

VITTORIA.

WILLIAM GLEN,

A NATIVE of Glasgow. "He was, for some period of his life," says Mr. Whitelaw, "a manufacturer in his native city, but his latter days were marked by the poet's too frequent lot, poverty and misfortune." He died in 1826. A volume of "Poems," chiefly lyrical, was published by him in 1815.

SING a' ye bards wi' loud acclaim,
 High glory gi'e to gallant Grahame,
 Heap laurels on our Marshal's fame,
 Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.
 Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
 An' raised her stately form again,
 Whan the British Lion shook his mane
 On the mountains o' Vittoria.

Let blust'rin' Suchet crously crack,
 Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
 And Jourdan wish his baton back,
 He left upon Vittoria ;
 If e'er they meet their worthy king,
 Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
 An' some Scottish piper play the spring
 He blew them at Vittoria.

Gi'e truth an' honour to the Dane,
 Gi'e German's monarch heart and brain ;
 But aye in such a cause as Spain,
 Gi'e Britons a Vittoria.
 The English Rose was ne'er sae red,
 The Shamrock waved whare glory led,
 And the Scottish Thistle raised its head,
 An' smiled upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
 Whare thousands fought and mony fell ;
 But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
 At the battle of Vittoria.
 The Paris maids may ban them a',
 Their lads are maistly wede awa',
 An' cauld an' pale as wreaths o' snaw
 They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and tremblin' knees
 The Eagle standard-bearer flees,
 While the "meteor flag" floats to the breeze,
 An' wantons on Vittoria.
 Britannia's glory there was shown,
 By the undaunted Wellington,
 An' the tyrant trembled on his throne,
 Whan hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,
 Let a' their trophies for them wave,
 An' green be our Cadogan's grave,
 Upon thy field, Vittoria!
 There let eternal laurels bloom,
 While maidens mourn his early doom,
 An' deck his lowly honour'd tomb
 Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes play,
 Barossa heard your Highlan' lay,
 An' the gallant Scot show'd there that day,
 A prelude to Vittoria.
 Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice,
 To them wha made poor Spain rejoice,
 Shout Wellington an' Lynedoch, boys.
 Barossa an' Vittoria!

GLASGOW FAIR.

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE,

A COMPOSITOR in Glasgow about 1820.

O, THE sun frae the eastward was peeping,
 And braid through the winnocks did stare,
 When Willie cried—Tam, are ye sleeping?
 Mak' haste, man, and rise to the fair;
 For the lads and the lasses are thranging,
 And a' body's now in a steer;
 Fye, haste ye, and let us be ganging,
 Or, faith, we'll be langsome I fear.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Then Tam he got up in a hurry,
 And wow but he made himsel' snod,
 And a pint o' milk brose he did worry,
 To mak him mair teugh for the road:
 On his head his blue bannet he slippet,
 His whip o'er his shouther he flang,
 And a clumsy oak cudgel he gripet,
 On purpose the loons for to bang.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now Willock had trysted wi' Jenny,
 For she was a braw canty quean,
 Word gade that she had a gay penny,
 For whilk Willie fondly did grean.

Now Tam he was blaming the liquor,
 Yea night he had got himsel' fou,
 And trysted glee Maggy MacVicar,
 And faith he thocht shame for to rue.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

The carles, fu' cadgie, sat cocking
 Upon their white nags and their brown,
 Wi' snuffing, and laughing, and joking,
 They soon cantered into the town;
 'Twas there was the funning and sporting,
 Eh! lord what a swarm o' braw folk,
 Rowly-powly, wild beasts, wheel o' fortune,
 Sweety stan's, Maister Punch, and black Jock.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now Willock and Tam gayan bouzie,
 By this time had met wi' their joes,
 Consented wi' Gibbie and Susy
 To gang awa' down to the shows;
 'Twas there was the fiddling and drumming,
 Sic a crowd they could scarcely get through,
 Fiddles, trumpets, and organs a bumming;
 O, Sirs, what a hully-baloo!
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Then hie to the tents at the paling,
 Weel theeked wi' blankets and mats,
 And deals seated round like a tap-room,
 Supported on stanes and on pats;
 The whisky like water they're selling;
 And porter as sma' as their yill,—
 And aye as you're pouring they're telling,
 "Troth, dear, it's just sixpence the gill!"
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Says Meg—"See yon beast wi' the claes on't,
 Wi' the face o't as black as the soot,
 Preserve's! it has fingers and tacs on't—
 Eh, lass, it's an unco like brute!"
 "O, woman, but ye are a gomerall,
 To mak' sic a won'er at that,
 D'ye na ken, you daft gowk, that's a mongrel,
 That's bred 'twixt a dog and a cat."
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

