autumn leaves,
 Yet mair its wretched owner than its object grieves.

XI.

The gloomy Fates that day owre Falkirk spread
 Their bluidy far-extended raven wings ;
 An' monie crimson draps that day were shed,
 That might hae flow'd in veins o' noble kings,
 O Scotia's daughters ! strike the tremblin' strings,
 An' mourn the hapless maidens o' that day !
 Think how despair would sharp her venom'd stings,
 An' in their lily love-lorn bosoms prey,
 To see the flow'r o' youth lie speechless on the clay !

XII.

Methinks I see a maiden search the plain,—

Wi' ruefu' ee she marks ilk bluidy face,
An' wi' her apron dights the gory slain.

If haply she her lover's likeness trace,
She clasps him bluidy in her fond embrace,
Nor thinks him cauld!—So strong is plighted love,
Not even death can its firm bands unlace,
When wi' the soul the object's fondly wove,—
Love-disappointed minds in shades of frenzy rove!

XIII.

Besmeared wi' sweat, wi' dust, an' clotted gore,
Wae-worn an' weary, aft would Wallace lie,
While on him fell the night's cauld cranreuch hoar,
Wi' a' the storms that haunt a wintry sky.
The heavy groan, an' doolfu' broken sigh,
O' wretches mangled in the awfu' fight,
Mix'd wi' the howlin' wind an' howlet's cry,
Was aft his music thro' the lang dark night,
In wood or wild, far frae his ingle's cheery light.

XIV.

Aft new-faun snaw the chief for sheets wad serve,
 An' tuft o' frozen grass bore up his head :
 Alake ! it is na them wha best deserve
 The sweets o' life, wha aftenest on them feed !
 Aft worthy mortals crave a little bread
 Frae those wha drive them hungry frae their door ;
 While those are feasted weel wha little need
 A brither's help, but hae themsels great store.
 Rich always gie to rich, but poor oppress the poor."

XV.

He paus'd, an' thro' the glimm'rin' hollow glen
 The mournfu' echoes dee'd awa in air.
 " Alake !" said I, " man's sorrows wha can ken,
 For here he wastes his days an' hours wi' care.
 O may I for life's lourin' storms prepare,
 An' hae my breast in virtue's weapons dight !
 Syne, tho' the frowns o' fortune be my share,
 I needna wauk in robes o' gloomy night,
 For nought can stand 'gainst lovely virtue's wondrous
 might."

XVI.

Wi' wither'd whins he fenc'd his divet fauld,
 On Rover whissled, syne began to wend
 Round a deep scaur, to seek his hamely hauld,
 Where aft he's lain an heard the storms contend.
 His thrifty wife his summons does attend,
 An' gars the cheery ingle brighter blaze;
 For weel she kens their weelfares a' depend
 On his gray pow, for meat an' needfu' claes,
 A sireless haudin aft has monie nameless waes.

XVII.

I follow'd near, for darkness 'gan to spread,
 An' lourin' cluds hung shorin' in the west;
 An' hearin' aft that shepherds were deep read,
 An' o' great knowledge gen'rally possest,
 I knew my mind wad never be at rest,
 Till I had learnt the tenor o' his lay,
 Wi' which his spirits seem'd to be depress'd,
 As mournfully he by the burn did play:
 Sae to his humble cot I anxious bent my way.

XVIII.

'Twas situate upon a risin' ground,
 Twa aged elms their branches rear'd on high,
 A dyke o' fail inclos'd it neatly round,
 Afore the door a burn ran wimplin' bye;
 Cam frae the elms the craw's ill-bodin' cry,
 The bum-clock wheelin' croon'd its drowsy sang.
 Now thro' the cluds the curlew sought the sky,
 Or swept the echain' hills, while burds amang
 The heathery knowes, in concert sent their notes along.

XIX.

I reach'd the door wi' canny stap, to hear
 What conversation pass'd within the wa's;
 Thro' the latch-hole I saw the fire burn clear,
 An' on ilk tongue there hung a pensive pause.
 Yet o' the silence soon I kent the cause,—
 To worship God they newly were combin'd,
 For puir fook aft-times wauk by scripture laws;
 An' tho' by polish'd art they're no refin'd,
 They leave the learned wit in virtue far behind.

XX.

I listen'd eagerly to a' that pass'd,
 Nor wad hae had o' list'nin' ony tire,
 Hadna the howlin' o' the drivin' blast,
 An' the sweet welcome o' a bleezin' fire,
 Made me right glad to ask the aged sire,
 Gin he wad shelter to a wand'rer grant,
 Until the shades o' night should back retire ;
 For rain an' darkness sair lone trav'lers daunt,
 An' far frae hame some friendly bield they aften want.

XXI.

He op'd his little door wi' cautious care,
 An' said, "Wha's there? Ye've surely tint yer way ;
 Come in, o' what I hae partake a share,
 An' freely rest yersel till it be day.
 But why sae late, yoting stranger? Do you stray?
 It's dangerous at night to cross the muir!
 False lights the wand'rer's staps aft-times betray,
 An' to some pit or precipice allure.
 But come in-owre, ayont my ingle rest secure."

