



## S N O W D R I F T :

### A FRAGMENT.

ALL silent in the wintry night, save for the wind's  
wild eerie moan,

Or the click-clack of a solitary loom in a squalid,  
dreary room ;

Or when from the neighbouring town clock the  
passing hours would boom,

Lay a scattered northern village, all grim, and cold,  
and lone ;

And the stars of heaven were blotted out, with their  
glistening and their glow,

As the air grew dim and murky with the drifting of  
the snow.

Oh ! it was a wild night, with the snowflakes madly  
whirling,

Adown the dreary, empty lanes, in big wreaths  
swiftly piling,

As if they had a fierce delight in every crevice  
filling ;

And in their mazy, ghost-like dance—its darting and  
its swirling ;

The village hearts crept closer round the fireside's  
ruddy glow,

As they listened to the driving wind, and the  
drifting of the snow.

## THE BONNIE BRAES O' AIRLIE.



Written after reading Mr Cargill Guthrie's beautiful lyric, composed on the fate of a young student, named Craik, belonging to Airlie, who, after having distinguished himself in scholarship at Cambridge University, died at the early age of 27. A few days before his death he wrote home, "rich as are the English landscapes that daily meet my eye none are so beautiful or dear as those of Airlie."



WHAT heart but melts in soft regret

O'er blighted hopes, and death-wrung fears,  
But feels a power throb through the theme  
That's born of love and tears.

Sweet song, my thanks!—some latent thoughts  
You've waked as with a spell, and chords  
That have been too long still, you've thrilled  
With magic of your words.

Doon murmurs on its deathless song,  
Its "banks and braes" forever lit  
By poesy; thoughts of countless hearts  
Around them love to flit.

And souls, all rough and soiled, and dim  
With worldly rust, have flashed the ray,  
Tho' faint, that lit the breast of Burns  
With pathos of his lay.

Airlie! few lips your braes have sung,  
Your praise been tuned by lowlier lyre;  
Yet they are wed to sweetest strains,  
That lift the soul up higher.

Whoe'er can look on Airlie braes,  
And have no thought of him who sighed,  
When all grew drear, for one fond blink  
Of them before he died;

Or muse not o'er his life, who once,  
Flushed with high hopes, proud learning led,  
Far from his native hills and glens  
To wreathe his youthful head  
With her bright glory? But cruel fate  
Soon came and took the flowers she gave  
And flung them to the winds, and laid  
Him in an early grave.

Perhaps 'twas best—death's cruel once,  
Then hushes all to sleep, but life  
Wounds countless times with wrongs and ills  
And woes and maddening strife.

And now his memory's shrined in song,  
With all that's high, though sad, entwined,  
And all that moves the heart to good  
And elevates the mind.

Blent with his life—the scenes he loved—  
The undying charms of poesy,  
And music with its tenderest power,  
And ballad minstrelsy.

My thanks again! sweet touching song,  
You've waked more hearts from apathy  
Than mine, and moved and taught them, too  
A higher philosophy.

## THREE SONNETS

## I.

DIM twilight hovers o'er the northern hills of snow,  
And chill winds sweep the drift adown the bleak  
hushed vale ;  
How drear this faded wood waves in the stillness slow,  
As lone I wander through its dark, deserted aisle.  
'Tis but a little while since birds sang to the bloom  
Of summer, in its leafy shade, 'neath blushing skies,  
When Nature looked her loveliest ; but now the gloom  
Of winter falls, and requiems breathe in mournful  
sighs.  
Emblems, monitors of our sad mortality,  
Dispelling life's gay dreams in cold reality.

## II.

METHINKS, as in some happy haunting dream  
to-night,  
I hear sweet whisperings in the gloaming, soft  
and low,  
And merry faces—loved and lost—before the blight  
Of death had swept the bloom of beauty's glow,  
Flit smiling thro' the vistas of the vanished past ;  
And love-lit eyes beam love, as in the days long  
gone ;  
Loved voices mingle with the crooning of the blast—  
How sweet vibrates the soul to each remembered  
tone—  
Like the dearest notes of a bird's bright melody,  
In some sere wood, where winds hum autumn's  
threnody.

## III.

How calm the night; yon pale cold orb climbs  
starry skies,

And Strathmore sleeps, as in some sweet en-  
chanted dream,

Heaven's vigils gleam; and as the low night  
breeze soft sighs,

Enraptured fancy lists to winter's mystic hymn.

There is a power in desolation, and the mind,

In such a solemn night, when earth lies robed in  
snow,

Absorbed in thought intense, leaves life's scenes  
dim behind,

And feels it all divine, as sacred feelings flow,

Pure and passionate, onward to the Eternities,

In silent worship of God's high Immensities.



## A SONG FROM THE CITY.

OH! I wistfully long to be far from this throng,  
That surge through the busy streets,  
Where the throbbing brain grows tired of the strain—  
When the heart so coldly beats.

Away from the glare and the noisy air,  
And the city's madding ways,  
Where the god is self, and the worship self,  
And the freshest dream decays.

Oh! the city's treasures are fleeting pleasures,  
And fan but the passioned mood;

And the measures gay to the pulses play,  
But the rapture of the blood.

And its sweetest joy does soonest cloy  
To the thoughtful feeling mind,  
And it longs to be free from its revelry,  
And leave all its toils behind.

