

THE FLOWER OF CALEDONIA.

JAMES BROWN.

ACCORDING to Mr. Whitelaw, Brown was "well-known" in the West of Scotland in his professional capacities of musician and dancing-master. In his latter days he was afflicted with blindness, and kept a small public-house in Jamaica street, Glasgow, where he died in 1836.

SINCE uncle's death I've lads enow,
That never came before to woo;
But to the laddie I'll be true,
That lo'ed me first of onie, O;
I've lads enow since I gat gear,
Before, my price they'd hardly speer;
But nane to me is half so dear
As my true lover Johnnie, O.

Weel do I mind o' auld langsyne,
How they would laugh at me and mine;
Now I'll pay them back in their ain coin,
And show them I lo'e Johnnie, O.
Weel mind I, in my youthfu' days,
How happy I've been gath'rin' slaes,
And rowin' on yon breckan braes,
Wi' the flower o' Caledonia.

The Laird comes o'er and tells my dad,
That surely I am turning mad,
And tells my mam I lo'e a lad
That's neither rich nor bonnie, O.
The Laird is but a silly gowk,
For tho' my Johnnie has nae stock,
Yet he's the flow'r o' a' the flock,
And the pride of Caledonia.

When to the Laird I wrought for fee,
He wadna look nor speak to me,
But now at breakfast, dine, and tea,
He'd fain mak' me his cronie, O;
But sure as gowd cures the heart-ache,
It's only for my siller's sake;
The mair o' me that they a' make,
The mair I lo'e my Johnnie, O.

But now my wedding day is set,
When I'll be married to my pet,
With pleasure I will pay the debt,
I've awn sae lang to Johnnie, O.
Come, fiddler, now cast aff your coat,
We's dance a reel upon the spot,
Play "Jockie's made a wedding o't,"
Or "Snod your cockernonic," O.

Now laddies keep your lasses till't,
 And lasses a' your coaties kilt,
 And let us ha'e a cantie lilt,
 Since I ha'e got my Johnnie, O.
 I've got my heart's desire at last,
 Though many frowns between us past,
 And since we're tied baith hard and fast,
 May peace crown Caledonia!

TO A LINNET.

ROBERT ALLAN,

Was born at Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire, in 1774. He was a muslin-weaver to trade, and while occupied at the loom composed the majority of his best pieces. He published a volume of poems in 1836, most of his pieces having already been printed in "Smith's Scottish Minstrel," and in the "Harp of Renfrewshire." He emigrated to America in 1841, and died at New York six days after his arrival.

CHAUNT no more thy roundelay,
 Lovely minstrel of the grove;
 Charm no more the hours away
 With thy artless tale of love.
 Chaunt no more thy roundelay,
 Sad it steals upon mine ear;
 Leave, O leave thy leafy spray,
 Till the smiling morn appear.
 Light of heart, thou quit'st thy song,
 As the welkin's shadows lour,
 Whilst the beetle wheels along,
 Humming to the twilight hour.
 Not like thee, I quit the scene
 To enjoy night's balmy dream;
 Not like thee, I wake again,
 Smiling with the morning beam.

A LASSIE CAM' TO OUR GATE.

ROBERT ALLAN.

A LASSIE cam' to our gate, yestreen,
 An' low she curtsied down;
 She was lovelier far an' fairer to see
 Than a' our ladies roun'.
 O whare do ye wend, my sweet winsome doo?
 An' whare may your dwelling be?
 But her heart, I trow, was liken to break,
 An' the tear-drap dimm'd her e'e.

I ha'ena a hame, quo' the bonnie lassie—
 I ha'ena a hame nor ha',
 Fain here wad I rest my weary feet,
 For the night begins to fa'.

I took her into our tapestry ha',
 An' we drank the ruddy wine;
 An' aye I strave, but fand my heart
 Fast bound wi' love's silken twine.

I ween'd she might be the fairies' queen,
 She was sae jimp and sma';
 And the tear that dimm'd her bonnie blue e'e
 Fell owre twa heaps o' snaw.