XXII.

I thanked him fu' leal but mair ado,
 Syne stapt ayont the fire an' sat me down ;
 Say they, " Our visitors are here but few ;"
 A buffet-stool then plentifully croun
 Wi' milk, cheese, butter, an' wi' bread right brown,
 An' aften press me to their hamely cheer.
 Said I, " To taste yer cheer I winna frown,
 For hamely treat to me is always dear."
 Wi' mony a lang windin' tale they charm'd my ear.

XXIII.

The tales being ended, in the humble cot,
 Weel-pleas'd an' cheerfu' a' retir'd to bed.
 A' still was hush'd, save when its drowsy note
 The pointer click'd, an' tauld the moments sped :
 The full-orb'd moon her silv'ry rays clear shed
 Thro' the crack'd peen, an' shaw'd the heather bloom
 That press'd my cheek, an' a' my sorrows fled,
 To seek for shelter in some gaudy room,
 Where they might nestle in the produce o' the loom.

EPISTLE

TO

A LOVE-SICK FRIEND.

To daut owte muckle on a woman,
 In man is very unbecomin';
 His dignity an' worth he losses,
 An' meets for love eternal crosses.
 Soon as she claughts his rulin' rein,
 He seldom can the goal attain;
 An' then his case is truly worse
 Than onie hackney'd auld coach-horse.
 He tholes her taunts an' pridefu' scornin',
 An' sighs, an' swears his liver's burnin'!
 The man owre fond o' Cupid's school,
 Is aft a starin' stupid fool.

Since a' things hae their proper season,
 Keep a' within the bounds o' reason ;
 Nor think to gain the fair's respect,
 Because you ither things neglect.
 Beware ! gif reason's robe you rend,
 It's hard to say whare you may end ;
 The hemp, the steel, the rock, the river,
 Has cool'd ere now a burnin' liver.
 Tho' in this warld ye've tint a' houp,
 Be sure ye look afore ye loup :
 When ye hae pass'd yon drumly burn,
 Altho' ye rue, ye canna turn.

Ye say ye ance could read an' think,
 An' now ye canna sleep ae wink,
 But restless tumble on yer bed ;—
 Alakane ! yer wits are fled,
 Or ye wad never glowr sae wild,
 An' deem a paughty look sae mild.
 Ye sleep, an' dream, an' start by fits ;
 Whiles Cupid on yer pillow sits,
 An' crowds yer love-bewilder'd brain
 Wi' foolish thoughts, baith void an' vain.
 Now like a crow you cleave the air,
 To bring rich treasure for yer fair ;

An' aft-times wonder why ye can
 Sae swiftly flee, an' still a man.
 Now on some tow'r or tott'rin' wa',
 That seems at ilka nod to fa',
 Ye hing; yer bluid it curdles cauld,
 To think, gif ye should quat yer hauld,
 The gloomy waves that row below
 Wad gulp ye owre the head in fro';
 Then in some dark infernal deep,
 'Mang stanes, an' banes, an' fishes sleep!
 Ye lose yer grip wi' fear, ye waken,
 Fu' glad to find yersel mistaken.

Again ye sleep,—ilk flow'ry field
 Hauds out the rose, the thorn conceal'd;
 While she wham you sae much admire,
 Wauks by yer side in rich attire.
 Her cheeks appear a lovelier dye
 Than e'er was seen by wakin' eye;
 The coal-black ringlets o' her hair
 Float loosely in the wanton air;
 Her lily neck, an' snawy arms,
 Her witchin' een, yer soul alarms
 To sic a height, ye think a kiss
 Is a' ye want to perfect bliss!

Ah, short-liv'd bliss ! fell Chanticleer
 Dispels it wi' a mornin' cheer !
 It flees, an' leaves yer burnin' brain
 To tell that dreams an' love are vain :
 For tho' some mighty thing it seem,
 On earth at best it's but a dream.
 Rouse up yer spirits ! Fye for shame,
 To cringe to ony dorty dame,
 An' waste yer youthfu' gowden hours ;
 Arise, exert yer utmost pow'rs,
 To what may ser' yer country's weal,
 Wi' gray goose-quill or temper'd steel.
 Since life at maist is but a span,
 Improve it as becomes a man.

SONG.

TUNE—"Sleepy Maggie."

THE rosy ee o' virgin morn
 Ilk hoary tow'r an' turret paintin',
 Blythesome sounds the huntsman's horn,
 An' wild-burds a' are sweetly chantin'.

CHORUS.

*O are ye wakin', Nelly,
 O are ye wakin', Nelly,
 Rise, my love, an' come awa,
 We'll brush the dew frae hill an' valley.*

Taste the mornin' while it shines,
 Waste it not in useless slumber,
 Ere the sun o' youth declines,
 Ere auld age our staps encumber.

O are ye wakin', &c.

We'll drink the halesome caller breeze,
 To yon lovely grove we'll wander,
 Whare below the blossom'd trees,
 The bonnie wimplin burns meander.

O are ye wakin', &c.