And away to the hills with the dancing rills,  
And the green gowan-spangled sod,  
In the summer tints and the glorious glints  
Of the thoughts that flash from God ;

To roam through the woods and the solitudes  
Where the old spells linger long,  
And list to the thrush in the mellow hush  
Of even the wild haunts among

I know there are hearts with high, noble parts  
By base-born fires unshriven,  
With thoughts deep and wide, that wait not the tide  
By worldly passion driven ;

But, oh, they are few, and the dashing hue  
Of self's shadow is seldom riven  
By Love's sunny beam, or true friendship's gleam,  
As sweet as the smile of heaven.

Oh, in Nature's smile is no lurking guile,  
In its tones no hidden dart ;  
For in cunning art it has never a part,  
But speaks straight from the heart.

So give me the glades and the leafy shades,  
 Gowd-flecked with the sunset's glow,  
 In the dewy balm and the holy calm,  
 And the wind sighing soft and low.

And, oh, for the power, a nobler dower  
 Than guineas of gold can bestow—  
 Of the rich deep thought by Poesy wrought,  
 That can only die below.

There come dreams to-night of the soft moonlight—  
 Ah, how swiftly they come and go—  
 Of the magic spells in the Strathmore dells,  
 And the starry glisten and glow.



### THE GAIRIE STRIKE.

Æ Friday morn auld Kirrie lay,  
 A peacefu' habitation ;  
 The sun shone on the Gairie brae,  
 In smiling contemplation.  
 The factory wheels birred oot their sang,  
 Wi' jocund-like elation ;  
 The Gairie laughin' swept along  
 In mirthfu' emulation —  
 Upon that day.

When Gairie bees wi' angry fyke,  
 Cam bummin' wi' ovation,  
 From out their busy, hated byke  
 In roarin' exclamation,

Some bees buzzed lood wi' noisy wings,  
Some dumb wi' expectations,  
And drones bummed oot some ither things,  
And droned for bigger rations—  
That glorious day,

But some queer, sly and selfish drones  
Kept at their avocations,  
And bummed against wi' awfu' moans,  
Reduction of their rations.  
And stirred the female silly bees  
To keep up agitation,  
For when they would themselves release,  
They'd join the big afflation—  
Some ither day.

The day wore on wi' buzzin' noise,  
The bees called for oration ;  
Their hearts wi' glee soon did rejoice  
Upon that wild occasion.  
Up bounced a drone wi' twinklin' e'e  
And bummed about a fraction,  
And said wi' basso' mighty glee,  
They'd ha'e their satisfaction—  
Some speedy day.

The bees buzzed hame wi' happy hairts,  
In wild glorification,  
And praised the drone's high manly pairts,  
Wi' sweet deification.  
Hypocrisy then sneaked abroad  
Wi' turncoats' secret blunder





Some say that Kirrie hisna men—  
It's deep in tribulation,  
An' wishes for the same again,  
That triumphed at creation.  
When woman held the potent sway,  
An' guiled the male creation,  
An' swear they'd had their rightful pay  
An' woman's consolation—  
This very day.

Howe'er it be, it's plain to see,  
The men rule fair creation;  
For soon the women had to flee  
And fill their hated station;  
But manly valour's surely fled  
An' joined dark degredation,  
And honour sweet is buried dead,  
Or strangled wi' vexation—  
Since that queer day.

The factory birls on the same  
In grand terrification,  
The Gairie strike is now a name  
For laughable occasion.  
But courage, however, vow they say,  
No more humilation,  
For women now will have our sway,  
And raise great reformation—  
Some other day.



## HADDINGTON :

## A MEMORY.

SWEET in my heart as summer light,  
As early dreams, and golden,  
Thy vision softens many an hour,  
Quaint town with memories olden ;  
As when I saw thee in the light  
Of Autumn's fading glory,  
And mused among thy hallowed shades  
Upon thy chequered story !

And, as I mused, Tyne murmured low,  
In olden varied fashion,  
Its gentle lay of peace and love—  
Anon a song of passion.

All spoke of peace—on earth and sky,  
A calmness sweet and holy,  
And through the mind there softly stole  
A pleasing melancholy.

A faint light lay on Lammermoors,  
Day in the west was dying,  
Cold shadows stole o'er ruined walls,  
And gloaming winds were sighing.  
How sweet 'twas 'mong yon ruined piles  
At gloamin' hour to ponder,  
And mingle dreams with soft regrets  
O'er ancient vanished grandeur.

-- Dim echoes came across the gloom  
Of distant storied ages,

As Memory oped the book of Time,  
And lingered o'er its pages ;  
While, like a light from these far years,  
A feeling, strange and tender,  
Fell on the mind in fancy lost  
With wild romantic splendour !

And yonder stood the humble cot  
Where Knox's life was given  
To pierce the vile hell-vapoured shams,  
With light from radiant Heaven,  
Of wild, benighted, monkish times—  
Now dim as in the gloaming,  
But down the corridor of Time  
Their lessons still are booming.

Ah ! in the presence of decay,  
In lonely contemplation,  
The pensive soul feels most the power  
Of mournful desolation !  
Yet round ruined walls there softly clings  
A light Time ne'er can shadow—  
Some consecrated spots there are  
God-fearing hearts aye hallow.