"See yon souple jaud how she's dancing,
 Wi' the white ruffled breeks and red shoon,
 Frae the tap to the tae she's a' glancing
 Wi' gowd, and a feather aboon,—

My troth, she's a braw decent kimmer,
 As I have yet seen in the fair."
 "Her decent!" quo' Meg, "she's a limmer,
 Or, faith, she would never be there."
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now Gibbie was wanting a toothfu',
 Says he, "I'm right tired o' the fun,
 D'ye think we'd be the waur o' a mouthfu'
 O gude nappy yill and a bun?"
 "Wi' a' my heart," Tam says, "I'm willing,—
 'Tis best for to water the corn;
 By jing, I've a bonnie white shilling,
 And a saxpence that ne'er saw the morn."
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Before they got out o' the bustle,
 Poor Tam got his fairing I trow,
 For a stick at the ginge'bread play'd whistle,
 And knocked him down like a cow;
 Says Tam, "Wha did that, deil confound him—
 Fair play, let me win at the loon,"
 And he whirled his stick round and round him,
 And swore like a very dragoon.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Then next for a house they gaed glow'ring,
 Whare they might get wetting their mou'.
 Says Meg, "Here's a house keeps a pouring,
 Wi' the sign o' the muckle black cow."
 "A cow!" quo' Jenny, "ye gawky!
 Preserve us! but ye've little skill,
 Did ye e'er see a hawky like that—
 Look again and ye'll see it's a *bill*."
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

But just as they darken'd the entry,
 Says Willie, "We're now far eneugh,
 I see it's a house for the gentry—
 Let's gang to the sign o' the pleugh."
 "Na faith," then says Gibbie, "we'se raither
 Gae dauner to auld Luckie Gunn's,
 For there I'm to meet wi' my faither,
 And auld uncle John o' the Whins."
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now they a' in Luckie's had landed,
 Twa rounds at the bicker to try,
 The whisky and yill round was handed
 And baps in great bourocks did lie.

Blind Aleck the fiddler was trysted,
 And he was to handle the bow;
 On a big barrel head he was hoisted,
 To keep himsel' out o' the row.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Had ye seen sic a din and guffawing,
 Sic hooching and dancing was there,
 Sic rugging, and riving, and drawing,
 Was ne'er seen before in a fair.
 For Tam, he wi' Maggy was wheeling,
 And he gied sic a terrible loup,
 That his head came a thump on the ceiling,
 And he cam' down wi' a dump on his doup.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now they ate and they drank till their bellies
 Were bent like the head o' a drum,
 Sync they raise, and they capered like fillies,
 Whene'er that the fiddle played bum.
 Wi' dancing they now were grown weary,
 And scarcely were able to stan',
 So they took to the road a' fu' cheery,
 As day was beginning to dawn.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

MRS. SCOTT,

OF Dumbartonshire. Written about 1810.

THE grass had nae freedom o' growin'
 As lang as she wasna awa',
 Nor in the toun could there be stowin'
 For wooers that wanted to ca'.
 Sic boxin', sic brawlin', sic dancin',
 Sic bowin' and shakin' a paw;
 The toun was for ever in brulyies:
 But now the lassie's awa'.
 Wooed, and married, and a',
 Married, and wooed, and a';
 The dandalic toast of the parish,
 She's wooed, and she's carried awa'.

But had he a' kenn'd her as I did,
 His woin' it wad ha'e been sma':
 She kens neither bakin', nor brewin',
 Nor cardin', nor spinnin' awa;

But a' her skill lies in her buskin':
 And, O, if her braws were awa',
 She sune wad wear out o' fashion,
 And knit up her huggers wi' straw.