We'll gather flow'rets wat wi' dew,
 Ere the sunny rays destroy them ;
 Since our hours, like theirs, are few,
 Rise, my love, an' let's enjoy them.

O are ye wakin', &c.

SONG.

TUNE—"Whistle ower the lave o't."



I loo a lassie, she loo's me,
 Her for the warld I wadna gie,
 Yet thro' it a' I'd wander wi'
 The lass I loo sae dearly.

Her sparklin' een a violet blue,
 Her lovely cheeks a rosy hue,
 Her artless heart is warm an' true,
 An' loo's me most sincerely.

Her light-brown ringlets loosely flow
Around a neck o' driven snow,
An' a' my vitals warmly glow,
Whenever she comes near me.

Let fortune frown, let fortune smile,
Her gifts are scarcely worth my while,
As lang as I wi' honest toil
Can keep my charmin' dearie.

SONG.

TUNE—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

O my lovely Sue was fair,
 Dark-blue eyes an' flaxen hair ;
 No ae nymph could e'er compare
 Wi' my dear lovely Sue.

Aft hae I gather'd wild strewn flow'rs,
 'Mang the sweet romantic bow'rs,
 An' spent fu' monie heartsome hours,
 Wi' my dear lovely Sue.

My arms around her waist wad twine,
 Like ivy round the gracefu' pine;
 Her form methought was quite divine,
 Sae lovely was my Sue.

But ah! the flowrets wild now wave
 Owre her peacefu' lowly grave!
 Alake! for death did me bereave
 Of my dear lovely Sue.

How pale the cheek that ance was red,
 The rose-blush now is frae it fled,
 For cauld's the pillow an' the bed
 Of my dear lovely Sue.

Altho' the grave her body hide,
 An' death's dark river us dividé,
 Yet in my breast shall still reside
 The image o' my Sue.

SONG.

THE PARTING.

WHAT maks ye sae forlorn an' wae,
 An' tears sae fast to fa', Mary?
 Ye needna fear, ye'll still be dear,
 Tho' I am far awa, Mary.

My dearest fair, do not despair,
 Yer like I never saw, Mary;
 But why sae pale, yer spirits fail,
 Yer hand's as cauld as snaw, Mary!

Tho' fortune frown, an' friends disown,
I'll follow Nature's law, Mary ;
An' gin the wave my body save,
I'll tak ye 'fore them a', Mary.

The wanton gale now swells the sail,
An' fair the breezes blaw, Mary ;
Tho' now we part, ye hae my heart,
Fareweel, I maun awa, Mary !

ENGLISH POEMS.

SLOTH.

—————“ Vitanda est improba Siren
Desidia.”————— HOR.

INSIDIOUS Sloth her drowsy note prolongs,
Soft as the fabled sea-maid's luring songs,
Who haunt the caverns of the oozy shore,
That echo back the bounding billow's roar.
Loose float their golden tresses on the gale,
But wrapt in sea-weed sleeps their slimy tail.

In life's gay morning, rosy and serene,
 So Sloth and Pleasure paint their fairy scene,
 And tempt th' unwary from fair Virtue's path,
 To wander blindly 'mongst the haunts of death.
 What though the verdant landscape richly teems
 With flow'rs and vales, woods, groves, and murm'ring
 streams;
 Yet on fair nature's most enchanted ground,
 Fell hissing snakes and beasts of prey abound.

Youth is a port beset with many snares,
 Where man his cordage and his sails prepares
 With all things meet, that fortunate he may
 O'er life's rough ocean steer his bark of clay;
 His senses sailors, and the freight his soul,
 His compass books, and happiness the goal.
 The sons of industry their labour ply,
 Nor from the object once avert the eye.
 The sons of sloth indulge the vacant gaze,
 Nor dread th' approach of life's declining days.
 Elate with hope, both launch into the deep,
 And o'er the slumbering waters stately sweep.
 But mark the end—the mustering winds arise,
 And sable clouds enwrap the thundering skies:

The well-prepar'd their course victorious urge,
And rise sublimely o'er each foaming surge:
But ah! to brave the storm what now avails
Sloth's rotten cordage, and her musty sails?
A broken billow roaring whelms them o'er,—
They sink inglorious, and arise no more!

PRIDE.

PRIDE is a robe that wraps the silly mind,
And makes its owner to his failings blind.
By all 'tis hated, and by all 'tis priz'd,
Not in ourselves, in others 'tis despis'd.
Each other's failings, not our own, we spy,
Because we never inward turn the eye.
Who's only weighty in his own esteem,
In others' eyes is sure to kick the beam.
Can galling sneer, or seeming cold neglect,
Or haughty look, command sincere respect?
Dost thou in riches all thy worth compute,
Or splendid grandeur of a costly suit?

