



*The poetical works of William
Nicholson, with a memoir by M. ...*

William Nicholson

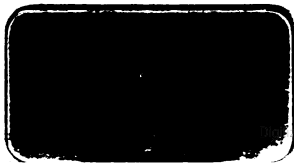
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WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

(Painted in 1836)

The
Poetical Works
of
William Nicholson.

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'The banks o' Tarffare bonnie O.'

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THE
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POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM NICHOLSON

THIRD EDITION

WITH A MEMOIR BY M. M'L. HARPER
AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN GALLOWAY," &c.
AND PORTRAIT BY JOHN FAED, R.S.A.

CASTLE-DOUGLAS : SAMUEL GORDON.
KIRKCUDBRIGHT : JAMES NICHOLSON.

1878.

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TO THE
FIRST EDITION.

THE following pieces were chiefly composed as a consolation in the Author's solitary wanderings through the wild and beautiful scenery of his native county. In them he has attempted to delineate such of her pastoral graces as chanced to attract his untutored fancy, and also to draw a sketch of the sentiments and manners of a valuable class of the community, namely, those that surround, in social circle, the farmer's ingle. How far this is accomplished, the public must now determine. He is well aware that the whole would have required the polish of a more masterly hand, particularly in this meridian of poetry and criticism: he doubts not, however, but that those who are the most capable of judging, will be the readiest to forgive the frailties of the unlettered muse, thoughtlessly straying in the humbler walks of life. Though he does not offer himself to the public at the request of friends, from the vain affectation of reforming the age, nor altogether from the darling wish of poets—the love of fame; yet he is not without a secret hope that the compositions which have sometimes yielded to his own mind a silent pleasure, may prove to others an innocent amusement for a vacant hour; and that congenial

spirits, who make no pretensions to a superfine taste, or critical nicety, may sometimes recognize in them a picture of their own feelings, and some rude but, true, sketches of nature. But should he in this be disappointed, like several of his song-smitten brethren, the worst is only to muster up a little patience and resignation, to see some of his youthful dreams, the visionary children of his brain, soberly laid in the cradle of oblivion.

Before taking a final leave, however, the Author is happy to have the pleasure of expressing his grateful acknowledgments to the celebrated Mr. HOGG for his generous and unwearied attention, since the Author came to Edinburgh, where he was almost friendless and unknown. He also returns his warmest wishes to his very numerous and respectable list of Subscribers, and in particular to friends among his native Braes of Galloway. It has long been a striking feature in the character of his countrymen, that their minds are ever open to the slightest dawn of genius, and their feelings ready to sympathize with the stranger and the unprotected. That they may long retain their unaffected kindness and native simplicity of heart, is the sincere wish of

Their truly grateful and humble servant,

W. N.

QUEENSHILL, near KIRKCUDBRIGHT, }
 April 15, 1814.

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MEMOIR.

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MEMOIR.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON, the Bard of Galloway, was born at Tannymas, in the parish of Borgue, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in August, 1783. His parents were, James Nicholson, originally belonging to the parish of Mousewald, Dumfries-shire, and Barbara Houston, a native of Borgue, where her family had long been settled. Like Burns, Hogg, and Dr. Alexander Murray, he was another example of genius springing up in the lowly paths of life. He was nurtured in a peasant's cot; thus belonging to a class from whom the greater number of the songs that have stirred the heart of the nation have emanated. He was the youngest of eight children: his brother John, publisher of the History of Galloway, and other works, being also a man of vigorous intellect. His parents, though in humble circumstances, were of respectable character; his mother being particularly remarkable for a greater amount of intelligence than is usually met with in her station. She is said to have been such an admirer of the old ballad literature, songs, and traditional stories of her native land, that she had stored in her memory great part of the rhyming exploits of Wallace and Bruce, and many of Burns' poems, then becoming famous, and could repeat all the Psalms of David, and Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd. From the teaching

of such a mother, the young bard must have derived much of that fondness which, as he grew up he shewed for such literature, and had his mind filled with the wild legends and strange weird pictures which afterwards gave inspiration to his song. Readers of biography must have often remarked that many eminent men have attributed the deciding of their future career in life to the maternal training. It has often been said that the child takes more after the mother than the father. From his mother Nicholson believed he had inherited the poetical temperament. To her he was indebted for his earliest knowledge of the ballads and songs of his own country, and her stories and tales planted in his breast those latent seeds of poetry which afterwards blossomed so lightly, and ripened into such wonderful fruit.

The cottage in which the poet was born, stood by the wayside, about three miles from the small village of Twynholm. The site is still pointed out, but scarce a vestige of the building remains, and the "scroggy hawthorn tree" under which his mother sat in the summer gloamins, lilting some old ballad, as she "eydently turned the spinning wheel," has also long ago withered and died away.

The incidents in the personal history of William Nicholson are very few, and of themselves unimportant. A few stories, chiefly associated with the foibles and frailties of his later years, and still current among his surviving friends, make up almost the life's tale of the ill-starred bard. We have been at considerable pains to collect all information

concerning the wandering Poet's life, and although we found some of these stories and anecdotes entertaining enough to listen to, they were not of such interest as to have a place in this memoir.

The following account of his early life, education, habits, and eccentricities, by the late William M'Lellan, Glentoo, who knew him well from his youth, is well worthy of being reproduced :—

“While very young, Nicholson's father removed from Tannymas to Kempleton in the parish of Twynholm. Here an incident occurred, similar to that which had nearly proved fatal to the infant Burns. The house fell, and but for one beam happening to stand fast, he and his father would have been buried in the ruins ; and the charms of Betty Maclellan in the ‘Country Lass,’ as well as those of Aiken Drum in the ‘Brownie of Blednoch,’ remained unsung. The treacherous cottage was allowed to remain in ruins, and the family of the bard crossed the Tarff, and took up their residence at Barncrosh, in the neighbouring parish of Tongland, where William was put to school at the village of Ringford or Red Lion, about four miles from Kirkcudbright. The elementary part of his education was very limited, both as to extent and duration. Naturally indolent he disliked the trouble of attending school ; and though his fondness for books was coeval with his capability for reading them, yet the idea of being tasked to a regular routine of school duties was a thing to which he could never bring himself to submit. The consequence was, that after simply learning

to read *indifferently*, and gaining a very slight knowledge of the commonest rules of arithmetic, a science which he held in abhorrence, he bade farewell to school, never to return to it more. Indeed, during the younger part of his life, and until after he had composed the greater part of his poetry which he has given to the public, regular learning of every description was viewed by him as entitled to the notice of dunces only. He considered that men of genius ought to remain unencumbered by the trammels of grammar and such like pedantic accomplishments ; and that their own efforts were sufficient to conduct them to the summit of 'fame's proud temple,' without the least assistance from schools or colleges, beyond what is contained in a knowledge of the elements of their mother tongue. To such a length did he carry this favourite *whim wham*, that when he had resolved upon publishing his poems, and when in making out a fair copy for the press it became necessary to rectify a few occasional slips which had crept into the manuscript, he set himself in sturdy opposition to the measure, and it was not until he had consulted several pretty high authorities that his friends were permitted to go on with what he considered to be quite a hypercritical piece of labour. Genius however will not lie long concealed ; for though William's education was of the most imperfect description, his mind was not of that order that contentedly yields itself over to the dominion of ignorance. Songs, ballads, penny histories, every kind of mental food, in short, which came within his reach, was eagerly seized upon, and devoured

with an avidity known only to the neglected boy of genius, whose thirst of knowledge is rendered tenfold more exquisite by the difficulty with which its demands have to be supplied. The very circumstances which checked his progress when at school, had a contrary effect upon him now that he had become a *solitary* student; superadded to his native indolence, and probably in a considerable degree the cause of it, he laboured under a defect of vision, which, when reading, obliged him to bring the book almost in contact with the most prominent part of his face, a circumstance which did not fail to incite the risible emotions of his class-fellows, and disgust the feelings of the sensitive boy; while that indolence which made him shrink from the acquisition of his regular task was soothed and gratified by a licence which he felt to be unbounded when compared with his former restraints. A favourite book, *dreamed over*, if I may use the expression, on a sunny summer day, upon the bank of his favourite Tarff, was a very different affair, to one of William's peculiar turn of mind, from that of being pent up in a school-room, exposed to the merriment of a set of mischievous urchins, with whom nature, in a great measure, had unfitted him to associate. In this manner were formed those peculiar habits of study which distinguished him throughout life. With the exception of some wakeful hours which he sometimes devoted to them while in bed, the whole of his literary performances have been achieved in the open air, under 'the blue vault of heaven.' Edie Ochiltree himself had not a more decided predilection for

daundering by burn-sides : nor did the season oblige him to make any material alteration in his habit. Nothing was more common for him even in winter, when a new book had fallen into his hands, than to forsake the 'bleezing ingle and the clean hearth-stane,' and betaking himself to the lee-side of a hedge or planting, remain there for hours together, to all appearance as regardless of the cold, as if no such thing had existed."

William Nicholson, as we have seen, was a poor man's son, so the time soon came when he must choose a profession, trade, or calling, in order to earn his daily bread. Being very short-sighted he was unfitted to be a ploughman or shepherd, and with a capital of one guinea, it was decreed that he should begin life as a packman, which, though a "hard service,"

"Gained merited respect in simpler times
When squire and priest and they who round them dwelt
In rustic sequestration, all dependant
Upon the pedlar's toil, supplied their wants
Or pleased their fancies with the wares he brought."

With his fondness for reading he also had a taste for music, the study of which he pursued, and became a tolerable player on the Irish bagpipe, which was his constant companion in all his solitary wanderings and musings, and nearly as essential to his hospitable reception by his customers as his wares. These natural gifts he turned to account in his occupation, and thus realised, to a great extent, the idea of an ancient bard, as he wandered about Galloway,

"The delight of rural villages and farms,"
doling out music and song as he exhibited the pedlary goods

he carried. With a generally well informed mind, intuitive powers of observation, and discernment of character, and primed with the gossip and news of the districts which he traversed, he was a welcome guest at all the farmers' ha's, and cots, in his rounds in Galloway and Dumfries-shire, and occasionally wider bounds. Unaspiring and inoffensive, he in his way for some years pursued a pleasant nomadic life. Poet and Philosopher in one, the cares, misfortunes, and concerns of the world rarely disturbed the quiet equanimity of his mind. When, however, they did press heavily upon him, he drew the bagpipes under his arm, and treated the *carle* "canker-toothed care," as he called it, to a merry tune. With no hankerings after praise, and indifferent to honours and riches, he was seldom depressed by disappointed hopes, as is too often the case with the sons of poetic genius. The simple but hearty applause at a country wedding, at a halloweve, or kirm dancing, were all-sufficient for him.

From personal intercourse with the peasantry, he was well versed in all their manners and customs. Among the pastoral valleys of his beloved Galloway, he sung the loves and feelings of their inhabitants, and to see his songs popular among his fellow men was the utmost bound of his ambition.

As one who knew him well says, few studied less how to live, and few winced less under life's fardels. A brakeny burnside in spring, summer, or autumn, with a book, some kindly gude-wife's ingle nook in winter, for which his pipe, song, or anecdote, was considered full remuneration, these

he never failed in finding, and these he ever seemed to accept as his full share of worldly comfort. He was a great favourite wherever he went in Galloway. His bagpipes and ballads gladdened the hearts of the young, while his droll stories and sage remarks pleased the old. The arrival of Willie the minstrel at a lone "farm toun," was a source of delight to the neighbourhood. The news soon spread and a gathering in the barn was fixed, to which, at the close of the day's toil, the lads and lasses for miles around would hasten to join in the dance, inspired by the pipes of Wandering Willie. In these rural festivities the gude-man and gude-wife of the house would sometimes mingle, and it must have been a pleasant sight to see the "rural swains" forgetting, in the dance and music of the pipes, the toils and drudgeries of labour.

Every one is born with a peculiar bent, which will show itself in spite of every opposition. William Nicholson's was poetry, and from these scenes of frolic and merriment with the romantic incidents sometimes attending them, he stored his mind with subjects for his rustic muse. "The volume of nature is the book of knowledge," says an English philosopher, and what William Nicholson missed at school, he found in his solitary wanderings among the wilds of Galloway, where,

"Many a tale
 Traditionary, round the mountains hung,
 And many a legend peopling the dark woods
 Nourished imagination in her growth."

Galloway he loved with a strong affection. A dreamy worshipper of the beautiful and romantic in nature, he found

among its varied and charming scenes of old haunted towers, heathery hills, broomy knowes, dark rolling rivers, wimpling burns, and wild wood-sides, favourite themes for his muse. These scenes are in many instances so much identified with his name, that his own lines regarding the Brownie may well apply to his own case :—

“Though the Brownie o’ Blednoch lang be gane,
 The mark o’ his feet’s left on mony a stane ;
 And mony a wife and mony a wean
 Tell the feats o’ Aiken-drum.”

In this way the Pedlar Poet led a strangely visionary life, but with unfortunately, too little thought of the future. Notwithstanding all his shrewdness and deep insight into human character, he failed to see that old age and want, “an ill-matched pair,” might yet be his lot. To him, like Burns, was given the power to make others’ lives more pleasant and happy, while that of rightly guiding his own was wanting.

In Nicholson’s time the trade of a Packman was an important one, and often proved remunerative when conducted with prudence. The pedlar in these days, while supplying the dames with needles and thread, and the maidens with gingham and shawls, was a sort of walking gazette, and almost the only means of supplying the country people in outlying districts with the news of what was passing in the world beyond them.

“Nicholson in his youth,” writes a friend at the time of his death, “was extremely handsome—fully five feet ten inches high, of erect gait, and broad manly shoulders. He had a most bard-beseeming set of features, fully equal to

either those of Southey or Wordsworth, and if I mistake not of a similar cast. His head presented a fine phrenological organization. It rose to a great height, affording promise of ascendancy to all the purer and loftier sentiments of our nature."

Another writes of him,—“ Apparently he is very near sighted, but when he looks at one fixedly, and draws aside the curtain of light brown hair that shades for the most part the windows of his soul, you at once perceive that thought and sagacity are dwellers within ; while his conversation, though sedate and simple in the extreme, rather strengthens than weakens the impression.”

With these personal attractions, united to those of his pipes and song, and a stock of goods always selected with taste, it was little wonder that he was so well patronized by the fair ones of Galloway, that for some years he so prospered in his business as to increase his stock of wares to such an extent that he required a horse to carry his pack. He had then all the appearance of a thriving well-to-do packman ; and had he, like the wylie merchant he so graphically pictures in the “ Country Lass,”

“ Made the penny aye his trade,

And sauld his music aye for gain,”

he might have risen to an honoured and respected position in society. But with his poetical temperament he lacked that prudent, cautious self control, which Burns says is “ wisdom’s root,” necessary to secure the prizes in life’s lottery. In the worldly wisdom generally characteristic of

the class to which he belonged he was sadly deficient. Indolence, indecision, and thriftlessness, were the frailties of his nature; and these joined to a wayward fancy that inclined him to loiter and moralize among auld kirkyards and "howlet haunted biggins," and to muse with the poet's eye over every fine piece of scenery he came to, caused him seriously to neglect the interests of his trade. Far dearer to him than a sale were—

"Glens and howes,
Wi' craigs aboon them towerin;
While burns come tumblin frae the knowes,
And owre the linns are pourin."

The following incident* is a perfect picture of the dreamy thriftless ways of the man:—A gentleman† from Kirkcudbright journeying on horseback, on a fine sunny morning in early spring, to Dundrennan Village, was startled before proceeding far on his way with the sounds of music rising from a neighbouring field. This was an unusual circumstance at any time, but at such an early hour it was more so, and the traveller resolved to solve the mystery. On tracing the sound to its source, which turned out to be a small excavation or quarry hole, to his amazement he found seated there "Wull Nicholson, the Galloway poet," playing and singing like an angel. His pack, which had been his pillow through the night, served as a sort of cushion, and the morning sun glinted full in his face, and gave effect to the picture. The traveller paused on the brow of the den, and after surprise had given place to laughter, exclaimed in the familiar tone

* *Dumfries Magazine*, vol. II., p. 240.

† Mr. JOHNSTON, who built the Free School at Kirkcudbright.

of an old acquaintance,—“ Aye, aye, Wull ! is that the way you spend your time ? tuning your pipes when ye should be selling your wares. If a servant lass wanted to buy a new gown, she would scarcely think o’ looking for’t in a quarry hole ; and if you dinna mend your manners, lad, your purse and your pack will baith be light, when your shouthers are bent and your head grey,” “ Hoot,” said Will, “ yere owre sair on me noo, Mr. — I was wearied wi’ travelling, an’ if ye were tae carry my pack a hale day, ye’d fin it no that dunes light. An’ isna an auld man like an auld horse that shouldna be oppressed wi’ owre heavy a lade ? while a toom purse, as ye ken yersel, keeps him frae spenin’ when he might otherwise be tempted, an’s mair an evil in appearance than reality sae lang as its kent he has siller in the bank. This quarry hole an’ me are auld acquaintance, an’ I hae had mair pleasure in piping to thae daft cowtes than if the best leddies in the lan’ had been figuring awa tae my puir music.”

On casting his eyes around, the traveller observed for the first time half-a-dozen ragged fillies, unshod, uncombed, and complete strangers to stable or manger, but which, attracted by the unwonted sound of the bagpipes, were cutting the most ludicrous capers imaginable. Like Burns’ twa dogs, sometimes they scoured away in long excursion, flinging up their heels, and almost leaping over one another, and again returning to the charge, they popped their noses over the den where the minstrel was seated, and snorted forth their appreciative applause.

As a picture of the vagaries of the muse, that scene at the quarry hole would make a capital representation, and is well worthy the artist's pencil, but with such views of business no wonder that poor Nicholson was unsuccessful. The genius of poetry and the art of money making are seldom found in alliance. As Carlyle says in his *Essay on Burns*, "In the modern arrangements of society, it is no uncommon thing that a man of genius must, like Butler, ask for bread and receive a stone; for in spite of our grand maxim of supply and demand, it is by no means the highest excellence that men are forward to recognise. The inventor of a spinning jenny is pretty sure of his reward in his own day, but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle of a new religion, is nearly as sure of the contrary."

That the sons of poetic genius are unfortunate or unhappy in their lives is a commonplace remark. The biographies of the poets give many an instance of their adverse fate. From the days that the father of epic poetry was called by the world a beggar, down to those of Cervantes subsisting on the charity of Spanish Dons—Chatterton, dying in a garret, a broken-hearted suicide,—Poe, miserable,—Tannahill, melancholy,—Burns, poor and neglected, dreading the horrors of a jail, "there is not among all the martyrologies that were ever penned, so rueful a narrative as the lives of the poets." Nicholson was no exception to the rule. "Hungry ruin held him in the wind" for many a long year. His life was a series of misfortunes, and closed in a cloud of gloom. In the year 1813, after many reverses in the way of his trade,

he was forced to relinquish it for a time. Under these trying circumstances he displayed his usual fortitude and calm philosophic temper, and at the very time must have been inditing the lines,

“There’s nane exempt frae worldly cares,
An’ few frae some domestic jars :
A’ whyles are in, an’ whyles are out,
For grief an’ joy come time about.”

In the emergency he set about collecting his poems and determined to see “what prenting a book wad do for him.” Through the influence of several local gentlemen, who took an interest in his welfare, and his own extensive acquaintance-ship in the counties of Dumfries and Galloway, he succeeded in collecting 1500 names as subscribers, and in the year 1814, the very time the Ettrick Shepherd was engaged in the composition of the “Queen’s Wake,” Nicholson appeared “friendless and unknown” in Edinburgh with the manuscript of his poems for publication. Hogg then resided in Edinburgh, and by good fortune Nicholson was introduced to him. He showed the humble bard from Galloway “generous and unwearied” attention, and good naturedly revised his manuscript, making some slight alterations on the “Country Lass,” which was the principal piece in the volume. The book at length appeared, and the same pack that had contained pedlary wares was now filled with *poem books*; and after supplying Edinburgh and Glasgow, the poet travelled homewards through Ayrshire and Galloway, as he laconically said, “delivering the copies and hauling in the siller.” The volume was very favourably received by the public, and by the profits, (about £100,) arising from the sale, he was able

to free himself of "divers trifling pecuniary embarrassments," and to have the pack again replenished.

Before visiting Edinburgh his habits had been rather irregular, and his sojourn there did not improve them. He also, with the publication of his poems, acquired considerable fame, and persons who had never noticed him before, now rather courted his society, often we fear, for the mere selfish gratification of their own amusement. Man at best is frail, but men of true genius are, of all mortals, the least qualified to sustain a life of dissipation and revelry. With their finer feelings and more delicate tastes they are ill able to resist the temptations of inebriation and its train of evils; and these mistaken kindnesses of so called friends and admirers have often robbed the giant of his strength, and proved a rock on which men of rare intellectual endowments and genial disposition have made shipwreck. Many of the passages in the life of the immortal Burns give illustration of this sad fact, and the subject of our memoir suffered so frequently from such hospitalities, that like the frog in the fable, what was sport to his entertainers was moral debasement and death to him. That the Bard of Galloway was, during the latter part of his life, the victim of intemperate habits, cannot be concealed; but though the possession of genius will not atone for the want of prudence and virtue, we must, in estimating his character, take into account the ruder manners of the people in the times in which he lived, his education so imperfect that he required a friend as an amanuensis to transcribe his poems for the press, and the

early age, (14 years,) when he was thrown upon the world to engage in an occupation subjecting him to many temptations. Almost daily he was the chief actor in scenes of rustic merriment and conviviality: his generous, facile disposition leading him sometimes to join in the revelries to an extent beyond the dictates of prudence. To the evil habits which he had thus contracted he sacrificed his independence, and being naturally thoughtful and reflective, no doubt with it destroyed much of his peace of mind. Amid his seasons of merriment and excess, there would arise those of self reproach and remorse, as experienced in these lines from a poem, to Happiness,

“Yet oft dost thou visit the young and the gay;
 Too sweet are the moments to last;
 And mirth wine and music can chase care away
 For a night; but alas! she returns with the day;
 We, painful reflect on the past.”

And again in this stanza from the “Wild Wood-side,”

“Now sleep her potent spell hath drawn,
 And charmed creation into rest,
 Save only thoughtless, hapless man,
 Where guilt or love disturbs the breast.
 Sweet Peace; descend, be thou my friend,
 And white-robed Innocence my guide;
 And teach me clear my course to steer,
 Poor wanderer, by the wild wood-side.”

With all his thriftless ways and “wanton wiles” he was the most inoffensive of men. All his ills centred and ended in himself.

“With all his love of gossip,” writes his friend the late Wm. M‘Lellan, “and rather extensive dealings therein, he never was an ill-natured critic of his neighbour’s character,

far less a slanderer of his reputation. A single act of dishonesty, of treachery, or of falsehood, was never laid to his charge." www.libtool.com.cn

Like others of true poetic genius, William Nicholson had a tinge of melancholy in his temperament, which is shown in many of his poems. He had also a quaint reflective humour, and such a keen sense of the ludicrous that he sometimes made the oddities of his kindred the subject of caricature ; but, says the writer before mentioned, " I never remember noticing a single instance in which it was done in the spirit of bitterness. It was done, to be sure, to the very life, but so playfully at the same time, as in a great measure to carry its apology along with it. These were the only social blemishes I ever heard laid to his charge." This is saying much for a man of his unfortunate habits, and ought to have weight with us in judging of his character.

In the year 1825 Nicholson had the sad misfortune to become a packless pedlar, and a continuance of his irregular habits so impaired his health and clouded his mind that he became subject to strange hallucinations, principally on points of religion and morals. His views he considered of such importance as not to be unworthy of the ear of Royalty, and in 1826 he made a pilgrimage to London to gain an audience of the King. His mission, according to his own account, had some connection with the renovation of the human race, assisting the Greeks, and emancipating the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Though this was a mere delusion, the harbouring of such benevolent and praiseworthy

motives showed the nature of the man. After experiencing many difficulties and hardships by the way, he at length arrived in the metropolis in a state of great destitution. In the turmoil of the city he was thoroughly out of his element, and he had many amusing encounters in his search for "folks from Galloway." * "The contrast of the din and bustle of the streets to the peaceful wilds of his native Shire, must have struck his fancy very powerfully. After spending great part of a day in fruitless enquiries after the residence of Allan Cunningham, the Poet Laureate of Galloway found himself in the city of wealth without a morsel to eat or a bed to lie upon. His love of green fields had led him to enter the Park, and when the gates were being closed against strangers, the keepers, pitying his helpless and destitute condition, very generously allowed him to remain over night. On the following day he succeeded in discovering the residence of Mr. Cunningham, who administered to his more immediate wants, and gave him a clue to the quarters of a whole colony of Gallovidians, who hailed their native bard with enthusiasm; his wardrobe was repaired and his purse replenished by them, and for a few nights he figured at merry meetings which were held in honour of his arrival in London. Still the metropolis was no place for Nicholson. As often as he went abroad unattended, he lost his way and committed strange blunders, and more than once he fell into the hands of thieves and was plundered of every farthing he possessed. Though his friends rebuked, they could not check his infatuation; and, as a last resort they engaged a

* M'DIARMID'S *Memoir of Nicholson.*

passage in a Leith smack, and intimated to the bard that the vessel would sail on a particular day. Now, therefore was the time to wait upon His Majesty; and after meditating a variety of schemes, he walked boldly up to the sentinels at Carlton House, hinted that he had pressing business with the King, and requested that he might be admitted to the honour of an audience. The sentinels measured him from head to foot, and as he said himself, 'looked rather queer.' His request, in the first instance, was civilly declined, and afterwards with a firmness approaching to severity. Still he persisted in pestering the men; and one day, from frolic or some other motive they allowed him to pass on a few yards. But Majesty, for weighty reasons of state, intrenches itself behind many barriers, and this Nicholson found to his cost. A surly porter met him by the way, whose resolution was equal to a wall of adamant. It was in vain that the bard prayed and entreated: his eloquence was completely thrown away; and in the end he was fain to draw from his pocket a copy of his poems, which he had brought from Scotland for the express purpose, and solicit, as a very great favour, that the volume might be safely conveyed to His Majesty, along with a letter respecting his views on universal redemption, and mysteries relating to the spiritual world, which he could reveal to his Sovereign if favoured with an audience. The porter promised that both should be forwarded to His Majesty, but it is more than likely that they never went farther than the royal kitchen. After waiting for days in the vain hope of receiving a letter from the King, Nicholson

bade adieu to his London friends, embarked for Leith and reached home in the end of July or beginning of September, 1826.”

In the year 1828 a second edition of his poems was published, edited by M'Diarmid, to which was prefixed a sketch of the Author's life, but it soon became so scarce that a copy can not now be obtained easily. From that time till his death, there is no incident worthy of record. On the latter part of his life when he became a poor dependent on the charity of friends for support, it is unpleasant to dwell. As he in his preface solicits the charitable judgment of the public in estimating his poems, we would be disposed to judge much more kindly in regard to his life, tenderly o'erlapping his "thoughtless follies" with the mantle of oblivion, forgetting him as the thriftless pedlar and wandering piper, and finding the man of genius and the poet in his works. In these, William Nicholson appears, though under many disadvantages, a remarkable man. With early and later training, and with a more extended knowledge of literature, he might have attained not only to an honoured, but a distinguished place, among the minor poets of his country.

In order to understand how truthful are the delineations of character in his poems, it is necessary to know something of the domestic manners, the rural occupations, the prejudices, and the superstitions which characterised the peasantry of Galloway in his time.

From its distant situation the rural population of Galloway in Nicholson's days had not that intercourse with the world

necessary to enlarge the understanding. Cheap literature in the shape of Chambers's publications was just beginning to be circulated, and the minds of the peasantry were deeply tinctured with superstition and prejudice. Then, every parish had a warlock ; witches were still dreaded, and ghosts and other frightful apparitions were so firmly believed in that the most daring and sceptical, while alone in a dark night kept, as Burns expresses it " a strict look out in suspicious places." Heron the historian writing then, says " singing is the common amusement of the maids in the farm houses of these pastoral regions over their sedentary work. I have heard from the old women, some of the best and rarest of the songs in Dr. Percy's collection. Almost within my remembrance, *Davie Lindsay* was esteemed little less necessary in every family, than the Bible. It was common to have by memory great part of his poetry."

"Tales of ghosts, brownies, fairies, witches, are the frequent entertainment of a winter's evening, among the native peasantry of Kirkcudbrightshire. It is common among them to fancy that they see the *wraiths* of persons dying, which will be visible to one, and not to others present with them. The brownie was a very obliging spirit, who used to come into houses by night, and for a dish of cream to perform lustily any piece of work that might remain to be done. If old clothes were laid out for him, he took them in great distress, and never more returned. A brownie is now very seldom to be met with in this country. Within these last twenty years, it was hardly possible to meet with any

person who had not seen many *wraiths* and ghosts in their experience. The fairies are little beings of doubtful character, sometimes benevolent, sometimes mischievous.”