O whare do ye wend, my sweet winsome doo?
 An' whare may your dwelling be?
 Can the winter's rain an' the winter's wind
 Blaw cauld on sic as ye?

I ha'ena a hame, quo' the bonnie lassie—
 I ha'ena a ha' nor hame;
 My father was ane o' "Charlie's" men,
 An' him I daurna name.

Whate'er be your kith, whate'er be your kin,
 Frae this ye mauna gae;
 An' gin ye'll consent to be my ain,
 Nae marrow ye shall ha'e.

Sweet maiden, tak' the siller cup,
 Sae fu' o' the damask wine,
 An' press it to your cherrie lip,
 For ye shall aye be mine.

An' drink, sweet doo, young Charlie's health,
 An' a' your kin sae dear,
 Culloden has dimm'd mony an e'e
 Wi' mony a saut, saut tear.

THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT.

ROBERT ALLAN.

THERE'S nae covenant now, lassie!
 There's nae covenant now!
 The solemn league and covenant
 Are a' broken through!
 There's nae Renwick now, lassie,
 There's nae gude Cargill,
 Nor holy Sabbath preaching,
 Upon the Martyrs' Hill!

It's naething but a sword, lassie !
 A bluidy, bluidy ane !
 Waving o'er poor Scotland
 For her rebellious sin.
 Scotland's a' wrang, lassie,
 Scotland's a' wrang—
 It's neither to the hill nor glen,
 Lassie, we daur gang.

The Martyrs' Hill forsaken,
 In simmer's dusk, sae calm ;
 There nae gathering now, lassie,
 To sing the e'enin' psalm !
 But the martyr's grave will rise, lassie,
 Aboon the warrior's cairn ;
 An' the martyr soun' will sleep, lassie,
 Aneath the waving fern !

LIFE'S A FAUGHT.

ROBERT ALLAN.

THAT life's a faught there is nae doubt,
 A steep and slippery brae ;
 And wisdom's sel', wi' a' its rules,
 Will aften find it sae.
 The truest heart that e'er was made,
 May find a deadly fae,
 And broken aiths and faithless vows
 Gae lovers mickle wae.

When poortith looks wi' sour disdain,
 It frights a body sair,
 And gars them think they ne'er will mee
 Delight or pleasure mair.
 But though the heart be e'er sae sad,
 And prest wi' joyless care,
 Hope lightly steps in at the last,
 To fley awa' despair.

For love o' wealth let misers toil,
 And fret baith late and ear',
 A cheerfu' heart has aye enough,
 And whiles a mite to spare.
 A leal true heart's a gift frae heaven,
 A gift that is maist rare ;
 It is a treasure o' itsel',
 And lightens ilka care.

Let wealth and pride exalt themsel's,
 And boast o' what they ha'e,
 Compar'd wi' truth and honesty,
 They are nae worth a strae.
 The honest heart keeps aye aboon,
 Whate'er the world may say,
 And laughs and turns its shafts to scorn,
 That ithers would dismay.

Sae let us mak' life's burden light,
 And drive ilk care awa';
 Contentment is a dainty feast,
 Although in hamely ha':
 It gi'es a charm to ilka thing,
 And mak's it look fu' braw,
 The spendthrift and the miser herd,
 It soars aboon them a'.

But there's ae thing amang the lave
 To keep the heart in tune.
 And but for that the weary spleen
 Wad plague us late and soon.
 A bonnie lass, a canty wife,
 For sic is nature's law;
 Without that charmer o' our lives,
 There's scarce a charm ava.

A FAREWELL SONG.

THOMAS PRINGLE,

WAS born at Blacklaw, Teviotdale, in 1789. Pringle was editor of the "Edinburgh Monthly Magazine," the predecessor of "Blackwood," and afterwards was editor of a new series of the "Scots Magazine," published by Constable, of Edinburgh. The famous "Chaldee Manuscript," which appeared in the first number of "Blackwood" was written as a satire upon Pringle and one or two others.