Deck thou an ass in all thy rich array,
 Will the fierce lion tremble at his bray ?
 With all thy riches and thy boasted power,
 What art thou but a sickly fading flower ?
 What ! does the sun more bright upon thee shine,
 Than on the poorest worm of Adam's line ?
 Runs the fresh water clearer from the spring,
 Or do the birds to thee more mellow sing ?
 Can thy eye feast on charms of nature more,
 Than the poor wand'rer spurned from thy door ?
 Does sleep more balmy in thy chamber dwell,
 Or the fair rose yield thee a sweeter smell ?
 Does friendship warmer in thy bosom glow,
 Or canst thou feel more for another's woe ?
 Are nature's ties in any way more dear,
 And for their loss hast thou not equal fear ?
 Wast thou less helpless in thine infant years,
 Or stand'st more firm when hoary age appears ?
 Can all thy sumptuous feasts more health afford,
 Than simple diet from a simpler board ?
 In the cold grave wilt thou more softly rest,
 Or worms less vulgar riot in thy breast ?

VIRTUE.

THO' black'ning storms and furious tempests rise,
 And mountain-billows in confusion roll ;
 Though shatter'd navies sweep the groaning skies,
 And horrid thunders shake the steady pole ;
 Though nature, wrapt in most terrific stole,
 Hang trembling on eternity's dread maze ;
 Fair Virtue will uphold the sinking soul,
 And unasham'd her heavenly head upraise,
 When all creation vast is wrapt in gen'ral blaze !

markedly fine

A WINTER NIGHT.

THE moon-beams smile sweet on the snow-cover'd hill,
Not a cloud dims the face of the sky ;
The stars shine most clear, and the winds slumber still,
Each fountain, each streamlet, each river and rill,
All frozen in silence now lie.

The trees are all wrapt in their night-ropes of snow,
The hedge-rows are all sparkling hoar ;
The cove-o'erarch'd summits their shadows wide throw
O'er the once verdant vallies that sleep far below,
And delight the sweet lambkins no more.

The icicles hang from each cottage and bower,
 Reflecting the moon's pale beam ;
 The windows are garnish'd with many a flower,
 By nature's cold pencil, the frost's chilly power,
 Like the wild fancy-work of a dream.

*fine measure,
 sweetly, soft,
 & mellow.*

THE EXILED LOVER.

FROM the cleft of a rock, that o'erhung the proud main,
 Where a mountain-ash wav'd its lone boughs to the
 wind,

A poor exil'd lover I heard thus complain,
 And sigh for his Helen he left far behind.

“Awake, my lone harp, and strike thy last number,
 O tell me of Helen and days that are past !
 Then rest thy tir'd strings in profound lasting slumber,
 Or sing o'er my woes to the howl of the blast.

O Helen! though loud roars the high-foaming billow,
And proud waves of ocean between us now roll,
Yet no other tresses shall e'er share my pillow,
And no other maid can be queen of my soul.

O sea! bring a wave that has bath'd that fair blossom,
The flower that has robb'd my fond soul of its rest;
O how would I hug the green wave in my bosom,
And kiss the dear water that lav'd her white breast!

O winds! will ye tell my fair Helen I love her?
O waves! will you waft a warm kiss from the shore?
Ye sweet little stars that now twinkle above her,
Reflect but a glimpse of the maid I adore!

'TIS SWEET.

'Tis sweet in the twilight to rove,
When the winds of the desert are still,
And list to the sweet cooing dove,
Or the streamlets that wind down the hill

'Tis sweet then to list to the horn,
When its notes echo mellow and clear,
As along the soft breeze they are borne,
And delightfully fall on the ear.

'Tis sweet, while we wander in spring,
 To see the green braird tipp'd with dew ;
 And list while the wild warblers sing,
 Or welcome the stranger cuckoo.

'Tis sweet in gay summer to see
 All nature in rich virgin bloom ;
 While the blossom hangs fair on each tree,
 And the winds waft delicious perfume.

'Tis sweet, in a fair autumn morn,
 To wander the vallies among,
 While the fields wave with ripe yellow corn,
 And list to the reaper's rude song.

'Tis sweet, at stern winter's return,
 When the cold stormy ev'ning howls dire,
 To see the trim lamp dimly burn,
 And before us a bright blazing fire.

'Tis sweet when a friend we can find,
 In whom we may safely repose
 The troubles that weigh down the mind,
 And share in our joys and our woes.

'Tis sweet when fond parents too see
 Their children in virtue excel,
 Nor the babe that once sat on the knee,
 Against the fond mother rebel.

'Tis sweet, when no tell-tale is nigh,
 To clasp thy dear maid in thy arms ;
 While her heart fondly beats a reply,
 And innocence heightens her charms.

'Tis sweet in chaste wedlock to join,
 With one of a virtuous mind ;
 This only is pleasure divine,
 And all other leaves far behind.

'Tis sweet, when with sorrow we're prest,
 And toss'd upon fortune's rough wave,
 To know that the righteous shall rest
 In quiet at last in their grave.

THE

APPROACH OF A THUNDER-STORM.