Among the old residents in the vale of Tarff there lingered many traditions and stories of witches and fairies, and in Nicholson's time, many of the old women in the neighbourhood got the credit of being so *uncanny*, that it was considered unsafe to refuse them the favours they asked. Amongst others who had seen strange sights and were considered unchancey, was a Tibby Sharper, who declared that the “deil had come into her house ae night in the shape o' a big black dog, the size o' a calf wi' flaming e'en just like trenchers.”

Nicholson's mother used often to tell that in her day there lived a man, belonging to Borgue parish, who had been carried away by the fairies, whose mother and grandmother had been examined before the Kirk Session regarding the circumstance. Gerrond* the poet, a contemporary of Nicholson's, thus relates the gossip of the neighbours on omens attending his marriage. “A man was buried in the churchyard whilst we were wedded in the church, and a cat leaped out of the seat ; the day we were kirked a large hare crossed the road before us on our way home ; another report was that a man warlocked me.” Some years after, on Gerrond being laid up with a serious illness, these bad omens were remembered, and it was believed by the neighbours that he was witched ; so to effect a cure a cat was brought, a circle

* He published a volume of poems in 1802, which ran to a second edition in 1818.

was formed, and the cat was made to leap five times out and in of the ring. To finish the ridiculous ceremony, the warlock man was brought, whose only cantrips consisted in his making a long sensible prayer; for which Gerrond was so grateful that he committed the unfortunate mistake of shaking hands with him afterwards, by which the spell was renewed.

According to Mactaggart "brownies were nocturnal beings who thrashed farmers' corn, and did other laborious jobs, for which the *guid wifes*, as Milton says, 'had the cream bowl duly set.' They were seldom seen: some think they were of no supernatural origin, but distressed persons, who were obliged to conceal themselves, and wander about, during some of the past turbulent ages." Chambers* says the brownie was a spirit in great vogue in the Highlands in old times—as, indeed in the Lowlands also. He was known by the name of *brownie*. From the accounts we have of him, it seems as if he were in a great measure identical with the drudging goblin of Milton, whose shadowy flail by night would thrash the corn,

"That ten day-labourers could not end."

A correspondent at the time of Nicholson's death wrote, "I think of William Nicholson distinctly, some 30 or 40 years back. Galloway was then in a transition state, but the movement had made little alteration in the primitive habits and manners of a foregone generation. The old leases, with a few exceptions, had not then expired within the circuit of the bard's haunts; of course the rents were moderate, and a rough and homely abundance was visible

* *Domestic Annals.*

within every establishment he entered, while the 'pride of rank,' or the jealous classification among neighbours on a level in every respect but in wealth, had scarcely begun to manifest its petty existence. Perhaps one or two families in a parish might have affected to 'haud their heads' a little higher than the rest; but for this they were thought to be sufficiently punished by the waggery or neglect of their young compeers. We visited one another's firesides, teazing or suppering with a frequency only equalled by its freedom from all etiquette and unsocial restraint. We danced and we sang as well as there was occasion for, and if there was not much wit among us, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family, there was at least abundance of mirth. It was in such society that Nicholson found himself every day of his life, and from which he drew the materials of his future poetizing; and all who remember those times as vividly as I do, with the actors who then figured in the scenes, will be at no loss to find prototypes for most of the *dramatis personae* of the 'Country Lass'."

The Scottish peasantry have now almost completely overturned their ancient customs. The primitive simplicity of the "hairst rig" and other fine rural pictures that inspired the "dreamy worshippers" of the beautiful, have now almost been banished from the land by prosaic machines, and much of the romantic spirit characteristic of old times has passed away—the introduction of railways into the most sequestered scenes, and the hurrying progress of agriculture, calling for other and heavier duties than the evening song and dance.

William Nicholson's compositions on their first appearance made such a favourable impression on the public mind, that we must conclude they were faithful representations of these manners and customs, prejudices and superstitions which we have described as prevalent in Galloway in his time. His ballads and songs caught a fast hold of the peasantry, and his claims to rank as the very first of Galloway's bards were generally acknowledged in his own day. M'Diarmid wrote at different times highly eulogistic reviews of his works. M'Taggart in his own candid rugged way praised them and their author, and Dr. John Brown, a very competent critic, expresses himself in regard to them in terms of the highest approbation. In *Horæ Subsecivæ*, writing of the "Brownie of Blednoch" he says "here is the indescribable, inestimable, unmistakeable, impress of genius. Chaucer, had he been a Galloway man, might have written it, only he would have been more garrulous, and less compact and stern. It is like Tam O'Shanter, in its living union of the comic, the pathetic, and the terrible. Shrewdness, tenderness, imagination, fancy, humour, word music, dramatic power, even wit,—all are here. The 'Country Lass' is excellent: the English and sense, the fine delicate humour and turn of the fable, the 'Butterfly and the Bee' might have been Cowper's, and there is a bit of rugged sarcasm called 'Siller' which Burns need not have been ashamed of."

The "Brownie of Blednoch" was originally published in the *Dumfries Magazine* of October, 1825, and has always been very popular. It is a vigorous conception of the ima-

gination, and well worthy all the praise that has been bestowed on it. Its graphic and picturesque touches could only have been given by one possessed of true genius, and it will be seen from the descriptions we have given of these beings of Scottish Mythology, that it is strictly consonant with the popular idea of the one it commemorates.

Nicholson's own opinion of his now famous ballad is contained in the following anecdote. When Mr. Murray was minister of Girthon, he one day met the poet daundering along the road past the manse gate. He got into conversation with him, and at length offered him something to recite the "Brownie of Blednoch." This he did with due gesticulation and fervour: when done, in handing him the coin, Mr. Murray said, now, William, I want to know your own opinion of this wonderful poem, which to me seems to be faultless. "It has ae faut" said the author, "an' that an ill ane: it has nae moral."

The "Country Lass" which was written, at the suggestion of the late Dr. Alexander Murray, in Nicholson's time, assistant minister in Urr Parish, in great haste, on the eve of publication, contains many striking fragments of description, and shows deep insight into the varied springs that move humanity. The scenes are laid on the vale of Tarff, and the characters represented were drawn from individuals well known to the poet and his friends, but who have all now like the bard paid the debt of nature. Some of his songs are happy hits in that difficult kind of composition, and have found a place in the best collections of the day.

All his writings have such a strongly marked character that they are easily recognised. He was, like Burns, a poet of nature, all his imagery and ideas being drawn from that source. He seldom, as we have seen, troubled himself about the rules of art in giving utterance to his feelings, and perhaps in the eyes of schoolmen, the want of polish and rhythmic irregularities which sometimes occur, might be a slight mar to their value as compositions. The natural touches of the heart, however, are those that will stand—none else will. As a peasant girl wrote long ago, “can a song become old when the ideas and imagery it contains were drawn from nature? While gowans grow on our braes and lilies on our burn banks, so long will natural imagery and natural sentiment flourish green in song.”

The “homely rustic jingle” of his muse may also, in these days of excessive refinement in speech and manners, cause the native strains which were the delight of our forefathers in times more primitive to be unappreciated now by some. But by all right thinking Scotchmen, the language of their native land, though now almost, it is to be regretted, becoming obsolete, must be esteemed and understood and felt. To those who through prejudice, affectation, or the force of fashion and gentility, consider it demeaning to mouth their *mither tongue*, “a dialect consecrated by the genius of Burns and the usage of Scott,” we give the following little story, trusting it may not be thrown away upon them. “A country gentleman from the west of Scotland being occasionally in England for a few weeks, was, one delightful summer

evening, asked to hear the nightingale ; his friend informing him at the same time that the bird was a *native of England*, and never to be heard in his own country. After he had listened with attention for some time, upon being asked if he was not much delighted with the nightingale, he replied, 'It's a' verra gudé ; but I wadna gie the *wheepie o' a whaup* for a' the nightingales that ever sang'."

For some years before his death the harp of the bard had been unstrung and little was known of him beyond the bounds of his native parish, saving that he was leading a "quiet, reflective, exemplary life," and let us hope as he sat at the "lanely ingle cheek" with the frailties of age upon him,

"And backward mused on wasted time,"

that he found consolation and peace in Him of whom he had thus written,

"For He whose grace thou fond wouldst gain,
He acts not as the sons of men,
Nor breaks the bruised reed.
The broken heart to Him is dear,
He soothes, he wipes the swelling tear ;
He bends from Heaven thy griefs to hear,
A help and stay in need."

He died at Kildarroch, Bogue, on 16th May, 1849, and his remains rest in the picturesque churchyard of Kirkcandrews. It is a sunny spot, and near the "trotting burn" to which he aptly compared life's ups and downs, and the murmurs of the sad sea waves ; a fitting resting place for the poet. A handsome tombstone was erected to his memory by his late brother, John Nicholson, Publisher, Kirkcudbright.

To all native Gallovidians, especially those of Kirkcudbrightshire, William Nicholson's name is familiar. Through-

out all Galloway there are numerous admirers of his genius, and in many hearts there still linger pleasing though sometimes mournful reminiscences of the wandering minstrel.

To the subscribers and other friends who lent their co-operation in bringing out the volume, I feel indebted. I would specially mention Mr. James Nicholson, Kirkcudbright, Nephew of the poet, and Mr. John Main, Borgue, who kindly placed at my disposal any papers and songs of the poet's they possessed. My thanks are also due to Mr. George M'Taggart, late of Overlaw, for granting the use of the portrait to be engraved ; and to Mr. Joseph Thomson, Kiltarliltie, who, from a long and extensive acquaintance with Nicholson had frequent opportunities of seeing him under all his phases, I am under many obligations for much valuable information in regard to his life and habits.

The following acrostic, as a tribute to the Poet's memory, by his friend the late Robert Shennan, Lairdlaugh, who published a volume of poems descriptive of rural scenes and manners, in 1831, fittingly closes the memoir :—

We may mourn for the bard with his pipes and his pack,
In the grave he is laid and will never come back,
Let him rest, for his whims and his meagrim are o'er,
Left behind, and his music shall cheer us no more.
If his purse was but light he had friends everywhere,
And heaping up riches was none of his care.
Many hours he would spend by a river or glen,
Not heeding his pack, but his pipes or his pen,
Inviting the muses, who seldom delayed
Coming blythely to meet him and lend him their aid.
His gifts were from nature, and well could he sing
Of her summer and autumn, her winter and spring.
Love, frolic or fancy, or plain country life,
Seemed easy to him, or the battle's rude strife,
Or brownies and bogles, or witches and fays,
Nor failed he in legends of grandmother's days.

M. M'L. H.

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POEMS.

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THE COUNTRY LASS:

A TALE.

—◆—
IN EIGHT PARTS.
—◆—

PART I.

The Introduction.

IN yon ha' house, ayont the fell,
Whar rural peace and pleasure dwell ;
And waning age, and wanton youth,
And modest worth, and simple truth,
There lived a lass, if Fame speak true,
Wi' laughin' een and cherry mou',
And sweeter charms than I can paint :
In face and form without a taint.

Her father's name was John Maclellan—
Douce honest man, he farmed a mailin' ;
In youthfu' days wrought for his bread,
Wi' gude blue bonnet on his head,
And though the times began to mend,
His auld acquaintance aye he kend ;

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Blest wi' a rive o' common sense,
To polished life made nae pretence :
Was simply plain in a' his dealins,
Nor wad he step aside for mailins :
Ne'er preed anither but his wife,—
Ne'er heard a law court in his life ;
Could tak' his chappin, pay his kain,
But never tipped by his lane.
Nor wad his wife waste his winnin',
But kept a' feat wi' her ain spinnin'—
Held aye the house baith tight and bein,
And made their meltiths warm an' clean :
Whan winter nights war dark and lang,
Could tell her tale or lilt her sang,
'Bout deeds o' weir in former days,
Or lovers' dools on Scotlan's braes,
Wi' weirds and witcheries aft atween,
And unco sights that some had seen ;
Nor was she backward or unheedfu'
To ken or tell o' things mair needfu'—
Had read the Unconverted's Call,
And learnt hail loof-breads o' St Paul,
Wi' sic like learnin' as was common
For ony couthy country woman.
But wha can read the buik o' fate ?
Although his sonsie helpmate Kate
Was aye the apple o' his e'e,
And mony a bonny bairn had she :

Though fickle fortune brought them gain,
I wot they war'nae free frae pain:
For death, the terror o' us a',
That thins the cot and weeds the ha',
Stauk'd furth wi' a his darts and scythes,
In shape o' measles, kinks, and hives,
Till only ane their care did claim,
And bonny Betty was her name.

Ere saxteen simmers o'er her flew,
She could baith card and spin the woo,
Row up the fleeces at the clippin',
And had the milkness a' in keepin'—
Could knit and sew, and a' sic wark,
As dress her father's Sunday sark,
Crimp up ilk ruffle, frill and border,
And set the tea-cups a' in order ;
And maxims mony mae were taught her,
That ilka mither shaws her daughter :
Was kind and blythsome wi' her kin,
Or ony neibour that cam in ;
For chapman chiel or beggar body,
Her weel waled word was aye fu' ready,
Till a', baith far and near confest,
She was the bonniest and the best.

Now, as sic lasses are aft scant,
O' sweethearts routh she didna want :
Sic beauty, and the name o' siller,
Gart woers flock like wil'-geese till her.

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PART II.

The Farmer's Son.

The first, a farmer's eldest sin,
 Was beef without, but blank within :
 On market Mondays sauld a stirk,
 On Sunday closely kept the kirk,
 Wi' pious zeal, and future views,
 To wale a wife, and catch the news.
 I wat a pleugh he weel could tune,
 And trim his graith, and mend his shoon :
 Could shear a point baith fast and slaw,
 And thresh, and dike, and ditch, and maw ;
 But then his een and thoughts were blind
 To beauties o' the heart and mind.
 It never crossed his brain the smallest
 If Rome or Glasco' town was aul'est,
 Was E'nbro' 'yont or 'neist the Forth,
 If France lay east, or west, or north :
 Unmoved, "The Waes o' War" he'd hear,
 Nor piteous tale could draw a tear :
 In vain the spring her flow'rets spread,
 Thoughtless, he'd on the daisy tread ;
 In vain the wee birds happed and sang
 The buddin' hazle bank along ;
 Or lam'kins roun' him skipt and played,
 While ewies for their younglin's maed :

Sic sights nae pleasure brought ava—
 Only, if every ewe had twa,
 If grass wad gar the outlers sell
 And how the braird look'd on the hill.
 At vulgar jest or smutty sang,
 His vacant laugh was loud and lang :
 Proud, without prudence, wit, or wealth,
 His only property was health.—
 He saw at least ae specious charm—
 The lassie's gear wad stock a farm ;
 And though his hopes did highly shore him,
 'Twas but sma' kindness she had for him.

It chanced ae morning mirk wi' mist,
 He saw young Betty ere she wist,
 Ca'in' the ewes wi' cannie care,
 That war a' scattered here and there :
 Aff ilka blade the dew-drap flang,
 As light she through the clover sprang.
 A hunder beauties flushed her cheek,
 Her risin' bosom seemed to speak :
 The napkin loosed, wi' ease he saw
 The bonniest keams o' new-faun snaw.
 'Twas then that Love played him a shavie,
 And strak his dart in donsie Davie.
 Her coats war kiltet to the knee,
 And shawed right shapely to the e'e,
 A leg sae handsome, feat, and clean—
 She leuk'd like ony fairy queen.

But what made him sae simply sober,
 To see the lass among the clover,
 And gart his heart ay thump and pat,
 Though neither fley'd, nor cauld, nor wat,
 And start behint a buss and cour,
 Though he had seen the lass afore,
 And silent lie like ony maukin,
 Wha ne'er afore was feared for takin',
 Till ewe and lamb had left the lair,
 And she was hame, and he was there ?
 Neist time was at a countra waddin',
 When baith were present at the beddin' ;
 On bride-cakes sweet they chewed the cud,
 The drink gaed roun' in merry mood,
 Wiss'd routh o' bairns and happy days,
 And poured libations 'mang the claes :
 The left leg hoe they now prepare,
 And circle roun' wi' anxious care,
 To see wha fortune wad decide
 To be the neist bridegroom and bride :—
 When lo ! the die of fate was cast,
 And lightet saft on Betty's breast :—
 The shouts o' laughter roun' were spread ;
 She stepped aside, but naething said ;
 While Davie thought the time's at hand
 That he maun either fa' or stand.
 O Happiness, ye wily jade,
 That maks baith poor and rich sae mad,

And towering genius dull and doited,
And sober sages capernoited,
Wha anxious search but canna get ye,
While ye sit still and never fret ye :
Though aft your secret dens and haunts,
Are fund by folks wha are nae saunts.
By rhymin' second-sighted skill,
I've fund the mansion whar ye dwell ;
At least whar you and I hae met,
For 'deed ye're seldom sicker set.
'Tis when the piper's martial lay
Sweeps o'er some Highland wild strathspey ;
Whar sprightly flickering dance is seen,
And lightly flows the tartan sheen ;
A reekin' bowl, or Highland gill,
The ready rhino at our will ;
A frien' at hand wi' wit and glee,
The lass we like best on our knee :
Wha winna be content wi' this,
Is ill to please o' wardly bliss.
Yet still our wooer wasna happy,
Though fully half and half wi' nappy ;
Though hale and feir, and routh o' rents,
Like Adam still he had his wants ;
Alas ! he kentna whar to gang,—
But Davie saw his help at han'.
Right blythe he sat by her, I ween,
But ithers soon thrust in atween,

And if she on them deigned to look,
 He thought it something frae him took ;
 For envy caught him in her thrall,
 And turned his sweetest joys to gall.
 But whisky ay gars courage come,
 Dispels ilk doubt, ilk fear and gloom ;
 For first ae service, then anither,
 His courage syne began to gather.
 He e'ed his boots, and thought them braw,
 Then a' his fears he flung awa ;
 He bowed—she smiled, and raise to reel,
 And few could play their part sae weel.
 Her lint-white locks were belted roun'
 Save curls that played her e'e aboon,
 Where Cupid was in ambush laid,
 And mony a wily trick he played :
 Her shapely neck, o' fairest hue,
 Was graced wi' garnets, gilt and blue ;
 But vain wad Art her gum-flowers shaw,
 Whar Nature's lilies rival snaw.

He gazed, he viewed her o'er and o'er,
 Nor lap he e'er sae light afore,
 Syne pu'd her down upon his knee—
 O, what a happy man was he !
 He hoasts for breath, but naething said,
 His han' upon her shouther laid.
 His hopes were high, his heart was fain,
 He dights his brow and hoasts again :

Yet still in art o' wooing slack.
At length she gloomy silence brak :
"How's a' your fouk at hame ?" quo she ;
"They're middling weel," again quo he ;
"To set ye hame I wad be fain ;
I'se warrant ye'll no gang your lane.
I saw ye brawlie when ye cam
Out owre the muir wi' gard'ner Tam.
As soon as ye cam to the brow,
I lookit lang and thought 'twas you.
Our young cowl govod, I ga'em a whack,
He pranced and syne the back-rape brak.
When I was tackin't up thegither,
He ate the brecham aff the ither :
For he's sae fu' o' pranks and tricks,
And jumps, and flings, and snores, and kicks.
Yet though he's ill and ill enough,
I ne'er saw ony in a pleugh,
When rivin' through yon bent and heather,
That I wad gae the tane for t'ither.
But though I say't that soudna tell,
Nane e'er dare work wi'm but mysel'.
My mither o' him dreads ay skaith,
And says he'll some day be my death.
And ance he hurt my shin right sair,"—
Thinks Bess, ye'll mak' a bonny pair !
So up she gat and tripped her ways,
And left the laddie in amaze.

Nae langer could she thole his blether,
 But slipt hame canny wi' her father :
 He ne'er again, at kirk or fair,
 Durst ever wi' her taigle mair.

PART III.

The Kirkless Priest.

THE neist was o' the black coat tribe,
 Wi' sturdy limbs and shouthers wide ;
 Uninfluenced by cauldribe Saturn,
 Had lang been gaping for a patron ;
 Yet somehow ne'er the nail could hit,
 But mist it ay just at the bit.
 Whether the age had swarmed wi' teachers,
 Or men were thowless grown 'bout preachers,
 Or sense was scorned while clubs had chances,
 Or priests war plentier grown than manses,
 Or if the laddie wanted merit,
 Or savoured mair o' flesh than spirit,
 Or gin they're a' like ither men,—
 Its mair I'm sure than I can ken.
 But wha can hae a mind sae mirk,
 Although his reverence gat nae kirk,
 To think that he should jog through life,

Without the pleasures o' a wife ;
Or like a celibastic Roman
Forswear the joys o' lovely woman !
A neighbour's bairn was he, I ween,
And at the college aft had been ;
Had learnt to trim his beard wi' grace,
Wi' whiskers half-gate o'er his face ;
Could speak and spell wi' modish skill,
And broach the doctrine o' " free will ;"
Put on his claes wi' meikle pain,
And brush them clean o' stour and stain ;
Name kittle words as smooth as satin,
And shaw how they were born frae Latin ;
White whalebone busks for ladies dink,
And wrote love-letters without ink :
Right sharp the vulgar's fauts discernin',
And saw the benefits o' learnin' ;
Could mak a bow or shake a paw
Wi' ony gentle o' them a'.

When dark December days were short,
He sometimes tried the shooting sport.
Now as John's groun' was thinly dyket,
And had the muirfowl that he liket,
He'd aft come in, and tak a seat,
To see the lass, and crack wi' Kate,
Or gie the present o' a hare ;—
For he was ay made welcome there,
To what the house could e'er afford

O' coal, or yill, or bed, or board.
Syne she would speir gif he could tell
What age was Adam when he fell?
Whether the serpent flew or gaed?
If Abel's wound was on his head?
Gif Cain's mark was warl' like?
Wha bigget Paradise yard dike?
Wha it was first that span a sark?
Gif Aaron's rod was peeled o' bark?
If circumcision hurt ane sair?
What was the weight o' Abs'lom's hair?
Wi' mony mae o' sic like kin',
Might puzzlet mony a learned divine,
Wer'tna that Stackhouse, by his study,
Has made them pat and plain already.
When for sic kindness, in return,
He'd aft invite them owre the burn,
And fell twa birds whiles wi' ae stane—
Said grace and saw young Betty hame.
When times would answer, now and than,
He'd tak her kindly by the han',
Say, not a lady he did know,
A han' sae saft or fair could show;
Then kiss't and clasp it to his breast,
And say he would be truly blest,
The too much favoured happy man,
Would get that heart as weel's the han';
While she would, laughin', push him aft,

And say, I'm sure the man's gane daft.
 When last frae E'nbrugh he cam hame,
 He brought her a braw muntit kame,
 A box, a brooch, a gowden pin,
 And learnt her how to put them in;
 Then shawed her fashion's newest rig,
 And how to crisp and curl a wig,—
 Wi' meikle mair, ye needna doubt,
 A countra lass kent nought about ;
 Till through the countra, kirk, and clachan,
 She turned the tap and ton o' fashion.

But ance, when gloamin' shed her rays,
 As they cam owre the bracken braes—
 The auld folks now were out o' sight,
 The sun was sunk ayont the height,—
 His arms he laid around her waist,
 And ay he close and closer prest.
 " My dear Eliza ! love," he said,
 " My only angel ! heav'nly maid !
 Come, sit thee down, till I explain
 The causes o' my grief and pain.
 With ardent fires my breast doth burn,
 It's a' for your sweet sake I mourn.
 O let me clasp thee in my arms,
 And bless me wi' thy heaven o' charms."
 Syne said his heart was in a low ;
 He spak o' darts, and Cupid's bow :
 Neist ca'd her Venus, Heb', and Iris,

And names that stunned her wi' their queerness ;
 Till, by some motions o' his hand,
 She better cam to understand.

“’Tis love,” says he, “mak’s me sae free ;
 I hope, my soul, ye will forgi’e.”

“These hopes shall ne’er be realised !”

Quo’ Bet, offended and surprised.—

“Is that your Scripture, and your readin’,
 Your E’nbrugh tricks and college breedin’ ?”

Yet still he held her in his grip,

And wasna willin’ to let slip :

Says, “Haud your tongue, Bess, for my blessin’,
 David, ye ken, was gi’en to kissin’.”

When lo ! a bark cam frae the hill,

And syne a whistle, loud and shrill.—

’Twas Shepherd Sandy, wi’ his doggie,

Cam skelpin down the glen sae scroggie ;

His plaid out-owre his shouther flung,

While wi’ his notes the echoes rung.

Right fain was she the tyke to see :

The fribble down upon his knee ;

Nae langer parley did he claim,

But let her gae, and slippet hame ;

Nor was he anxious to come back,

Wi’ Kate or her to get a crack.

Oh ! luckless, perverse, nameless failin’ !

Tacket to every rank and callin’,

To a’ capacities thy lessons

Addressèd are, and a' professions.
 Alike thy baleful influence clings
 To cobbler's stalls and courts o' kings ;
 Thou lead'st the righteous aft astray,
 The virgin green and maiden gray,
 Till scarce a lifetime can atone
 For what some thoughtless moment's done.
 But if thou meanest to do right,
 Or I've found favour in thy sight,
 Oh ! never saw thy wil'-kail seed
 Near by the poet's houseless head,
 Or let his dreams ken aught about ye,
 Alas, he's fraiks anew without ye.

 PART IV.

Sandy the Shepherd.

Now Sandy was a clever chiel,
 And could baith read and write fu' weel ;
 Had thoughts on things baith in and out—
 Kent mair than ony herd about :
 At sic like wark as he profest,
 Was never hinmost, if no best.
 He ance a day could dance and sing,
 And on the pipes play mony a spring.

But love, the bane o' high and low,
That shoots the shepherd and the beau,
Had hurt his peace, but ment his pen,
Although he ne'er let ony ken :
For Poverty, wi' iron claw,
That cauldrie rook that paiks us a',
Had chilled his hopes and dimmed his views :
He for a helpmate wooed the muse.
Nature, through a' her varied hue,
To him had charms for ever new.
He aft would sing his lassie's praise,
Wi' a' his native burns and braes,
And link them up in rustic rhyme,
To answer his loud chaunter's time :
Or sing, in rude and bolder lays,
Some follies o' our modern days.
But where the social band was met,
He ne'er was seen to gloom or fret.
'Twas there he herriet pleasure's nest,
And couped his cap up wi' the best,
Till, saft and clear, like morning dew,
The flights o' wit and humour flew.
Or if a frien' did stand in need
O' help by either word or deed,
He ne'er was swear a han' to len'
And deemed it siller's noblest en' ;
That gart himsel' whiles be negleckit,
And by the warldly disrespeckit.

But Betty whiles would guess a part,—
 For love by looks can judge the heart.
 They baith were bairns brought up thegither,
 And ay were unco pack wi' ither.
 When at the school he took her han',
 Or cleant her claes if she had faun ;
 And wi' his plaid would screen the shower,
 Ere love to plague had caught the power.
 When she to milk the ewes had gane,
 He cam and bure the leglen hame ;
 Or at the bught she ne'er thought lang,
 While he tauld o'er some tale or sang ;
 And lent her buiks to read at leisure,
 Syne tauked them o'er wi' meikle pleasure,
 Till words and thoughts begat a kinship
 O' ties mair tender far than frien'ship.

But Kate saw soon, wi' wily e'e,
 And thought that sic things shouldna be ;
 Their bairn ta'en up wi' a herd laddie,
 And cootlan by their lanes already.
 So she was now kept close within ;
 Her mither ay had tow to spin,
 Till love and learnin' a' gaed way.
 At the neist term, ne'er asked to stay,
 He hired him wi' a neighbour man,
 And saw but Betty now and than.—

Sae it was a' but fair and right,
 That he should see her hame that night ;

Jocosely spiered whar she had been,
That she was gaun sae late at e'en ;
And how the priest had chanced to turn
Afore he saw her owre the burn ?
She hid her face, and tried to laugh,
And said " she hadna been far aff.
Ye see that he has ta'en the rue,
But gif he's gane, I've gotten you."
" But then," quo' he, " I'm no sae sonsie
To haud away the wights unchancie ;
For fient a fay durst e'er appear
Sae lang as he was gaun you near.
Yet, rather than ye gang your lane,
I'll do my best to see ye hame.
But, bless me, Betty, gi'es your han',
Ye look as ye could hardly stan' ;
There's surely something wrang or ither,
Ye ne'er let ae sab wait anither."
Kindly her han' and arm she gaed :
Awa they slipt but naething said.
Yet, in that silent situation,
For what would he hae changed his station ?
Right fain would she hae tell't him a',
Yet something ay within said na.
The heart was fu, 'twould fain been out,
But couldna light on words to suit,—
Till memory stept across the min',
And waked the days o' auld langsyne.