But yesterday I gaed to see her,
 And, O, she was bonnie and braw;
 She cried on her gudeman to gi'e her
 An ell o' red ribbon or twa.
 He took, and he set down beside her
 A wheel and a reel for to ca';
 She cried, Was he that way to guide her?
 And out at the door and awa'.

The first road she gaed was her mither,
 Wha said, Lassie, how gaes a'?
 Quo' she, Was it for nae ither
 That I was married awa',
 But to be set down to a wheelie,
 And at it for ever to ca'?
 And syne to hae't reel'd by a chieldie
 That's everly crying to draw.

Her mither said till her, Hech, lassie!
 He's wisest, I fear, o' the twa;
 There'll be little to put in the tassie,
 Gif ye be sae backward to draw;
 For now ye should work like a tiger,
 And at it baith wallop and ca',
 Sae lang's ye ha'e yòudith and vigour,
 And weanies and debt keep awa'.

Sae swift away hame to your haddin',
 The mair fule ye e'er came awa';
 Ye maunna be ilka day gaddin',
 Nor gang sae white-finger'd and braw;
 For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,
 And wi' him should cannilie draw;
 Or else ye deserve to be knockit—
 So that's an answer for a'.

Young Luckie thus fand hersell mither'd,
 And wish'd she had ne'er come awa';
 At length wi' hersell she consider'd,
 That hameward 'twas better to draw,
 And e'en tak' a chance o' the landin',
 However that matters might fa':
 Folk maunna on freits aye be standin',
 That's wooed, and married, and a'.

THE FOLK AT LINDORES.

JAMES STIRLING,

A SCHOOLMASTER in Glasgow about 1820.

O WEEL may I mind on the folk at Lindores;
 Though it's lang sin' I had onie troke at Lindores;
 For the blythe winter night
 Flew o'er us fu' light,
 Wi' the sang, an' the crack, an' the joke at Lindores.

The auld wife an' the lasses would spin at Lindores;
 An' the auld man to tales would begin at Lindores,
 How in days o' his youth
 The red rebels cam' south,
 An' spulzied the feck o' his kin at Lindores.

An' he'd tell monie strange says and saws at Lindores;
 How he hated the dominie's tawse at Lindores,
 How i' the lang-day
 The truan' he'd play,
 An' set aff to herrie the craws at Lindores.

An' he'd sing monie an auld warld rhyme at Lindores;
 An' tell o' the Covenant time at Lindores;
 How Clavers, fell chiel!
 Was in league wi' the deil,
 How a ball stottit ance aff his wame at Lindores.

They were kind to ilk body that came to Lindores,
 To the puir, an' the blind, an' the lame at Lindores;
 Wi' handfuls o' meal,
 An' wi' platefuls o' kale,
 An' the stranger was sure o' a hame at Lindores.

But the auld man's departed this life at Lindores;
 An' a tear's in the e'e o' the wife at Lindores;
 I dinna weel ken
 Whan I'll be there again,
 But sorrow, I'm fearin', is rife at Lindores.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S SONGS.

"This song," says Mr. Chambers, "the composition as I have been informed of a clergyman in Galloway, was never before printed."

WHEN gloamin o'er the welkin steals,
 And brings the ploughman frae the fiel's,
 Oh, Jenny's cot, amang the shiels,
 Is aye the hame to me.

To meet wi' her my heart is fain,
 And parting gi'es me meikle pain;
 A queen and throne I would disdain
 For Jenny's ae bawbee.

Tho' brows she has na mony feck,
 Nae riches to command respect',
 Her rosy lip and lily neck
 Mair pleasure gi'e to me.
 I see her beauties, prize them a',
 Wi' heart as pure as new-blawn snaw;
 I'd prize her cot before a ha',
 Wi' Jenny's ae bawbee.

Nae daisy, wi' its lovely form,
 Nor dew-drap shining frae the corn,
 Nor echo frae the distant horn,
 Is half sae sweet to me!
 And if the lassie were my ain,
 For her I'd toil through wind and rain,
 And gowd and siller I would gain
 Wi' Jenny's ae bawbee.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

JAMES FRASER.

AUTHOR of a volume of Poems published at Edinburgh in 1818.