And soft, as down the maze of Time  
My thoughts were wildly treading  
Through scenes now gay, now dark in ruin,  
In peace and strife succeeding,  
I asked why all these lights and shades—  
The love, the hate, the laughter,

Then hush of death—the end of all—  
The silence brooding after?

No solving whisper moved the veil,  
But wild thoughts madly thronging,  
And Reason but intensified  
The Soul's impassioned longing.  
Look down the dim eventful years,  
The whole past widely ranging,  
'Twill teach that all the flight of time  
Is but eternal changing!

I looked up to the starry dome  
In depths of strangest sadness;  
An impulse stirred my brooding breast  
To buoyant, trustful gladness.  
Sweet in my heart as summer light,  
As early dreams and golden,  
Thy vision softens many an hour,  
Quaint town, with memories olden!



#### AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

The sunset's wasted embers die,  
Behind the dim far Perthshire hills;  
'Tis autumn, but a wintry sky,  
With darkness swiftly fills.

Outside all dark and dreary looks;  
The mists creep low along the wold;

All grey and sodden sunny nooks,  
And desolate and cold.

The wet wind sobs against the panes,  
That patter with the drifting rain,  
As down it sweeps the silent lanes,  
With sad and hollow strain.

No light streak strays across the lift,  
But twilight dim and sullen broods ;  
The clouds hang low, or slowly drift,  
Above the drooping woods.

Enough to chill the heart to-night—  
The dreary sky, the thickening gloom,  
The shadows of the flickering light  
Across the silent room.

But fancy woos me from the sight  
Of drifting rain and misty hills,  
And wafts my dreams to beauty bright—  
And hope my bosom fills.

My thoughts are 'mong the Sunhope hills—  
A summer night of cloudless skies—  
A face and form that moves and thrills  
With grace that never dies.

\* \* \* \*

I gaze across the sodden wold—  
The drifted leaves are wildly strewn ;  
How like—the winds of fate so cold  
My hopes and dreams have blown.

## BONNIE ANNIE HAY.

Oh, Annie Hay, yer lichtsome glance  
Gaed through my heart yestreen,  
An' left a ray o' simmer licht  
Whaur winter lang has been.  
What's sweeter, when life's mirk an' sad,  
Than Hope's bricht gowden ray?  
Sae flashed, yestreen, yer lauchin' blink,  
Oh, winsome Annie Hay.

The stars that gem a simmer's nicht  
Wi' a' their glorious sheen  
Are pale beside the livin' licht  
That sparkles frae yer e'en.  
The bloom that blushes on your cheeks  
Is fairer than the da',  
An' saft an' clear yer gentle broo,  
Like munelicht on the snaw.

Oh, sweet's the mavis' sang at e'en,  
In Logie's simmer wuds.  
And grand the lark, far i' the lift,  
Shakes doon her glorious fluds ;  
But 'bune them a' thrills through the heart,  
Though sing as sweet's they may,  
The winnin' music o' yer speech,  
Oh, bonnie Annie Hay.

Nae form has half the modest grace,  
Nor half the witchery,

That beauty's flung aroon' yer charms  
 Wi' a' their glamoury ;  
 The mind's gowd gems maun loe to bide  
 Sae bonniely enshrined,  
 An' thoughts o' love an' truth wi' you  
 Maun ever be entwined.

Oh, licht an' blythsome be your life,  
 Oh, bonnie Annie Hay,  
 As fu' o' sang an' sunny skies  
 As fairest simmer day ;  
 The love-licht o' yer gentle soul  
 Aye sparkle frae yer e'en,  
 The bloom that blushes on yer cheeks  
 Glint as it did yestreen.



### HO! HARDY TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Ho! hardy tillers of the soil, with bold and  
 sweating brows,  
 As 'neath the high approving heavens you toil  
 behind your ploughs.  
 Bear high your head, your very name calls up a  
 spell that turns  
 Our thoughts to great and glorious things, and  
 Ploughman Robert Burns.

What thoughts and visions light our dreams of him  
 who moved among  
 The lowly toilers of the land—a peasant king of  
 song,



With great dark flashing eyes of truth and voice of  
wondrous power,  
Whose lightning shafts and passioned tones made  
petty tyrants cower.

High beats the heart at thoughts of him, that keen  
and fervent throng,  
To surge the warm blood in the veins against all  
human wrong ;  
Or stir the breast to fight the cause of sighing  
down-trodden right—  
To trample on the false and mean, and crush the  
giant Might.

O! there's a glory round the plough unlike that of  
a crown,  
That time's fierce storms cannot sweep with dark  
and angry frown ;  
Girt with a wreath of noblest thoughts, 'bove any  
earthly boon,  
As when it sweetly fell from heaven, and lingers  
o'er the Doon.

What tho' the glare of Mammon's smile ne'er lights  
the humble cot,  
And worshippers of worldly shams sneer at your  
lowly lot ;  
The smiles of heaven on honest toil are sweeter far,  
I ween,  
To manly breasts and dearest thoughts, than  
Fashion's tinsel sheen.

Away, small worshippers of little creeds and golden  
shams !

We want no players to gaping crowds that truthful  
conscience damns ;  
Too well we know that suffering worth too long has  
nobly striven  
'Gainst mighty odds of pelf and power, and far  
been backward driven.