The hawthorn yet stood on the brae
That shielt them mony a simmer day ;
Whar the slee pyat wont to hap,
The lanely cushat cooin' sat.
Their seats and houses reared wi' care,
The stanes lay scattered here and there ;
And saugh trees, planted by his han',
Waved high their taps, and hid the stran'.
What various thoughts the mind pourtrayed,—
His cheek to hers he saftly laid,
While sympathy, wi' simple haud,
Forgot that modesty forbad.
E'en waefu' "Ken," with gratefu' e'e,
Wad lick her han' and whisk her knee,
Till she wad straik and clap his head,
Then joyfu' on the way he'd lead.
"O Bess ! thir scenes are dear to me,
But doubly sae when blest wi' thee ;—
Dear as when hope the mind employs,
To picture scenes o' future joys :
Though simmer has withdrawn his beams,
They're aften present in my dreams,
Wi' a' the flowery birth o' May,
When we, like them, were young and gay.
Ilk hill and dale, and buss, and green,
Whispers how happy we hae been.
I fear they'll ne'er return again,—
And pleasure past but heightens pain :

As wintry calms in mildest form,
Prove aft the prelude to a storm.
When ye war near I ay was glad,
And seemed to see ye aft when fled :
As music through the ear does thrill,
Though ceased, we seem to hear it still.
I kentna then, as I ken now,
What ill the want o' wealth could do ;
Or, if for't e'er my heart did ache,
'Twas only, truly, for thy sake.
Me, fondest fancy whiles would move,
To picture a' the joys o' love ;
Till I my wishes could explain,
And some day ye would be my ain :
Then a' my fears to air wad gang—
Now tell me was I right or wrang ?"
"It's no for me," quo she, "to say
What may be done some ither day ;
Nor can I weel, e'en now define
The thoughts, when young, that crossed my min' ;
But this I ken, as weel's yoursel',
That some gang daft when they hear tell :
And mair partic'larly my mither,
Whene'er she kens that we're thegither.
On marriage I'm no' fully bent,
Nor do I yet ken their intent ;
But soon as I can guess their views,
I'll sen' ye twa lines o' the news,

Ye needna doubt—I'll no forget—
 But, see! we're maist come to the yett;
 Ye'd better turn."—Quo he, "Ye'll mind,"
 So kissed, shook han's, and parted kind;
 While back he scoured out owre the bent,
 And thought his journey no ill spent.

The paitrick whirred along the ley,
 The pliver whistled o'er the fey,
 The bleater coursed aboon the bog,
 Up the glens crap the lazy fog,
 The saft win' shook the witherin' grass:
 But Nature, in her hamely dress,
 Wi' her habiliments laid by,
 Can please us, when the hopes are high.
 Amang his mountains, bleak and bare,
 He hugs himsel' wi' hamely fare,
 And sleeps as soun' 'tween earthen wa's,
 As lords within their lofty ha's.

PART V.

The Wylie Merchant.

BUT ah! there was a merchant loon,
 That lived in the neist borough town,
 A wily, spruce, and nipping blade,
 Wha made the penny ay his trade,

And played upon the country foibles,
Or soothed the lasses up wi' baubles.
To every creed he tuned his strain,
And sauld his music ay for gain :
Had aft the art, whar'er he went,
To mak fouk wi' themsel's content :
This gart them aft his fauts forget ;
For flattery's ay a sicker bait.

Wi' three half-crowns he wan at hirdin',
He toiled till he had got a birden
O' coats, and gowns, and corduroys,
And lace, and gauze, and ither toys ;
Nor after that was he mair slack,
But gat a beast to bear his pack.

At John's he'd stay baith weeks and days,
And clash wi' Kate, and sell them claes,
And whiles upon the trump would play,
Or sing the dools o' Dumcan Gray ;
Or gie to Bet, though she was sma',
A screed o' lace, to mak her braw :
And aften to himsel' wad hum—
“Thy tocher will do good to some.”
A throwgaun, rattlin', merry chiel,
And fouk a' thought him doin' weel ;
Till a' at ance he made a stop,
But after soon set up a shop.

When Betty chanced to gang to fair,
To buy some braws, or sell her ware,

Although the shop was e'er sae prest,
He'd spier for her and a' the rest ;
Would rub his han's, her chin would pat,
Say, " Love, and dear, and bonny Bet,
Do ye no want a brow new gown,
A muslin mantle, or a crown ?
John, show these shawls and sarsnets, quick,
That cam frae London the last week.
Now, I can tell ye, without flatterin',
Baith for the cheapness and the pattern,
They're most astonishin' to see ;
But look yoursel', and heedna me.
I'll mak' them—but ye needna tell ;
Nane gets sae low, love, but yoursel'."'
Then wad he kindly lead her ben,
And seat her in the parlour en',
Whar tea and trockery a' war ready,
That weel might ser't the brawest lady.
A Roman urn, wi' siller labs,
And China ware, wi' giltet gabs.
" But sic a change was never seen ;
Bless me, ye're turned a strappin quean,
Sin' I stayed at your father's house ;
He was an honest man, and douce !
And then, sae fluently's ye speak,
And sic a blossom's on your cheek ;
Though our town nymphs be trig and braw,
Shame fa' me but ye ding them a'.

I'm sure the lads are rinnin' mony,
 For you, sae rich, and braw, and bonny :
 Wha saw your craft about the gloamin',
 Wad see them thick and thrang a-roamin'."
 A' this he said. Then she again—
 " O sir, ye're surely makin' game ;
 Or think ye I can a' believe
 What ye in compliment me give ?
 But, Mr. Din, if ane might speir,
 Ye've haen a house this mony a year,
 Wi' a' things fit to comfort life—
 How live ye thus without a wife ?"
 " I own," quo he, " in this I'm wrang,
 But then the warl held me thrang ;
 And, ere that I can get gear wi' me,
 The fient a ane, I fear, will hae me,
 Ye see I've near lost mark o' mouth,
 And lasses ay are fond o' youth :
 But tell me truly, now, could ye
 Be happy wi' the like o' me ?
 In this, dear Bet, I am not mockin',
 Though whiles I hae a gate o' jokin'.
 O ! what a pleasure I wad hae,
 To keep you like a lady gay."—
 But here the prentice in did pop,
 And o' the dialogue made a stop.
 So she gaed hame, while it was light,
 And dreamt o' ribbons a' the night.

For fashion's freaks sae filled her head,
 She soon forgot her shepherd lad ;
 Or if she min't him sin' that night,
 She saw him in a different light.—
 A decent lad, and gi'en to readin',
 But that has neither house nor ha'din' ;
 And then my mither's peace 'twad kill :
 Bairns ay should do their parents' will—
 They maistly ay do weel does that.
 Weel, fouk in towns live trig and neat,
 And some do say, if poortith come,
 That love, like reek, flies up the lum.
 Thus by the dint o' soundest reason,
 She found her former passion treason.—
 Let doatin' fools say what they will,
 A woman will be woman still.

But in the morning when she raise,
 She showed them a' her braw new claes,
 And tauld auld Kate she never saw
 The merchant hae a shop sae braw.
 “ Frae Lon'on now his goods he brings :
 I'm sure he sells a' unco things.
 The factor's wife, wi' young Miss Grace,
 Were there, and bought a new pelisse,
 A' trimmed wi' gimp o' velvet green,
 The prettiest thing that e'er was seen.
 The fouk say, a' the country roun',
 He sells the cheapest in the town ;
 And then, he's ay sae frank and free :

Yestreen he gart me stay to tea,
 And showed me a' before we stentit,
 Out through the house ;—its newly pentit ;
 And meikle mair than I can name,
 O' furniture that's new come hame ;
 Syne tret me to a glass o' gin,
 And wondered that ye ne'er cam in."
 "Guid sooth," quo Kate, "lass, I'll be bun
 To lay a plack, forgain a pun,
 He's on you thrown a wily e'e :
 For weel I mind, when ye were wee,
 He'd please you aft when I was thrang,
 And sing you mony a merry sang,
 And bring you fairins frae the fair,
 And speak about your bonny hair.
 Although the town's fouk, wi' their havers,
 About him raise sic lies and clavers,
 The fient a civiler chiel there's in't :
 Fouk ay should roose the ford's they fin't."
 To please auld John, too, he had skill,
 Wi' routh o' cracks and routh o' yill,
 "How the last Parliament that sat
 Was busied wi' the Lord knows what,
 O' kirk and state and dark petitions,
 And souderin' mighty coalitions ;
 What WELLINGTON had done in Spain ;
 How foreign war keeps up the grain :
 That tax and tithes were now nae play,

And land was risin' every day :
 How the rude Russians frae the woods,
 Had soused poor Boney in the suds,
 And cowed his garments by his wame,
 And shaved his beard, and sent him hame,
 And raised a dearth 'mang Paris barbers ;
 How Britain shored to block his harbours :
 But some said when it cam a thow,
 They feared again his beard wad grow,
 And learn the Cossacks a new fling,
 And cow their whiskers 'gain the spring.
 How Yankee's sons, wi' wicked speed,
 Wi' Madison at their board head,
 Had led our brigs and boats a dance,
 And ta'en their trade awa to France.
 How, gif the Papist bill would pass,
 'Twould bring the nation to distress ;
 Sound orthodox it would enthrall,
 And fill their seats wi' sons o' Baal :
 For Satan and the Man o' Sin
 Need nought but their wee finger in,
 And Gibeon's sons, wi' a' their clatter,
 Should hew the wood and draw the water."—
 Auld John gaes hame, and thought and said,
 Weel, yon chiel has an unco head.
 So a' bowls now rowed square and right,
 The auld fouks saw their prospects bright.
 While Betty's heart was blythe and gay,

The merchant cam ae King's fast-day :
 They a' a kindly welcome gae'm,
 And treat him weel wi' curds and cream ;
 When in return fu' kind was he,
 And fetched auld Kate a pun' o' tea.
 They cracked owre a' the news in town,
 And preed a drap to synd them down ;
 Syne tauld his erran' pat and plain,
 And saw it wasna that ill ta'en.
 Betty looked down and held her tongue ;
 Her mither doubted she was young,
 And aiblins whiles might act amiss,
 In managin' a house like his.
 "Indeed," quo John, "I canna tell,
 I wished her ay to please hersel ;
 And whar she liket best to gang,
 Unless 'twere a' the farer wrang ;
 It's nae faut they that bear the load
 Should hae the choosin' o' the road,
 And they wha climb the slippery tree,
 Should pluck the fruits that please the e'e.
 The great respect to her ye've paid,
 Should surely ay be duly weighed :
 What say ye, dochter, speak out plain
 Your answer to the gentleman ?"
 She tarried lang, as in a swither,
 Then sought a fortnight to consider ;
 While he, contentit, slippet hame,
 For, 'las ! his fire edge was gane.

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PART VI.



The Luckless Errant.

BUT by some how it soon cam out,
 And neibours talked o't roun' about,
 And through the countra flew ding dang,
 That thae twa wad be wed ere lang ;
 When some, nae doubt, through frien'ly views,
 Tauld Sandy the unwelcome news,
 Whilk sic a stoun sent to his breast
 As some hae foun' but few exprest.

Hae ye no seen the towering pine
 Spread out its arms to western wind,
 Or bathe its bud in April dews,
 While wild birds warbled through its boughs,
 Till loud the northern blasts are borne,
 Its foliage thinned, its branches torn ?
 Or hae ye seen the parent mild,
 Bow o'er his sickly only child,
 While silent griefs his bosom wound,
 Unmindful of his friends around ?

So stood he, like a statue dumb,
 While croudin' thoughts his mind o'ercome ;
 Or, if a gleam stept cross his mind,
 O' days when she was true and kind,
 Then wicked memory, ne'er asleep,

That brings the sour as weel's the sweet,
Brought to his mind anither matter—
How she had never sent the letter ;
Or when he saw her e'er sinsyne,
To be their lanes did ne'er incline.

Now what though simmer roun' did bloom,
And breezes bore the saft perfume ;
The birken bank or blushing flower
To please him now had lost their power ;
The bird that charmed him in the spring,
Was now an idle chitterin' thing ;
The burnie singin' owre the linn
But stunned and deaved him wi' its din :
His mind, retiring, shunned ilk joy,
Like sickly virgin, pale and coy :
Even a' the pleasures life could gie,
He viewed them wi' a jaundiced e'e.

To ease his mind frae doubts and dread,
And see gif a' was true was said,
At midnight hour, wi' grief opprest,
When thoughtless sauls were at their rest,
He stalked awa' through win' and rain,
And sought her door wi' meikle pain,
There at the window peepit in,
But a' was still and dark within :
His bane, his bliss, his a' was there ;
His hopes were dull, his heart was sair ;
Each wonted signal now he tries,

He chaps, he whispers, hoasts, and cries,
“ Oh ! are ye sleepin’ Betty dear ? ”
Yet she lay still and doughtna hear ;
But the unchancie curs within
Soon heard, and made a gowlin’ din :
Till Kate waked, wi’ an unco fike,
Cries “ What’s ado ! the dog’s gane gyte !
The Lord look till us and our wean,
For something surely ca’d her name ;
Like a wild skreich borne on the wind,
And thrice it duntit on the grund :
Wi’ sic a soun my lugs were stounded
The night afore Jean Tamson drowned.—
John, did ye hear that voice sae deep ? ”
“ Hout, I heard nought—lie still and sleep.”

His proud heart dunted back wi’ grief,
To be thus cowering, like a thief,
A’ chilled wi’ cauld, and wet wi’ rain,
For ane that felt nae for his pain.
His patience could nae langer thole ;
He stapt twa lines through the key-hole.

The east win’ blew, wi’ hailstanes keen ;
The light’ning gleamed the blasts between :
His road lay owre a dreary moor,
And by a castle’s haunted tower,
Whar howlets screamed wi’ eerie din,
Till vaults re-echoed a’ within.
The spate spewed owre ilk burn and sleugh,

The tod screamt eldritch frae the cleugh,
 Auld Dee spread wide his darkened waves,
 And roared amang his rocky caves ;
 The moon and stars their light withdrew,
 And hid their heads frae human view,
 As daunderin' slow, he stalked his lane,
 A' wearied, wan, and wae-begane,
 His fondest fairy dreams were fled—
 He sighed, and wished him wi' the dead.
 O ! thou dread, wily, wicked pest,
 That laughs at poverty distrest,
 Wham sighs and sorrows seldom move,
 Art thou the gentle power of Love ?
 Mild is thy visage, gay and young,
 Thy voice like fabled syren's song ;
 Soft is thy dalliance for an hour,
 Ere yet equipt with all thy power :
 But where with sceptred power thou reigns,
 Thou bindst thy subjects up in chains,—
 Chains stronger far than bands o' brass,
 Then leaves them, raving in distress.
 But when the ruddy streaks o' dawn
 Had spread their light owre loch and lawn,
 Up sprang the lark, on early wing,
 And waked his field-mates round to sing ;
 When Kate, ay eident for their weal,
 Gat up, and maist fell owre the wheel ;
 Her brats she on her bouk was drawin,

Afore the cock had ceased frae crawin' ;
Then to the hallan graips her way,
And looks the lift, to judge the day.
But, Sandy, ye were waur than mad,
To shoot your sonnets sic a road :
For, coming near the water-kit,
She sees some white thing at her fit,
As back she owre the threshold treadit—
But, praise be blest !—she couldna read it.
First thought it was a Johnnie Napier,¹
Then deemed it Betty's curling paper ;
Flang't in the bole behint the lum,
Rakes down the coals, and lights her gun.
But breakfast done, and reading by,
The men to hill, and Kate to kye,
When Betty, busied at her wheel,
And liling owre Lord Moira's reel,
Hard by the bole had ta'en her stan',
She sees the scrawl, and kens the han'.
The paper trembled as she read,
And aye her colour came and gaed :—
“ Thou fause, though fairest o' thy kind,
That wounds my peace, and racks my mind,
Canst thou thy Sandy's heart disdain,
And slight his love for sordid gain ;
That ance his fondest hopes would cheer,
And bless him with thy presence dear ?
I fain wad seen thee by thyself,

To tak' the lang and last farewell,
 Afore that waefu' knot be tied,
 That bin's thee for anither's bride,
 And leads thee, blushing in thy charms,
 Into a happy rival's arms.
 Far be't frae me, that I dissuade,
 Or blame you for the choice you've made :
 But had ye been content to gi'e
 Your han' through life, and luck wi' me,
 For you ilk care and cross I'd meet,
 And toiled through winter's win' and weet ;
 Nor should it e'er been warldly gain,
 I think, should cost you grief or pain.
 But Fate sic favours doughtna deign ;
 Alas ! ye never can be mine.
 Adieu ! and may ye happy be,
 As e'er I thought to've been wi' thee."
 She wi' amazement on't did stare,
 And wondered how it could come there ;
 Stunned and confused her senses seem,
 Like ane new wakened frae a dream.

 PART VII.

The Beggar Bodie.

BUT soon cam' in, and stapt her study,
 A silly, faichless, beggar bodie.

The tattered remnants o' her claes
 Looked like remains o' better days :
 Though young in years, seemed auld in grief,
 And faintly sought some sma' relief.
 Within her withered, wearied arm,
 There lay a silly, thrawart bairn,
 Wi' cauld and hunger black and blue,
 That seemed to swap some face she knew.
 The waefu' thing began to greet ;
 She bade her come and warm its feet ;
 Then sighed and pitied sair her lot,
 And gae her kail, warm frae the pot.
 Then in cam Kate and did her e'e,
 Says, " Honest woman, where live ye ?
 Hae ye a man ; or is he dead,
 That ye've sae early tried the trade ?"
 The waefu' body hung her head.
 " Indeed, gudewife, I've neist to nane,
 Although I chanced to hae this wear.
 Some's born to poortith, some to plenty ;
 Some ne'er do weel, though e'er so tentie.
 My fouks a' died when I was wee,
 And now I'm come to what ye see ;
 And a' by a fause merchant loon,
 Lives het and fou within the town.
 He has brought me to meikle shame,
 And hurt my peace, my health, and name."
 Quo Kate, " Can that be Mister Din ?"

“Indeed,” quo she, “the vera ane.
My gutcher, too, now he’s awa,
That lived within the Rattan Raw—
Ye aiblins kent him—Andro Reid—
He seldom saw the faut I did.
Sae I got plenty o’ my will ;—
We lived by selling hame-brewed yill.
Rab aft cam owre at gloamin’s e’e,
To tak a drap, and crack wi’ me.
He soon turned mair than common kind ;
But I could never bow my mind,
Though he would vow and praise my face,
Till ance the priest had said the grace.
But by his devilish Judas skill
He soon brought a’ things to his will :
He said he had some secret en’s,
Forbye the angerin’ o’ his frien’s ;
But for to show that he was kind,
And put a’ doubts out o’ my mind,
He kent a priest that lived near by,
Wha soon our han’s and hearts would tie ;
But I should stay at hame as yet,
Till ance we saw a time mair fit.
Alas ! I sawna where I ran,
Like ithers, fond to get a man :
Owre deep for me the scheme was laid,
I deemed it gospel a’ he said ;
For what we wish we soon believe,

Which gars me now baith greet and grieve.
The priest turned out—what need I tell,
A maskèd villain like himsel'.
I o' him now began to doubt,
For he cam seldomer about ;
And when I rued, and vowed, and grat,
He soothed me on wi' this and that.
We carried on a time o' sinnin',
(For evil needs but a beginnin',)
Till, by our frequent being thegither,
I fand I soon would be a mither,
Sae when it could nae mair be hid,
'Twas then I o' my spark got rid ;
He shunned me now where'er we met,
And scarce a word I e'er could get :
Then when I gaed to speak to him,
He ay was thrang, or no within.
So now my gutcher I maun tell,
When I could hardly gang mysel',
His time-worn cheek yet paler grew,
The dim red frae his fa'en lip flew ;
" Oh ! luckless bairn—this for my care !"
He saw my tears, and said nae mair,
But took his staff, awa' he set,
But an unholy welcome gat.
Rab would do nought but curse and swear,
And ca' me names I ill could bear ;
Denied our marriage, time and place,

And said he hardly kent my face,
 And would advise us, as a friend,
 To gang to some I better kend,
 For gif we gae him mair abuse,
 He'd tak us to a bigger house.
 We tried the law—the law was vain,
 It only brought expense and pain ;
 He took it to a higher court ;
 We hadna siller to gie for't ;
 A poind was ca'd, we maun remove,
 For saying things we couldna prove.
 Feeble, in want and sair disgrace,
 We wistna where to show our face.
 My gutcher cheered me, said his prayers ;
 But grief brought down his auld grey hairs,
 And ere this wee thing saw the light,
 His e'en were closed in endless night,
 And left us, at its luckless birth,
 Twa waefu' outcasts on the yirth."

Nae mair she said, wi' grief opprest,
 But sighs and sabs made out the rest.
 The bairnie looked wi' piteous e'e,
 And screeched, and wailed, and clasped her knee.
 So feeble ivy round doth clim'
 Yon leafless tree hangs o'er the linn.

" His presence bless us a' ! " quo Kate,
 " The creature's in an unco state ;
 If a' be true that she has said,

He's a debauched and devilish blade."
 While Betty's wheel ceased to gang roun',
 She jimply 'scapit frae a swoon :
 Her rock turned yellow, green, and blue ;
 She fand hersel' she kentna how ;
 And cried out loud, " I winna hae him !"
 Quo Kate, " The Lord defend us frae him !
 Or ony ane o' sic like kind
 Should e'er be boun' to me or mine."
 So John was tauld o' a' that passed,
 And a' took out a full protest.

 PART VIII.

The Conclusion.

BUT the neist week they lost a quey,
 Whilk strayed awa' to Sandy's fey ;
 Young Betty blythely gaed to get her,
 And he, as joyfu' saw and met her.
 He spak, she smiled, and looked fu' sweet ;
 Twa hearts were ne'er so fond to meet.
 He clasped her in his arms, and than
 He was a truly happy man.
 But wha, think ye could tell the power
 O love within that happy hour ?
 Or how he pressed, and she was kind—
 Let lovers picture't in their mind,

That feel the favour o' sic blisses,
Though naething passed but harmless kisses.
Thus hae I seen, in flowery spring,
The rose-tree forth her blossoms fling ;
Spread her saft fragrance through the air,
Near by the lily, blooming fair,
Though rudely bent wi' showery blast,
Look fairer when the storm was past.

She vowed, o' gear her frien's sae proud,
Might seek out for her wha they would,
Be't priest, or laird, or limb o' law,
She'd wed wi' him afore them a' ;
Then bade him come some day and see
What way the auld fouk would tak wi' ;
And meikle mair they spak about,
For lovers' talk runs seldom out.
When blinks o' day were partly gane,
They parted blythe, to meet again.

But proud o' heart, and damp wi' fear,
To face auld Kate, for want o' gear :
'Twas thus he stack, 'tween hope and doubt,
Till time a difference brought about.
Fortune for ance brak through her rules,
Grown weary ay o' favourin' fools,
And blest him wi' a lump o' siller,
Though he had ne'er made courtship till her.
He had an uncle, without weans,

Lived lang amang the sugar canes.
Had sauld his soul by unfair means,
To win a fortune to his frien's ;
Sae destitute o' ought was gude,
For gowd would sauld his flesh and blude ;
Had gruesome caudrons ever boiling,
And scores o' slaves around him toiling ;
And aften would himsel' solace
Within their greasy black embrace.
It's a' in taste ; but as they tell,
He ay was whipper-in himsel' ;
And gart the lash wi' rigour crack,
Till red sweat started frae their back ;
It cured his spleen to hear their squeels,
To score their hips, and clog their heels :
'Twas strange that hell he never feart,
For nought on yirth comes half sae near't ;
But death strak in and scorched his liver,
And boiled his brains up in a fever ;
So he maun die, and leave them a'
To far-aff frien's he never saw.

Now Sandy was nae langer blate,
But cam to visit John and Kate,
While Bess was unco blythe to see him,
And a' a hearty welcome gie him ;
Kindly for a' his kin they speir ;
Says, ye're an unco stranger here ;
Sae soon an ingle was brought ben,

And soon they plucked the hoodet hen ;
 A claith was spread upon the board,
 And Sandy's Mistered every word.
 Kate wi' her ain han' set a chair ;
 John said a grace like ony prayer ;
 Then heaps his plate wi' beef and kail,
 And bids him tak a hearty meal ;
 Syne round they swill the barley broo.—

O wealth ! what is't ye canna do ?
 Thou get'st us friends, baith kind and mony ;
 Maks hamely lasses dear and bonny ;
 Opes the blate wooer's steekit mouth ;
 And gars the lawyer speak the truth :
 Maks wee men great men, mony a time ;
 Gars poets preach, and *pipers* rhyme ;
 And clears up mony a point o' faith :
 In short, reverses a' but death.

Thus luck and love did baith combine
 Wi' youth their hearts and han's to join ;
 His proffers now were frank and warm,
 Nor did they deem his offers harm.
 The Haly Chanter gat a crown ;
 A cart was yokit for the town,
 To buy the brows they aff did bicker,
 Forbye a lade o' laeves and liquor ;
 Then at the manse, as they came by,
 Bespake Mess John, the knot to tie.
 Thus time, as usual, glade away ;

But Sandy thought ilk hour a day,
Till ance that happy e'en drew near
To fill his arms wi' a' was dear ;
He thanked his stars and happy fate,
That blest him wi' his bonnie Bet.

It's no for my weak muse's wing
The joys o' bridal nights to sing,
Nor paint the scenes o' virtuous love,
Where twa fond hearts in union move.
Yet, though she downa weel express't,
There's some, nae doubt, will try to guess't.—

Nor will I tak in han' to say
They were quite happy monie a day,
And ay were full as fond o' ither
As the first day they gaed thegither.
There's nane exemptit frae life's cares,
And few frae some domestic jars ;
A' whiles are in, and whiles are out,
For grief and joy come time about.
And they that doubt may try, and see
Whether it's them that's right, or me.
But, if content stays here ava,
Ye'd think their chance was no that sma.

Now, should some critic snap and snarl
At this lang tale, without a moral ;
Say, I've intruded on his time,
Wi' lengthened play o' doggerel rhyme,
I freely own, 'twas wrote for pleasin'—

This age is not for moralizin' :
For this is law, says Vicar Bray,
To suit yoursel' to present day.





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THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCH.

THERE cam a strange wight to our town-en',
And the fient a body did him ken ;
He tirl'd na lang, but he glided ben
Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glare like the glow o' the west,
When the drumlie cloud has it half o'ercast ;
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest.—
O sirs ! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape and a glower till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak,
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum ?

O ! had ye seen the bairns' fright,
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight,
As he stauket in 'tween the dark and the light,
And graned out, Aiken-drum !

“Sauf us !” quoth Jock, “d'ye see sic een ;”
Cries Kate, “there's a hole where a nose should hae been ;
And the mouth's like a gash which a horn had ri'en ;
Wow ! keep's frae Aiken-drum !”

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
 The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail ;
 Rob's lingle brak as he men't the flail,
 At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
 A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest ;
 But the glare o' his e'e nae bard hath exprest,
 Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen,
 But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
 And his knotted knees played ay knoit between :
 What a sight was Aiken-drum !

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
 As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet ;
 E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
 To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain,
 The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane ;
 While the young ane closer clasped her wean,
 And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the canny auld wife cam till her breath,
 And she deemed the Bible might ward aff scaith,
 Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist or wraith—
 But it fear't na Aiken-drum.

“ His presence protect us ! ” quoth the auld gudeman ;
 “ What wad ye, where won ye—by sea or by lan’ ?
 I conjure ye—speak—by the Beuk in my han ! ”
 What a grane gae Aiken-drum !

“ I lived in a lan’ where we saw nae sky,
 I dwalt in a spot where a burn rins na by ;
 But I’se dwell now wi’ you, if ye like to try—
 Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum ?

“ I’ll shiel a’ your sheep i’ the mornin’ sune,³
 I’ll berry your crap by the light o’ the moon,
 And baa the bairns wi’ an unken’d tune,
 If ye’ll keep puir Aiken-drum.

“ I’ll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
 I’ll kirn the kirn, and I’ll turn the bread ;
 And the wildest fillie that ever ran rede
 I’se tame’t,” quoth Aiken-drum !

“ To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell—
 To gather the dew frae the heather bell—
 And to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
 Might gie pleasure to Aiken-drum.

“ I’se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark ;
 I use nae beddin’, shoon, nor sark ;
 But a cogfu’ o’ brose ’tween the light and dark,
 Is the wage o’ Aiken-drum.”

Quoth the wylie auld wife, "The thing speaks weel ;
 Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal ;
 Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he de'il,
 Wow ! we'll try this Aiken-drum."

But the wenchies skirled "he's no be here !
 His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear,
 And the fient a ane will the house come near,
 If they think but o' Aiken-drum."

"For a foul and a stalwart ghaist is he,
 Despair sits brooding aboon his e'e-bree,
 And unchancie to light o' a maiden's e'e,
 Is the grim glower o' Aiken-drum."

"Puir slipmalabors ! ye hae little wit ;
 Is't na hallowmas now, and the crap out yet ?"
 Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit ;
 "Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum."

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune,
 By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the moon ;
 A word, or a wish—and the Brownie cam sune,
 Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum."

But he slade ay awa or the sun was up,
 He ne'er could look straught on Macmillan's cup ;³
 They watched—but nane saw him his brose ever sup,
 Nor a spune sought Aiken-drum."