DEAR land of my birth, of my friends, of my love,
 Shall I never again climb thy mountains;
 Nor wander at eve through some lone leafy grove,
 To list to the dash of thy fountains?
 Shall no hand that I love close my faint beaming eye,
 That darkens 'mid warfare and danger?
 Ah, no! for I feel that my last heaving sigh
 Must fleet on the gale of the stranger.

Then farewell, ye valleys, ye fresh blooming bow'rs,
 Of childhood the once happy dwelling;
 No more in your haunts shall I chase the gay hours,
 For death at my bosom is kneeling.
 But proudly the lotus shall bloom o'er my grave,
 And mark where a freeman is sleeping,
 And my dirge shall be heard in the Nile's dashing wave
 While the Arab his night watch is keeping.

'Twas a soldier who spoke—but his voice now is gone,
 And lowly the hero is lying;
 No sound meets the ear, save the crocodile's moan,
 Or the breeze through the palm-tree sighing.

But lone though he rests where the camel is seen,
 By the wilderness heavily pacing;
 His grave in our bosoms shall ever be green,
 And his monument ne'er know defacing.

NOW SPRING AGAIN.

JAMES FRASER.

WHEN gowans sprinkled a' the lea,
 An' blossoms hung on ilka tree,
 'Twas then my Jeanie's saft blue e'e
 Shot a' its witchery through me.
 I felt—I wonder'd at the smart,
 New wishes floated roun' my heart—
 Ah! little kenn'd I 'twas a dart
 That's fated to undo me.

Through lanely glen and greenwood shaw
 I stole frae heartless mirth awa',
 Or wander'd heedless o' the snaw,
 That heap'd its wraiths around me;
 But still I felt I kenn'd nae what,
 Nor wist I what I would be at;
 And aftentimes my cheek was wat,
 Though stars shone clear aboon me.

And when a sidelang stowan glance
 I took, as if't might seem by chance,
 My very bluid was in a dance—
 My heart lap sae within me.
 Her voice was music in my ear—
 Her lip I daur'd na touch for fear,
 But O methought the hinny pear
 Less sweetness had to win me.

O Jeanie! dinna think I'm cauld,
 When ither lads may be mair bauld;
 True love like mine can ne'er be tauld—
 'Tis constancy maun prove me.
 Your hair I'll braid wi' spring's young flow'rs,
 I'll shade you cool in simmer bow'rs,
 An' a' the winter's lang cauld hours
 Nae blast shall ever move ye.

WHEN LONELY THOU WANDEREST.

REV. DAVID ARNOT,

OF Dundee. He published a volume of Poems in 1825.

WHEN lonely thou wanderest along by the wild wood
 As twilight steals over the earth like a dream;
 An' nature, all lovely as when in her childhood,
 On thy heart and thine eye in beauty may beam.
 When over the world the gray shades are returning,
 And the star of the evening all silent is burning,
 With splendour celestial the heavens adorning,
 And thy soul is enraptured by ecstasy's gleam.

Then think of thy lover who sigheth in sadness,
 When viewing that star as he wanders alone,
 Which once to his soul was the emblem of gladness,
 As thy faithful bosom he rested upon.
 Oh! think of the woes on his heart that are preying,
 And think of that love that can know no decaying,
 And, oh! may that breast never dream of betraying,
 The youth it has blest in the days that are gone.

THE TEARS I SHED.

MRS. DUGALD STEWART,

BORN in 1765. She was the daughter of the Honourable George Cranstoun, a son of the fifth Lord Cranstoun. She married in 1790 the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart, and died at Edinburgh in 1838. The first four lines of the fifth stanza are by Burns.

THE tears I shed must ever fall:
 I mourn not for an absent swain;
 For thoughts may past delights recall,
 And parted lovers meet again.
 I weep not for the silent dead:
 Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er;
 And those they loved their steps shall tread,
 And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
 If certain that his heart is near,
 A conscious transport glads each scene,
 Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
 E'en when by death's cold hand removed,
 We mourn the tenant of the tomb:
 To think that e'en in death he loved,
 Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
 Of her who slighted love bewails;
 No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
 No pleasing melancholy hails.
 Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
 Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy;
 The flattering veil is rent aside,
 The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
 The hours once tinged in transport's dye;
 The sad reverse soon starts to view,
 And turns the past to agony.
 E'en time itself despairs to cure
 Those pangs to ev'ry feeling due:
 Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
 To win a heart—and break it too.