SEE how the dark red clouds, all limn'd with fire,
Look dimly awful through those louring hills,
That roll a dunner hue; while some more black
Than darkness' self can paint, hang forth such gloom
As fills each mind with dark foreboding awe!
The very beasts that thoughtless graze the fields,
In wild amazement gaze towards the heavens.
Lo! in a moment, quick before the eye,
The vivid flash darts through the thickening clouds!
Anon terrific peals, with horrid clang,

First stun the ear, then far and hollow sweep
The groaning hills, and die on wounded air.
Again the flash, again the peal resounds !
Hark, all the windows shatter, and the earth,
Deep trembling to its base, howls from each cave !
Heard you that crash ? See where the stubborn oak
Lies stripp'd of all its honours on the ground,
And through the air the foliage whirl'd on high !

LINES

WRITTEN ON BRAID HILLS,

NEAR EDINBURGH.

How pleasant to wander where wild-flowers are growing,
 Or on soft mossy carpet reclining to lie,
 Where the far-spreading landscape in rich beauty glowing,
 Hills, vallies, woods, waters, at once meet the eye.

See clouds heap'd on clouds, in majestic confusion,
 While through ev'ry op'ning the ether looks blue;
 For man to explore it, 'tis all a delusion,
 Bewild'ring immensity darkens his view.

See lambs sporting round us in innocent pleasure,
 'Mong sweet-scented whins and the long yellow broom,
 While from their rich blossom the bees gath'ring treasure,
 Impregnate the air with delicious perfume.

The breezes sigh softly with health on their wing,
 And join in sweet concert the warbling choir,
 Whose hearts light with joy most sweetly now sing,
 And straw-whistling numbers outrival the wire.

How happy that man to whom nature has given
 An eye to behold, and a mind to admire ;
 With health and contentment to walk through a heaven
 Of beautiful nature, that never can tire.

What cares he for envy, for malice, or slander ?
 He knows they are wild-weeds that darken the mind ;
 He pities poor mortals in darkness who wander,
 And light beaming round them, yet love to be blind.

His mind, taught to soar above low grov'ling wretches,
 Who creep on this earth like the slow crawling toad,
 At wisdom, at virtue, at honour he catches,
 Nor has he a fear but the fear of his God.

With friendship and love glowing warm in his bosom,
 He walks 'mong the flow'rs by some sweet winding
 burn,

Or on the green banks now will softly repose him,
 And dream of those pleasures that cannot return.

Now green woods blush red, and the night-star's ap-
 proaching,

Slow climbs the dark shadow up the eastern hills;
 The grey-winged twilight by stealth is encroaching,
 Farewell, ye wild songsters, ye lambkins, and rills.

MEDITATIONS
IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

“ Be death your theme in every place and hour,
Nor longer want, ye monumental sires !
A brother tomb to tell you you shall die.”

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

I.

HERE let me pause, and lean upon this stone,
While the lone night-winds soft and mournful sigh,
And count the number o'er I once have known
To live, and muse, and talk, as well as I.
They in these narrow heaps in silence lie,
Nor heed the tempests that may o'er them rave !
The loudest peals that roll in troubled sky
Can ne'er disturb the tenants of the grave,
Till Arch Michael's trump shall rend the vast concave.

II.

How fast the crowding thoughts upon me rush,
 Of friends, acquaintance, here in lasting sleep !
 To rest they every worldly passion hush,
 And on the grave my wand'ring fancy keep.
 Yes ! well I may in sad reflection weep,
 To think of mortal man and all his woe,—
 The gulph of ruin, dismal, dark, and deep,
 That rolls its sulph'rous waves of fire below,
 Where the dread vengeance dwells of an Almighty foe !

III.

Ye sons of pleasure, listen to my lay !
 No feigned strains of woe shall fill your ear ;
 Here likewise lie who once like you were gay :
 They too demand the tribute of a tear,
 And deep reflection well may profit here,
 To learn the littleness of earthly bliss.
 The dead can teach, if living men would hear,
 More than large volumes from the fruitful press ;
 But ah ! the more death reigns, men think of it the less.

IV.

O Death ! this is thy storehouse, here thy spoil,
 Thou dauntless warrior, thou gloomy foe !
 Back from thy havoc how my thoughts recoil,
 And thro' my veins the blood runs chill and slow !
 For O ! thy storehouse is a scene of woe :
 Nor youth, nor age, nor beauty dost thou spare ;
 The loftiest head unto thy frown must bow,
 For none so bold as thee to combat dare,
 Unless before him Christ his righteous banner bear.

V.

Fond parent ! cast a look of pity here !
 Some of thy treasure in this storehouse lies.
 Yes ! the sweet babe, once to thy bosom dear,
 No more can move thee with its plaintive cries.
 What feelings now must in thy bosom rise !
 When all its prattle, and each winning wile,
 Rush on thy mind, the tears start in thine eyes,
 As thick as dew-drops on the grassy pile,
 When strong imagination paints thy baby's smile.

VI

Here lies a mother, free from mother's care !

Eleven sons have hung upon her breast,
Yet only one does here her bosom share,

And has his bones with the same covering prest,—
The tide of time still bears afloat the rest.

Without a mother's solace now they roam ;
But soon or late death will them all arrest,

And to his gen'ral storehouse bring them home :
Tho' dearest friends must part, soon all meet in the tomb.