On Blednoch banks, and on crystal Cree,
 For mony a day a toiled wight was he ;
 While the bairns played harmless rour' his knee,
 Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' rippish freaks,
 Fond o' a' things feat for the first five weeks,
 Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
 By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide, when they convene,
 What spell was him and the breeks between ;
 For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
 And sair missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the *Thrieve*,⁴
 Crying "Lang, lang now may I greet and grieve ;
 For alas ! I hae gotten baith fee and leave,
 O, luckless Aiken-drum !"

Awa ! ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
 Wi' your pros and your cons wad ye decide
 'Gainst the sponsible voice o' a hale country-side
 On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum ?

Though the "Brownie o' Blednoch" lang be gane,
 The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane ;
 And mony a wife and mony a wean
 Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe and sneer
At spiritual guests and a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch mill hae swat wi' fear,
And looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

And guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, and the stars gaed nae light,
At the roaring linn in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sughs like Aiken-drum.





THE PEACOCK:

A MODERN SATIRE.

—◆—
IN FOUR PARTS.
—◆—

PART I.

GAUDY bird, of gorgeous hue,
How kind has nature been to you,
In formin' a' your feathers fair,
Your weel fledged wings, and stars so rare,
Glancin' by day, but dim by night,
Right fair for show, but dull for light.
Like fickle frien's, when Fortune twines us,
Will show their face, and proffer kindness ;
But should Misfortune's gloamin' shade us,
We'll fin', owre late, thae frien's hae fled us.
Thy gaudy neck and breast sae fine,
Where little tinted rainbows shine,
Twitterin' like dew-drops on the thorn,
When early sun-beams paint the morn.
Again, thy glancin' een o' jet
Appear like studs in siller set ;

Or pearls hung in gowden ring,
 That near the ladies' luglocks hing :
 Thy head appears majestic drest,
 Crowned wi' a bonny wavin' crest ;
 Or like my Peggy's gumflowers gay,
 That bloom, although it be not May ;
 Or like the raw recruit's cockade,
 Who thinks himsel' a flashy blade,
 While ribbons roun' his tap he gathers,
 And thinks to fear the French wi' feathers ;
 Or dreams o' gear and great preferment,
 Because he's pimped for his sergeant :
 But lo ! the hungry days o' drillin',
 Of marchin', haltin', floggin', wheelin',
 Bow down his feathery brain o' sallies,
 And pluck his bonnet o' its walies.

While sprucely strutting o'er the grun',
 Ye spread your beauties to the sun,
 And veer about wi' airy pride,
 To keep afore your fairest side ;
 Or jink aroun' wi' airy wheel,
 To hide the bareness o' your keel.

So busked beau, around the ring,
 Will flirt and ogle, dance and sing ;
 Wi' dashing wig o' mony a shade,
 To grace him when his hair is fled ;
 Displays his snuff-box, hands a fan,
 And shows himsel' a lady's man :

But should he deign the dance to wheel up,
Or miss a foot and cock his keel up,
What dire disgrace might intervene,
And a' his lockless lugs be seen !
Alas ! for human nature's frail !
A peacock soon may lose his tail :
Yet comin' spring wi' genial heat,
Can mak the bird again complete :
But beaux may tine, and few to see them,
What belles or barbers ne'er can gie them.
What gars ye flutter roun' your hens ?
Ye'll dirty a' your bonny pens ;
And raise a stour might spoil your gloss,
And gar your beauties come to loss.
Is that the way ye show your passion,
Or is't the method now in fashion ?—
I truly think it is the gate,
For yonder's ane ta'en wi' the bait.
Ah, Meg, wert thou as kind to me—
Fa' in my arms thus for a wee,
I'd hae mysel' wi' feathers stuck,
And for thy sake become a buck.
Thus fools o' fashion spread their lures,
And dashin' show their outward powers ;
Will shake their frills wi' fuss and din,
But, O ! it's vacuum a' within.
Yet thick and thrang are Folly's bairns,
That will be caught by outward charms.

How soon we see some female pet,
 And like the Pea-hen catch the bait.
 So theatre nymph in borough town,
 Wi' silken hose and glancin' gown,
 That's no distressed wi' meikle happin,
 Disclose the beauties o' her crappin' ;
 And should that fail, she'll dance a jig,
 To shaw the shin-side o' her leg,
 Keen to entrap some merchant loon,
 Or countra laird new come to town.
 Her capper clippin's glister fine,
 He never saw ought sae divine ;
 Wi' love he's like to break his shins,
 To win a wee ayont the screens :
 He casts a wink, she's kirr and couth,
 And draws the water to his mouth,
 Then at the lang run pumps his purse,—
 Great mercy gif it be nae worse !—
 Syne draws the curtain roun' her spark,
 Where love works wonders in the dark.

I never saw, but I've heard say
 (Folks see not wonders ilka day,)
 And doubtna ye hae a' heard tell,
 O' peacocks wi' a fiery tail,
 Might show a man his goods to han'le,
 And save him meikle coal and can'le.
 So, haply, he may fin' bestowed,
 Some sure memorial for his gowd.

'Tis thus declining female star,
That tines her blossom in the war ;
Wha's beauty's worn to shreds and patches,
When nature fails, at art she catches ;
Rubs o'er wi' reams her brows and mouth—
Like long-lived birds renews her youth.
Her cheeks turned pale, supplies wi' paint,
Stale breath she smoors wi' oils and mint ;
E'en Nature's knowes that now are fled,
Where love in youthfu' days has played,
She'll them supply wi' teats o' woo,
That cheat the unsuspecting view :
Yet though they hum the gazing youth,
A near encounter shows the truth.
Some forward spark, on midnight ramble,
Descries their fau'ts but coal or can'le ;
But O, sic borrowed charms are frail :
'Tis whispered roun' her lover's fail ;
She now leaves balls and sic-like places,
And scours to fairs and countra races,
Wi' ruffs and muffs, and trappin's mony,
To hook some simple countra Johnny.
But countra John likes countra Jenny,
And nane taks tent o' gentle Fanny.
Wi' dust gets a' her wadies spoiled,
Or may be waur, her wishes foiled,
She fears her freaks are near an en',
And pines awa like Jinken's hen :

Yet still she sighs for youthfu' sport,
 And now she tries the last effort.
 Wi' haly reverence in her looks,
 She buys a bunch o' preachin' beuks ;
 And o' the faith becomes defendant,
 And lives a pious independent :
 Wi' former frien's has mony a battle,
 But they like nae sic cantin' cattle.
 Till some pert lad that lives by weavin'
 Her mim-mou'd looks and sighs deceivin',
 Mistaks for grace her whines and rantin',
 She traps him by the bait o' cantin'.
 Now some may say this is a gay joke,
 Comparin' ladies to a peacock.
 Can sic-like rhymers and pretenders,
 That's lost their reckonin' in the genders,
 Set up their face wi' men o' letters,
 To spin out satires on their betters ;
 Wi' crabbit mou' our fau'ts to hammer ?—
 They'd better stap and learn their grammar.
 But I can tell my learned readers,
 For a' their skill in tropes and figures,
 'Tis better than to seek assistance,
 Frae beings that ne'er had existence.
 There's mony a lengthened learned head,
 Has spun out rhymes for fools to read,
 Wi' heathen gods and fictions drest,
 Syrens and Sylphs, and a' the rest—

Gif pick out thae from every nook,
 Their rhymes might gang in little bouk.
 Poets o' panegyric or satire,
 Hae studied fiction mair than nature :
 So I, like them, may look about me,
 And seek hyperboles to suit me.



PART II.

BUT still my story is nae done yet—
 Perhaps the maist o't is to come yet ;
 So here I go, be't verse or prose,
 To draw my similies to a close.
 But faith I fear I've tint my subject,
 And wi' my fancies lost the object ;
 My bird is no yet full surveyed,
 We'll view him on the other side.

E'en thou, wi' a' thy outward shape,
 Thy studded tail and glossy nape,
 Hast e'en thy failings, cracks and flaws,
 Thy eldritch scraichs and fiend-like claws :
 Thy belly's but a dirty din,
 Thy flesh and banes are foul within ;
 As I hae seen a stately biggin',
 Restin' aboon the great folks riggin',
 Contrived by pride to rot in state,

Engraved wi' mighty, lofty, great ;
 But search it closely, lo, ye'll fin'
 But banes and dust and dross within.

But something whispers, Haud ye there !
 In this ye dinna reason fair :

Your wame's fu' weel for a' our blethers,
 Although it has nae bonny feathers ;
 They hap you weel and keep you warm,
 And save your tenderer parts frae harm.

So things we never should abuse,
 That's no for show, but made for use—
 There's ither birds that I could name,
 Has coarser feathers on their wame ;
 And mony a fowl, though brawly tappit.
 That looks best when their legs are happit.

But then, again, pray what's your use ?
 Ye're seen about nae poor man's house—
 Ye're no for travel, no for toilin',
 Ye're no for roastin', stewin', boilin' ;
 Your only being's but for show,
 Or mind the ladies o' a beau.

Are ye contenter wi' your pens,
 Than cock-malierie wi his hens,
 While he upon the midden craws,
 And ye to sun spread out your braws ?
 Or can ye better bide the stour
 Of comin' winter's chilly power ;
 Or dree misfortune's keener storm,

Than chucky in her hamely form ?
 I trow your trappin's then are vain,
 And only catch the win' and rain ;
 And rather prove a source o' sorrows—
 But 'las ! thou hast owre mony marrows.

Nature through a' her various roads,
 Bestows nae pleasure wi' sic odds,
 As whiles we think, in lowly state,
 Viewin' the greatness o' the great ;
 For if content's within the breast,
 Eneugh will do as weel's a feast :
 'Tis true they hae the brawer houses,
 Their naigs, and nowte, and rowth o' spouses ;
 Their chaise to ride in when they tire—
 Their ease, their wine, their bleezin' fire ;
 Their titles, lands, and livin's braw,
 Their crouchin' flunkies at their ca' ;
 Their sumptuous meals are never scant,
 They never ken the carle Want—
 But then, what signifies their treasure ?
 Their burden Plenty brings nae pleasure ;
 They're born to wealth, and think't nae blessin' ;
 They ken nae pleasure in possessin'.
 Gif nae restraint the object claim,
 It leaves the wish without an aim.
 Idle in life, they try a' schemes,
 Adorn their backs, and fill their wames ;
 Fulfil ilk wish, be't right or wrang,

But never stay by ae thing lang.
 They ken nae gude o' weel-timed meal,
 That kitchens oft the poor man's kail ;
 They never ken the sweets o' toilin',
 That keeps the gloomy mind frae spoilin' ;
 They're seldom blest wi' rosy health,
 For a' their lumps o' ease and wealth ;
 Or virtuous love and bairnies roun',
 That keep the feeble hopes in tune.
 In short, we've thoughtless joys and wants,
 They wealth, wi' nervous thraws and gaunts.

Though flauntin', for a slight inspection,
 Ye downa thole a close dissection ;
 And thus the proverb does declare,
 That far aff fowls hae feathers fair.

Again, we hae the sage's word,
 That feathers often form the bird ;
 But twine thee o' thy trappins a',
 Thou'rt waur faur'd than a pluckit daw.

Now, should our men o' holy order,
 Be strippit o' their bands and border,
 And sic-like trappin's o' the sect,
 That draws a reverence o' respect ;
 Tak aff the mystic wig and cloak,
 A priest might look like—ither folk.
 His face or flank indeed might shine—
 Though no wi' guzzlin' beef or wine ;
 But by the grace beams frae within,

Or blushin' for his country's sin ;
Or knops on's knees, worn hard as horn,
Wi' lengthened kneelin's night and morn.
Aiblins, through sleep's forgetfu' potion,
The foul thief whiles might draw his notion,
When reason's pores and doors are steekit,
To dream o' glebes and stipen's eekit,
And ither things there's nae great harm in,
As wenches, manses, horns, or farmin ;
Or guns, or gloves, or ither whims—
But wha can answer for their dreams ?

So Soldier shape in scarlet dashes,
Wi' sword-knots, tassels, cane, and sashes ;
Wi' frills and feathers on his tappin,
He flegs through a' the nooks o' Wappin',
Some tailor loon or pander spark,
That made his court to Lucky C——k.
But should some former shopmate meet him,
And thus in cantin' dialect greet him :
“ What, neighbour Snip ! upon my word,
He's changed his bodkin for a sword ;
Though thread and thimble low do lie,
The goose, I see, is fit to fly :
If duly taught, may answer soon,
For an invasion of the moon.”
He'd prance and stare—“ Why, demme, I
Never knew thee, thou chattering pye.
Decamp, or by my bloody weapons,

I'll cut thy buckram soul to shapins !"
 Then ruthless draws his glancin' rapier,
 And round his comrade cuts a caper.
 But should the route direct his courses
 To join afar his country's forces ;
 Or battle burst and him but hear o't,
 He'd faint and fa' wi' perfect fear o't ;
 There bloodless lie among the slain,
 And wish him at his wark again.

So Dominies, wi' great pretences,
 Because they're up to verbs and tenses,
 And 'cause bairns cower, and ca' them Master,
 And 'cause they use the lance and clyster ;
 Alike in every science happy,
 To pluck a tooth or set a capy ;
 Think they can judge o' verse or prose,
 And pert pop in their word and nose ;
 Will tell you a' what's right, what's wrang ;
 How this line's short, and that line's lang ;
 Yet ken nae mair o' fancy's power
 Than Peacocks, kickin' up a stour.

And Lawyers, too, that brazen tribe,
 That tak nae pains their fau'ts to hide,
 Like Pharaoh's lean kye, hard they bite,
 And live upon their nei'bour's spite.—
 To paint their pranks I'm nae proficien' :
 We'll try some easier acquisition.

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 PART III.

AGAIN my bird, we'll try to find
 The matchless beauties o' your mind.
 Frae ither fowls ye stan' abeigh,
 And, like a' fools, wad fain be high :
 Proud, on a wa', or half-grown tree,
 Or chimly tap, ye like to be ;
 There cock your crest, wi' airy show,
 And squint on scrapin' birds below.
 But should the sky begin to lower,
 And wake your second-sighted power,
 Ye then disclose your cowardly failin's,
 And grate a' roun' you wi' your yellin's.
 Nae croakin' raven, wi' his note,
 Can equal what comes through your throat ;
 Nor clamorous cats, wham midnight summons,
 Can equal half your yells and omens.
 Ye fright the heron where he flies,
 And weary Echo wi' your cries.
 So hae I seen great fuss and caperin'
 'Mang mystic knighthood o' the apron ;
 Wi' empty pride, in monkish gown,
 Travish a Bible through the town :
 Wi' painted poles and pictured duds,
 And aprons new come frae the suds,
 Or stunted frae the wife's sark tail—

Aiblins the pock that hauds his meal ;
 For H—r—m's sons hae mony wants,
 For a' their outward shows and rants,
 Though patronized by weeds and saints.
 The lengthened legends, tales, and histories,
 And dark sublime Egyptian mysteries,
 Are kindly meant, by your designment,
 To draw the warld to refinement.
 Your mystic draughts, wi' keel and cauk,
 Gar mony a cudroch chiel to quak ;
 Joinin' some green-horn for a blether,
 Ye light his purse and een thegither ;
 Then roun' him ring, and prance, and squeel,
 To gar folks trow ye raise the de'il :
 But de'il a de'il wad show his face,
 Sic bare-faced mummery e'er to grace.
 Yet gie nae way to dark despondence,
 Although the de'ils deny attendance ;
 Though lazy Cloots sits still within,
 Ye'll aiblins grape the way to him ;
 Where ye may herd in future times,
 Unscathed by ony Cowan's rhymes.
 So drover blades, wha drink and sot,
 Wha's light's confined to stirk and stot,
 That's scraped their gear frae lowly stations,
 Wi' quirks, and breaks, and sequestrations,
 Club roun', and tell their loathsome jokes,
 Or plot to cheat douce countra folks ;

Wi' arle-penny in their han',
 Will belch out something like a d—n,
 How that's the highest groat they'll gie,
 And be mansworn thrice in a day,
 Then mount, and hame, wi' saucy gloom :
 Ilk likes to ride his neighbour down;
 Because he has an Irish horse,
 And ithers' gowd within his purse,
 So countra Laird, that's stout and frisky,
 Bred up 'mang grooms, and drinkin' whisky
 And footin't fairly o'er the bogs,
 Pursuing hares and hounding dogs ;
 Taught by his mither that his talents
 Surpasses ither countra callants,
 Scours aff, ne'er dreaming on defection,
 And buys the votes at niest election ;
 Syne up to London in a wheel,
 And thinks himsel' a clever chiel.
 In Hóuse o' Commons glowers and gaunts,
 And langs to tell his countra's wants ;
 Or rather show his pert essays,
 So, like a jack-ass, starts and brays ;
 And what in point o' sense is lackin'
 He'll eith supply wi' stamps and brakin'.
 I kenna how it comes to pass,
 But court folks whiles will keep an ass ;
 Whether for ridin' or for milk,
 Or length o' lugs, I kenna whilk ;

They'll hear their cracks, and ne'er confute them ;
They'll bear their kicks, and ne'er dispute them.

Thus hae I seen a simple lad,
Amang the braes o' Galloway bred,
If no o'ergane wi' information,
At least quite free frae affectation,
When siller lured or wark was slack,
Cross Bowness burn to bear a pack ;
There serve a time, but gowd or fee,
To learn to cheat, and gab, and lie ;
Schooled by some greedy, gripin' elf,
To smother every tie but self,
Till by degrees he learns the knack
Of logic, how to blaw the pack :
Though aft his traffic and resort
Is but amang the baser sort.

Yet hame he comes, baith proud and braw,
His new acquirements fair to shaw,
In Lon'on boots and broad-brimmed hat,
Wi' yeas and nays, and G—d knows what ;
Queer whirrs and burrs, eneugh to fley folk,
Wi' a' the scum o' Yorkshire dialect.—
He d——s the reek, and rubs his e'en,
And tells what unco sights he's seen.
His mither e'es her hopefu' lad,
And thinks him truly learned and bred.
Bright similies might here be spun,
In number like motes i' the sun,

And on the mind so thick lie fraught,
As maks ane dizzy wi' the thought.



PART IV.

Now see what passion rules thy heart,
And how thou act'st the parent's part.
If a' be true that I've heard said,
Ye're but a vile ungratefu' blade :
Ye daut your dames through a' the year,
Till ance the clockin' time draws near,
Then if ane wanders frae the rest,
To hatch her young or right her nest,
Ye follow in your surly flegs,
And paik the hen and break the eggs,
Then leave her pained in waesome manner,
Her liefu' lane through woods to wan'er,
Till sair for-fought wi' grief and pinin',
She finds a nest ayont your kennin' ;
A twig o' hazel's a' her happin',
To hatch her young wi' hungry crappin',
There tossed by wind and beat wi' rain :
But Hope, that soothes the parent's pain,
Calms a' the sorrows o' her breast,
And points wi' pleasure to her nest.
Parental kindness, child o' Nature,
That warms the breast o' every creature,

Beeted by feelin's finest fires,
 Unstained by ony base desires,
 Thou maks ilk' bein' kind and heedfu',
 As lang as Nature sees it's needfu',
 Savin' the scum o' earth accurst ;
 Wha's ends are sordid gain and lust.

Yet thou in this art no thy lane,—
 To seek for pleasure without pain ;
 To like the night, but shun the day,
 To hate the toil, but like the play.
 So baudrons likes the trout to eat,
 But downa think to douk her feet ;
 So patriots for their country's glory,
 Will act the Whig, and hate the Tory ;
 Will raise a lengthened learned digression,
 On law, and rights, and constitution ;
 Will stand by liveries and petitions,
 And rail at wars and expeditions.—
 As lang's the birkie wants a place,
 Or unta'en tent o' by His Grace—
 E'en then he'll whiles pay some attention,
 Till fairly tongue-tacked wi' a pension ;
 He'll then sit down among the monniest,
 And think the braidest road the bonniest,
 Syne leaves his countra, where he got her—
 Mang wants and woes and war to swatter.
 Thus countra lasses, void o' care,
 Like water lilies, saft and fair,



When love's within and charms without them,
Like flies the lads will buzz about them ;
While each his art and fortune tries,
The fausest aften wins the prize :
For mony a merry tale he'll speak,
To keep the dimple on her cheek ;
Brings claps and squeezes to's assistance—
For what are words when at a distance?—
Then tells the same dull story o'er,
That he has said to mony a score—
As how she kills him wi' her glances,
That cut his heart-strings through like lances ;
Swears by his saul he doesna flout her,
And that he canna live without her ;
That she, wha has the power to save,
Should deign some pity to her slave—
At least, to let him live in hope,
And no, at ance, his breath to stop :
“ Whae'er is dearest to this breast—
He surely maun be truly blest ;”
Then steals a kiss, looks in her e'e,
And thinks she'll hardly let him die.
Sic ravings gars her bosom heave—
'Tis woman's province to believe ;
And a' her kind that e'er I kent o',
Are fully fond to be ta'en tent o'.

It needs sma' foresight what's to follow,
Or how his sensual saul and hollow,

Stoops down below the rax o' truth,
 To cheat her unsuspecting youth ;
 And when her feckless virtue's gane,
 She's left to sab and greet her lane :
 I've seen her reaved o' a' her charms,
 Her helpless affspring in her arms,
 Wi' few to ask her how she fares,
 Or sooth her grief or share her cares ;
 Despised, in want, and deep distress,
 Gars a' her feelings bleed afresh.

But wha can paint the parent's woes,
 Wha's breast wi' piercing sorrow throes—
 Their joy, where a' their hopes were centred,
 Owre far on faithless seas has ventured ?
 Haply the parent's lowly laid,
 That reared wi' care the luckless maid.
 Then mae will toy and praise her beauty,
 Than teach the thoughtless maid her duty,
 Till left at large to passion's snare,
 That aften leads to dark despair.—
 When, lost to notice, lost to shame,
 She dares the deed we darena name.

Alas ! where's a' thy beauties now,
 Thy dimpled cheek and cherry mou'—
 The takin' twinkles o' your een,
 The maiden blush and modest mien—
 The matchless ringlets o' your hair,
 Might made a moderate face look fair—

That native note, of tunefu' glee,
That carried ay the charm to me—
And simple kindness without art,
That never failed to touch the heart?—
They're feckly fled, what could prevent them?—
And those still left hae few to tent them.

Beauty, though sages sair dispute thee,
Poets like ay to rhyme about thee.
Thou cheer'st the heart whene'er we see thee,
And fettered fancy canna leave thee ;
Thou plead'st thy cause in silent looks,
Better than orators or books ;
Canst smooth the brow o' gloomy thought,
And set our re-resolves at nought.
Gif weel adorned wi' truth and love,
Thou'd picture a' the joys above ;
For what has life to gie that's sweeter,
To make our earthly joys completer ?
Yet aft thou'st been a great transgressor,
And proved a bane to the possessor—
Hast fostered pride and marred instruction,
And robbed the mind by deep deduction ;
A sign-post set to gather knaves,
And ruins ten for twa thou saves :
Then, Oh !—but stop, where's this I'm gaun ?
My story's surely fully lang ;
So here my similies shall cease,
And let my readers rest in peace,

To rax their banes and rub their een,
 For fear they fret and tak the spleen—
 Only, I'd slightly wish to mention,
 How, that it ne'er was my intention
 To point at ony trade or callin',
 Or triumph in a nei'bour's failin' :
 For, 'las ! we always fin't owre true,
 We're a' possessed o' fau'ts enow :
 But, as for fashion's silly tools,
 And empty, dull, conceited fools,
 That seem to tell us, by their ways,
 That sauls o' men are shown in claes ;
 And wit and worth and a' respects,
 Are tacked to certain sorts and sects :—
 It shall not hurt my expectation,¹
 Although I want their approbation ;
 And should some passage pet or pout them,
 They ken best if the bonnet suit them. .
 There's mony mae I haena noted,
 Deserve't as weel as those hae got it :—
 For selfish pride and affectation,
 Hae spread their wings sae o'er the nation,
 That scarce a vestige now ye'll see,
 O' what like mankin' ought to be—
 Like beggar's cloak o' Bethnal Green,
 Wha's origin could scarce be seen :—
 But time would fail me—here I'll en',
 And leave them to some abler pen ;
 Or try mysel', some future time,
 When I'm again disposed for rhyme.



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THE SOLDIER'S HOME:

A TALE.

WHERE yon grey rocks resist the flood
On Scotia's southern strand,
I saw, in melancholy mood,
A rustic veteran stand.

Silent he gazed on sea and shore ;
High towered the village smoke,
The sun hard on his temples bore,
While thus he silence broke :—

“ Here musing o'er the lapse of time,
Since thoughtless childhood played,
And ripening manhood's youthful prime
In stately steps had strayed.

“ Imagination fondly roves,
Where cares and ills were few,
And pictures all our joys and loves,
And hopes and fears anew.

“ The long lost youthful friend we view,
Bedecked with heartfelt smiles,
And tenderer ties of love review,
With all her witching wiles.

“ With caution now each step we tread,
And trace each haunt with care ;
But youth is flown, and friends are fled :
Alas ! she dwells not there.

“ Though fair each streamlet still does flow,
And wider spread the trees ;
Yet by some cause they waken woe—
Ceased is their power to please.

“ A stranger occupies the cot
Where first my being grew,
A rude, unpolished, selfish sot,
With all his gaping crew.

“ One friend, that sighed for fortune large,
To foreign lands has sped ;
A dearer left his lonely charge,
And laid him with the dead.

“ Thoughts fond and vain the mind employ—
We're borne along the stream ;
The bud of life is all a toy,
Its wane a weary dream.

“ My first fond love in life's fair morn,
By luckless love undone,
Retiring far from public scorn
Has reared her only son.

“ Why left I what my soul held dear,
To sigh in crowds alone ?

'Twas siren Hope sung in mine ear,
And flattering, soothed me on.

"Dear Mary, though for fame and gold
The battle blade I've borne,
Lo ! here I come, more poor, more old,
More wretched and forlorn.

"But shall not we join hand in hand,
Our wayward fate to bear,
And closer bind each former band,
And wipe each falling tear ?

"Prosperity may well afford
A beam to glad the breast ;
But ne'er could touch the tender chord,
Like mutual love distrest.

"Welcome ye distant hills and heath,
Though barren, rude, and bare ;
My Mary's smile shall smooth each path,
And soothe the brow of care."

Thus sung the soldier, worn with toil ;
His country's shield and spear ;
With mingled passions marked the soil,
Untrod for many a year.

Though pointed pebbles on the way
Assailed his weary feet ;
The wild bird carolled loud his lay,
And cheered him up the steep.

But when the destined booth he reached,
Where jutting crags were seen,
A silver lake its bosom stretched,
And wild woods waving green.

Quick beat his heart with fondest joy,
He gazed, he viewed them o'er ;
His Mary, by his favourite boy,
Sat knitting near the door.

What though fleet time with paler hue
Her youthful bloom had foiled,
Within her eye, of azure blue,
Content and kindness smiled.

His manly visage soon she knew,
Though hacked in war's alarms,
She rose, she gazed, and breathless flew
Into his longing arms.

As wept the father o'er his child,
Whose absence long he mourned ;
Such joys might angels, undefiled,
Feel when a soul's returned.

There did he rest his wearied frame,
And tell his tales of war ;
His boy delights to hear the theme,
And marks each honest scar.

A father's fondest care is used,
Each virtue to commend,

Till, by degrees, he now has lost
The father in the friend.

Such are the hopes, the joys of age,
That cheer life's waning ray ;
More sure than all that stoic sage,
And lettered pride display.





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THE OLD SHEPHERD:

A TALE.

THE cold winds of winter did blow,
And hissingly swept o'er the hill;
The sun-beams were sickly and low,
As they tinged yon ice-clotted mill.

'Twas down by the white clefted rock,
Where the bare trees their branches spread wide,
Round its base nipt a poor scanty flock,
There a hoary Old Shepherd I spied.

Each feature a sorrow betrayed,
Though his looks they betokened the sage;
His form like a bulwark decayed,
And his head was o'er-silvered with age.

Around him a mantle of grey—
'Twas the dye that was worn by his sheep;
At his feet lay his faithful friend, Tray,
His charge that assisted to keep.

His hands they were withered and bare,
That tremblingly grasp'd his crook;
His brow it was furrowed with care,
While wistful and wildly he spoke.

- “What is life but a trifle, a toy ?
A something, a nothing, that's gone ;
As the shade of the cloud gliding by,
Hope grasps, but the phantom is flown.
- “Yet life's morning tasks, ye were sweet ;
When the bosom was vacant and gay,
How light was the sound of my feet,
While I tuned up my pastoral lay !
- “Till love from the eyes of my Ann
Beamed forth to disquiet my mind ;
But soon were my sorrows withdrawn,
For my Anna was constant and kind.
- “Though our cabin was lonely and low,
Soft peace and content did abound ;
Our labours sweet health did bestow,
And our pledges of love were around.
- “When apace our young blossoms they grew,
My bosom exulted within,
As the striplings first guided the plough,
And the damsel was learning to spin.
- “Then fortune her gifts did unfold,
And spread out her gay gilded train ;
My flocks they increased in the fold,
And the valleys waved wide with my grain.
- “But the follies of fashion and rank,—
The bane of the youthful and fair,—

Our offspring like honey they drank,
And my partner was caught in the snare.