No cold approach, or alter'd mien,
 Just what would make suspicion start;
 No pause the dire extremes between
 He made me blest—and broke my heart.
 From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn;
 Neglected and neglecting all;
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn;
 The tear I shed must ever fall.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

THE story of Sir Walter Scott's life is so familiar to every admirer of Scotch Literature that it is needless to enter into it here. Suffice it to state that he was born at Edinburgh on the 15th of August 1771; studied for the bar, to which he was called in 1792, and that though nominally following that profession during his whole life time, literature was his real pursuit. "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and other Works, enchanted the reading public, and placed him for a time at the head of all contemporary poets. In 1814 he issued the first of that wonderful series of Romances—"The Waverley Novels." Sir Walter died at Abbotsford in 1832.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye—
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall be his bride;
 And ye sall be his bride, ladye,
 Sae comely to be seen:"
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

" Now let this wilful grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale :
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langley dale ;
 His step is first in peaceful ha'
 His sword in battle keen : "
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

" A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair,
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
 And you, the foremost o' them a',
 Sall ride our forest queen : "
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmer'd fair ;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight were there ;
 They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;
 The ladye was not seen !—
 She's o'er the border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean !

HE IS GONE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font, re-appearing,
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber!
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever!

A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

“A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine!
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine.
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—
 No more of me you knew, love!
 No more of me you knew.
 “This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain;
 But it shall bloom in winter snow,
 Ere we two meet again.”
 He turn'd his charger as he spake,
 Upon the river shore;
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 Said, “Adieu for evermore, my love!
 And adieu for evermore.”

ALLEN-A-DALE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no faggot for burning,
 Allen-a-dale has no furrow for turning,
 Allen-a-dale has no fleece for the spinning;
 Yet Allen-a-dale has red gold for the winning.
 Come read me my riddle, come hearken my tale,
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
 The mere for his net, and the lamb for his game,
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
 Tho' his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
 Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil;
 Who at Rerecross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
 The mother she asked of his household and home;—
 "Tho' the castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
 My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still,
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
 And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone,
 They lifted the latch and bade him be gone;
 But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry—
 He had laughed on the lass with his bonnie black eye;
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking,
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing,
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear;
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing;
 Trump nor pibroch summon here,
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping,
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here;
 Here's no war steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans, or squadrons tramping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done ;
 While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillie,
 Sleep!—the deer is in his den ;
 Sleep!—thy hounds are by thee lying ;
 Sleep!—nor dream in yonder glen
 How thy gallant steed lay dying,
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done ;
 Think not of the rising sun ;
 For at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveillie.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil.
 Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons ;
 Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons !

Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain so rocky,
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy.
 Come every hill-plaid, and
 True heart that wears one ;
 Come every steel blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one !

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges ;
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broadswords and targes.
 Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter ;
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
 The bride at the altar.

Come as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended :
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded.

Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster :
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
 See how they gather !
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set ;
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Now for the onset !

MARCH, MARCH, ETTRICK AND TEVIOTDALE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
 Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order ?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 All the blue bonnets are over the border.

Many a banner spread, flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story,
 Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing ;
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding ;
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order :
 England shall many a-day tell of the bloody fray,
 When the blue bonnets came over the border.

THE MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
 And the clan has a name that is nameless by day—
 Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach !

Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
 Must be heard but by night, in our vengeful halloo—
 Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Grigalach !

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Calchuirn and her towers,
 Glenstrae, and Glenlyon, no longer are ours—
 We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach !

But, doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
Macgregor has still both his heart and his sword—
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flames, and their flesh to the eagles—
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach!

While there's leaves in the forest, or foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!

ALL JOY WAS BEREFT ME.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea;
O weary betide it! I wander'd beside it,
And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd my fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I ha'e gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing,
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my e'e,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
And wish'd that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring,
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did rattle,
And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar;
And, trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may glisten,
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween lovers,
 When there's naething to speak to the heart through the e'e,
 How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers,
 And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the sea.