Ah, yes ! we know that man denies his brother of  
the sod  
His rights "in custom's falsest light," as was not  
meant by God ;  
But hope and work, a glorious dawn is coming late  
or soon—  
'Twas whispered from a source divine to him who  
sang by Doon.

Press on,—lag slow behind who may,—press  
onward to the van  
Of heroic strugglers for the good, and truth, and  
right to man ;  
Heaven smiles, bedews with sun and shower, each  
spring and summer field,  
But man must sow and give his strength before  
they fruitage yield.

Then, hardy tillers of the soil, with bold and  
sweating brows,  
Who 'neath the high approving heavens toil hard  
behind your ploughs,  
Press on, your very name calls up a spell that ever  
turns  
Our thoughts to great and glorious things, and  
Ploughman Robert Burns.

## GLOAMIN' THOUGHTS.

'Tis sweet to see the woods and braes a' decked in  
summer bloom,

The burnies wimplin' clear beneath the bonnie  
yellow broom :

'Tis sweet to wander by the burn with happy  
thoughts beguiling,

And feel a thrill o' nature's joy for summer's gentle  
smiling.

'Tis dear to know that friendship true will shed its  
brightest rays,

Thro' pains and pleasures, sorrow's clouds, and  
misery's cold ways ;

But, ah ! how few leal hearts remain at poverty's  
grim breath—

As few and far between as smiles at coming dreary  
death.

'Tis sweet to think that a'e fond heart beats faithfu'—  
aye in tune,

Forever fresh in purest love, like westlin' winds in  
June ;

I think nae joy on earth can match the bliss that  
twa hearts feel,

As saftly on the gloamin' breeze their lovin', fond  
words steal.

'Tis grand to climb the rocky steep of giddy  
honoured fame,

To cast a radiant glory round a modest, lowly  
name ;

'Tis brave to face the battle wild, 'midst shrieks and  
dying groans,  
Far, far, frae hame's sweet sacred haunts, its pure  
and happy tones.

'Tis vile to cast a scornfu' e'e on fallen brither  
man,

Wi' bigotry's grim microscope his failin's closely  
scan ;

'Tis vile to wield some transient power, wi' a' its  
pride elate,

And smile in richest luxury at ither's gloomy  
fate.

'Tis nobler far to lessen one cruel pang of life's  
drear pain,

To cheer its mournfulest melodies by some bright,  
happy strain ;

To try and sweep the shadows that time throws o'er  
the brow ;

To try and make it nearer heaven—the swiftly  
fleeting now.

'Tis sad to see youth's early bloom droop, wither  
lone, and die,

To listen to the mournful wail, the deep heart-  
burning sigh ;

To think that all life's sweetest flowers must drop  
cold in the grave,

And all its joys and happy cares be lost in Lethe's  
wave.

The sunset's glory fills the west, the gloamin'  
shadows fall,

Methinks I hear the west wind sigh—Is life and death,  
then, all?

Ah! no; a calm shall yet succeed life's loudest  
roaring floods,

A gowden glory yet shall burst ayont death's  
blackest clouds.



### BARD OF AIRLIE.

STARS of night are vigils keeping,  
O'er thy lonely silent tomb ;  
Poesy o'er thy fate is weeping,  
Airlie's bard in deathly gloom.

'Neath the green turf thou art sleeping  
Silent is thy lowly bed ;  
And vesper winds above thee sweeping,  
Tune the requiem of the dead.

Airlie's braes are peaceful lying  
'Neath the moon's pale silver light ;  
Thro' the willows winds are sighing  
For thy sad untimely blight.

Hope's bright morning palled in mourning,  
Ere the noonday of thy life,  
But evening gleams thy song adorning,  
Thro' the darkness of the strife.

Thy words, O bard ! are yet instilling  
Thoughts that lift the soul up higher ;

Affection through the heart is thrilling  
 For the fervour of thy lyre.

Tho' memory knows that thou art lying  
 Cold and lone in deathly gloom,  
 And hope in grief is o'er thee sighing,  
 Poesy shines to gild thy tomb.

The willows in the night are quivering—  
 Silent falls the chilly dew ;  
 My limbs by feelings strange are shivering,  
 Bard of Airlie's grave, adieu !



#### A WOODLAND SOLILOQUY.

I LOVE to wander in your solemn aisles,  
 Lone Logie woods, in Autumn's wild decay,  
 When eerily the wind's sad vespers steal  
 Through leafless boughs, and sere leaves weirdly flit,  
 So chill and cold-like in the gloaming dim.  
 You're like my soul to-night—in wintry mood,  
 My thoughts, like leaves, are flitting thro' the aisles  
 Of memory, swept by winds of passion strains,  
 That melt to plaintive, weird-like melody.

What tho' life's cold and stormy, and the gloom  
 Of drear misfortune clouds the darksome way  
 Of blighted hopes and tears—of efforts vain—  
 Yon worldly-favoured mortal, with his gold,  
 Mayhap is not so blest as thou art

With thy chill destiny and galling load.  
Life's wealth and poverty are but for time—  
Both meet alike when men come to the grave ;  
But if thou liv'st bravely, wrestling onward  
To the goal that frowns not on rags nor smiles  
On grandeur, thou surmount'st life's rough steps,  
And from their summit can'st look calmly down  
Upon its loudest threatenings with a smile,  
And looking forward 'yond Death's ebon gloom,  
The splendour of that far sweet land of light,  
Where autumns never blight, nor winters rage,  
Bursts on the weary heart, and sinks life's wealth  
And care far down, and fortifies the soul  
For immortality.