“ Now our cooling brick pavement was changed
For a cloth that must cover the floor ;
In place of our milk-pails arranged,
There goblets and vases did tower :

“ Our sons saw each race and each fair,
And visits they gave and received ;
’Twas confusion, and bustle, and care ;
In our prospects we oft were deceived.

“ The tabor beat time at the dance,
And the ’Squire of the manor was there ;
He deigned on our daughter to glance :
For my Mary was thoughtless and fair.

“ Alas ! could I smother the rest !
He proffered to make her his bride ;
Decoyed, and then left her distress :
She sickened, repented, and died.

“ My favourite, the son of my love,
Was bound to a trader in town ;
But the youth learned to gamble and rove,
Till his health and his virtue were flown :

“ Our oldest was haughty and vain :
When he saw that our fortunes decreased,
He hied him far over the main,
And left us in sorrow distress.

“ The wound of a parent’s fond hope,
My wife to her bosom has laid ;
Ere her time does she wither and droop ;
And the mind’s with the body decayed.

“ I sigh for the friends of my youth ;
I look ; but behold they are not !
Experience has taught me this truth ;
I live, yet am almost forgot.

“ Like yon aged oak on the cleft,
With bosom laid bare to each blast,
Whose branches are withered and reft,
And leafless, and sapless, and waste.

“ Thus lonely, through want and through cold,
I tend these few sheep on the heath ;
No friend to support me when old,
To close my sad eyelids in death.

“ O life ! thou art languid to bear !
How cheerless the prospects I see :
Though Spring shall with blossoms appear,
She never can bud upon me.

“ But why should I murmur and sigh
At the life-cheering tints of the Spring ?
Though a songster may sicken and die,
Yet another shall carol and sing.

“ Ye fields, ye shall flourish and fade,
With your caves and your cataracts so lone ;

Some shepherd more gay shall you tread,
When my name on the hills is unknown.
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“ But it’s cruel, ye wealthy and high,
Thus to spill the content of the swain ;
And ’tis folly in them, thus to sigh
For the rank they can never maintain.”





A TALE OF TERROR.

MESTREEN, as I staw by yon auld ruined wa',
Where heroes lie mouldering and rotten,
There the chieftain of fame, and the fair peerless dame,
Lie low in their mansion, forgotten.

Below yon grey stanes lie the friar's haly banes,
And the nun's in yon mouldering cloister,
That lived their chaste lives without husbands or wives,
Wi' pains and wi' penance right austere.

Now lowly ye rest ; but your sauls they are blest ;
For honour and truth was your treasure :
And ye holy few, that, secluded frae view,
Despising each worldly pleasure.

Thus musing I strode o'er the green grassy sod,
And thought on the frailties o' nature,
How man's like a flower, that's cut down in an hour :
A weak, thoughtless, short-sighted creature.

Midnight came soon, and the pale waning moon
O'er the verge her last shred was declining ;
Dark clouds gathered roun' with a dismal like gloom,
As if spirits o' darkness were joining.

The ominous note frae the raven's hoarse throat,
Was joined by the far-flying heron ;
Thro' the vaults the wind sang, and the untouched bell rang,
Chorused up by the owl's screeching clarion.

Loud the rain lashed frae the wings o' the blast,
And louder the thunder did bellow ;
The lightning's rude dash o'er the ruins did flash,
While demons of darkness did follow.

When lo ! to the west, where the ivy had prest,
Rose the moanings of misery and horror ;
The fire-ba's fell, like red bolts shot frae hell,
Spreading fear, devastation, and terror.

When near to yon bust raise twa knights frae the dust,
Wha's looks teemed wi' terror and vengeance :
Said, " Through fervent zeal we've our souls sent to hell,
Being of kings and of devils the engines.

" Our arms we have strained for what fate ne'er ordained ;
For the tomb and yon temple sae bonny,
To clear Jewish parks frae Saracens and Turks,
And become a Jerusalem Johnny.

" Thro' the fray we have dash'd till our feet have been wash'd
Wi' blood o' the innocent Persian ;
But never yet deemed, while their bodies we seamed,
That we from our duties were swerving.

" In our demon-like grup we have women ripped up,
Though the child in the womb has been starting ;

While the sum of our gains, and reward of our pains,
Was the gift of a green or blue garten."

Then neist frae the groun', raise a friar and a nun,
Twa spectres wi' horrible grinnin',
They wildly accused, and each ither abused,
For secretly tempting to sinnin'.

"From the rich," says the monk, "I have eaten and drunk,
And paid with a Pope's toleration ;
I have taught them a lie, for which I now fry,
And soothed o'er their souls to damnation.

"The poor I have racked till their heart-strings have cracked,
Stained their daughters with guilt and infection :
I have lain with men's wives, challenged, then ta'en their lives,
And all without dread or detection.

"Made religion a cloak, real piety a joke,
And hatched conspiracy and treason ;
And in prosperous days we made faggots to blaze,
And curbed every dawning of reason."

"And me," said the nun, "you've for ever undone,
By your lewd and your lawless caresses ;
You strangled my child, though the innocent smiled ;
And laughed at a mother's distresses."

"You lie !" said the priest, anger swelled in his breast,
"Thy child had a convent of fathers ;
'Twas far other aims than confessing your sins,
Made you twine round our bodies like adders.

“Thy dark hollow soul, with hypocrisy foul,
Thou varlet—thou base lying Vandal !
What fiend ever matched ye false women debauched—
You caused me, to save you from scandal.”

But the morning bell strook, when I backward did look,
To muse on these prospects sae dreary ;
There was nought I could view but the dark waving yew ;
Through the turrets the wind whistled eerie.





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JOHNNY GILL:

A TALE.

RENNED ye e'er a social chiel,
A sober lad, that means nane ill ;
But Hymen hooked him in his noose,
And soured content wi' Johnny Gill.

Nane raise mair cheerfu' to their wark,
Peace hovered round his bosom lang ;
Wi' routh o' health his heart was light,
And blythe he owre the lee-rig sang,

Wha wi' him a fur could streekit,
Or borne a meal sack to his size ?
For thrice he banged the miller's man,
And thrice he won the ploughing prize.

Ruddy was his face, and gracefu',
When first he hiréd wi' Laird Mairie,
But ere the winds o' ware were blawn,
Part o's peace and health were gane.

Sally Sloan, baith fair and pauky,
That made the bed and cleaned the room,
Soon twined him o' his manly heart,
And left poor Johnny's bosom toom.

Gay she spread her curls daily,
Ay she twinkled wi' her een,
Ay she busked her bosom dinkly ;
Whyles a tapered leg was seen.

Soon she saw the lad was dinted,
Weel it suited wi' her plan ;
Hadna she her views extended,
To draw in baith laird and man.

Lang he feart his mind to mint it,
Sally seemed baith proud and brow ;
Sae fierce his love was the first fortnight,
Fient a wink he slept ava.

Sober was the simmer e'enin',
Mildly beamed the setting sun,
Glistening on the cottar's window ;
Rowin' reek towered frae the lum.

Down a wimplin' burnie trotted,
By a smooth and daisied green ;
Here lay sarks, and sheets, and mutches,
Gowns and ruffles bleaching clean.

On its banks a bower was bigget,
Theeket owre wi' birken leaves ;
There gloamin' brought the lads and lasses,
Baith to court and watch the thieves.

Happy bower, that aft has shielded
Blushes o' the bashfu' maid ;

Though whyles beneath thee hae been happed

Nymphs that needed nae sic aid.

Here first Fortune favoured Johnny

To breathe out his lowin' flame ;

A' the lave were soundly sleepin' :

Wha were happier now than them ?

Lang they talked o' lads and lasses,

Dresses seen at kirk or fair ;

Syne o' courting and convoying :

Lang ere he durst mention mair.

Sally spak o' lads bein' faithless ;

How it was an awsome sin ;

How she seldom saw them happy,

Matches that hang lang i' win'.

Johnny joined, and syne drew near her ;

Need I tell what mair they'd say,

Seeing now the ice was broken,

Hope paved out the after way.

Nae doubt sighs, and vows, and kisses,

Claps and squeezes o' the han',

Thawed through time her snawy bosom ;

Wha can sic a siege withstan' ?

True it is, they soon were buckled—

Soon flew by the hinny moon ;

But ere sax months slippet slowly,

Sall brought him a wally son.

Thankless frien's by nods and whispers,
 Wi' strange fancies filled his head ;
 Some said he had preed the dainties
 Ere the haly grace was said.

Vexed and crossed, yet kentna weel how ;
 Ay he thought his conscience clear :
 Sally's mither saw him swithering,
 Whispered saftly in his ear,

That the first was seldom sicker—
 He maun for a truth receiv't ;
 The laird he spak o' learned causes ;
 But John himsel' could scarce believ't.

Ance the caffin kept an alehouse ;
 Young anes whyles will kiss the cup ;
 And daimen wives, when cankers cross them,
 Pree't to keep their courage up.

Sally, gay, and used wi' dautin'
 By frien's or sweethearts a' her life,
 Now fand but few o' nights or days
 Her thoughts had pictured for a wife.

Johnny's glee has now a sameness,
 His hamely fare's no' worth a flee ;
 But weel she lo'ed a tasty nei'bour,
 Owre a social cup o' tea.

He toils, while she maun hae a servant
 To do her drudgery out and in ;

Her gentle han's were never made
 To wash his ploughman hose, or spin.

His meal or mart were seldom lastin' ;
 Kimmets cam and bore't awa ;
 The beds turned bare and without bo'sters ;
 The milk was suppet, taps and a'.

Sall, as bairns turned thick and thicker,
 A' her beauties changed their hue ;
 The laird as nowte grew dear and dearer,
 Turned he wouldna grass the cow.

Meal was dear and scant the kitchen ;
 Bairns were sma' and ill to rear ;
 John's locks wore thin but ay he laboured,
 Hoped ay better year to year.

Thus he warsles wi' the warld ;
 Sally's tongue's baith dreich and fell ;
 Age and poortith sairly shore him,
 Ere the bairns can fend themsel'.

Should ye, lads, a wife that's wanting,
 See some fair lass o'er a gill,
 Gif her smirking looks entice you,
 Mind the fate o' JOHNNY GILL.

Beauty seldom proves a blessing ;
 The stealing fairy robs the min',
 Spreads a lure for knaves and flattery—
 Source o' meikle dool and pine.

Hymen's love's baith sweet and lasting,
If frien'ly prudence beets the lowe ;
But selfish pride, and careless habits,
Damp the strings o' Cupid's bow.



TO MELANCHOLY.

DULL Melancholy ! ruefu' maid,
Begot in disappointment's shade
By dire Disease, thy donsie dad,
On Pride, thy mither,
Wi' sickly Thought, a pale-faced blade,
Thy elder brither.

I ken thee by thy ceaseless mane,
Thy staukin' gait, and hollow grane,
Thy lantern chafts, and lang cheek-bane,
And deadened e'e,
As wanderin' through the woods thy lane,
Thy form I see.

Or saunterin' near some auld grey biggin',
Where Time has torn the roof and riggin',
Where ghaists and bogles bead fu' trig in,
Wi' midnight croon,
And elves and fairies flisk a jig in,
To waning moon :

And by thy thoughtfu' pensive brow,
Bound roun' wi willow, twined wi yew,
And gloomy garb that's dark to view,
And cypress sash on ;

Thou mind'st nae gowns o gaudy hue,
 Nor freaks o' fashion ;

Nor blushing Spring, wi' dew's and showers,
 Nor Summer gay, wi' blowing flowers,
 Nor Autumn, though she plenty pours,
 Ye're seldom tentin',
 But Winter's wildest, loudest roars
 Ye're maist content in.

What gars ye now be sae prevailin',
 And spread your power baith moor and dale on,
 Till hame-spun fouks in cot and mailin'
 Ye blaw your breath on,
 And cheerfu' Mirth's gay empire's failin'
 Wi' thoughts distressin' ?

The great, that o' their gear are heedfu',
 Though blest wi' mair than what is needfu',
 By thee are torn wi' whim that's dreadfu',
 And discontent,
 Till a' their joys prove unremeadfu'
 For want o' want.

O, wad ye stay wi' foppish loons,
 Or prey on priests wi' haly gowns,
 Or novel nymphs in borough towns,
 Wha ne'er relent ye ;
 Or fouks wi' garters, stars, and crowns,
 Might weel content ye.

Yet aft ye wring the noblest hearts,
 When Hope her wonted hame deserts,
 Or where love shoots his scornfu' darts,
 Ye're sure to dwell ;
 But where remorse the feelin' smarts,
 Ye're neist to hell.

How cheerless shines the cheerfu' light,
 And lanely langsome is the night,
 To mopin' melancholy wight,
 Wha's fancy swims,
 While fiends and spectres greet his sight
 In dreary dreams ?

The smiles o' beauty, he may see them,
 The sweets o' life he canna pree them ;
 He sees nae things as ithers e'e them :
 Trifles perplex him ;
 Nor music's warblin' notes can please him,
 But teaze and vex him.

I've seen thy balefu' influence shed
 Roun' skinny poortith's strawy bed ;
 The frien'less wretch, there lowly laid,
 Thou sting'st amain,
 And spread'st around his cheerless bed
 Thy gloomy train.

Till frenzied Fever's fiery han'
 Alang the witherin' lips was drawn,

Fond Hope and Health were at a stan'—
 Ye crushed them there ;
 Then roused your daughter, wild and wan—
 E'en dark Despair !

Poor Poets, in their airy station,
 Wrapt up in cobweb contemplation,
 Whilst spinning out some new creation,
 Wi' hopefu' e'e,
 Are hissed by harpy Condemnation,
 Then torn by thee.

Although thy darksome gloomy reign
 May cloud the thought, and sour the min',
 Yet where the Bard does soarin' shine,
 Wi' witchin' art,
 Thou thrill'st the feelin's there mair fine,
 And men'st the heart.

Thy gentle touch shall aften tend
 To endear the lover and the friend ;
 To lofty reason aid thou'lt lend,
 And maxims meet,
 And beauty's saftest smile wilt blend
 Wi' something sweet.

Thou teachest worldly cares are vain ;
 Thou winn'st our thoughts frae sordid gain ;
 Thou gar'st us feel for ithers' pain,
 In sorrows sinkin',
 And point'st frae thoughtless Folly's train
 To sober thinkin'.



RURAL RETIREMENT.

OH! Rural Life, thou blest retreat,
Where sweet contentment dwells ay ;
To me ye're dearer than the street,
Where din and discord yells ay.
There, countless wretches are immured,
In fell disease and starvin' ;
And thrivin' knaves to guilt inured,
Frae virtue's paths are swervin'.

Right dear to me are glens and howes,
Wi' craigs aboon me towerin',
While burns come tumblin' frae the knowes,
And owre the linns are pourin'.
The sun blinks blythely on the pool,
That bickers to his glances ;
There water clocks, untaught by rule,
Skip through their countra dances.

The sturdy aik aboon the brow,
Supports the feeble ivy ;
See how it twines wi' mony a bow,
Just as it were alive ay.
The bloomin' broom, the hawthorn white,
That scents the caller mornin',

And wild-flowers that the heart delight,
The banks and brows adornin'.

Here blythesome birds on hazel boughs,
Chant up their mornin' dittie ;
Amang the firs the cushat coos,—
Here how she wails sae pretty !
Better they relish Nature's laws,
Than man wi' a' his knowledge,
And fill their place, but cracks or flaws,
Though ne'er at school or college.

The sheep, amang the bracken braes,
Are feedin' wi' their lammies ;
There, kids as white as new bleached claes,
'Mang crags bleat for their mammies.
The shepherd lad sae blythe and gay,
Does loudly tune his chanter ;
Plays " Owre the hills and far away,"
To chase ilk care and canker.

Yet still the bonniest flower's unsung
O' a creation's plantin' ;
For thee has mony a harp been strung,
And ilka heart been pantin' ;
But if the precious dew o' sense
Bedeck't, it shows the sweeter ;
Fostered by mirthfu' modest mense,
It maks the gift completer.

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Leeze me on e'en, when hill and tree
 Are pictured in the vallies ;
 When lasses to the loan do hie,
 To milk and feed their mailies ;
 While sweet and lang they lilt the sang,
 As lads come frae the mawin',
 Wha pree their mou' ere it be lang,
 In corner till the daw'in'.

When seated roun' the milkin' slap,
 Their toils are a' forgotten :
 For lasses' looks hae ay the knack
 To stir up fun and jokin'.
 The lads that's kind will bear the pail,
 And pair as love directs them ;
 While lightly footin't owre the dale,
 Nae doubts or fears perplex them.

Now e'ening star to lovers dear,
 Beams in the purple east ;
 Wi' modest beauties saft and clear,
 Like Peggy's spotless breast.
 The moon like ony buskèd bride,
 In siller grey was glancin',
 And on the restless rocking tide
 Her lightsome locks were dancin'.

But sure Contentment lives, hersel',
 Beneath yon brow clay biggin',

Weel theekit frae the heathery fell,
 While brackens crown the riggin.'
 The honeysuckles speel the roof,
 And fous adorn the gavel;
 The frien'ly firs, they keep it noof,
 Frae Boreas' baul'est devel.

Here, glancin' trenchers in a raw,
 And luggies laid in order ;
 There stuff-hung bed, fu' doucely braw,
 Fringed featly roun' the border.
 The saddle chair, for seat or bed,
 Wi' forms and tables scoured weel,
 And glancin' green-horns snugly laid,
 In lucky Dad's ain spoon-creel.

Here auld folks live wi' bairns' bairns,
 And blest wi' peace and plenty ;
 Here, parents' hope the bosom warms,
 Here youth blooms fair and dainty :
 Here dwell the mither's virtuous smiles,
 The faithfu' friend and father ;
 Unlike them skilled in city wiles,
 That aften slip the tether.

Here grey-beard mirth forgets his years,
 And tells his tale fu' cheer'ly ;
 Amazed, the listening youngster hears
 The feats o' Papish Charlie.
 But when the lasses tune the lays,
 As Coila's Bard composed them ;

'Bout thoughtless joys o' lover's waes,
They dirl through the bosom.

What though they hae nae opera joys,
Or carriage gay to flaunt in ;
Or dainty that the stomach cloys,
They never ken they want 'em.
Their hame-spun grey, and halesome fare,
Mak life as sweet's the gentry's ;
And what they hae, they freely share,
Nor heed they learned comment'ries.

Unknown to them the borrowed glance,
To smile when sorrows twine them ;
Or a' the mummeries come frae France :
Few spleens or vapours pine them.
Their life is like yon toddlin' burn ;
Though cross craigs whiles may stint it,
Still presses owre ilk thrawart turn,
And never looks behint it.

My wearied limbs I'd here repose,
And woo the muses roun' me ;
There mark the briar that bears the rose,
While lavrocks tower aboon me.
Here, far frae busy bustlin' strife,
I'd tend life's latest ember ;
Unteased by feignèd friends or wife,
That wauken care and clamour.

LINES

ON SEEING A POOR OLD MAN SHUNNED AND
DESPISED AT A SACRAMENTAL OCCASION.

OH ! woefu' wreck of wretched man !
Thou, sickening, show'st that life's a span,
With comforts frail and few ;
Thy body, bent by many a year,
Thy feeble limbs reluctant bear ;
Thy eye seems wet with blood-stained tear,
And cheek of clay-cold hue.

On lyart temples, thin and bare,
The zephyr scarce can find a hair,
To wave a warning round ;
But tattered rags he finds enow,
To float and wave, and show to view,
Like autumn's leaves of every hue,
That, withered, strew the ground.

But see ! the thoughtless, proud, and gay,
Poor earthworms ! fluttering now in May,
Fall back and back in rings.
Few heave for thee the pitying sigh ;
The Bucks take snuff as thou creep'st by ;
The ladies rein the neck and eye,
And gather in their wings.

Can feeble age you thus affright ?
 Can poverty thus wound your sight ?
 Thus man for man be stunned ?
 Then ponder well what now ye see ;
 For who can read the dark decree ?
 What he is now, ye soon may be,
 And serpent-like thus shunned.

I hear thee heave the heavy moan :
 Amidst the crowd thou sigh'st alone,
 And tremblest at the word
 Of Gospel peal, that loud is rung
 From thundering preacher's pliant tongue,
 Unto a giddy, lukewarm throng,
 " O Israel, fear the Lord !"

Art thou a sinner, old in crimes,
 That in thy youthful, healthful times,
 Oft strayed in folly's road—
 Now show'st thy bold presumptuous head
 When every youthful passion's dead,
 When life's a load—enjoyment fled—
 Thou seek'st the house of God ?

Or rather has thy wounded worth
 Found nought but cross and care on earth ?
 For worth has much to bear.—
 Has reckless death thy bosom riven ?
 Has misery and want thee driven,
 Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven ?
 Yet hope—nor feed despair :

For HE, whose grace thou fond wouldst gain,
HE acts not as the sons of men,

Nor breaks the bruised reed.

The broken heart to him is dear ;
HE soothes, HE wipes the swelling tear ;
HE bends from Heaven thy griefs to hear,
A help and stay in need.

What though the unfeeling crowd aroun',
Within GOD'S house on thee look down,
For want of rich array ?

This borrowed light must soon decline,
When thou in robes of grace may'st shine ;
Some future day, perhaps, is thine,
When theirs is wild dismay.



Last year, ere Meg began a-spinnin'
 Her lang projected wab o' linen,
 To light her pipe she thought nae sin in—
 Teazin' her tow ;
 Countin' wi' care her costs and winnin',
 The stock took low !

Our auld gudeman, sae crouse and canty,
 That said his prayers like ony saint ay,
 Tinin' his spleuchan i' the pantry—
 Now frets and granes,
 And banns, and glowers, and girms, and gaunts ay,
 And paiks the weans.

When bairns and auld folks gang to rest,
 And youngsters roun' the fire are placed,
 Ilk ane sits neist wha he likes best,
 Amang the kimmers,
 To read their fortune's kittle cast,
 Amang the em'ers.

Then Pate pu's out his sneeshin-mill,
 And Peg will hae't again his will,
 While she, poor young thing, deems nae ill—
 He darklins grips her :
 Some luckless creepie hits her heel,
 And backward trips her.

Yestreen, while smokin' by the hallan,
 Blythe Bess cam by, the sonsie callan,

I fain my chin her cheek wad hauled on—
 But nae remead—
 She said my breath was past a' tholin' :
 O ! cursed weed.

Thou picklest aft the poor man's penny ;
 Ye shake the nerves o' waefu' grannie :
 'Tis thee maks monie a thriftless miammie,
 And loiterin' dad ;
 And spoils the bluid o' Kate and Annie,
 Till beauties fade.

Thou feed'st a batch o' idle loons,
 O' chapmen chiels in borough towns ;
 And cursed excisemen gaun their roun's,
 Wi' saucy gnash ;
 Forbye a batch o' spinster clowns,
 And sic like trash.

Wae worth the man first brought you here !
 Freedom appalled, looks back wi' fear,
 Where cowerin' wretches do you rear,
 Baith air and late ;
 And stifle sorrow's briny tear,
 In slavery's state.

Had ye been meant for Scotlan's gude,
 To clear the min', or clean the bluid,
 Ayont the sea ye wadna stood
 Where ye're a weed o' ;

For she supplies ilk herb and food,
 That we hae need o'.

But now, we're sae far seen in arts,
 And learned the gate to foreign parts,
 That countra clauchans now are marts
 For foreign dainties ;
 We've lost our strength and honest hearts,
 Sin' ye cam sklent us.

Awa' ye foreign jaups and gills,
 Ye've brought auld Scotlan' mony ills ;
 Her bairns torn down, wi' puffs and pills.
 Tryin' to mend them,
 Till, totterin' through her heath clad hills
 Ye'd hardly ken them :

A poor, degenerate pigmy race,
 Wi' tame dependence in their face,
 Puffed up wi' pride and pert grimace,
 Powdered and frizzed—
 Strut turkey-like frae place to place,
 Half dead, half crazed !

O, for the days when Wallace bled !
 And Scotlan's sons to glory led ;
 Or when Bruce drew the martial blade,
 At Bannockburn :
 But, ah, alas ! thae days are fled,
 Ne'er to return.

Let English dine on pork and pease ;
Let Welshmen plot and toast their cheese,
Gie Boney paddock fricasees,
 And fish to Dutchmen—
But brose, and hame-brewed barley-brees,
 Can rear the Scotchman.





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THE BUTTERFLY AND BEE.

A FABLE.

A GAUDY butterfly that sat
Upon a flaunting tulip's lap ;
While from its tubes of crimson hue,
He sipt the virgin morning dew ;
His tinsel wings waved by his side—
His chiefest beauty and his pride—
Bedropt in Nature's fancying hours,
Vied with the beauties of the flowers.
The star of day, from ocean's breast,
Rolled up the portals of the east,
And shone afar o'er lakes and streams,
To glad creation with his beams.
The heath-bell blue adorned the wild,
And flowers within the garden smiled :
The fluttering insect thus elate,
While cringing reptiles round him wait,
Like fops, when blest with pride and treasure,
Think all things formèd for their pleasure.
Shall then his deeds of fairest hue,
Be hid and not exposed to view ;
He flaps his wings, he hummed aloud,
And thus addressed the wondering crowd :

“ Behold in me, of high descent,
A traveller of great extent ;
A connoisseur of noble parts,
Adept in sciences and arts :
The eglantine and woodbine bower,
I have surveyëd in my tour ;
Cowslips, carnations, I have trode,
And made the violet my abode :
When zephyrs waked my soft repose,
I dined upon the honied rose,
And revelled on the scented pea—
For all the flowers were fond of me.
My soaring wing hath dared to fly,
Up to yon towering pear-tree high ;
Or perched alone, unfeared of fall,
Upon the lofty garden wall ;
Nor stopt I there, till objects new,
Again attract my wondering view.
A spacious sea, extended wide,
The circling billows lashed the side,
Where living mountains stemmed the flood,
And cackled to their giant brood ;
A cloud-topt tower, where thunder rings,
Monsters both with, and without wings.
All these and more, myself did brave,
That ye poor creepers can't conceive :—
But surely ye'll allow the charge,
That I have viewed the world at large.”

A sober snail, of slowly pace,
 That on a leaf lay stretched at ease,
 In all his life that scarce had seen
 Above a cabbage or a green,
 Yet deemed they yielded dainty store—
 Because he ne'er had dreamt of more—
 Hearing the bully boast aloud,
 His dangers thus by field and flood,
 Dire discontent his bosom seized,
 And envy all his vitals heezed :
 His body round in grief he wreathed,
 While thus his woe and wants he breathed :
 " Ah ! cursed fate—ah ! captious Nature,
 That formed me such a clumsy creature !
 My footless form thus keeps me here,
 Through all the beauties of the year ;
 Till piercing winds, or driving snows,
 Cut short my life and end my woes.
 O ! had I but the towering wing
 Of yon gay flutterer of the spring,
 I should not loiter here alone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown." ✕
 A busied bee, with humming noise,
 That o'er her labours did rejoice,
 Hearing at large the lengthened tale
 Of empty butterfly and snail,
 A conscious ardour filled her breast ;
 She thus the butterfly address :
 " Vain, empty, ostentatious worm,

✕ Where does this line come from?

That no instruction can reform ;
Nor sage experience with her light,
Can ever guide thy views aright,
But like the crowd that always change,
Thou lov'st the marvellous and strange ;
Though thou hast roamed o'er flower and field,
What hidden truths hast thou revealed ;
Or sound conclusions, drawn from nature,
Of use to thee or other creature.
Even now, while summer's sun doth shine,
Thou, idly gadding wast'st thy time ;
And with thy follies dost foment,
The bursting sigh of discontent,
Through all the simple creeping tribe,
And fill'st their itching minds with pride.
I, too, have traversed all thy rounds,
And even o'erleaped thy largest bounds ;
Toiling, with pleasure, for my hive,
To keep our commonwealth alive :
But small's the all that we have viewed,
And short's the path we have pursued.
Again, when winter chills the day,
My store shall well each toil repay,
When thou in dust shalt low be laid,
And all thy transient beauties fled.”

Our fable ends ; and you no doubt,
Can easy find the moral out :
For trifles far we need not roam—
There's Butterflies enow at home.

TO HAPPINESS.

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SAY, where is thy dwelling, thou daughter of peace?
More sweet than the sun-gilded flower ;

What thousands await for a glimpse of thy face,
Disappointment and keen-pining Envy to chase,
From the peasant's lone hut to the tower ?

False Hope, with her anchor, would point out the path,
As her various votaries choose,

By the new-fallowed field, or the blue-belled heath,
The statesman's parade, or the warrior's wreath,
Love, science, a friend, or the muse.