VII.

Ye who the tender ties of love well know,

Weep o'er this grave, nor the warm tear controul !
For virtue, youth, and beauty sleep below ;

That charm'd to extasy the wary soul !
No more, alas ! her diamond sparklers roll,

Nor rosy blush rests on her pallid cheek ;
On that fair breast the lazy worms now loll,

Where I have seen the lily shelter seek,—
But ah ! the woeful change what mortal man can speak !

VIII.

Ye who each counsel spurn, and grace reject,
 Whose highest bliss is cheerfully to drain
 The midnight bowl,—O for a while reflect,
 Nor let the vapour of your heated brain
 Subdue your soul, and o'er its reason reign !
 Here your coevals sleep the dead among !
 Where all their boasting now ? How void, how vain !
 No more, alas ! they join your social throng,
 To grasp the friendly hand, or chant the vicious song.

IX.

O how infatuate those mortal men,
 Who scorn religion as an idle dream !
 Hell surely is, though far beyond our ken,
 And why should we so lightly of it deem ?
 How many things incredible may seem,
 Where our weak judgment cannot comprehend.
 Man, know thyself, and pluck the blinding beam
 From thine own eye, nor with thy God contend,
 But wait with humble patience, and behold the end.

X.

Thy soul as sentinel on watch still keep,
 Lest, when its crumbling clay-house down shall fall,
 It start confounded from a slothful sleep,
 And shrink with horror from so sudden call.
 Well may the sight of death such men appall,
 As have no hope beyond life's narrow shore,
 But all their happiness on earth install :
 High title, rank, and wealth they here adore,—
 Death hides them all,—robb'd of their goods, what have
 they more ?

XI.

Fear not that death which lays thee in the grave,
 That house where sweet tranquillity does reign ;
 But fear that death, which may thy soul bereave
 Of lasting life, to die in endless pain,
 Fast bound to torment by eternal chain !
 O awful thought ! Why do we then delay
 The offer'd means, by which we may attain
 That glorious end, life's everlasting day,
 Where every care and sorrow far shall flee away.

XII.

Death for man's first transgression is the mead,
 And dust to dust was doom'd by sure decree.
 Grim death, though dress'd in most terrific weed,
 Is only keeper of life's prison-key,
 And at command the weary soul lets free.

Why should we grudge to give the grave its own,
 Since dust to dust alone can well agree,

When once the vital spark has from it flown,
 To other regions yet to living man unknown?

XIII.

Dry up those tears, and mourn not for the dead,
 Nor deem the grave a cold unwelcome bed:
 Since there our Saviour laid his holy head,

All horror from the gloomy chambers fled,
 And hope's bright ray along death's vale is shed.

And only through the grave we can attain
 That glorious crown for which our Saviour bled;

And in that happy land where he doth reign
 In sweet felicity, for evermore remain.

THE LAST JUDGEMENT.

Now Time's chariot-wheels are broken,
Dark the sun sleeps in the sky !
Dismal signs do now betoken,
That earth's final end is nigh !
See the mountain-billow soaring,
Darken'd is the face of day !
Hear the boiling waters roaring,
While through fire they dash the spray !

See the trembling mountains crumbling,
 'Mongst red rolling clouds of fire !
 Worlds of stars, in ruin tumbling,
 Clash each other, then expire !

Lo ! the skies are burst asunder,
 Awful shock to human ear !
 Tenfold rolling peals of thunder
 Shake to atoms every sphere !

See the powerful Judge descending,
 Vengeance dire before him rolls !
 Hosts of angels him attending,—
 Awful sight to guilty souls !

Where distinction now and grandeur ?
 Where, O man ! thy boasted pow'r ?
 Works of ages, all earth's splendour,
 Sunk to ruin in an hour !

Direful sentence, how appalling,
 Hear the mighty Judge proclaim !
 See the wicked headlong falling,
 Wrapt in one eternal flame !

Lo! the saints, bright as the morning,
 Cloth'd in robes of snowy white ;
 Golden crowns their heads adorning,
 Leave this world to endless night !

Sinners now may scoff, and, spurning
 Each advice, the truth assail ;
 But, when all creation's burning,
 What will scoffing then avail ?

ON THE
INDEPENDENCE OF SOUTH AMERICA.

“ Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes : ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta.”——

VIRG. ECL.

I.

YE mountains of Columbia, rejoice,
Whose lofty summits prop the azure sky ;
Ye mighty rivers, lift your awful voice,
And all ye echoes to their roar reply :
No more your sons by butchery shall die,
Nor stain your waters with untimely gore,
Nor toil and groan beneath unpitying eye,
To fill the coffers of a foreign shore,—
Rejoice Columbia’s sons, for you are slaves no more !

II

Long look'd the Andes o'er the virgin main,
 If haply sons of science might appear,
 To chace dull night with all her gloomy train,
 And long-lorn vallies with instruction cheer ;
 But empty waves anon came rolling drear :—
 Altho' the cradled ocean sweetly smil'd
 Beneath the silv'ry moon-beam sparkling clear,
 No seaman's song the ling'ring hour beguil'd,
 Nor deep-ton'd signal swept along the wat'ry wild.