Till at times—could I help it?—I pined and ponder'd,
 If love could change notes like the bird on the tree—
 Now I'll never ask if thine eyes may ha'e wander'd,
 Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel,
 Hardships and danger despising for fame,
 Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
 Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame!

Enough, now thy story in annals of glory
 Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and Spain;
 No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou leave me,
 I never will part with my Willie again.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

WHERE shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever,
 From his true maiden's breast,
 Parted for ever?
 Where, through groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die,
 Under the willow.
 Eleu loro.
 Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving,
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving;
 There thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake,
 Never, O never,
 Eleu loro.
 Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her?

In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle,
 With groans of the dying,
 Eleu loro.
 There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
 E'er life be parted;
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever;
 Blessing shall hallow it—
 Never, O never,
 Eleu loro.
 Never, O never.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
 My idle greyhound loathes his food,
 My horse is weary of his stall,
 And I am sick of captive thrall.
 I wish I were as I have been,
 Hunting the hart in forest green,
 With bended bow and bloodhound free,
 For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time,
 From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
 Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
 Inch after inch along the wall.
 The lark was wont my matins ring,
 The sable rook my vespers sing;
 These towers, although a king's they be,
 Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
 Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
 And homeward wend with evening dew;
 A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
 And lay my trophies at her feet,
 While fled the eve on wing of glee—
 That life is lost to love and me.

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
 The bracken curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
 It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, Mary.
 No fond regret must Norman know;
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
 For, if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
 And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

DONALD CAIRD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

DONALD CAIRD's come again,
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
 Blithely dance the Highland fling;
 Drink till the gudeman be blind,
 Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
 Hoop a leglan, clout a pan,
 Or crack a pow wi' ony man;
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
 Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin ;
 Leisters kipper, makes a shift
 To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift :
 Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
 He can wauk when they are sleepers ;
 Not for bountith, or reward,
 Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill,
 Fast as hostler-wife can fill ;
 Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
 Kens how Donald bends a bicker :
 When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
 Keeps the kantle o' the causey ;
 Highland chief and Lawland laird
 Maun gi'e way to Donald Caird.

Steek the aumrie, lock the kist,
 Else some gear will sune be mist ;
 Donald Caird finds orra things
 Where Allan Gregor fand the tings :
 Dunts o' kebbuck, taitis o' woo,
 Whiles a hen and whiles a soo ;
 Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
 Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird !

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
 Craig to tether, legs to airn :
 But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study,
 Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie.
 Rings o' airn, and bolts o' steel,
 Fell like ice frae hand and heel !
 Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

O, HUSH THEE, MY BABIE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

O, HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;
 The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
 They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,

O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed,

O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
 Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
 O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

O SAY NOT, MY LOVE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

OH, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
 That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,
 Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,
 For those raptures that still are thine own.
 Though April his temples may wreath with the vine,
 Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,
 'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine,
 Whose life-blood enlivens the world.
 Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light as a fay's,
 Has assumed a proportion more round,
 And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,
 Looks soberly now on the ground—
 Enough, after absence to meet me again,
 Thy steps still with ecstasy move;
 Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
 For me the kind language of love.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
 And lovers' ears in hearing;
 And love, in life's extremity,
 Can lend an hour of cheering.
 Disease had been in Mary's bower,
 And slow decay from mourning,
 Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
 To watch her love's returning.
 All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
 Her form decay'd by pining.
 Till through her wasted hand, at night,
 You saw the taper shining;
 By fits, a sultry hectic hue
 Across her cheek was flying;
 By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
 Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
 Seem'd in her frame residing ;
 Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
 She heard her lover's riding ;
 Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd,
 She knew, and waved to greet him ;
 And o'er the battlement did bend,
 As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—a heedless gaze,
 As o'er some stranger glancing ;
 Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
 Lost in his courser's prancing—
 The castle arch, whose hollow tone
 Returns each whisper spoken,
 Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
 Which told her heart was broken.