But vain are their pursuits, if passion's unreined,
Or sickly unsoundness be nigh ;

Though Virtue's fair telescope lights the dark mind,
Thou fly'st their fond grasp, like the fast-fleeting wind,
Or the bright-beaming arch of the sky.

Yet oft dost thou visit the young and the gay ;

Too sweet are the moments to last ;

And mirth, wine, and music, can chase Care away
For a night ; but, alas ! she returns with the day ;—
We painful reflect on the past.

How vain, then, for mortals to pant for the prize ?

'Tis the charter to angels that's given :

This life's a short journey—be patient, be wise—

Unhinge ye from earth ; let your prospects arise ;
She dwells not on this side of Heaven.



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ON FICKLENESS.

SAY, what a captious creature's man,
That's never near contented ?
Let fortune favour a' she can,
Yet still there's something wanted.
Whate'er we hae we soon despise,
Be't lasses, lair, or money ;
While what we want we highly prize,
And think it gude and bonny—
While unpossessed.

The beggar, free frae tax and charge,
Sighs for a house and haddin' ;
The cotter wants his yard made large,
An's o' a mailin bodin'.
There's jobber John, the donsie man,
Wha's daughter's nearly ready,
Thinks by her shine o' pauky e'en,
She'll catch some landed body,
Or priest some day.

The farmer e'es the stately ha',
Forgets his stocks and barns ;
The lairdy lang's for titles braw,
For ribbons and for starns :

The Knight a seat—the Lord his Grace ;
 The Duke envies the crown ;
 The king the happy Shepherd's place—
 And thus the wish gaes roun',
 Frae side to side.

See Sawney, in his youthfu' days,
 When first he sighed for Sarah ;
 He walks, he gaunts, he groans, he prays,
 He pines wi' love and sorrow ;
 When harvest days turned dreigh and warm,
 'Twas then they first fell gracious ;
 He mawed her rig wi' manfu' arm,
 Till like a brose his face was,
 Wi' sweat that day.

To pick the prickles frae her han'
 To him now's near Elysium ;
 To plait her locks, or bear her can,
 Can never fail to please him ;
 She was nane o' the scornfu' pack,
 Ay bent on feuds or fleein' ;
 But stopt a'e night, and took a crack,
 And saved the lad frae deein'
 An unco death.

For her he shook the hasky strae,
 And kaved the corn fu' neatly,
 And bore her beuk ilk Sabbath day,
 To keep her sma' and featly.

O'er every stran' he took her han',
 And prest it kin' and sily;
 Bore streekit claith aboon her face,
 Although the day was drily,
 To shield her form.

But wha can stop the wind to blaw,
 Or keep the cock frae crawin'
 Or haud ghaists frae the haunted ha',
 Or me frae sleep at dawin' ?
 Or, wha can tether tide or time,
 Or bind the frail affections ;
 Or stay the weakly waverin' mind,
 Wi' a' love's kind connexions,
 And tender ties ?

Soon as the boasted trifle's gane,
 That downa thole the namin',
 She sighs, and sabs, and greets her lane,
 And rues the rede o' gamin'.
 Now she pursues, and he forhoos—
 The aftercome o't fears her ;
 And when they meet, nae kisses sweet,
 Or hinnied words to cheer her,
 Like ance a day.

Where's now the rosy red and white,
 The matchless form and gesture ;
 That breast for which his soul has sighed
 Or eyes that held him faster ?—

The dimples, blushes, smiles, and brows,
Thy outward charms composed ;
And ithers, hid frae lovers' views,
But sweeter when disclosed ?—
So poets sing.

Hope beets the youthfu' lover's flame ;
Enjoyment gars us falter ;
The object still remains the same—
'Tis we ourselves do alter.
Let sage Experience point our views,—
It never can deceive us ;
But Fancy, wi' her borrowed hues,
Aft in the lurch will leave us,
When reason's shunned.



ON YOUTHFUL HOPE.

H! Hope, thou cheat'st the young and gay
Wi' fondest expectation ;
For pleasin' Fancy paints the way
Without investigation.

Alas ! thou little ken'st the care
O' thorny life's employment ;
Thy fairy figures promise fair,
But tine in the enjoyment.

Yet when I think on days that's by,
How happy ye hae made me,
I fin' my heart aft heave the sigh,
That e'er ye should hae fled me.

What gars ye, waverin', smilin' Hope,
And fickle Fancy, lea'e me ?
For Reason, wi' his boasted prop,
But little comfort gies me.

He's but a paughty sullen guide,
His paths are no ay pleasin' ;
And then the heart-strings downa bide
Gin e'er a body lea'es him :

And warldly Wisdom, wi' her wiles,
 Keeps ay a body waukin';
 She clogs the mind wi' care and toils,
 For either thought or talkin'.

Come, Fancy wi' thy magic skill,
 And wrap me in Elysium ;
 Though ye're the elder sister still,
 Ye never fail to please ane.

But cankered Care's ta'en up the min',
 Without an invitation,—
 Will keep his haud, till made to tine,
 By Time his eerie station.

What art thou, restless, woefu' wight,
 That wring'st the heart unceasin' ?
 That wounds the mind, and wrecks the sight,
 Wi' thoughts and views unpleasin' ?—

That's ever waukin', ay at wark,
 Although we canna see thee ;
 Gropin' for something in the dark,
 The warld canna gie thee ?

O Hope, come wi' thy shinin' power,
 Anchor my thoughts, and right me,
 Afore the dark and dreary hour
 Of dread despair benight me !



VERSES TO A FLY.

FLUTTERING insect of a day,
Gaily you your wings display ;
Lightly you traverse your round
O'er the flower-enamelled ground ;
Or buzz beneath the hazel shade,
With primrose pale, and violet spread ;
By gushing stream, or dimpling pool,
Where yielding air is soft and cool,
Unmindful of the trout beneath,
That lurks in ambush for your death :
Or subtle spider on the brow,
That weaves the web of fate for you—
Where, lawyer-like, he spreads his gin,
To draw the gay and thoughtless in.

See ye not yon gloomy west,
Where lowering clouds the sky o'er cast ?
There distant darkness dims the plain,
Prophetic of approaching rain ;
Or chilling blast, with hailstones fraught,
Might murder myriads in a thought,
And dash your being, and your name,

To barren nought, from whence ye came :
 Nor leave a mourner to relate,
 Or sing a brother's hapless fate.

Yet still ye wheel, and still ye sing,
 On fluttering pleasure's airy wing,
 Unconscious of your short-lived power,
 That stints your being to an hour.
 Alas ! your sight, so quick and clear,
 Views but the objects that are near.
 Your convex eye, that's made to view
 Each film, and wing, and form, and hue
 Of atoms, insects, nicely made,
 From eager poring Science hid ;
 But leaves unnoticed hills and towers,
 And clouds, and skies, and coming showers.
 With forethought shorter than your sight,
 Fearless ye urge your aerial flight,
 As lightly round the dance ye wheel
 Of life's fantastic fairy reel.
 But when the thread of life is spun,
 Your debts are paid, your work is done.
 So fares the beauteous, hapless maid,
 Tutored in flattery's empty shade,
 While youthful blossoms paint her form,
 She sees not ruin's ruthless storm ;
 How soon her thread of pleasure's spun,
 And ends ere life has well begun !
 Some callous wretch, of reptile kind,

Destroys her peace, and taints her mind ;
Whose poisonous tongue's with flattery oiled,
But leaves her when her rose is soiled.

Thus fares the Poet and his lays,
If Fame—the sun-shine of his days—
Beam brisk, like thee, he'll mount and sing,
On soaring Fancy's airy wing ;
And *ignis fatuus*-like he'll shine,
While swains for him the laurels twine ;
Till critics all his lines dissect,
And damn his works with disrespect.
Adieu ! his sanguine hopes are fled ;
His name is in oblivion dead.

'Tis thus, if human life we view—
The picture's too severely true ;
Though armed with reason's piercing eye,
Too oft we ape the silly fly ;
Till lawless passions empire claim,
And damn our souls, and blot our fame.





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VERSES ON A COTTAGE IN RUINS.

WAIL! peace to your mansions, where Ruin has ravaged,
Your low strawy roof, now fallen to decay ; †
Your thresholds untrod, there the green grass is waving :
Your walls they are mouldered, and naked, and grey.
Thus Time doth dissect, with calm deliberation :—
Enfeebled's thy form by each blast that doth blow ;
And savage, and sage, the proud prince and the peasant,
And heroes, and empires, like thee are laid low.

Here sat the fond housewife and parent united,
While Virtue's plain precepts oft flowed from her tongue ;
Now silence reigns round, save the Dee's lonely murmurs,
Or the wail of the night-bird bereft of her young.
The hawthorn blooms grey,—the trees spread their branches ;
The primrose has blossomed—yet nought can avail,
No rustic returns with his song in the evening—
No fond lovers meet now to breathe the soft tale.

Where are the youngsters with gambol and frolic ?
In life's early morn, light they trod the flowered green ;
Each sod, seat, and path, the rude plough has defacèd,
And nettles and wild weeds luxuriant are seen.
Perhaps, like their cottage, unpitied, unenvied,
They silently sleep the cold green sod below ;

Or fettered by gain, strive to win the gold anchor,
 On fortune's rude tide, through a world full of woe.
 No more shall the stranger, when wearied and worn,
 Find shelter to shield him with comfort or rest ;
 In thy mansions, though low, have the naked been clothed,
 And soothed the sunk heart of the lonely distrest.
 Here science might shine like the flower in the desert,
 And mild meditation her vigils prolong ;
 Still, such are the scenes where the muse loves to wander,
 And weave her lone thoughts in the heart-soothing song.

THE MORNING INVITATION.

HEAR Chloe, why wast'st thou the moments
 That's sweetest for pleasure or health ?
 Thy senses are sealed up in slumbers,
 While Nature displays all her wealth.

The breath of the morning is gentle,
 And spreads with fresh fragrance the dawn ;
 And soft is the sound of the sea wave,
 That murmurs along on the strand.

The sun is his glories unshrouding,
 And paints with soft blushes the sky,
 To banish the shades of the morning,
 And speak that his presence is nigh.

The mist's from the mountains dispelling ;
Each shepherd has sounded his horn :
The dew has bestudded the blossoms,
That bloom on the sweet-scented thorn.

Now the trees have resumed their clothing,
And the small birds they sing on each spray,
As they carol their notes in the morning,
To welcome the new coming day.

The fields they are decked with daisies ;
The primroses blow in the glens ;
The wild lilies bud forth their blossoms,
And violets enamel the plains.

Oh ! come then, my lovely, my fairest,
My every way charming, my queen—
Thy presence improves every landscape,
And aids with new beauty each scene !

A wreath of the flowers I'll weave thee,
That's sweetest for flavour and hue ;
When finished as fancy shall dictate,
I'll bind round thy polished brow.

On my arm I will gently support thee,
And lead thee o'er mountains and plains ;
My pipe I will sound to thee cheerily,
And banish all care with its strains.

The far distant tops of the mountains,
We'll mark while they're tinged with blue ;

And trees that o'ershadow the fountains—
 While our flocks are a-feeding we'll view.

Thus Nature, in her native graces,
 A charm to the mind can impart—
 Beyond all the frippery of dresses,
 Or all the gay trappings of art.

The great ones may roll in their riches,
 False honour and title may prove—
 But they ne'er can yield peace to the bosom,
 Like Chloe, true Friendship, and Love.

ON THE DISTANT VIEW OF A FRIEND'S
 HOUSE, IN DECEMBER.

NOW changed is the aspect of yonder retreat,
 Since lately I passed by its bowers !
 When Summer shone forth, in his full fervid heat ;
 Now, the keen biting blasts of the winter winds beat,
 All fledged with the chill snowy showers.

The fair flowing stream, as its course it pursues,
 Is arrested and chilled into stone ;
 And where are the flowerets that bloomed on its brows—
 Its violets, and snowdrops, of delicate hues ?
 Alas ! they are withered and gone.

How dull the dumb cattle, all cringing with cold,
As they gaze at the snow-covered heath !
And the poor helpless flocks that are forced from their fold,
The gathering wreath in its bosom has rolled,
And deprived half their number of breath.

So chilled are my prospects, o'ercast with despair ;
So fate doth my fancy arrest ;
With sorrow, and sickness, and canker-toothed care,
My tenderest ties are all vanished to air,
And chilled the fond hopes of the breast.

The dark sheety clouds, as they're floating on high,
Their wings o'er the concave extend ;
O'er the snow-topp'd mountains in order pass by,
Through their chinks peeps the sun, from a dull murky sky,
Like the far distant glance of a friend.

As the Sun is the soul of this planet below,
To creation new life doth impart ;
So friendship beams forth on the wretch worn with woe,
Dispels every doubt, and each fear doth forego,
Beams a new love of life on the heart.

Dear Friendship, sweet solace ! thy joys let me prove !
Thou soother of sorrow and strife—
Thou dearer than riches, thou surer than love—
Thou pledge of each joy that awaits us above—
Thou charmer and pilot through life.

Serene is thy aspect, and modest thy mien,
Content ever bears up thy train;
And sweet smiling Peace, with her olive so green,
And gay rosy Mirth by thy side may be seen ;
And Truth ever blesses thy reign.

I've seen thy sweet smiles in yon straw-covered cot,
Ere the winter blast thus on it beat ;
Thou deign'st oft to visit the cottager's lot,
And cheer the lone haunts of his chequer'd spot,
But fly'st from the halls of the great.

Thou smooth'st the dull brow of the dark clouded mind,
And sooth'st every pang that is past :
Though crosses may wreck us, or poverty pine,
With thee even the wretched a comfort can find ;
When absent, the world is a waste.





THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

O, thee, that ilk wish in my bosom can claim,
Wha aften I think on, but seldom I name,
I send these few lines, wi' a hearty good will—
Though in writing love verses I sair doubt my skill :
Yet though the coy muse a drear silence should keep,
The wrongs that I bear, and affection, shall speak.

What stopt ye yestreen that ye cam nae to see
Your lover sae lonely that doats upon thee ?
The winds were a' laid, and the evenin' was clear ;
How sweet was the silence ! but ye cam nae near !
That hour was a time that reflection might suit :
The leaves they lay still, and the birdies were mute ;
The gowan was sippin' the saft siller dew ;
The brown heather waved, wi' its bells red and blue ;
The moon shewed the sheet o' the clear mountain stream,
That moved the lake's bosom to dance to her beam.

But I flew to the spot where the trystin' was set,
To the auld scrogged hawthorn, where aft we had met.
My hopes they were high, but my heart was soon sair—
A hare happet by me—but ye were nae there !

I looked and I listened, I hummed o'er a sang ;
The south it grew gloomy, the time it grew lang ;

I saw the dim shade o' the cloud passin' by ;
 The stars seemèd disorderèd, and shot in the sky ;
 Loud roared the blast dreary, and bended the woods ;
 The moor she seemèd feared, and veiled her in clouds.
 Tall trees, lately vien' in stature and form,
 Flung round their arms wildly, and raved in the stórm :
 The winds and the waves seemèd wi' nature at war—
 But my mind was as restless, and gloomier far.

The statesman may storm when his schemes hae been crost,
 The merchant may grieve when his prospects are lost ;
 But neither can equal the keen throbbin' smart
 Of hope disappointèd, that wounds the fond heart !
 'Tis mine all to feel, as in silence I moan,
 Whist thou, like a careless spectator, look'st on.

What though I be friendless, and poorer than you,
 My life's nae less leal, and my love nae less true ;
 Though friends should deny that you e'er should be mine,
 Might nae we whiles yet meet to talk o' langsyne ;
 To tell the first spot where our fancy was movèd ;
 How fair was your beauty, how dearly I lovèd !
 With arms clasped around you, my joys would o'erflow,
 When hid frae this world, and a' its vain show.
 How sweet the dark blasts frae your bosom to shroud !
 Love lives in retirement, but dies in the crowd.

Though calm-bluided Prudence her sons may direct
 To walk wi' decorum, each step circumspect ;
 They ne'er knew Love's passions, its beams, or its storms,
 That ill can be guided by rules or by forms.

The daisy blooms sweet in its own native plain,
 Though chilled by the cauld blast, and beat by the rain :
 But see, in the garden, how short is its day ;

It withers in riches, its blossoms decay !

Perhaps yane mair wealthy your bosom has charmed,
 The glare o' whose gold your young fancy has warmed,
 And I left alane here to languish in pain,
 While every new day adds a link to the chain.

But where do I wander ?—I meant but to tell
 The simple auld story,—I love you still well ;
 And when that the sun is far fled to the west,
 When lambs frae their gambols are gane to their rest,
 Shall I hope then to see you, to bless these lone arms,
 While the moon's silent beams shall add grace to your charms?
 Oh ! haste then, my love, to the ance valued spot !
 The present be ours, and the past be forgot.

VERSES ON SEEING A DOMESTICATED GOAT.

SENANT of the mountain's brow !
 Why thus thy youthful haunts forsake ?
 With shaggy garb of snowy hue,
 Thou seek'st a shade by wood and brake ;
 There, thoughtless crop'st the flowery swaird,
 With warrior front, and hermit beard.

Thou mind'st no more the rude grey cairn,
 Where awful Silence slumbering lies,
 Nor dark caves, crowned with heath and fern,
 That echoed back thy mother's cries.
 The scene how wild ! yet, oh, how grand !
 Who robbed thee of thy birthright ?—Man.

For thee no female trims her hair,
 Nor offspring round thee gambols play ;
 No rival comes, with threatening air,
 Thy hidden valour to display :
 Thy life's unvaried, dull and tame ;
 Thus bound and shackled stains thy name.

So Liberty, the mountain maid,
 On Scotia's cliffs once tuned her strains,
 Till taught with gems her hair to braid,
 To sing and toy with southern swains ;
 Her free-born spirit soon was broke—
 She bows 'neath Luxury's golden yoke.



THE AULD MAN'S ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

COME, lovely Health, wi' laughin' e'e,
 I lang thy rosy lips to pree ;
 To wanton in thy glowin' arms,
 And revel o'er thy heaven o' charms—
 Thy smile each fear and care disarms.

In vain would wealth her pearlins heap,
 Or varied year her treasures sweet ;
 What boots proud honour twined wi' fame ?
 Thine is the substance—theirs the name ;
 Even love, but thiee grows dull and tame.

'Tis thine our fondest hopes to draw,
 And sweeten Nature's beauties a' ;
 To crown afresh the warrior's head,
 And strew wi' joys the bridal bed,
 Where virtuous love and truth are laid.

'Tis thine the poor man's peace to earn,
 Wi' thrivance to each daunted bairn ;
 Bear up the burden o' his toil—
 His dark and lonely thoughts beguile,
 And deck cauld poortith wi' a smile.

Wilt thou within my woodland's dwell,
 " A' bloomin' like thy bonny sel' ;"
 Or paint afresh my Peggy's cheek,
 Where nature did her wark complete,
 Now treacherous Time has wasted bleak ?

The violet blossoms by the broom ;
 The bean-field blaws its saft perfume ;
 The wild-rose sheds its dewy tear ;
 The cuckoo sings her sang-fu' clear—
 And a' to gar thee linger here.

Well do I mind in blythe se'enteen,
 When light the dancers skipt the green,
 Thy artless presence graced the place,
 And men'd the tints on every face,
 But chief my Peggy's modest grace.

When wark was scant and bairns were sma'
 And life's dull plough was dreigh to draw ;
 Thou then wast ever smilin' near,
 And proffered hopes o' future gear,
 And dang out dull forebodin' fear.

Full forty springs hae slippet by,
 Since Hymen's ban' the knot did tie—
 Thou ne'er hast left us lang distrest,
 Except to show wha lo'ed the best ;
 But wha could judge the kind contest ?

But now, alas ! thy smiles are seen,
 " Like angel's visits, far between ;"
 As birds of passage, fleet and gay,
 Flit from bare bush to flowery spray,
 Thou leav'st wan age to grope its way.

Ill fares the wight that's left by you,
 In lonely bield wi' comforts few ;
 Or totterin', forced to seek his bread,
 Through the wide warld without a shed,
 Wi' no a friend his cause to aid.

Virtue and Youth are twins wi' thee—
 Alas ! were they sic frien's to me !
 The latter lang, alas, has left me !
 O' mony a joy she has bereft me ;
 Oh ! may the first, through Hope, infest me.

ON SILLER.

H ! Siller, but thou costs us dear,
 By ony ither kind o' gear !
 Now, fient a ane thy price need speer,
 But knaves or fools ;
 For few can e'er thy price come near—
 By honest rules.

Thou gars Religion tine her haud ;
 Mak's her a slow, saft-fingered jade ;
 And looses Folly, ravin' mad
 Wi' pride and nonsense ;
 Mak's honest Honour sick and sad,
 And smoor's poor Conscience.

For thee we sell our finest feelin's—
 Pity and Love, thae gentle yealin's ;
 E'en sacred Friendship gets her drillin's,
 Though deep imprest ;
 And feigns her flame wi' bows and kneelin's,
 For self-int'rest.

For thee we toil baith night and day,
 Till bluid turns thin and locks grow grey,
 And ither dools, in dark array,
 Aroun' us muster ;
 And crazy joints to climb life's brae—
 A weary wister.

For thee I crossed my youthfu' fancy,
 Forsook my bloomin', smilin' Nancy,
 And pu'd a docken for a tansy,
 And cursed my life
 Wi' tap o' a' things maist unchancy—
 A haverel wife !

My hail designs she's ay for balkin'
 When I'm for peace, then she's for talkin' ;
 When dull, she skirls like a maukin,
 And laughs and girns :
 When I'm for sleepin', she's for waukin',
 And peels my shins.

Then, gif she getnae a' her will,
 She feigns her fits, flytes, and fa's ill ;
 To a' her neibours roun' does tell
 How ill I'm till her ;
 And ay the owre-word o' the knell,
 Her waefu' siller !

Now, every comfort I maun tine,—
 The joys o' wit, the joys o' wine,

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

The chimes o' music and o' rhyme,
 And comrades dear,
 And thole her loud eternal whine
 About her gear.

Let never better be his weird,
 Each social tie that could discard
 For glancin' gowd, or dirty yird,
 Or empty fame :
 May cankered Care tug at his beard,
 And sullen dame.

But L—d, gif ance her head were hidden,
 I'se ne'er again be woman-riden ;
 My former frien's should a' be bidden,
 In social ring ;
 The dool-string I should soon get rid on,
 And dance and sing !

 INVOCATION TO SPRING, 1812.

COME, sweet smiling Spring, with thy life-cheering bloom,
 Why so timid and shy to appear ?
 No dew-dropp'd blossoms the morning perfume,
 No green glossy garments the forests resume,
 Though time hurries by the short year.

I long for the corn-craik and cuckoo's loud notes,
 To enliven our grey hawthorn bowers ;

The lightsome white lambs, as they frisk round the cots,
The seedsman's slow hum as he scatters his oats,
Thy zephyrs and soft falling showers.

But the dark tyrant, Winter, with thin hoary hair,
Breathes bleak through the valley and wild :
The half silent songsters forget now to pair,
They wait for thy train, but no vestige is there,
Save the primrose, thy first lonely child.

Thus mourns sad Britannia, with sorrow and tears,
For her sons that are dragged to afar ;
She waits the nymph Peace ; but, lo ! what appears !
Whole Europe convulsed, for a series of years,
With intestine grim bloodshed and war !

So fares't with our prospects in life's early dawn,
While Hope in gay trappings is drest ;
And Love linked with Health, lightly trips o'er the land—
We gaze on the phantom, the curtain is drawn,
And the bright beams of noon overcast.





ON THE DEATH OF
THE REV. DR. MURRAY,

LATE PROFESSOR OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF EDINBURGH.

MOURN, Gallovidia, o'er thy heathy bed !
Thy favourite child in the cold earth is laid :
Thy far-famed son, so skilled in learnèd lore,
Shall teach our minds or mend our hearts no more !
Oft has he pored through learning's lonely way,
Amidst thy rocks and pathless mountains grey ;
Friendless, unknown, by adverse fortune driven,
With scarce an aid but this—the light of Heaven !
'Twas his the depths of Language to unlock,
What every tongue in every clime hath spoke :
A key, the sacred oracles to show,
And angels' tongues to teach to men below.—
Far shone the light, and thawed the stony heart ;
The nations saw, and wondering, owned his art.
Thus, with the Prophet, in a dry parched land,
The obedient streams rushed forth at his command :
Far flowed the waters through the desert wide ;—
Israel believed, and nations blest their guide.

Full well he knew to weigh the wondrous whole
Of shining orbs, that on their axles roll—
To trace their circles through a pathless road,
Till the proud Atheist, trembling, owned a God.
Alike this world its various parts to scan,
What laws best polish, and what shackle man ;
Of every tie that binds the human heart—
The laws of morals, and each noble art ;
To wake the numbers of the Muse's lay,
Or deep-toned grief, or sportive satire gay.
In him each gentler passion did contend—
The tender Husband and the faithful Friend.
Though lofty Science kindly on him smiled,
Yet modest manners marked him for her child.
Long hast thou, Cree, swept through thy lakes and woods,
And with the ocean mixt thy crystal floods ;
But long thy swains shall mark the varied year,
Ere such a shepherd on thy banks appear.
And as the rocks shall be his lasting fame ;
MURRAY shall live while Scotland boasts a name.
To thee, the mourner, and the Mother fair,
That's lonely left to all a widow's care,
On his Loved Pledges let thy kindness flow,
Till Hope shall triumph o'er remembered woe.—
Be thine the task to guide their helpless youth,
In all the paths of innocence and truth,
Till classic learning dawn across the mind,
And riper Reason every sense refine :—
Like him, to claim their country's best regard,
Are the fond wishes of a simple Bard.



VERSES ON THE DEATH OF A DAIRYMAID.

THE dawn of the morning had spread o'er the sky,
And the curling mists waved o'er the sea,
The breath of the breeze to the mountains passed by,
And the dew spangles hung on the tree,

As lonely I strayed by yon briar-feathered brake,
Pleased the rude draughts of Nature to view,
Or watched the wild waterfowl skim o'er the lake,
Where the flower of the wilderness grew.

Thus oft have I marked, even in Poverty's shade,
The cottage of Peace to adorn,
The mild timid looks of the young village maid,
As the primrose peeps out by the thorn.

Oh ! emblem of innocence ! modest and mild,
And pure as the dews on thy breast ;
Thus bloomed thou, ELIZA,—thus sweetly thou smiled,—
Ere thou sunk to thy cold bed of rest.

I've heard when thy notes through the dairy were rung,
With the laugh and the jest oft between,—
I've seen when the mower his scythe lighter swung,
As thou turn'dst up the sward on the green.

No more shall that eye now be lighted by love—
How changed is its lustre and hue!
And fled every charm the dull hermit might move—
But 'tis painful the contrast to view.

Yet did not the blossoms that bloomed on thy cheek,
Speak of years yet unnumbered to run?
And did not thy dreams, in futurity, seek
For new joys yet unruffled to come?

But where are the lovers that worshipped those eyes,
And vowed every frown was despair?—
As the light-feathered emigrant woos other skies,
So they follow where summer blooms fair.

Save one pensive youth, by yon pine-covered steep,
While the blast through the branches does moan,
He sighs there in secret, he mourns while asleep,
And he loves to be always alone.

No youthful companion can soften his grief,
Nor friend bear a part in his pain;
But he turns his dim eye on the sear-withered leaf,
And he weeps—and then views it again.

Poor mourner—thy moments how seldom now sweet!
But the darkest night yields to the day:
Hope points to the time when true lovers will meet,
And thy tears shall be all wiped away.



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VERSES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG WOMAN.

Written on the 31st December, 1821.

■ **T**HIS sweet at sober eve to walk,
To hear the leaves fall from the trees ;
To see the foxglove's withered stalk
Bend with December's latest breeze !

Each busy haunt of men is still ;
(Oh ! could the mind thus rest from care !)
The bird sleeps on the wooded hill,
The beasts have found their wonted lair.

The blustering chilly winds are laid ;
The waning moon peers thin and pale ;
The streamlet tinkles o'er its bed,
And slowly winds along the vale.

Yon spangles of the clear blue sky,
Now shed their light on all below ;
They charm our thoughts to soar on high,
Yet teach how little man can know.

The Sun, in all his glory bright,
Gives light, and life, and form, and hue ;
But see ! the grey-clad matron, Night ;
Brings worlds unnumbered to our view.

What are we in creation's scale ?
How should we act ? Who sent us here ?
Let calm reflection lift the veil,
And welcome in the infant year.

Another annual round has passed,
Another glass old Time has run ;
Pale Memory fears to view the last,
While Reason asks, "What have ye done ?"

We little think, while health attends,
How unperceived youth glides away ;
The longest term that life extends,
When past, seems but a winter day.

Our toils, our joys, our anxious fears,
Have with the seasons come and gone
But some have left this world of cares
To sleep "unnoticed and unknown."

Oh, Is'bel ! all thy pains are past :
Thy tender voice no more I hear ;
Like distant music on the blast,
It fell upon my ravished ear.

Alas ! thou shar'st not now my care,
Nor mark'st the sigh, nor tears I shed ;
For dim's thine eye, and dull's thine ear,
Even Sorrow's voice wakes not the dead.