## STRATHMORE :

## A WALK.

CALM, skirting the sides of a proud, waving wood,  
Below lies the valley of bonnie Strathmore,  
As fondly I fancy, in low, pensive mood,  
Dim shadows of memory, fled evermore.  
The blue lift of heaven, bright sprinkled with stars,  
Majestic, looks down o'er the scenes of my birth ;  
Thou blood-shedding emblem, thou planet of Mars,  
Forbear thy grim lustre, destroyer of mirth !  
Sweet, from the fields, a pure sensuous fragrance  
Diffuses its riches a round the fair scene ;

In gladness responsive a love-song, perchance,  
 Wafts through the blythe air of the still dewy e'en  
 Beyond these responses deep nestling in broom,  
 The cot where I first saw the bright streak of day ;  
 Within thy dear threshold meek virtue can bloom  
 Triumphant ascend through the auld cot o' clay.  
 Forgetful of care, of the ways of the world,  
 Enjoying sweet Nature, its beauties adore ;  
 I vaguely imagine life's banner unfurled,  
 As maddling it waves to eternity's shore.



## D A V I E.

SWEET summer, sae cheerie, makes fragrant the  
 verdure  
 That's wavin' sae bonnie on ilka braeside ;  
 The mavis chants cheerie wi' heart-stirring ardour ;  
 In the green woods o' Logie, in nature's ain pride.

The sun shines fu' mellow far doon by the valley,  
 And blythely he glints on the Gairie's quiet  
 stream,  
 Where aften I've met wi' my Davie sae gaily,  
 And felt sweet the bliss o' love's bonnie young  
 dream.

My Davie's sae handsome, that nane can surpass  
 him,  
 Wi' bright flashing eyes that fond mirror his soul ;



But sad thoughts of partin' aye darkly harass him,  
And cruel, bitter taunts he has aften to thole.

My mither looks dour, and forbids me my laddie :  
Nae sweet glints o' kindness scarce gladden her  
e'e;

She's fear'd to offend my purse-stricken daddie,  
Whase soul ne'er lichts up wi' love's bright  
memorie.

Ah, siller ! ah, siller ! why hast thou bereft me,  
And blighted my fond hopes in sweet flowery  
bloom ?

In the depths of despair thou hast cruelly left me,  
And shadowed my gladness in sorrowful gloom.

But the gloamin' saft fa's awa doon by the braes,  
And nature seems hushed in a fond reverie ;  
The green woods o' Logie nae mair echo the lays  
That recall the bricht hours o' my Davie and me.

When the moon shines invitin' ower the woods o'  
quiet Kirrie,

And the stars blink aboon, I'll fondly stray forth  
To spend just one hour in the arms of my dearie ;  
'Tis sweeter by far than a' the day's worth.

Ye sweet westlin' winds that blaw saft o'er yon  
moorland,

Ne'er whisper my secret alang yon braeside ;  
I'll soon wi' my dearie leave bonnie Auld Scotland,  
And wed wi' my laddie, whatever betide.

## THE LYRE OF LONGBANK.

WHY is the lyre so tuneless and silent,  
That wakened the echoes of bonnie Shielhill,  
And sang of its beauty as bright as the morning,  
And soft as the gloaming on moorland and hill ?

I list for the voice, with its soft-flowing numbers,  
When the beams of the morn slant gowd o'er the  
Prosen,  
And the soft dews of even glint bright on the green  
sward,  
Till the pale moon looks wan o'er the far-heaving  
ocean.

'Tis the wind that I hear through the wild woods  
a-moaning,  
No more as of yore blythely through my heart  
thrilling,  
It stirs up my soul with its high-thought's devotion,  
Or soft with emotion my fond bosom filling.

Ah ! have the rude winds of fate vilely swept it,  
And jarred its wild notes, once so sweet, out of  
tune,  
That no power can bring back its freshness and  
sweetness,  
Like a rose that's been scattered in full bloom of  
June ?

Awake, my best lyre ! see the spring's laughing  
freshness,

The grim, gloomy face of cold winter now  
mocking ;  
Awake to thy splendour ! Longbank lone is waiting ;  
Then can'st thou for ever be silent and broken ?



## FRIENDSHIP.

Is friendship but a hollow name,  
A shadow hovering o'er ;  
Or is't a bright enduring flame  
That burneth evermore,  
Bright beaming o'er life's troubled sea,  
A beacon guiding sure,  
To that bright shore, eternity,  
And thoughts for ever pure ?

Or is't a dark and sordid thing  
That follows life's frail barque,  
And cowardly, meanly to it clings,  
And leaves when night sets dark ?  
Or like a shark, that follows far  
To gorge its horrid prey,  
And leaves it at chill penury's bar,  
To sail as best it may ?

Or is't a pilot, steady fast,  
That battles hand-in-hand,  
And clings full nobly to the last,—  
Tho' wreck'd in fortune's strand ;

A bright, a glorious heavenly thing,  
 That lightens to the grave,  
 And to poor mortals blessings brings,  
 Till lost in Lethe's wave?