In 1820 he emigrated to South Africa, and besides receiving a grant of land was appointed in 1823 Keeper of the Government Library in Cape Town. He also established a newspaper, but this brought him into numerous squabbles with the Local Government, and in 1826 led him to return to London. After his return he acted as Secretary to the Anti-slavery Society. He died at London in 1834.

OUR native land—our native vale—
 A long and last adieu!
 Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
 And Cheviot mountains blue.
 Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
 And streams renown'd in song—
 Farewell ye braes and blossom'd meads,
 Our hearts have lov'd so long.

Farewell the blythesome broomy knowes,
 Where thyme and harebells grow—
 Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
 O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
 That skirt our native dell—
 The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
 We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home!
 Land of the brave and free!
 The sail is flapping on the foam
 That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
 Beyond the western main—
 We leave thee to return no more,
 Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land—our native vale—
 A long and last adieu!
 Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
 And Scotland's mountains blue!

THE EWE-BUCHTING'S BONNIE.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

With the exception of the first stanza, which was written by Lady Grisell Baillie, (see page 58.)

O THE ewe-bughting's bonnie, baith e'ening and morn,
 When our blythe shepherds play on the bog-reed and horn;
 While we're milking they're liltin' baith pleasant and clear;
 But my heart's like to break when I think on my dear;
 O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,
 To raise up their flocks o' sheep soon i' the morn:
 On the bonnie green banks they feed pleasant and free—
 But alas! my dear heart, all my sighing's for thee!

O the sheep-herding's lightsome among the green braes
 Where Cayle wimples clear 'neath the white-blossomed slaes,
 Where the wild-thyme and meadow-queen scent the soft gale,
 And the cushat croods luesomely down in the dale.
 There the lintwhite and mavis sing sweet frae the thorn,
 And blythe lilt the laverock aboon the green corn,
 And a' things rejoice in the simmer's glad prime—
 But my heart's wi' my love in the far foreign clime!

O the hay-making's pleasant, in bright sunny June—
 The hay-time is cheery when hearts are in tune;
 But while others are joking and laughing sae free,
 There's a pang at my heart and a tear i' my e'e.
 At e'en i' the gloaming, adown by the burn,
 Fu' dowie, and wae, aft I dauder and mourn;
 Amang the lang broom I sit greeting alane,
 And sigh for my dear and the days that are gane.

O the days o' our youtheid were heartsome and gay,
 When we herded thegither by sweet Gaitshaw brae,
 When we plaited the rushes and pu'd the witch-bells
 By the Cayle's ferny howms and on Hounam's green fells.
 But young Sandy bood gang to the wars wi' the laird,
 To win honour and gowd—(gif his life it be spared!)
 Ah! little care I for wealth, favour, or fame,
 Gin I had my dear shepherd but safely at hame!

Then round our wee cot though gruff winter sould roar,
 And poortith glowr in like a wolf at the door;
 Though our toom purse had barely twa boddles to clink,
 And a barley-meal scone were the best on our bink;
 Yet, he wi' his hirsel, and I wi' my wheel,
 Through the howe o' the year we wad fen unco weel;
 Till the lintwhite, and laverock, and lambs bleating fain,
 Brought back the blythe time o' ewe-bughting again.

THE OLD SCOTTISH BROADSWORDS.

J. G. LOCKHART.

THE son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott.

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the sea,
 Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
 Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.

Oh, the broadswords of Old Scotland!

And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave—
 Let him flec from our board, let him sleep with the slave,
 Whose libation comes slow while we honour his grave.

Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Though he died not like him amid victory's roar,
 Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore,
 Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.

Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim,
 We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
 The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham,

All the broadswords, &c.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth,
 Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven of the north,
 Then go blazon their numbers, their names and their worth,
 All the broadswords, &c.

The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,
 Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
 For the private is brother in blood to his grace.
 Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
 Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
 Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee,
 Oh, the broadswords of Old Scotland!
 And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

CAPTAIN PATON.