III.

At length they spied a vessel's daring prow,
 That boldly brav'd the elemental war ;
 They rais'd their heads of everlasting snow,
 And hail'd the godlike strangers from afar—
 Who bless'd with rapture their propitious star,
 When empty baubles bought them solid gold ;
 That cursed ore which makes discordant jar
 Sweet friendship's notes, and slacks her firmest hold,
 And many deeds achieves most painful to unfold.

IV.

Is there a soul that not indignant spurns
 Thy deeds of horror, O accursed Spain?
 Is there a breast that not with pity burns,
 O'er all the mis'ry of the sanguine plain,
 The fiend-like torture and unheard-of pain,—
 Fruit of invention steep'd in streams of hell?
 Columbia long groan'd beneath her slain,
 For thick as hail her slaughter'd millions fell,
 And with their guiltless blood made rivers prouder swell.

V.

Long has the prowler's roar, and shriek of woe,
 Thy tortur'd echoes held in gloomy thrall;
 But shepherd's pipe, and full-fed oxen's low,
 Shall now enchant thy twilight's dusky fall.
 Thy sluggish plains, where loathsome reptiles crawl,
 With joyful crops of waving grain shall smile,
 Nor shall the heifer from an empty stall
 Slow drag the ploughshare thro' thy fruitful soil,
 Which shall an hundred-fold repay the labourer's toil.

VI.

Summon, O Amazon ! thy thousand rills,
 That gurgle down the snow-capt Andes' side,
 With all the streamlets of Columbia's hills,
 And proudly roll thy waters deep and wide ;
 Thy banks of baneful serpents soon devoid,
 Shall flourish fair with nature's flow'ry store,
 Where Contemplation oft, at even-tide,
 Shall list the dashing of the distant oar,
 Mix'd with the noisy buzz of commerce-crowded shore.

VII.

No more to senseless deities of stone,
 Will fated victims fall a horrid prey,
 Nor Superstition, from her sable throne,
 With pond'rous arm her ebon sceptre sway,
 Nor death his standard to the winds display,
 Nor useless sacrifice the altar stain,
 For Night is vanquished !—and victorious Day,
 With laurell'd front, stalks o'er the joyful plain,
 Nor hears the grating clank of Slav'ry's galling chain !

ON BEAUTY.

LIGHTLY flows Anacreon's measure,
 He beauty paints in rich display,
 That wine and women give true pleasure,
 So runs the tenor of his lay.

Altho' ev'n these may care destroy,
 And for a moment pleasure bring ;
 Alas ! how short-liv'd is that joy,
 Succeeded by remorse's sting.

Chaste wedded love is bliss endearing,
 And wine right us'd is balm for woe ;
 Yet none, not virtue's laws revering,
 Shall e'er such pleasure taste or know.

Soon as the snow-white lily's blossom,
 From fate can guard the tender stem ;
 Then beauty in the virgin's bosom,
 Shall there preserve a fairer gem.

If nature gave to women beauty,
 To guide them o'er life's stormy wave ;
 Too oft, neglectful of the duty,
 Has sunk that bark it meant to save.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE BURYING-GROUND
OF MEADOWBANK.

How sweet to wander in this solemn grove,
Far from the bustle of the busy world ;
Here nature in sweet concord woo's the soul
To contemplation meet for mortal man.
The breeze low whisp'ring stirs the autumn leaves,
That wear the sinking sun-beam's sallow hue ;
With drowsy hum now teems the living air,
Each songster's harp hangs by its side unstrung,
Save where the redbreast, perch'd on yonder tree,
With his lone warbling lulls the eve to rest.
No weeping marble here, to stranger eye,
Unfolds the honours of the sleeping dust ;
The spruce and yew are all his monument,
And the lone owl his requiem nightly sings.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

THE home of my father no more can defend me,
 The arms of my mother no longer sustain,
 The wide world's my home, without one to befriend me,
 To list to my sorrow, or soften my pain !

But what though this life may give honour and grandeur
 To monarchs and princes, and mis'ry to me,
 Through the dark vale of death all living must wander,
 When the clay fabric falls, and the soul struggles free !

A few years once past, or perhaps a few hours,
 This poor shiv'ring frame shall be shelter'd from cold ;
 Then I'll sleep as softly as he who had towers,
 When the cold arms of death around me shall fold !

The dark stormy night then unheeded may howl,
 The green turf will cover me safe from the blast ;
 No more I'll remember the watch-dog's dread growl,
 Or grieve for the sorrows that o'er me have past !

LENNOX TOWER.