The serious said, in tones of woe,  
 "This world I've widely seen,  
 And knowledge will you clearly show  
 True friendship's seldom been ;  
 As ages show that human hearts  
 Doth selfish aims desire,  
 So friendship's noble bearing parts  
 Are 'clipsed by baser fire."



### A GLOAMIN' REVERIE.

O it's sweeter fan the sun gaes doon wi' a smile,  
 Than fan he gangs doon in wrath ;  
 Sae I sit on the broomy braes an' think,  
 While the twilight's on the strath.

Hoo I lo'e tae muse on the langsyne 'oors,  
 In the licht o' the deein' day ;  
 They come like a dream frae a simmer land,  
 Or the touch o' a tremblin' lay.

The sigh o' the broom ower the whinny knowes  
 The lilt o' the mavis' sang,  
 An' the gloamin' 'oor ower the strath an' the hill,  
 Gar fancies come thick an' thrang.

An' I think on a far sunny land ower the wave,  
Whaur hearts noo toil for the gowd,  
Wha wandered sae blythe ower thae same bonnie  
braes,  
An' oor hearts wi' freenship low'd.

O the world's fecht was then a' tae learn,  
Oor hearts were as licht as the win',  
We ne'er thocht o' the cares nae far on the road  
Nor the blinks we left behin'.

An' I wunner sair if the race for the wealth,  
In the land o' the southern cross,  
Has covered the thochts o' the days o' langsyne,  
Wi' the rust o' its sordid dross.

O the sun gaed doon the nicht wi' a smile,  
Yestreen he gaed doon in wrath ;  
An' I sit and think o' the bonny braes,  
While the stars blink ower the strath.



#### A SABBATH IN STRATHMORE.

THIS placid scene, this holy day,  
Awakes the soul to ecstasy ;  
The aged wend their pleasant way,  
Their looks beam out their fervency,  
To worship Him, their only Guide,  
As through this life they peaceful glide.

With reverent looks the pious tread  
 Along the vale they oft have trod,  
     With lowly mien and bowed head,  
 To worship Him, their Father, God,  
 And conscious, when 'tis their last bell,  
 Fond faith will whisper, all is well.

The rustic bell tolls through the air,  
 And all lies calm—a holy calm,  
     To call the weary, full of care,  
 To prayer, sweet heaven's greatest balm,  
 Then silence spreads its solemn shroud,  
 Save where they sing their praises loud.

Oh ! what a feeling rises here,  
 As fancy dreams of every day,  
     Transported to another sphere,  
 We feel, indeed, its powerful sway,  
 And, with a thrill, enraptured raise  
 Our song, uniting with their praise.



### THEN CRACK O' THEM SAE FAR AWA'.

'The mune keeks ower yon dowie hills  
     Wi' solemn face an' e'e sae weary,  
 The wind sougths thro' the Logie wuds  
     Wi' eerie soond sae wild an' dreary.  
 While nature looks sae dowff an' cauld,  
     Let's gaither roond the fire sae cosy,  
 An' crack o' them sae far awa,

In memory's licht sae blythe an' rosy.  
Then crack o' them sae far awa  
Ayont the sea that's bounding ever,  
That time wi' a' its rendin' po'ers,  
Oor thochts frae them can never sever.

Hoo aft we wandered in the wuds,  
Whaur grow the broom an' mossy heather,  
An' in the gloamin' aye were seen  
To dauner hame sae gled thegither.  
Hoo aft wi' them the gleesome nichts  
Flew brichtly wi' baith sang an' story,  
While friendship's lowe lit up oor hearts,  
And fancy lent its mystic glory.  
Then sing a sang o' ither days,  
The guileless days sae blythely spent,  
Nor let the tune be weak an' tame,  
But strong wi' fiery fervour blent.

Some seek the gowd in ither climes,  
Wi' thochts o' a' its gaudy grandeur,  
An' ithers, by fate's stern decree,  
Frae Scotia's shore hae far to wander,  
But aft, I trow, in memory's dreams,  
Aye free o' care an' sordid notion,  
They tread again the broomy knowes,  
Wi' heavin' breast an' pure emotion.  
Then lilt again yon sweet refrain  
That swells the breast wi' saft emotion,  
An' made us greet that nicht afore  
They crossed the wildly dashing ocean.

Oor thochts noo hushed, gang sadly doon  
 Whaur hearts aince bricht are mouldering lowly.  
 Whase ilka glance an' tone o' yore  
 Are sacred noo in feelin's holy.  
 But let us hope in life's dim licht,  
 That they wha crossed death's darkling river,  
 An' they wham fate has severed far  
 Eternity shall mingle ever.

Gae bring yon bonnie fiddle bricht  
 That hangs upon the auld clay wa',  
 And thrill the strings to melting strains  
 That mak' the burnin tear-drops fa'.  
 Then crack o' them that's far awa'  
 Ayont the sea that's bounding ever,  
 That time wi' a' its rending po'ers,  
 Oor thochts frae them can never sever.



TO-NIGHT I WATCHED THE BROAD  
 RED SUN.

To night I watched the broad red sun  
 Sink o'er Schiehallion's crest,  
 While the East glowed like a summer dawn  
 Against the blood-red West ;  
 And the Grampian's virgin snows blushed deep,  
 Far in its ruddy glow,  
 And the ice-sheets gleamed like lakes of gold  
 On Strathmore's wolds below.