J. G. LOCKHART.

TOUCH once more a sober measure,
 And let punch and tears be shed,
 For a prince of good old fellows,
 That, alack-a-day! is dead.
 For a prince of worthy fellows,
 And a pretty man also,
 That has left the Saltmarket
 In sorrow, grief, and woe—
 Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches,
 Were all cut off the same web,
 Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
 Or a modest genty drab;
 The blue stripe in his stocking
 Round his neat slim leg did go,
 And his ruffles of the cambric fine
 They were whiter than the snow—
 Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
 At the rising of the sun,
 In comely rows and buckles smart
 That about his ears did run;
 And before there was a toupee,
 That some inches up did grow,
 And behind there was a long queue
 That did o'er his shoulders flow—
 Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we foregathered
 He took off his wee three-cockit,
 And he proffered you his snuff-box,
 Which he drew from his side pocket,
 And on Burdett or Bonaparte
 He would make a remark or so,
 And then along the plainstones
 Like a provost he would go—

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he picked well
 His footsteps with his rattan,
 Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
 On the shoes of Captain Paton:
 And on entering the coffee-room
 About two, all men did know,
 They would see him with his Courier
 In the middle of the row—

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Now then upon a Sunday
 He invited me to dine,
 On a herring and a mutton-chop
 Which his maid dressed very fine;
 There was also a little Malmsay
 And a bottle of Bordeaux,
 Which between me and the Captain
 Passed nimble to and fro—

Oh! I shall ne'er take pot-luck with Captain Paton no mo'e

Or if a bowl was mentioned,
 The Captain he would ring,
 And bid Nelly rin to the West-port,
 And a stoup of water bring;
 Then would he mix the genuine stuff
 As they made it long ago,
 With limes that on his property
 In Trinidad did grow—

Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
 So sensible and courteous,
 Perhaps talking of last sermon
 He had heard from Dr. Porteous;
 Of some little bit of scandal
 About Mrs. So and So,
 Which he scarce could credit, having heard
 The *con* but not the *pro*—

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
 And the night was fairly setting in,
 He would tell some fine old stories
 About Minden-field or Dettingen—
 How he fought with a French Major,
 And despatched him at a blow,
 While his blood ran out like water
 On the soft grass below—
 Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

But at last the Captain sickened
 And grew worse from day to day,
 And all missed him in the coffee-room,
 From which now he staid away;
 On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd Kirk
 Made a melancholy show,
 All for wanting of the presence
 Of our venerable beau—
 Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn
 And Corkindale could do,
 It was plain, from twenty symptoms,
 'That death was in his view;
 So the Captain made his test'ment
 And submitted to his foe,
 And we laid him by the Ram's-horn-kirk,
 'Tis the way we all must go—
 Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
 And let punch and tears be shed
 For this prince of good old fellows
 That, alack-a-day! is dead;
 For this prince of worthy fellows,
 And a pretty man also,
 That has left the Saltmarket
 In sorrow, grief, and woe!
 For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

MAGGY MACLANE.

JAMES MAYNE,

A NEPHEW of Joseph Mayne, the author of Logan Braes. James was at one time a printer in Glasgow, but latterly edited a newspaper in the Island of Trinidad, where he died in 1842.

DOON i' the glen by the lown o' the trees,
Lies a wee theeket bield, like a bike for the bees;
But the hinnie there skepp'd—gin ye're no dour to please—
It's virgin Miss Maggy Maclane!

There's few seek Meg's shed noo, the simmer sun jookin';
It's aye the dry floor, Meg's— the day o'er sae drookin'!
But the heather-blabs hing whare the red blude's been shooken
I' bruilzies for Maggy Maclane!

Doon by Meg's howf-tree the gowk comes to woo;
But the corncraik's aye fley'd at her hallan-door joo!
An' the red-breast ne'er cheeps but the weird's at his mou',
For the last o' the roses that's gane!

Nae trystin' at Meg's noo—nae Hallowe'en rockins!
Nae howtowdie guttlens— nae mart-puddin' yockins!
Nae bane i' the blast's teeth blaws snell up Glendockens!
Clean bickers wi' Maggy Maclane!