Thy anxious, young, inquiring mind,
Thy slender form, and pensive eye ;
Thy gentle spirit, true and kind—
Sure so much goodness could not die !

Know'st thou a friend or lover's woe ?
See'st thou mute Nature, reft and bare ?
Canst thou each earthly tie forego ?
Where is thy dwelling—tell me where ?

Perhaps thy pure and hallowed shade
Is hovering round with guardian power,
To yield, unseen, thy friendly aid
And comfort at this midnight hour.

Even now, methinks, some healing balm
Steals through my shattered languid frame ;
My broken spirit feels a calm,
While whispering breezes breathe thy name.

But why should feeble Fancy rove
Beyond the reach of mortal ken ?
Or seeks the prying eye of Love,
What Heaven has hid from sons of men ?

Soon shall we mingle side by side ;
The young, the old, soon follow you :
Well ! if the Golden Rule's our guide,
We need not fear what Death can do !

HENRY'S LAMENT.

THE sky was blue, the wind was still,
The blackbird whistled from the brake;
The setting sun's departing beams,
Gleamed o'er the smooth expanded lake :
The clustering trees on distant hills,
Seemed in its crystal breast to smile ;
And fields, in Summer's beauty drest,
Confest the weary ploughman's toil.

But Henry's heart was prest wi' care,
Though Nature did her charms disclose ;
Her mantle, tinged with various hues,
But served to tantalize his woes.
The soft wave murmured to his sighs,
Beside yon leafless foggèd tree ;
And aye he sighed and said " Alas !
" Farewell ye bonny banks of Dee !

" A long farewell, ye happy bowers,
Where Cultivation spreads her wing ;
Ye mansions fair and wood-fringed vale,
Where warbling choirs delight to sing !
'Twas there where first my youthful heart
The hopes and fears of love essayed ;

There first I saw the opening charms
Of thee, Maria, peerless maid.

“ Her looks were like the summer morn,
When early sunbeams gild the flower ;
Her cheek was like the damask rose,
While bending with the dew shower,
But all her beauties to define,
Would need the noble Raphael's art ;—
But vain to me his living lines,
For deep they're graven on my heart.

“ 'Twas hers to feel, while bended Want,
Breathed out his woes, his cares, and pain ;
Her little all was freely lent ;
He never told his tale in vain.
But if she read the luckless loves,
Of Anna and Palemon dear,
Arion's magic lines unfold ;
Fast fell the sympathetic tear.

“ Oft have I checked the glowing flame,
That fondly fluttered in my breast,
Lest friends should frown, or fate deny,
And hurt her wonted peace and rest.
But lovers vain the wish would hide,
For eyes can eloquently speak ;
How soon she answered sigh for sigh,
While crimson blushes spread her cheek.

“ Each look confest, each touch betrayed,
And soft words lingered on my tongue ;
And when she spake, upon the tones
My ravished ear with transports hung.
Sweet was the task for me to teach,
My lovely scholar all my skill ;
To touch with art the warbling wire,
Or in that hand to guide the quill.

“ But fled, alas ! are all my joys,
While memory rings the heart with pain ;
The sweeter joy the keenened grief
Because it ne'er returns again.
A cruel father's ruthless heart,
Forbade us even the last adieu ;
And robbed me of my soul's delight—
Maria's face no more I view.

“ What boots his boasted sacred name,
His virtues feigned, all stern and vain ;
He bows at Fashion's tinsel'd shrine,
To empty pride and sordid gain.
Ah ! gaudy pomp, and gorgeous wealth !
For what ye take ye ill repay ;
Ye steel the heart for selfish ends,
And sweep each social tie away.”



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SONGS.

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THE WILD WOOD-SIDE.

TUNE—" *Ballochmyle.*"

SILVER LONE I walked the wild wood-side,
Where Autumn breathed her airy breeze ;
The silver moon-shine, far and wide,
Beamed glimmering through the branching trees.
The birdies now, on leafless bough,
Their carols gay had laid aside ;
Grave silence reigns through woods and plains
With me along the wild wood-side.

Far-roaring Dee burst o'er his rocks,
While distance tuned his swelling moans,
O'erhung with oak, and ivied locks,
Where owls screeched out their wailing tones.
The fragrant bean was withering seen,
And flowery hawthorn's bloom decayed ;
No heavenly dew shall them renew,
Till Spring revive the wild wood-side.

Now sleep her patent spell hath drawn,
And charmed creation into rest,
Save only thoughtless, hapless man,
Where guilt or love disturbs the breast.

Sweet Peace ! descend, be thou my friend,
And white-robed Innocence my guide ;
And teach me clear my course to steer,
Poor wanderer by the wild wood-side.

Ye twinkling stars, that shine afar,
To me unknown's your distant race—
Ye comets on your fiery car,
That wander through the boundless space—
Can Science scan your voice to man,
As through the concave blue ye glide,
And teach such views to vagrant muse,
That wanders by the wild wood-side ?

Where now the distant landscape sweet ?
Where now the busy haunts of men ?
The chill dews o'er the grey grass creep,
The reapers now have left the plain.
With every blast the leaves fall fast,
As down the stream they mournful ride,
Changed Nature here looks pale and drear,
With me along the wild wood-side.

Again the lamp of day shall burn ;
With harmony the woods shall ring ;
The annual wheel of time shall turn,
With all the rosy hues of Spring :
But Man, when laid in lonely bed,
His griefs and joys are laid aside ;
He ne'er again shall view the plain,
Or beauties of the wild wood-side.

WILL AND KATE:

OR, AN ANSWER TO "LOGAN BRAES."

THOU maid, that sing'st by Logan stream,
Wi' plaintive note, and pensive mien,
While true affection tunes thy lays,
For thy ain lad on Logan braes,
As yon sweet linnet, in the spring,
Teaches her chirpin' young to sing,
So thou, wi' thine, may'st con thy waes—
He'll ne'er see thee, nor Logan braes.

For oh ! what bosom without pain,
Can tell our sad mishaps in Spain?—
He's faun, wi' Moore, o' deathless praise,
Far, far frae thee and Logan braes.
Wi' sleepless nights, and famine faint,
Fell numbers urged him frae his tent ;
Yet aft he, wheelin', faced his faes,
And thought on thee, and Logan braes.

But ere the fatal die was cast,
I saw him nobly breathe his last.—
Gae, tak that ring, he faintly says,
And bear't to Kate, on Logan braes.

The deadly tale her heart will stound—
 But ebbin' life gushed frae ilk wound :
 His latest accents spoke thy praise,
 And blest his babes on Logan braes.

Hae ye no seen the Autumn flower
 Bow down its head wi' e'enin' shower,
 Till chillin' frost its form bewrays,
 And lays it low on Logan braes ?
 She beat her breast—her han's she rung ;
 Her hapless younglin's round her clung ;
 What pen, alas ! can paint her waes ?
 She's faintin', fa'en on Logan braes.

But lo ! the sodger doft his arms ;
 Like lightnin', clasped her fleeting charms—
 Says, “ Ope thine eyes of kindest rays
 On thy ain lad on Logan braes.”
 These accents kind her spirits cheer ;
 She views her lad wi' joyfu' tear :
 Wi' joy they press—wi' joy they gaze,
 And kiss their babes on Logan braes.

“ Oh ! dearest Kate, can ye forgie
 The absent years I've been frae thee ?”
 Then in her lap a purse he lays,
 That he'd brought hame to Logan braes.—
 Says,—“ this shall help for what is gane,
 And I'll ne'er leave thee mair thy lane ;
 While life-blood in my bosom plays
 I'll stay wi' thee on Logan braes.

" Ilk flutterin' bird mair sweet shall sing ;
 Ilk blushin' flower mair sweet shall spring ;
 Our bairns shall herd, and gather slaes
 Aroun' our cot, on Logan braes.
 To each fond haunt we will repair,
 Where I'll tell o'er my deeds o' weir ;
 While the blythe lambkin round us plays,
 And pipes sound shrill on Logan braes."



THE HILLS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE—" *Ewe Bughts, Marion.*"

WILL ye go to the Highlan's, my Mary,
 And visit our haughs and our glens?
 There's beauty 'mang hills o' the Highlan's
 That Lassie i' Lowlands ne'er kens.

'Tis true we've few cowslips or roses,
 Nae lilies grow wild on the lea ;
 But the heather its sweet scent discloses,
 And the daisy's as sweet to the e'e.

See yon far heathy hills, where they're risin',
 Whose summits are shaded wi' blue ;
 There the fleet mountain roes they are lyin',
 Or feedin' their fawns, love, for you.

They're the scenes o' my youth, my dear Mary,
Where wi' solit'ry pleasure I've strayed ;
There my forefathers fought in their glory,
Wi' their chieftains they conquered or died.

There the loud roarin' floods they are fallin',
By crags that are furrowed and grey ;
To her young there the eagle is callin',
Or gazin' afar for her prey.

The aik, by his ain native fountain,
His arms out at random hath cast ;
And the high towerin' fir on the mountain,
That nods to the sound o' the blast.

Or low by the birks on the burnie,
Where the goat wi' her younglin's doth rest ;
There oft I would lead thee, my Mary,
Where the blackbird is building her nest.

Right sweet are our scenes i' the gloamin',
When shepherds return frae the hill,
Aroun' by the banks o' Loch Lomon',
While bagpipes are soundin' sae shrill.

Right sweet is the low setting sun-beam,
That points owre the quivering stream,
Bnt sweeter the smiles o' my Mary,
And kinder the blinks o' her een.

Thy looks would gar simmer seem sweeter,
 And cheer winter's bare dreary gloom ;
 With thee every joy is completer,
 While true love around us should bloom.

But alas ! for my cabin it's lowly,
 And few are my flocks and my kye ;
 Yet my bosom to thee beats ay truly,
 'Tis what titles or gowd ne'er could buy.

The Southron in a' his politeness,
 His airs and his grandeur may shine ;
 Our hills boast o' mair true discreetness,
 And his love is not equal to mine.

DONALD'S GRAVE.

SCENE, NEAR GLENCOE.

TUNE—" *Yellow Haired Laddie.*"

WITHIN the dark bosom of yon lonely glen,
 There sleeps my young Donald, the flower of his clan,
 In death's silent slumbers, where lowly he's laid ;
 The green sod his target, the cold clay his plaid.

How still lies the heart that to me ay beat true ;
 And dim now that eye, once a love-speaking blue ;
 Now withered those soft lips—the roses are flown,
 And clotted those locks of a dark bushy brown.

Last night, when the stars from yon dun sky had fled,
And my red stiffened eyes had no more tears to shed,
While the blast thro' the broad oak did howl round my head,
Like the bursting of sorrow, or songs for the dead ;

When weary with watching, methought he drew near,
And half of his fair form through blood did appear :
Though pale was his aspect, his manner was meek,
And his locked hollow jaw seemed to open and speak :—

“ Why mourns my dear Flora along the lone heath ?
Can the warm tears of sorrow retrieve me from death ?
But the tie's ever binding, although we must part,
And love shall find room still within this cold heart.

“ How soft rests the hero who dies for the cause
Of honour and freedom, his country and laws :
The bard's bursting song his achievements shall save,
And chieftains shall sigh as they stalk by his grave.

“ We feared not their numbers, that darkened the plain :
They proffered us friendship—their offers were ta'en ;
But the cold-blooded monsters no ties could engage—
In slumbers they slew whom they feared to enrage.

“ But the miscreant minion of treacherous power,
His fame and false glory shall fall in an hour :
No sweet-sounding requiem his spirit may claim,
And forgetfulness leave but the dregs of a name.

“Then cease thee, my Flora, Oh ! cease thee to weep ;
 My light passing spirit thou marrest of sleep :
 Thrice three months are passed since thou shouldst been
 my bride,
 But soon shalt thou stretch thee along by my side.”

But lo ! I awoke, and the lark was on high ;
 The sun his gold tresses had spread o'er the sky ;
 Yet still the dark vision this truth did recall,
 That the lovely soon fade, and the mighty must fall.

SONG.

TUNE—“ *Roving Irishman.*”

WHILE roving round the banks of Cree,
 Seeking a stray'd ewe and lamb,
 The day was dry, no one was nigh,
 The water smooth, the breezes calm.

The flowers sprung wanton by the burn ;
 Up through the glen the mavis sang ;
 I leaned me by yon birken bower,
 And feared no ill from any man.

But by there came a blythesome youth,
 That lightly tripped along the way ;
 His locks were like the raven's wing,
 His look bespoke a bosom gay.

Soon as he spied me in the shade,
 Upon his step he made a stand,
 So wily he looked at me,
 And gently took me by the hand.

Said he, "Fair maid, the sun is high,
 I've long wished for the cooling shade ;—
 I hope ye'll not offended be
 At this small freedom I have made.

"May ill befall his cruel heart
 Such blooming beauty could trepan :
 Be easy, dear, you need not fear,
 I am no rakish Irishman."

So sweet his looks—so smooth his tongue—
 His graceful form so straight and tall ;
 He clasped my waist, my lips he prest ;
 Alas ! my heart believed all !

From Glasgow town he said he came,
 That wealth and beauty doth comman' ;
 'Twas then my ear—too late, I fear,
 Perceived the roving Irishman.

My Mother wonders why I'm sad :
 On May-day last I skipped and sang ;
 My sister says my bloom's decayed ;
 I sigh and sab the whole night lang.

The time's gone by he should been here ;
 My feeble hopes are near a stan' :
 Ye maids on Cree, be ruled by me—
 Ne'er trust a roving Irishman !

CULLODEN.

TUNE—" *Oh ! are ye sleepin', Maggie ?*"

THE heath-cock crawed o'er muir and dale,
 Red raise the sun, the sky was cloudy,
 While mustering far, wi' distant yell,
 The northern bands marched stern and steady.

CHORUS.—Oh ! Duncan, Donald's ready !
 Oh ! Duncan, Donald's ready !
 Wi' sword and targe he seeks the charge,
 And frae his shouther flings the plaidie.

Nae mair we chase the fleet-foot roe,
 O'er down and dale, o'er mountain flyin' ;
 But rush like tempests on the foe,
 Through mingled groans the war note cryin'.
 Oh ! Duncan, Donald's ready, &c.

A prince is come to claim his ain,
 A stem o' Stewart, frien'less Charlie ;
 What Highlan' han' its blade would hain,
 What Highlan' heart behint would tarry ?
 Oh ! Duncan, Donald's ready, &c.

I see our hardy clans appear,
 The sun back frae their blades is beamin' ;
 The Southern trump falls on my ear,
 Their bannered lions proudly streamin'.
 Now, Donald, Duncan's ready !
 Now, Donald, Duncan's ready !
 Within his hand he grasps his brand ;
 Fierce is the fray, the field is bluidy.

But lang shall Scotlan' rue the day
 She saw her flag sae fiercely flyin' ;
 Culloden's hills were hills o' wae ;
 Her honour lost, her warriors dyin'.
 Duncan now nae mair is ready !
 Duncan now nae mair is ready !
 The brand is faun frae out his hand,
 His bonnet blue lies stained and bluidy !

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek ;
 Lang may she wait for his returnin' ;
 The midnight dews fa' on her cheek ;
 What han' shall dry her tears o' mournin' ?
 Duncan now nae mair is ready, &c.



THE BANKS OF DEE.

TUNE—"Roof o' Straw."

THE purple morn o'erspread the sky;
The day-star shewed his head ;
A reverend ruin nodded nigh,
With waters round it spread.
The bird of night had ceased her tale,
And fluttering fled from me ;
As softly sighed the morning gale,
Along the banks of Dee.

The bended lilies lined the banks
Around the fishes' bed ;
And trees in gay and motley ranks,
Sloped out the flowery glade.
The glossy blackbird on the bough,
Sang to his mate with glee ;
And joined the lark, yet wet with dew,
Upon the banks of Dee.

Here rustic labour wets his scythe
And sets his edge with care ;
The humming wild-bee leaves his hive,
To sip the flowerets fair.

The merry milkmaid gaily sang—
 Her bosom light and free ;
 While listening echoes joined along,
 The winding banks of Dee.

Here, too, Dame Nature's handmaid, Art,
 Had reared her arches gran',
 Of bridges rare beyond compare,
 On noblest Doric plan.
 The shielded mansion half I viewed,
 That pleased the passing e'e ;
 And clustering villages were strewed,
 Along the banks of Dee.

Peace to your scenes, my native plains,
 Where plenty ever spreads !
 May truth and honour crown your swains,
 And beauty grace your maids.
 Let rural mirth and pity's sigh,
 Still in your breasts agree ;
 And fellow-feeling still be nigh,
 Around the banks of Dee.

SONG.

TUNE—" *Nae Dominies for me, Laddie.*"

SGAIN the breeze blows through the trees ;
 The flowers bloom by the burn, Willie :
 Gay Spring is seen in fairy green—
 The year nae mair shall mourn, Willie.

The tender buds hang on the woods,
And lowly slaethorn tree, Willie ;
Its blossom spreads, nor cauld blast dreads,
But may be nipt like me, Willie.

The frien'less hare is chased nae mair,
She whids along the lea, Willie :
Through dewy showers the lavrock towers,
And sings, but not for me, Willie.

When frae thy arms, a' nature's charms,
What pleasure can they gie, Willie ?
My Spring is past, my sky o'ercast,
It's sleepless nights wi' me, Willie.

Silent and shy, they now gae by,
That used to speak wi' me, Willie ;
Nae tale, nae sang, the hale day lang—
Its a' for lovin' thee, Willie.

Wi' wily art ye wan my heart—
That heart nae mair is free, Willie :
Then, Oh ! be kind, sin' now it's thine !
I had nae mair to gie, Willie.

But vain I've pled, for thou hast wed
A wealthier bride than me, Willie ;
Now nought can heal the wound I feel,
But lay me down and die, Willie.

Fareweel ye braes, and happier days !
 By crystal windin' Cree, Willie,
 When o'er my grave the green grass waves,
 Oh ! wilt thou think on me, Willie ?



THE BANKS OF TARF.

TUNE—" *Sin' my Uncl's dead, &c.*"

WHERE windin' Tarf, by broomy knowes,
 Wi' siller waves to saut sea rows ;
 And mony a greenwood cluster grows,
 And harebells bloomin' bonnie, O.
 Below a spreadin' hazel lee,
 Fu' snugly hid where nane could see,
 While blinkin' love beamed frae her e'e,
 I met my bonnie Annie, O.

Her neck was o' the snawdrap hue,
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew ;
 But oh ! her e'e o' azure blue,
 Was past expression bonnie, O.
 Like threads o' gowd her flowin' hair,
 That lightly wantoned wi' the air ;
 But vain were a' my rhymin' ware
 To tell the charms o' Annie, O.

While smilin' in my arms she lay,
 She whisperin', in my ear did say,
 "Oh ! how could I survive the day,
 Should ye prove fause, my Tammie, O ?"
 "While spangled fish glide to the main,
 While Scotlan's braes shall wave wi' grain,
 Till this fond heart shall break wi' pain,
 I'll ay be true to Annie, O."

The Beltan winds blew loud and lang,
 And ripplin' raised the spray alang ;
 We cheerfu' sat and cheerfu' sang,
 The banks of Tarf are bonnie, O.
 Though sweet is spring, when young and gay,
 And blythe the blinks o' summer's day ;
 I fear nae winter cauld and blae,
 If blest wi' love and Annie, O.

DARK ROLLING DEE.

TUNE—" *Banks of the Devon.* "

DARK rolling Dee, with thy heath-covered mountains,
 Thy wild rugged rocks by yon black birken glen,
 That claim'st thy supplies from the cold mossy fountains,
 And minglest thy treasures with low-spreading Ken :

Scenes of my youth, where my wishes oft wander,
 Where the traces of nature my bosom first warmed ;
 For low on thy banks, where thy waves sweet meander,
 Spreads the low blushing rose that my fancy has charm'd.

How fain would I woo thee, sweet flower to my bosom,
 And sever thy stalk from its first native stole,
 Where the kind breath of love should invite thee to blossom,
 Though the chill blasts of winter around us should howl.

Beauty might fade in the days of December,
 But the noon-tide of friendship around us should beam ;
 The fervour of youth I would fondly remember,
 And shield thy sweet blossoms by Dee's winding stream.



THE BRAES OF GALLOWAY.

TUNE—" *White Cockade.*"

OH ! Lassie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 And leave thy frien's i' south countrie—
 Thy former frien's and sweethearts' a',
 And gang wi' me to Gallowa' ?

Oh ! Gallowa' braes they wave wi' broom,
 And heather-bells in bonnie bloom ;
 There's lordly seats and livin's braw
 Among the braes o' Gallowa'.

There's stately woods on mony a brae,
 Where burns and birds in concert play ;
 The waukrife echo answers a',
 Among the braes o' Gallowa'.

Oh ! Gallowa' braes, &c.

The simmer shiel' I'll build for thee,
 Alang the bonnie banks o' Dee,
 Half circlin' roun' my father's ha',
 Among the braes o' Gallowa'.

Oh ! Gallowa' braes, &c.

When Autumn waves her flowin' horn,
 And fields o' gowden grain are shorn,
 I'll busk thee fine in pearlins braw,
 To join the dance in Gallowa'.

Oh ! Gallowa' braes, &c.

At e'en, when darkness shrouds the sight,
 And lanely langsome is the night,
 Wi' tentie care my pipes I'll thraw,
 Play " A' the way to Gallowa'."

Oh ! Gallowa' braes, &c.

Should fickle fortune on us frown,
 Nae lack o' gear our love should drown ;
 Content should shield our haddin sma',
 Among the braes o' Gallowa'.

Come, while the blossom's on the broom,
 And heather-bells sae bonnie bloom ;
 Come, let us be the happiest twa
 On a' the braes o' Gallowa'.



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THE GHOST OF CRAZY JANE.

DARK and dismal was the evening ;
Hoarse the raven croaked afar ;
Drowsy bats flew round in clusters ;
Faintly beamed the evening star.
Round yon mouldering tower the ivy,
Closely clasped, though faintly seen ;
Highly perched, the night-owl screeching,
Sung the dirge of Crazy Jane.

Hark ! the hollow vaults re-murmured !
Gusty blasts the turret shake :
Towers did totter on their bases ;
Hungry graves did yawning gape :
When lo ! a phantom by me glided,
Slowly shifting o'er the green,
Says, " Fear me not, thou timorous stranger,
I'm the Ghost of Crazy Jane !

" Nightly from this grave I wander,
To my Henry's lonely bed ;
Warding off the evil genius,
Hovering round his lovely head.
Till that hour when death shall join us,
Never more to part again ;
When by my side in this lone grave,
He'll repose with Crazy Jane.

Fled was all that rosy colour,
 Once adorned her lovely cheek ;
 Those winning smiles, and dimpling graces,
 Those modest looks so softly sweet.
 The lily neck, the heaving bosom,
 The graceful and majestic mien—
 A faded form, and shrouded spectre,
 Was all remained of Crazy Jane.

Loud the cock sung out the morning,
 Mild the sun beamed out the day ;
 Quick she started as affrighted—
 Says, " Farewell, I must away !"
 Swift she fled on wings of morning,
 Gliding o'er the dewy scene :
 But strong imagination painted
 All the woes of Crazy Jane.

THE FAIRY DANCE.

• **W**AS one even' all alone, as the fold I lay tending,
 When silence pervaded, and nature was still,
 Save the night-raven's whirr where the broad oak was bending
 Or the voice of the fox, as he howled on the hill.
 Beneath the grey hawthorn each care was confounded,
 Where fancy presented the whimsical trance,
 Of hundreds of elves that me quickly surrounded,
 As they skim'd o'er the moorlands to join the fairy dance.

Small was their form, and their motion was lightly,
Their beavers were white, and their vestments were green ;
On their front rode a nymph, on a pied steed, so sightly,
Whose rod and deportment betokened their Queen.
Loose flowed her robes, as they shone like the pole-streams
That shake o'er the sky with a quivering glance ;
And bright shone her face like the silvery moon's mild beams,
While thus she addressed them, to join the fairy dance :

“ Come, ye fleet elves, and ye spirits of ether,
Now is the time that our revels we keep,
Brushing the dew from the low-bending heather,
While the dull sons of earth lie involvèd in sleep.
Minstrels now meet, let your music be sounding ;
Partners be clasping—in couples advance ;
Hence with dull care ; let your joys be abounding ;
Trip to the moon-beam the gay fairy dance.”

Shrill sounds the pipe, still the low glens repeating,
Meet, joined the harp, with its melody low ;
Now airy they wheel, and now lovingly meeting,
As gaily they flit on the light skiffing toe.
High beat my heart—how my fancy was cheered ;
Methought that to meet them I forth did advance ;
But the melody ceased, and the scene disappeared—
So fleeting's our joy, like the gay fairy dance !



SONG.

TUNE—" *Will ye walk the woods with me?*"

H! will ye go to yon burn side,
Among the new made hay,
And sport upon the flowery swaird,
My ain dear May?

The sun blinks blythe on yon burn side,
Where lambkins lightly play,
The wild bird whistles to his mate,
My ain dear May.

The waving woods, wi' mantle green,
Shall shield us in the bower,
Where I'll pu' a posy for my May,
O' mony a bonny flower.

My father maws ayont the burn,
My mammy spins at hame;
And should they see thee here wi' me,
I'd better been my lane.

The lightsome lammie little kens
What troubles it await—
When ance the flush o' spring is o'er,
The fause bird lea'es its mate.

The flowers will fade, the woods decay,
And lose their bonny green ;
The sun wi' clouds may be o'er cast,
Before that it be e'en.

Ilk thing is in its season sweet ;
So love is, in its noon :
But cankering Time may foil the flower,
And spoil its bonny bloom.

Oh ! come then while the summer shines,
And love is young and gay ;
Ere age his withering, wintry blast
Blaws o'er me and my May,

For thee I'll tend the fleecy flocks,
Or haud the halesome plough,
And nightly clasp thee to my breast,
And prove ay leaf and true.

The blush o'erspread her bonny face,
She had nae mair to say,
But gae her hand and walked along,
The youthfu' bloomin' May.





THE BANKS OF FLEET.

TUNE—"O'er the Muir among the Heather."

SING the bonny banks o' Fleet,
Where Nature spreads her various treasure ;
Frae fruits and flowers of every hue,
To berries blae, and craps o' heather.
Thy pebbled shores and sea-girt isles,
Thy far-famed woods and views sae mony ;
Thy hills and towers where simmer smiles,
Thy strappin' lads, and lasses bonny.

Thy winding banks and flowery dells,
With bloomin' fields around in order ;
Where commerce spreads her flowin' sails,
Auld Card'ness towers o'erlook thy border.
Upon thy banks a borough stands,
Sae feat and healthy, few's completer ;
If search through Scotia's southern strands,
Nane's shieled sae biel', nor shows aught sweeter.

Castramon waves his leafy locks,
Amidst the meads where flowers are springing ;
And shields wi' woods his furrowed rocks,
Where lightsome birds are blythely singing.

The Rusco ruins, nodding grey,
 Where Gordons gay ance blythely ranted ;
 And wild woods spreading o'er the brae,
 By nature's ruleless hand been planted.

At distance Cairnsmuir rears his form,
 The hoary snaw his haffits wrappin' ;
 His dark brows brave the wintry storm—
 A blue mist bonnet co'ers his tappin'.
 Fain would I sing each noble name,
 Where kindness blends wi' wealth her traces ;
 But deeds surpass the poet's pen,
 As native smiles do borrowed graces.

Fareweel, ye bonny banks o' Fleet,
 Where nature spreads out a' her treasure ;
 Frae fruits and flowers o' every hue,
 To berries blae, and craps o' heather.



THE TEAR HUNG IN HIS E'E.

TUNE—"Logan Braes."

H! pale, pale rose the April morn,
 My sodger lad frae me was torn ;
 Then honour's name was hard to dree ;
 The parting tear hung in his e'e.
 But loud the pealing trumpet sang,
 And loud the warlikē cymbals clang ;
 Then honour's fause name ruined me,
 Although the love-tear blin't his e'e.

'Twas no his locks of amber brown,
His manly limbs in armour bound ;
His gracefu' snawie archèd brow,
His dimpled cheek sae sweet to view ;
Nor buddin' lips that gae delight,
Half shieldin' teeth of ivory white ;
But 'twas his glance that ruined me,
The lovely language o' his e'e.

Now he has found a foreign grave,
Far, far ayont the roaring wave,
Within yon luckless ravaged land,
Wi' thousands on Corunna's strand.
In fancying sleep, how aft I've seen
His rising grave that grows sae green,
Then starting, waked wi' tearfu' e'e ;
For Oh ! he's cauld and far frae me.

Nae mair the flowers in wreaths we'll twine,
Wi' which my brows he used to bin' ;
Nae gay attire my breast can ease ;
Alas ! there's nane I wish to please !
Though sair's my heart, I lo'e the pain,
And sweet's the tear that's shed alane ;
And dear's the pledge he gae to me,
That day the tear hung in his e'e.



ANNANDALE ROBIN.