He passed with his glorious pageant through  
The portals of the west,  
But shed o'er the scene a wondrous glow  
Before he sank to rest.  
I thought of the many lands he'd seen,  
The crowded city streets,  
With their madding crowds and hurrying feet,  
Where wealth with misery meets.

How he'd lit up with his dazzling beams,  
The poor and squalid den,  
The mansions grand, and the alleys grim,  
The busy marts of men.  
And the wish rose up as twilight fell  
O'er snowy hill and plain,  
That he'd light with universal love,  
Each human heart and brain—

That he'd stay the broils and ills of earth,  
The passions of men's hearts,  
The unjust wrongs, and burning hates,  
The venom of their darts ;  
As he'd lit the sunny, and pale wan brows  
With the lightness of his beams,  
The tear-dimmed, sad, and the sparkling eyes  
Aglow with sunny dreams.

Vain wish—at my feet a withered leaf  
Fell flickering to the ground,  
As if chiding that my thoughts should stray  
From Reason's stern bound—

As from creation's morn he'd seen  
 Wild winter's drifts and storms,  
 The buds and blooms, and the withered leaves—  
 All Nature's moods and forms.

So had he beheld mankind's strange lot,  
 The strife, the joy, and pain  
 From mankind's prime, as he saw to-day,  
 The same old varied strain.

But there rose in my breast a rebel sigh  
 'Gainst Fate's relentless plan,  
 A passionate prayer, that he'd rise some day  
 On the Brotherhood of Man.



### SUNHOPE BRAES.

How sweet the stillness of this moonlit eve  
 Brings back the memory of some autumn nights  
 I spent on Sunhope Braes 'neath yon same moon,  
 When heaven and love both smiled, and life was  
 bright ;  
 And Hope's bright vista strewn with Fortune's  
 flowers  
 Beamed happy through the cloudless raptured  
 hours.

Methinks I see Tweed's silver winding stream ;  
 The wood-crowned hills, the dreamy vale  
 between ;  
 The distant town-lights gleaming in the west,  
 And yon blue heaven o'er all so bright, serene.

The rustling corn that waved slow with the wind,  
The weird old ruin that stood so lone behind.

Do'st thou remember, Mary, when we stood  
And watched the moonbeams play along its aisles?  
Or listened to the night wind's plaintive sighs  
That broke anon in dreary dirge like wails,  
As if some spirit forms, so long, long dead,  
Mourned o'er past joys and ancient grandeur fled?

Or when we wandered on sad Yarrow braes,  
And lingered by yon hoary hallowed fane,  
By lone Saint Mary's Loch, and felt the spell  
That genius threw around each hill and plain?  
Ah, little thought thou, as we fondly roved,  
What passion deep my mind and heart-chords  
moved.

Dim years since then have placed us far apart—  
I had to leave thee for the city's gloom;  
But visions rise amidst its smoke and hum  
Of thee, and flowers and hills of heather bloom;  
A wintry fate may yet upon me set,  
But Sunhope Braes I never can forget.

Ah, now, sad memories throng of loved ones gone;  
Some scattered 'yond the wild Atlantic waves;  
Some 'neath the yew and willow's changeless gloom,  
Rest calmly in their cherished early graves.  
What needs my heart throb with vain, mad regret—  
We shall one day all meet, and all earth's griefs  
forget.

How sweet the soft wind rustles through the dell,  
 As if loved spirits hovered near to-night,  
 To whisper Faith and Hope's bright happy words  
 That light the way of life's hard, stern fight ;  
 In such a night the soul soars 'bove the clod  
 And feels the power of Nature's mighty God.



### DOWN LOGIE WOODS.

Down Logie woods I oft have strayed  
 When Nature sad, in wild decay  
 Wept o'er the leaves low withered laid,  
 Or flickered, fled in wind away,  
 Or dropping in a wimpling stream,  
 Were quickly borne on to the sea ;  
 Suggestive of life's maddling dream,  
 Soon lost in vast eternity.

But more I've roved when summer fair  
 Blythe spreads her cheery mantle bright,  
 When Mary was my only care,  
 No darkling clouds my hopes to blight ;  
 The feathered minstrels poured their songs,  
 And made the echoes sweetly ring ;  
 I lingering, listened to the throng.  
 That could such raptures blythely sing.

Responsive waked my soul to lyre,  
 Admiring Nature all the while ;  
 I felt the glow of love inspire

An ardour for my native isle.  
 Enraptured, stirred a dearer theme,  
 Endeared to memory's sweetest strain,  
 That star of youth. a heavenly beam,  
 And all its happy, joyous train.

Oh ! Fancy, powerful, holds the sway,  
 And memories rush upon the soul  
 Of beech, and larch, and birken way,  
 Though time's dim shadows roll.  
 Oft in the city's smoke and hum.  
 As in, to-night, my musing moods,  
 I sigh once more to fondly roam  
 Among the birks of Logie woods.



### TO NIGHT AS I SAT AND PONDERED.

Inscribed to all those who are agitating for just rights and  
 the elevation of humanity.



To-NIGHT as I sat and pondered  
 O'er manhood's varied story,  
 Its lights and shades, and loves and hates,  
 Its darkness and its glory,  
 As through the mists of olden times,  
 Now dim, as in the gloaming,  
 Martyr voices down the corridors  
 Of time come slowly booming.