Meg's auld lyart gutcher swarf'd dead i' the shawe:
Her bein, fouthy minnie,—she's aff an' awa'!
The gray on her pow but a simmerly snaw!—

The couthy, cosh Widow Maclane!
O titties be tentie! though air i' the day wi' ye,—
Think that the green grass may ae day be hay wi' ye!—
Think o' the leal minnie—mayna be aye wi' ye!
When sabbin' for Maggy Maclane.

Lallan' joes—Hielan' joes—Meg ance had wale;
Fo'k wi' the siller, and chiefs wi' the tail!
The yaud left the burn to drink out o' Meg's pail—
The sheltie braw kent "the Maclane."

Awa' owre the muir they cam' stottin' an' stoicherin'!
Tramper an' traveller, a' beakin' an' broicherin'!
Cadgers an' cuddy-creels, oigherin'!—hoigherin'!
"The lanlowpers!"—quo' Maggy Maclane.

Cowtes were to fother:—Meg owre the burn flang!
Nowte were to tether:—Meg through the wood rang!
The widow she kenn'd-na to bless or to bann!
Sic waste o' gude woovers to hain!

Yet, aye at the souter, Meg grumph'd her! an' grumph'd her!
The loot-shouter'd wabster, she humph'd her! and humph'd her!
The lamiter tailor, she stump'd her! an' stump'd her!
Her minnie might groo or grane!

The tailor he likit cockleekie broo ;
 An' doon he cam' wi' a beck an' a boo :—
 Quo' Meg,—“ We'se sune tak' the clecken aff you ; ”—
 An' plump ! i' the burn he's gane !
 The widow's cheek redden'd ; her heart it play'd thud ! aye ;
 Her garters she cuist roon' his neck like a wuddie !
 She linkit him oot ; but wi' wringin' his duddies,
 Her weed-ring it's burst in twain !

Wowf was the widow—to haud nor to bing !
 The tailor he's aff, an' he's coft a new ring !
 Th' deil squeeze his craig's no wordy the string !—
 He's waddet auld Widow Maclane !
 Auld ?—an' a bride ! Na, ye'd pitied the tea-pat !
 O saut were the skadyens ! but balm's in Glenlivat !
 The haggis was bockin' oot bluters o' bree-fat,
 An' hotch'd to the piper its lane !—

Doon the burnside, i' the lown o' the glen,
 Meg reists her bird-lane, i' a but-an-a-ben :
 Steal doon when ye dow,—i' the dearth, gentlemen,—
 Ye'se be awmous to Maggy Maclane !
 Lane banks the virgin—nae white pows now keekin'
 Through key-hole an' cranny ; nae cash blade stan's sleekin'
 His nicherin' naigie, his gaudamous seekin' !
 Alack for the days that are gane !

Lame's fa'n the souter !—some steek i' his thie !
 The cooper's clean gyte, wi' a hoopin' coughee !
 The smith's got sae blin'—wi' a spunk i' his e'e !—
 He's tyned glint o' Maggy Maclane !
 Meg brake the kirk pew-door—Auld Beukie leuk'd near-na her !
 She dunkled her pattie—Young Sneekie ne'er speir'd for her !
 But the warst's when the wee mouse leuks oot, wi' a tear to her,
 Frae the meal-kist o' Maggy Maclane !

EARL MARCH.

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

THE celebrated author of “The Pleasures of Hope.” He was born at Glasgow in 1777. His principal works are “The Pleasures of Hope,” and “Gertrude of Wyoming ;” but some of his minor pieces, such as “The Battle of the Baltic,” “Erin-go-Bragh,” “The Last Man,” &c., are alone sufficient to immortalise him. He died at Boulogne in 1844.

EARL March look'd on his dying child,
 And smit with grief to view her—
 The youth, he cried, whom I exiled
 Shall be restored to woo her,

She's at the window many an hour,
 His coming to discover;
 And her love look'd up to Ellen's bower,
 And she look'd on her lover.

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
 Though her smile on him was dwelling;
 And am I then forgot—forgot?—
 It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
 Her cheek as cold as ashes;
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
 To lift their silken lashes.