TUNE—" *Woo'd and Married and a'.*"

YOUNG Robin had been at the market,
And hired himsel' wi' Craigfast ;
Forbye the wee drap in his noddle,
Had got a' the wages he asked.
He wha had been touned out wi' tenants,
Would soon be head man to the laird—
A point at baith shearin' and mawin,'
And bigg a' the ricks i' the yard.

It's right ay for lads to live canty,
And lasses, till they get a man ;
For fouks to be social and sober ;
And ay as content as they can.

The moor-hags were wide—but he sten'd them,
He staptnae for stick nor for stane ;
Till down by the scroggs o' Congailly,
He met bonny Bet a' her lane.
A'e luck on the back o' anither :
He lang wished her kindness to seek ;
Nae scene could be sweeter for woin'
What time was he fitter to speak ?

It's right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

“Stay still, tell us where ye’ve been daundering,—
 For me I hae been at the town ;
 See sic a braw knowe there forenent us,
 Would maist tempt a saint to sit down.
 Hech me ! but it’s lang since I saw you,
 And vow ! ye’re grown gaudy and grand ;
 The chiels will sae pester and plague ye,
 For peace sake ye maun tak’ a man.”

It’s right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

But Bet looket blate like and bashfu’,
 She sighed and said naething ava ;
 Hung her head—rowed a strae round her finger,
 Gar’t Robin ay closer to draw.
 He prest her, he courtet, he clappet,
 Snap’t a kiss, for it weel on was dark ;
 When, to crown a’ his hopes in a hurry,
 She haffins said ay in a hark.

Its right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

Ay lyin’ ane’s lane soon grows dowie ;
 Sae Robin thought lang for a spouse ;
 Farewell to the freaks o’ the market,
 The lang wage and braw gentle house.
 The auld fouks were couthy and kindly,
 The bridal was hurried aff han’ ;
 Sae kindly’s they cuddled thegither,
 But houses, or haddin, or lan’.

It’s right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

But wha can tell how things may alter,
 Or what a half-year brings about ;
 For Robin turned dowffer and duller,
 As Betty began to speak out.
 She cries out for this thing and that thing,
 Like a bell through his lug her tongue twangs ;
 And ay siccan matches she might ha'en,
 While he sits as dumb as the tangs.
 It's right ay for lads to live canty, &c.



SONG ON THE ABDICATION OF BONAPARTE.

TUNE—" *Willie was a wanton wag.*"

NOW blushing Spring in maiden pride,
 From Surly Winter wins the day ;
 Love trims his bow-string by her side,
 And tunes his universal lay.
 The birken bush, the balmy dawn,
 Are sweet and mild, and fair to see ;
 But dearer far to captive man,
 Are Peace and Health, and Liberty.

Fell war no more will thin the land
 With fiery brand and withering breath ;
 Peace waves around her magic wand,
 And breaks the instruments of death.

See, where the war-worn soldiers come,
Once more to view their native plains !
With joy they hail their friends—their home,
And bless the hands that burst their chains.

Let BOURBON lilies lift their head,
And spread their blossoms to the day !
The Red Rose round its odour shed,
And let the harp of ERIN play !
SCOTIA, bring thou thy symbol forth !
What though thy crest's but hamely gear,
The hardy Thistle of the North
Has oft times stemmed the tide of weir !

Now well may Pride her lesson learn,
And dread a brother's blood to spill ;—
And well may all that Voice discern,
Which bids the sons of men be still.
Yet though the proud, the great, are low,
His eagles fall no more to rise—
We tread not on the vanquished foe,
But learn by others to be wise.





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SONG FOR THE NORTH BRITON'S SOCIETY,
LIVERPOOL.

TUNE—" *Andrew w' his cutty Gun.*"

NOVEMBER win's blaw loud and chill,
The bird chirms o'er the leafless tree ;
The wintry blast is comin' fast,
And loudly roars the restless sea :
Yet blythe, blythe, and merry we'll be,
Cauld and care we'll fling awa' ,
This is but a'e night in our lives,
And wha could grudge though it were twa.

We're met to drink our mither's health,
Yon carlin by the heugh and cairn ;
What though auld Scotland's hills be bleak,
She's fostered mony a wally bairn.
Sae blythe, blythe and merry we'll be,
Scotia's sons we're ane and a' ;
This is, &c.

It makes na here for garb or gear,
We look to mind and manly worth ;
Dishonour blast the pridefu' wight,
Wha scorns his frien's or land o' birth :

Dull, dull and dowie be he,
 Gout and vapours round him draw ;
 Thus let him hoard his worthless wealth,
 And social mirth be far awa,

Far foreign climes may shew their vines,
 Their myrtle bowers, or orange tree ;
 As proud our doughty thistle waves,
 For Caledon has ay been free.

Blythe, blythe and merry are we,
 Liberty's the best o't a'.
 This is, &c.

Oh ! leeze me on her lanely glens,
 Where gushing floods roar o'er the linn ;
 Her greensward howes, and echoing shores,
 Where pibrochs wake a glorious din.

Blythe, blythe, and halesome are they,
 Our ain strathspeys they best can blaw ;
 This is, &c.

When gloamin' spreads her sober grey,
 By broomy Orr, or birken Dee,
 Sic scenes can soothe the festering mind,
 Aboon a' pleasures art can gie.

Blythe, blythe and merry are we ;
 The heart ay bows to nature's law ;
 This is, &c.

England has daughters fair and gay,
 Smooth, red and white, as maids need be ;
 But aft they want the native notes
 And speaking glance o' Leezie's e'e.

Blythe, blythe and bonny are they ;
 Here's Scotlan's lasses ane and a' ;
 This is, &c.

Here's Byron's health, the chief o' bards,
 Here's Burns' memory, (three times three,)
 Wi' a' the rest o' tunefu' train,
 Frae Homer down to hamely me.

Blythe, blythe and merry were they ;
 Fill your glasses, toast them a' ;
 Unto the last night o' our lives
 We winna let their memory fa'.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE—" *Green grow the Rashes, O.*"

BEGBIE burn rins fair and clear,
 And Begbie woods are bonnie, O ;
 There will I wed my winsome Meg,
 If e'er I marry ony, O.
 The dewy tear hangs on the briar,
 The birk and blooming thorn, O ;
 The cuckoo wakes the slumb'ring brake,
 And ushers in the morn, O.

Though gear be guid to him has need,
 And truly I'm but scanty, O;
 Yet there's a'e heart I wadna part,
 For a' yon Earl's County, O.
 O, Begbie woods are bonnie woods,
 And Begbie burn's sae rocky, O ;
 There will I wed my winsome Meg,
 Wi' naething but her smocky, O.

SONG.

HIGH mantles the reek o' the village gay,
 As the sun sinks in the west ;
 As pensive and slow by the meadow I stray,
 To muse on the maid I lo'e best.

And dear is the hum of the village bairns,
 At evening as they play ;
 It is borne on the wing of the gloaming gale,
 And wafted far away.

And fair and sweet are the village maids,
 As they lightly trip the green ;
 But the air and the grace of my lovely young Jess,
 Proclaim her the village queen.

Soft, soft is her smile as the blush of May,
 When morning purples the sky ;
 And wild are the tones of her witching voice
 As the Zephyr of spring sweeping by.

Like a ray of the morn are her yellow locks,
O'ershading a bosom of love ;
And saft shoots the beam o' her bonny blue eye
As the glance o' the timid dove.

I've promised to lead her to the hazel shaw,
When the sun rides high at noon ;
And cheer her lone hours wi' the fondest love tales,
Till the broad flaming orb gangs down.

I've promised to pu' her the wilding rose,
The daisy and the blue-bell,
To weave a love wreath her tresses to braid,
By the brink of the fairy well.

I've sworn by the smile that dwells on her lip,
And the sparkle that lives in her e'e,
That till baith are quenched by the damps o' death
I true to her will be.



NOTE 1.—*Johnnie Napier*. P. 65.

NOTE of the Galloway Bank, of which the late JOHN NAPIER of Mollance was manager.

Note 2.—*The Brownie of Blednoch*. P. 79.

ON one occasion, Brownie had undertaken to gather the sheep into the bught by an early hour, and so zealously did he perform his task, that not only was there not one sheep left on the hill, but he had also collected a number of hares, which were found fairly penned along with them. Upon being congratulated on his extraordinary success, Brownie exclaimed, "Confound thae wee grey anes! they cost me mair trouble than a' the lave o' them."

NOTE 3.—*Macmillan's Cup*. P. 80.

A communion cup, belonging to JOHN M'MILLAN, founder of the body lately known as the Reformed Presbyterian, now in union with the Free Church of Scotland—a church in Castle-Douglas bearing his name. Mr. M'Millan was minister of Balmaghie for more than two years, and was deposed for his nonconformity to the Established forms of Church Government in December, 1703. He died on 1st December, 1753, at Broomhill in Lanarkshire, at the venerable age of 84 years.

This cup was treasured by a zealous disciple in the parish of Kirkcowan, and long used as a test by which to ascertain the orthodoxy of suspected persons. If, on taking the precious relic into his hand, the person trembled, or gave other symptoms of agitation, he was denounced as having bowed the knee to Baal, and sacrificed at the altar of idolatry; and it required, through his future life, no common exertions in the good cause, to efface the stigma thus fixed upon him.

NOTE 4.—*The Thrieve*. P. 81.

A farm in the parish of Penninghame, belonging to Sir William Dunbar of Mochrum.

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GLOSSARY.

- A', all.
 Aboon, above.
 Aback, behind.
 Abeigh, at a shy distance, aloof.
 Ae, one.
 Aft, oft.
 Aff, of or from.
 Afore, before, previously.
 Ain, own.
 Aiblins, perhaps.
 Aik, oak.
 Air, early, long since. *Air up*, soon up in the morning.
 Aneuch, enough.
 Aince-a-day, at one time in his life.
 Aniest, on this side of, except.
 Arle-penny, arles, engagement money.
 Atween, between.
 Auld, old.
 Ay, always.
 Ayont, beyond.
- BANGED**, thrashed, beaten, *Bang*, a blow.
 Back-rape, a portion of harness.
 Balefu', unfortunate, evil influence.
 Bane, inevitable misfortune, power to do evil.
 Bairnies, little children.
 Baulest, boldest.
 Bauk, a cross beam, also to dissuade, frustrate.
 Baudrons, a kindly designation for a cat.
 Baa, a word used in singing children to sleep.
 Barley-bree, strong ale.
 Baith, both.
- Ben**, (but-and ben.) The But was the kitchen and the Ben the best apartment of the house, generally opening off the kitchen.
Bein, creditable in appearance, comfortable circumstances, plentiful.
Bent, the open fields.
Benty-grass, a coarse kind of grass growing in marshes and on hilly country.
Beets, enflames, feeds.
Berry, to thrash, to beat out.
Benshee, the head or chief of the fairies.
Benk, a bench or seat. It seems sometimes to have denoted a seat of honour.
Beuk, book, the Bible.
Bide, abide, wait.
Biggit, built.
Bink, a seat, to bend or bow down.
Birkie, a lively, clever fellow, a would-be gentleman.
Birden, burden, load.
Bicker, fluster, state of excitement quarrel or fight, also a drinking cup, wooden dish, bowl, or basin.
Blinking, glancing, winking.
Blythesome, merry, cheerful.
Blyther, to talk idly, nonsense.
Bleater, the snipe, so named from the bleating sound made by its wings when flying.
Blaw-the-pack, to extol the quality of the goods.
Blinks, a little while, smiling looks

- Blae, blue, purple, the colour of the skin when cold or bruised.
- Blate, bashful.
- Bouk, bulk, waist.
- Bonnie or bonny, handsome, pretty, beautiful.
- Bodin, prepared, provided, furnished.
- Bogle, spirit, hobgoblin, fright, to shy.
- Bole, a square aperture or niche in the wall near the fireplace, for holding odds and ends.
- Brawlie, very well, finely, heartily.
- Breads, breadths.
- Braird, growing corn when it commences to spring and cover the ground.
- Brecham, horse collar, often made of straw.
- Bracken, breckan, the common fern.
- Braes, sides of small hills or hills.
- Brats, aprons, coarse clothes, rags, the term is also applied to children by way of contempt.
- Braws, portions of female dress used as adornments.
- Brack, broke.
- Breeks, trousers.
- Brose, oatmeal and hot water or milk.
- Bure, bore, carried.
- Bught, a pen for holding sheep.
- Busked, dressed up.
- But, often used for without.
- CA', call.
- Capernoited, crabbed, irritable, peevish, giddy, light-headed, frolicsome.
- Canny, careful, quietly, so as not to alarm, also wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly.
- Cauldrife, cold-blooded, chillness, wanting cheerfulness in address.
- Cantie or canty, cheerful, merry.
- Carle, an old man, also a long rustic candlestick.
- Callants, young men, often used as a term of affection to one considerably advanced in life.
- Carlin, elderly female.
- Cauk, chalk.
- Cauler, cool.
- Chappin, a Scotch measure equal to the imperial quart.
- Chapman, a pedlar, hawker.
- Chaps, knocks, blows, persons.
- Chanter, pipes. (Haly chanter, precentor.)
- Chiel, young man.
- Chirms, chirps.
- Chittering, noisy without melody.
- Chucky, a brood hen, also the henwife's call for the poultry.
- Chafts, the blades of the jaws.
- Chimly-tap, chimney-top.
- Chowin, chewing.
- Clipping, shearing.
- Claes, clothes.
- Clachan, a small hamlet of houses near the church.
- Clavers, absurd stories, nonsense, silly gossip.
- Cleugh, steep, rocky glen.
- Clash, tittle-tattle, to tell tales.
- Clockin-time, hatching time.
- Couthy, kind, loving, agreeable.
- Cour, to stoop, to creep down for fear.
- Cowt, colt, a young horse.
- Coats, petticoats.
- Couped, threw, tossed off, turned up.
- Cootlan, laying their heads together and conversing lovingly.
- Cooing, the wood dove crying on its mate.

- Cowed, cut off, frightened.
 Cog, small wooden dish.
 Cock-maleerie, the barn door cock.
 Creel, basket.
 Crack, conversation.
 Crawin', crowing.
 Craft, croft.
 Crap, crept, crop.
 Crappin, breast, the stomach of a fowl.
 Crouse, well pleased, contented, proudly happy
 Creepie, small low stool, in Allan Ramsay's time the stool of repentance.
 Cuddled, embraced.
 Cudroch-chiel, a timid worthless youth.
 Cushat, the stock-dove or wood pigeon.

 DAFT, foolish, unwise, giddy, thoughtless.
 Darklins, in the dark.
 Daundering, walking or wandering aimlessly.
 Daimen, odd, now and then, or two or three out of many.
 Dawin', dawning.
 Dad, a blow, a fall, a piece, also a father.
 Dautin', the act of fondling.
 Deaved, deafened, stunned.
 Dight, to clean, to wipe, also to deck, to make ready.
 Dink, to deck, to dress neatly.
 Dyke, wall of loose stones.
 Ding, knock over or down, surpass, beat.
 Dint, stroke. *Dinted*, struck as with love.
 Dirl, thrill, a smarting pain quickly over.
 Din, dan, the colour.
 Dools, sorrows.
 Donsie, untidy, unlucky, unhappy.
- Doited, stupid, confused, doazed or crazy as in old age.
 Douce, comfortable looking.
 Doughtna, did not, dare not.
 Downa, expressive of inability, or want of inclination.
 Douk, bathe, immerse.
 Dowie, dull, spiritless, melancholy sad, doleful.
 Dowffer, weaker.
 Dreich, long and tiresome, wearisome, hence a bad payer of his debts is said to be dreich.
 Drumlie, muddy, misty, watery, having a gloomy aspect.
 Dree, to suffer, to bear.
 Duds, rags, clothes.
 Duntit, struck with force and noise indented.
 Dune, done.

 EEN, eyes.
 Eerie, mournful, haunted, awe-inspiring, dreading spirits, frightened.
 E'e-bree, eyebrow.
 Eekit, added to.
 Eident, diligent.
 Eith, easily, quickly, soon.
 Eldritch, unearthly, wild, hideous, uninhabited except by imaginary ghosts.

 FAND, found.
 Fauts, faults,
 Fause, false.
 Faichless, feeble.
 Fairins, presents bought at a fair.
 Faur'd, looks, as weel-faur'd, well favoured, good-looking.
 Fell, (the), rocky range of hills, able, sharp, clever, to strike down, kill.
 Feat, neat, clean, tidy.
 Feint, never, no one.
 Fey, a grassy field or croft, also,

- unusual, appearing as if bewitched.
Fend, shift, *to provide for, to make a way in the world.*
Feckly, mostly.
Fier, sound, healthy and strong, also a brother, a friend.
Fire-edge, youthful impetuosity.
Fike, trifling cares, to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fit, foot.
Flang, flung, dashed off.
Fley'd, frightened, scared.
Flegs, swaggers.
Flee, fly.
Flout, flatter.
Flisk, frisk, move quickly.
Flytes, rages and scolds.
Fou, full.
Fouk, folk.
Forgain, against.
Forfought, wearied, fatigued.
Fous, house leek, said by old people to be a cure for dropsy.
Forhoos, forsakes.
Forgathered, met by chance.
Forenent, before, opposite to.
Fribble, trifler or jackanapes, to frizzle.
Fraiks, freaks, eccentricities, fancies and foolish actions.
Frae, from.
GART, made, induced, compelled.
Ga'ain, giving.
Gang, go.
Gapin for, anxious for with open mouth.
Gab, mouth, pert talk.
Gaun, going.
Gaunts, yawnings,
Gash, death-like, an open wound, sagacious.
Gear, riches or possession, goods of any kind.
Ghaist, ghost.
Gif, if.
Gills, leeches.
Girms, grins, makes mouths.
Gie, give.
Giltet, gilded.
Gloaming, the duskiness of evening at sunset.
Gloom, to look ill pleased.
Glower, look, stare.
Gnash, impudent talk or address.
Goved, started aside as if frightened.
Gowden, golden.
Grath, harness.
Grape, grope, find.
Graps, feels for in the dark.
Greet, to weep. *Grat*, wept.
Graned, groaned.
Gruesome, frightsome, grim.
Grun, ground.
Guidly, godly.
Gun, sometimes applied to tobacco pipe.
Gutcher, grandfather, ancestor.
Gudeman, master of the house.
Gudewife, mistress of do.
Guids, goods.
Gyte, deranged, mad.
HA', hall.
Haggs, holes in mosses or muirs.
Hale, whole.
Havers, foolish talk.
Hallan, mid walls through cottages, composed of cross bars, and overlaid with straw plastered with clay, also the entrance or porch of the house, also abutments or batteries built against weak walls to keep them from falling.
Happin', clothing, covering.
Hasky, hard and sharp.
Haverel, half-witted, gossiping, talking senselessly.
Hafins, half way.

- Haddin'**, holding.
Haffet's, the cheeks, the forehead, the temples.
Ha'e, have.
Happet, covered.
Haud, hold.
Haughs, wide glens with some level land in them and a river running down the middle.
Herried, plundered, robbed.
Het, hot.
Heezed, hoisted, lifted.
Hinnied, honeyed.
Howes, hollows.
Ho'e, hose or stocking.
Hoasts, coughs.
Howlets, owls.
Howe, hollow. "Howe of the night," between midnight and sunrise, a time when, owing to the silence of animated nature, any noise made has a hollow sound.
Howt ! fy, nonsense.
Hum, mutter, sing.
- JAUPS**, dirty water splashed about.
Jad, Jade, a familiar term among certain people for a giddy young girl.
Jimply, scrimply.
Jink, to move aside quickly.
Ilka, each or every.
Ingle, fire.
Ithers, others.
- KAIN**, reckoning or liabilities.
Kail, broth made with greens.
Kaved, cleaned, applied to separating the corn from the straw.
Kame, hair comb.
Kend, knew.
Keams, combs. (Henny keams,) honey combs, also used in speaking of a young girl's bosom as being beautiful and sweet, as in this instance.
Keel, lower part, a colour for marking sheep.
Kitchen, anything to eat with oat cake or bread to give it a relish.
Kinks, whooping cough.
Kittle, difficult, ticklish.
Kiltet, drawing up the dress on the leg to bare the knee, tucked up.
Kimmers, female gossips.
Kirr, cheerful, fond, consequential.
Knoit, to strike the knees together when walking.
Knowes, small hills or mounds.
- LAP**, leaped.
Lair, learning, also sunk in snow or mud.
Lang-syne, long since.
Labs, handles hanging down.
Laeves, loaves.
Laverock, sky-lark.
Lave, the rest or remainder.
Leuked, looked.
Leglin, a small milk pail with one lug or handle.
Ley, applied to a field in grass.
Lee-rig, grassy ridge, also sheltered or last ploughed rig.
Leal, honest, true.
Leeze to recommend.
Lilt, a ballad, to tune, to sing.
Lift, the sky, firmament.
Lingle, portion of a flail.
Lieful, alone in a sad condition.
Linn, properly the pool, but as often used to express the fall of water into the pool.
Loof, palm of the hand. (Loof-breads,) hand-breadths.
Loup, leap.
Loot, allowed or did let, to stoop.
Loon, a lazy fellow, a rogue.

Lowing, blazing, burning brightly.

Lugs, ears, handles.

Lum, chimney. In old times the lum occupied a large space of the house, with seats almost round the peat fire.

Lug-locks, curls hanging behind the ear.

Luggies, wooden dishes with handles.

Lucky, an elderly woman, also bulky, full, as *lucky measure*.

Lyart, hoary or grey haired.

MAILIN, a small farm.

Mae, more, the bleat of a sheep.

Maw, mow.

Maukin, a hare.

Maun, must.

Mart, a bullock to be killed at Martinmas and salted for winter provisions.

Mailies, an affectionate name for the sheep.

Marrows, mates, fellows, equals, comrades.

Mane, moan.

Meltiths, meals.

Meikle, much.

Mirk, dark.

Mint, mention, to speak of.

Mim, precise.

Mou', mouth.

Monnie, many.

Muntit, mounted.

Mutches, women's head dress.

NAE, no.

Nappy, strong ale.

Naigs, small horses, ponies.

Neist, next.

Neb, beak, nose.

Nowte, cattle.

Noof, sheltered from the blast, neat, trim, spruce.

Noodle-headed, stupid.

O'ERGANE, over-burdened.

Outlers, stock or cattle wintered in the fields.

Outowre, quite over.

Owre, over.

Owreword, repeated word, chorus

PAIKS, wounds such as the hawk, raven, or crow make when pecking at their prey, chastisement. To paik, to beat or belabour one soundly.

Pack, intimate, friendly.

Patrick, partridge.

Pauky, witty, sly in word or action without any harm or bad design.

Paughty, proud, haughty.

Pat, to caress, touch fondly and familiarly.

Paddock, a small farm, also a machine shaped like a frog for carrying large stones.

Philabeg, kilt.

Pibrochs, such tunes as are played on bagpipes before the highlanders when they go out to battle.

Pliver, plover.

Plack, a small copper coin at one time current in Scotland, equal to the third part of an English penny.

Poortith, want, poverty.

Preed, tasted.

Prig, to cheapen or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.

Pu'd, pulled.

Pyat, magpie.

RANTS, songs, tiresome ballads.

Rax, reach, stretch.

Reeking, smoking.

Rede, restive, unmanageable, also counsel, advice.

- Reams, creams or foams or froths,**
whence reaming, as reaming
milk or liquor.
Reaved, roved.
Remead, remedy.
Rive, a large piece, deal or portion
of, to tear.
Riving, tearing, going quickly
through.
Ri'en, riven.
Rippish, wanton, ill-tempered.
Riggin', top covering, as the top
or ridge of a house.
Routh, plenty, numerous, suffici-
ent.
Roose, to praise, to commend,
extol.
Rowin, rolling.

SAULD, should, sold.
Sair, sore.
Sattle-chair, long seat in kitchen.
Sab, sob.
Saugh trees, willows.
Sauf, save.
Sain, bless.
Sark, shirt.
Scroggie, full of thorns or bushes.
Screed, a large portion, to tear or
rend.
Scraichs, screams.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shoon, shoes.
Shove, to lift or push up or for-
ward.
Shavie, trick.
Shawed, showed.
Sheen, dress.
Shiel, a shelter, a guard, as a
sheep bught.
Sicker, safe, firm, secure.
Sic, such.
Sin, son.
Sinsyne, since that time,
Skimes, wild side glances.
Skaith, harm, hurt, damage, loss.
- Skelpin, moving quickly or smartly**
Sklent, across, aside, in a sloping
direction.
Skirled, screamed, shrieked, scr-
eeched.
Slipmalabors, persons anxious to
avoid doing work.
Slee, sly.
Sleugh, watercourse or place where
water settles in wet weather.
Slade, glided or stole out.
Smooers, smothers.
Sneeshin mill, snuff-box.
Soudna, should not.
Souderin, soldering, making fast,
mending
Soused, immersed over "head
and ears."
Speir, inquire, ask after.
Speil, climb.
Spleuchan, tobacco pouch.
Spate, flood caused by rain-fall or
melting snow.
Spune, spoon.
Streekit, stretched. (Streekit
claith), umbrella or parasol.
Straik, stroke, also a scythe shar-
pener.
Strook, struck.
Stoure, stowre, dust, make a stir.
Stoun, stunning stroke, faint.
Staw, stood, stole, surfeit.
Stauket, walked.
Starns, stars.
Stran', bed of a small burn or ri-
vulet.
Stentit, parted company.
Steekit, closed, shut, sewn up.
Straught, straight.
Stouned, astonished.
Staptnae, stopt not.
Sugh, noise such as the wind
makes among trees, or the
sea at the ebb and flow.
Sunc, soon.
Swatter, swelter, a great number.

- Swither, uncertain, between two opinions, dilemma.
 Swap, barter, exchange.
 Swill, drink.
 Swarfed, fainted, swooned.
 Swat, perspired.
 Sward, sward.
 Synd, to wash, to rinse.
- TAP, top.
 Tapt, knocked gently.
 Tackin, mending.
 Taigle, delay, encounter.
 Tacket, attached or joined to.
 Tauld, told.
 Tappin, head.
 Taelless, without toes.
 Tattlin, talking.
 Tentie, attentive, careful.
 Tether, a long rope used for securing cattle in a pasture field.
 Thegither, together.
 Thole, endure, suffer.
 Thowless, careless, regardless, unready, nerveless.
 Throwgang, able at work, pushing.
 Theekit, thatched.
 Thow, thaw.
 Thrawart, peevish, obstinate, ill-natured.
 Thraws, twistings, crossness.
 Tow, coarse hemp.
 Tine, lose, forget.
 Tint, lost.
 Tird, knocked, rattled, uncovered.
 Tocher, marriage portion.
 Toom, empty.
 Tod, fox.
 Toddlin, tottering.
 Trump, Jews' harp.
 Trockery, dishes and furnishings for tea.
 Trig, smartly dressed.
 Trow, to believe.
 Travish, travel, traverse.
- Twitterin, smirking, glittering, chattering.
 Twine, strip, untwine.
- UNCO, strange, very great, prodigious.
 Unremeadfu', irremediable.
 Unchancie, unsafe, not lucky to meet with.
 Unyirthly, unearthly.
 Unkenned, unknown.
 Untae'en, untaken.
- WA's, walls, also ways, as *sat yer wa's down, Aiken-drum*.
 Wale, to pick or choose.
 Warl', world.
 Waefu', woeful.
 Warsles, strives, wrestles.
 Wally, healthy, stout.
 Wailies, selected ornaments, ample, large, also an interjection of distress.
 Wad, would.
 Wauchie, sallow and greasy, wan-coloured, disgustingly pale.
 Ware, (ware or waur time,) the spring season.
 Wat or wot, to wit or know well, understand or be aware of.
 Waled, selected with consideration
 Waur-faured, worse looking.
 Wame, belly, stomach.
 Wauked, awoke.
 Waukrife, wakeful.
 Weird, strange or fearfully supernatural, fate or destiny.
 Wear, keep away.
 Wee, small, little.
 Weal, welfare, good.
 Wean, child.
 Weir, war.
 Weel, well.
 Whisk, a quick motion, a small broom or brush.
 Whids, runs quickly.

- Whilk, which.
 Whiles, by turns.
 White, to cut, whittle.
 Whirred, made a noise like birds rising from the ground or nest.
 Wister, a broil or scuffle accompanied with high words.
 Wimpling, winding and flowing.
 Winnings, earnings, gains.
 Wist, knew or suspected.
 Wiss'd, wished.
 Wild kail seed, wild oats,
 Wight, strong stalwart looking person or being.
 Won, live or dwell.
 Wow, an exclamation partly of astonishment and partly of fear
- Wraiths, the likeness of a person appearing during his life, portending disaster and death.
 Wylic, cunning, sly.
- YARD**, garden.
 Yett, gate or entrance.
 Yealins, (yearlins), born in the same year, coeval.
 Yer, your.
 Yestreen, yesternight, the night before.
 Yill, ale.
 Yirth, earth, world.
 Yont, beyond.
 Yoket, harnessed and made ready to travel.

THE END.

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