As the bent shoulders of some hoary sage,
 Wrapt in the mantle of declining age,
 Attracts the eye of all who pass him near,
 While he implores their tribute with a tear ;—
 Just so methinks old Lennox Castle stands,
 And from each passenger a tear demands.
 Reflection's sigh is all the boon it craves,
 For sons of heroes slumb'ring in their graves.
 Its hoary walls, long batter'd by the storm,
 Present the eye one wild irreg'lar form ;
 The deep-cut moat o'erhung with hazel boughs,
 Where sluggish waters went to find repose ;

The hall that echoed to the warrior's tread,
Is now the primrose and the daisy's bed ;
The strong arch'd roof, that oft responsive rang
To song of heroes, or the deep hoarse clang
Of brazen trumpet, summoning to war,
Or the hoarse grating of the massive bar,
Now points its broken fragments to the sky,
And through the chinks the winds of heaven sigh.
The moping owl among the ruins sits,
Now mournful low, now screaming loud, by fits.
Old Time stalks by, clad in his garb of gray,
And grins a smile to see its strength decay.

WILLIAM AND MARY:

A Ballad.

DARK was the night, the wind was high,
 When Mary went to meet her dear ;
 No kindly star shone through the sky,
 The darksome gloom of night to cheer.

The watch-dog howl'd, the night-owl scream'd,
 As Mary trembling took her way,
 And wild-fire through the dark clouds gleam'd,—
 She had no other friendly ray.

Long, long she wander'd through the plain,

Ere she the tufted oak could find,

She call'd her love, but all in vain,

Her voice sank in the stormy wind.

“ O William ! William ! Mary calls,

Make haste thy Mary to defend,

For loud the midnight tempest brawls,

And on her head cold rains descend !”

The winds grew calm, the clouds withdrew,

The moon rose slowly from the sea,

And shew'd to Mary's longing view

Not distant far th' appointed tree.

Arriv'd, she weary sat her down

Beneath the lofty spreading boughs ;

Far from the bustle of the town,

Thus to the moon she told her woes :—

“ O moon ! how cold thy silv'ry ray

Beams in poor Mary's weary eye ;

O tell me why my love should stay,

If thou behold'st him from the sky.

“ Say, moon, for thou hast often heard
 The vows that he to Mary swore,
 Say if he still will her regard,
 Or if he loves her now no more !

“ O William ! William ! come away,
 Thy look will warm this shiv’ring frame,
 O why dost thou so long delay,
 Thy Mary still remains the same !

“ For thee I’ve left my father’s tower,
 In some far distant land to roam,
 I’ve left each lovely grove and bower,
 With thee to seek a distant home !

“ Do I deserve such cold return
 For all the love to thee I gave ?
 O William ! hear thy Mary mourn,
 And snatch her from untimely grave !”

But hush ! what voice is that I hear,
 Slow borne upon the hollow gale ?
 It whispers softly in my ear,
 “ Fair maiden, cease thy midnight wail !

“ Rise, Mary, rise, thy way pursue
 Across the moonlight heathy plain,
 Thy William still is kind and true,
 Although the oak he could not gain.

“ Thou’lt find him by a streamlet’s source
 Well wrapt up in his Highland plaid ;
 Arise, fair maid ! pursue thy course,
 Nor think thou needst to be afraid.”

She wander’d east, she wander’d west,
 Nor could she e’er her love behold,
 At last she sat her down to rest,
 All shiv’ring, weary, wet, and cold !

Her head she rested on a stone,
 Her snowy robes the chill winds blew,
 The diamonds on her fingers shone
 As on the lily drops of dew !

She sat, while in her tender breast
 Wrought many a dark foreboding fear,
 And oft her aching heart she prest,
 And stemm’d the bursting briny tear !

When, lo ! she heard her lover's voice,
 Say, " Mary, what will come of thee ?
 Once thou alone wast William's choice,
 But him alive no more thou'lt see !"

She started up, and look'd around,
 And there she saw her William stand,
 His visage mark'd with ghastly wound,
 The sword dim gleaming in his hand.

She flew to clasp him in her arms,
 And fondly thought him still alive ;
 O how her throbbing bosom warms,
 And trembling limbs to strength revive !

But ah ! as through a cloud of mist,
 Her lily arms sunk on her bosom,
 In vain she held them to her breast,
 For they can never more inclose him !

" Fair maiden, here I cannot stay,"
 The spectre mildly made reply,
 Through yonder stars I'll wing my way
 To regions far above the sky !

“ As through yon forest drear I past,
 That now waves darkly to the view,
 I heard a villain’s signal blast,
 My sword I from the scabbard drew.

“ Forth rush’d four men in haughty mood,
 And sternly order’d me to stand,
 I answer’d not, but firmly stood,
 And clench’d my claymore in my hand.

“ My sword of all their hearts’ blood drank,
 Not one shall hail the dawn of day ;
 On the cold ground they lifeless sank,
 Now on their eyes night-ravens prey !

“ I faint and weary reach’d yon rill,
 That back reflects pale Luna’s beam ;
 I stoop’d my parched mouth to fill,
 But blood soon sullied all the stream.

“ I heard thee call, and strove to rise,
 To ease thy bosom of its smart,
 But death’s cold hand seal’d up my eyes,
 And firmly grasp’d my bleeding heart !”

Fair Mary fainted on the heath,
Her languid pulse forgot to play :
Thus both their spirits, join'd in death,
To brighter regions wing'd their way !

FINIS.

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