NEVER WEDDING, EVER WOOING.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
 Still a love-torn heart pursuing;
 Read you not the wrongs you're doing,
 In my cheek's pale hue?
 All my life with sorrow strewing,
 Wed—or cease to woo.

Rivals banish'd, bosoms plighted,
 Still our days are disunited;
 Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
 Now half quench'd appears,
 Damp'd, and wavering, and benighted,
 'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
 Lips that thrill at your caressing,
 Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
 Soon you'll make them grow
 Dim, and worthless your possessing,
 Not with age but woe.

WALLACE.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THEY lighted a taper at the dead of night,
 And chaunted their holiest hymn;
 But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
 Her eye was all sleepless and dim,—
 And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
 When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
 When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
 And the raven had flapp'd at her window board,
 To tell her of her warrior's doom,

Now sing ye the Song, and loudly pray
 For the soul of my knight so dear;
 And call me a widow this wretched day,
 Since the warning of God is here.
 For a night-mare rides on my strangled sleep;
 The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die;
 His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
 And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
 For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
 Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
 That a trumpet of death on an English tower
 Had the dirge of her champion sung.
 When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
 On the high born blood of a martyr slain,
 No anthem was sung at his holy deathbed,
 No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
 And his heart was rent in twain.

Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear
 Was true to the knight forlorn,
 And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd, like deer
 At the sound of the huntsman's horn.
 When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
 With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
 For his lance was not shiver'd, or helmet, or shield,
 And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to wield,
 Was light in his terrible hand.

But, bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight
 For his much lov'd country die,
 The bugle ne'er sung to a braver Knight
 Than Wallace of Elderslie.
 But the day of his glory shall never depart,
 His head unintomb'd shall with glory be palm'd,
 From his blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start,
 Tho' the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
 A nobler was never embalm'd.

JULIA.

DUGALD MOORE,

A NATIVE of Glasgow, where he was born in 1805. He was apprenticed to Mr. Lumsden, stationer, and while in that gentleman's service he published his first volume, "The African, and other poems" (1829). The success of this venture induced him to print again, and several other volumes were issued by him during the next ten years. He was for some

time in business for himself, as bookseller and stationer in Glasgow, but died suddenly in 1841. He was interred in the Necropolis, where a handsome monument was soon erected to his memory by his admirers.

SHE was a sunbeam in the storm,—
 A star that gently lifted
 Above the dark its beauteous form,
 When the dull tempest shifted.
 She loved—that passion like a spell
 With her young dreams was blended :
 The flowerets from youth's chaplet fell
 Before her spring-time ended.

In yon church-yard, the flowers are fair
 Beneath heaven's blue expansion :—
 But a sweeter gem is lying there,
 In dark oblivion's mansion ;
 The bud of promise to all eyes—
 O'er whom the wild wind dashes,—
 But she shall flourish in the skies,
 When stars and worlds are ashes.

THE CLYDE.

DUGALD MOORE.

WHEN cities of old days
 But meet the savage gaze,
 Stream of my early ways,
 Thou wilt roll,
 Though fleets forsake thy breast,
 And millions sink to rest—
 Of the bright and beauteous west
 Still the soul.

When the porch and stately arch,
 Which now so proudly perch
 O'er thy billows, on their march
 To the sea,
 Are but ashes in the shower ;
 Still the jocund summer hour
 From his cloud will weave a bower
 Over thee.

When the voice of human power
 Has ceased in mart and bower ;
 Still the broom and mountain flower
 Will thee bless ;

And the mists that love to stray
 O'er the Highlands, far away,
 Will come down their deserts gray
 To thy kiss.

And the stranger brown with toil,
 From the far Atlantic soil,
 Like the pilgrim of the Nile,
 Yet may come,
 To search the solemn heaps,
 That moulder by thy deeps,
 Where desolation sleeps,
 Ever dumb.