“ Ho ! toilers of the works and fields  
Stand fast with dauntless brows,  
You fight for justice, love and right,  
And all that truth allows ;  
Too long has suffering worth been bowed  
’Neath galling loads and pains,  
Afraid to break the tyrant’s power,  
His fetters and his chains !”

“ Tyrant—the name starts the hot blood,  
Wild surging through my veins—  
What spot on earth so wide mourns not  
The foulness of his stains ?  
Look back—ruined homes, and blood-red sods,  
And pillows wet with tears ;  
A dark blot in the march of men  
Through all the vanished years !”

“ Not now on blood-red battlefields  
With swords and cannon balls,  
He wields the power to crush the weak  
With brands and dungeon walls ;  
In workshop, field, and factory  
He spurns the toiler’s needs  
With hunger’s pains and unjust laws,  
And cunning selfish creeds !”

“ But like a giant waked from sleep,  
Nerved with the force of light,  
They grasp the keys to loose the bands  
That bound them with their might—

Might—that must yield like rotten strands,  
 And scattered to the winds  
 Before the just and noble cause  
 Of downtrod hearts and minds.”

“ Lead on—leave slaves to lag behind—  
 Lead onward in the van,  
 Brave soldiers for the great good cause—  
 The brotherhood to man,  
 O would that justice, love and truth  
 With sunny flags unfurl'd,  
 Lit up men's deeds, and proudly waved  
 Their ensigns o'er the world.”



### ADDRESS TO LOGIE.

In the beautiful haunts of Logie there is a glade where the rich mellow notes of the mavis have a peculiarly sweet resonant tone.



How oft, dear lonely spot, lit with sunny memories  
 Of June, when thoughts half sweet, half sad came  
 with the hush  
 Of fading day, I've listened to the sudden gush  
 Of music break sweetly into summer melodies,  
 That thrilled my heart to ecstasy ; until the woods  
 Seemed to cease their sighing, listening as in a spell  
 To the merry cadences of its rippling floods,  
 And drooping, as if sad, anon as low it fell.  
 Perhaps that was but fancy ; but my heart has beat

More lightly to its sunny tones, like sunbeams  
 On a summer lake, or glints that come of early dreams,  
 When years of shadow lie upon the heart. 'Twas sweet,  
 Too, when soft the flush of hills grew more faint and low  
 And deeper waxed the shadows, to feel the witchery  
 Of some lone bird trill out a mellow minstrelsy  
 Of summer nights of love and romance long ago.  
 And when the twilight deepened, stern thoughts  
     would come —  
 As come they will, like Fate's dark frown — the  
     murmur'd sighs  
 Of some sad wind would soften all, as twilight skies,  
 To dreamy tenderness and gentlest moods.  
 Again thy soft enchantments sway  
 My heart to sweetest gladness—their rich music long  
 Shall linger there when surging with the city throng,  
 Like tones of early years that never fade away.



### A REVERIE.

THE night wind's moaning eerie,  
     The weary shadows flit,  
 As down the dell I wander  
     With a sad and wild regret.  
 The night winds seem to whisper  
     Sad warnings from the tomb,  
 And moonbeams flicker ghostly  
     Through the mazy woodland gloom.  
 Adown the past's dim vista  
     Sad memory fondly sweeps,



And o'er past joys and loved ones,  
 Lingers long and weeps ;  
 O'er hopes so early blighted,  
 False love's inconstancy,  
 And friendships widely sundered,  
 Lost boyhood's glamourie.

But why this mad regretting,  
 The past is but a dream,  
 And life is onward setting  
 Like a swiftly flowing stream  
 That, never backward turning,  
 Bears on its gleaming breast  
 Bright flowers of fortune culling—  
 The sweetest and the best.

What though they are denied thee ;  
 But yet a little while  
 And thou wilt be beyond them,  
 Or fortune's sunny smile.  
 All earthly joys are fading,  
 Its wealth and misery  
 Meet all alike one common fate—  
 In vast eternity.



### AULD SCOTIA'S SPIRIT REIGNS.

YE westlin' winds that round me blow  
 O'er autumn scenes so wildly ;  
 Ye sweet September mellow skies,  
 That beam on me so mildly ;  
 And ye sweet warblers of the wood,

That wake the echoes clearly ;  
Does not the spirit of our sires  
Run through our veins so dearly ?  
The memory of auld Scotia's sons,  
Thro' ilka heart is thrilling ;  
Their deeds of yore 'gainst mighty wrongs  
Are dauntless thoughts instilling.  
Auld Scotia, famed in freedom's song,  
In valour's mighty story—  
Her hills and dales re-echo yet,  
Her matchless worth and glory !  
Free as the winds that wildly rave  
Around her hills so hoary ;  
Her sons still nurse the daring spirit  
Of eagles in their corrie.  
But o'er her shines the glorious light  
Of moral strength and grandeur,  
That casts a spell around her sons,  
Wherever they may wander.  
Pure as the snow that grandly crests  
Her wildly-rearing mountains ;  
As fresh as streams that proudly flow  
And sparkle from her fountains,  
Her patriot souls remember aye  
Auld Scotia's sacred story ;  
And as of yore will fiercely guard  
Her bright unsullied glory.