LUCY'S FLITTIN.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW,

THE Steward, amanuensis, and trusted friend of Sir Walter Scott. He was born at Blackhouse, in Yarrow, in 1780. He early formed the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott and assisted him in procuring materials for the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." He became steward to Sir Walter in 1817; and, except for an interval of some three years, he remained in his service till 1832. After the death of Sir Walter, he left Abbotsford to act as factor on the Ross-shire estates of Mrs. Mackenzie, of Seaforth. He died at Contin, near Dingwall, in 1845.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in,
 And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
 That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
 And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear ;
 For Lucy had served in the glen a' the simmer ;
 She cam' there afore the flower bloomed on the pea ;
 An orphan was she, and they had been kind till her,
 Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin' ;
 Richt sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see ;
 Fare ye weel, Lucy ! quo' Jamie, and ran in ;
 The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.
 As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
 Fare ye weel Lucy ! was ilka bird's sang ;
 She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
 And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
 And what gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e?
 If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
 I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
 Nae mither or friend the pure lammie can see;
 I fear I ha'e tint my puir heart a'thegither,
 Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I ha'e row'd up the ribbon,
 The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me;
 Yestreen, when he ga'e me't, and saw I was sabbin',
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
 Though now he said naething but Fare ye weel, Lucy!
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
 He could na say mair but just, Fare ye weel, Lucy!
 Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
 The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;
 But Lucy likes Jamie,—she turn'd and she lookit,
 She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
 Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
 For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!

ON THE BANKS O' THE BURN.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

ON the banks o' the burn while I pensively wander,
 The mavis sings sweetly, unheeded by me;
 I think on my lassie, her gentle mild nature,
 I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When heavy the rain fa's, and loud loud the win' blaws,
 An' simmer's gay cleedin' drives fast frae the tree;
 I heedna the win' nor the rain when I think on
 The kind lovely smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

When swift as the hawk, in the stormy November,
 The cauld norlan' win' ca's the drift owre the lea;
 Though bidin' its blast on the side o' the mountain,
 I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When braw at a weddin' I see the fine lasses,
 Tho' a' neat an' bonnie, they're naething to me!
 I sigh an' sit dowie, regardless what passes,
 When I miss the smile o' her bonnie black e'e,

When thin twinklin' starnies announce the gray gloamin',
 When a' round the ingle's sae cheerie to see;
 Then music delightfu', saft on the heart stealin',
 Minds me o' the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When jokin', an' laughin', the lave they are merry,
 Tho' absent my heart like the lave I maun be;
 Sometimes I laugh wi' them, but I oft turn dowie,
 An' think on the smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

Her lovely fair form frae my mind's awa' never,
 She's dearer than a' this hale warld to me;
 An' this is my wish, May I leave it, if ever
 She row on another her love-beaming e'e.

ALAKE FOR THE LASSIE.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

ALAKE for the lassie! she's no right at a',
 That lo'es a dear laddie, an' he far awa';
 But the lassie has muckle mair cause to complain,
 That lo'es a dear lad, when she's no lo'ed again.

The fair was just comin', my heart it grew fain
 To see my dear laddie, to see him again;
 My heart it grew fain, an' lap light at the thought
 Of milkin' the ewes my dear Jamie wad bught.

The bonnie gray morn scarce had open'd her e'e,
 When we set to the gate a' wi' nae little glee;
 I was blythe, but my mind oft misga'e me right sair,
 For I hadna seen Jamie for five months an' mair.

I' the hirin' right soon my dear Jamie I saw,
 I saw nae ane like him, sae bonnie and braw;
 I watch'd an' baid near him, his motion to see,
 In hopes aye to catch a kind glance o' his e'e.

He never wad see me in ony ae place:
 At length I gaed up an' just smiled in his face,
 I wonder aye yet my heart brackna in twa—
 He just said, "How are ye?" and steppit awa'.

My neeber lads strave to entice me awa';
 They roos'd me, an' hecht me ilk thing that was braw;
 But I hatit them a', an' I hatit the fair,
 For Jamie's behaviour had wounded me sair.

His heart was sae leal, and his manners sae kind!
 He's someway gane wrang, he may alter his mind;
 An' sud he do sae, he's be welcome to me;
 I'm sure I can never like ony but he,