Though fetters yet should clank
 O'er the gay and princely rank
 Of cities on thy bank,
 All sublime ;
 Still thou wilt wander on,
 Till eternity has gone,
 And broke the dial stone
 Of old Time.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WILLIAM THOM,

BORN at Aberdeen in 1789. He was to trade a weaver, and worked at the loom in Aberdeen, Dundee, Newtyle, and finally Inverury. Some of his poetical pieces then began to attract the attention of "the great," and his fame spread. He went to London, franked by a Mr. Gordon of Knockespock, his earliest patron, and there met with a reception second only to that received by Burns in Edinburgh. He was not firm enough to stand all the flatteries and favours he received, and he returned to Scotland a broken man; unable to return again to his trade, and dependent upon the efforts of his great friends for support. His personal character has been described as generous, honest, and just. He died at Dundee in 1848.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
 Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairn ?
 'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn !

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
 Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head ;
 His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
 An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn !

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
 O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair !
 But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
 That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn !

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,
 Now rests in the mools whare their mammie is laid ;
 While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
 An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,
 Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,
 Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
 Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn !

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
 He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile:—
 In the dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,
 That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn !

LOVE.

WILLIAM THOM.

O SAY not—"Love will never
 Breathe in that breast again ;"
 That "where he bled, must ever
 All pleasureless remain."
 Shall tempest-riven blossom,
 When fair leaves fall away,
 In coldness close its bosom,
 'Gainst beams of milder day,
 O never!—nay
 It blooms—whene'er it may.

Though ruthless tempest tear—
 Though biting frosts subdue—
 And leave no tendril where
 Love's pretty flow'rets grew ;
 The soil, all ravag'd so,
 Will nurture more and more,
 And stately roses blow
 Where gowans droop'd before,
 Then why—O! why
 Should sweet love ever die ?

I WADNA GI'E MY AIN WIFE.

ALEXANDER LAING,

A NATIVE of Brechin, where he was born in 1787. He contributed largely to "Smith's Scottish Minstrel," "Harp of Renfrewshire," "Whistle Binkie," &c. He carried on the business of Flaxdressing, in his native

town, and by his industry was enabled to retire from business some time before his death, which took place in 1857.

I WADNA gi'e my ain wife
 For ony wife I see;
 I wadna gi'e my ain wife
 For ony wife I see;
 A bonnier yet I've never seen,
 A better canna be—
 I wadna gi'e my ain wife
 For ony wife I see!

O couthie is my ingle-cheek,
 An' cheerie is my Jean;
 I never see her angry look,
 Nor hear her word on ane.
 She's gude wi' a' the neebours roun',
 An' aye gude wi' me—
 I wadna gi'e my ain wife
 For ony wife I see!

An' O her looks sae kindlie,
 They melt my heart outright,
 When o'er the baby at her breast
 She hangs wi' fond delight;
 She looks intill its bonnie face,
 An' syne looks to me—
 I wadna gi'e my ain wife
 For ony wife I see.

THOUGH DOWIES THE WINTER.

ALEXANDER LAING.

THOUGH dowie's the winter sac gloomie an' drear,
 O happy we've been through the dead o' the year;
 An' blythe to sic bield as the burnie brae gave;
 O mony a nicht ha'e we stoun frae the lave.
 Now the spring-time has tane the lang e'enings awa',
 We maunna be seen an' less aften I'll ca',
 But May-day is coming—our wedding an' a',
 Sae weary na, lassie, though I gang awa'.

Our gigglet young lasses are sairly mista'en,
 They ken at the place wi' his honour I've been,
 An' ta'en the plough-haudin' o' bonnie Broomlee,
 But they kenna wha's coming to haud it wi' me.
 They ken i' the e'enings I'm aften frae hame;
 They say wi' a lass, 'cause I look na to them;
 They jamph an' they jeer, an' they banter at me,
 An' twenty they've guess'd o', but never guess'd thee.

I'll sing the haill day, when your dwellin' I'm near;
 I'll whistle when ploughin' as far's you can hear,
 An' aye when I see you, gin nae bodie see,
 I'll blink to my lassie—my lassie to me.
 An' aye till that time baith at kirk an' at fair,
 In taiken o' true love, dear lassie, ye'll wear
 The green-tartan rockley, my keepsake to thee—
 An' I the white owerlay ye gifted to me.

THE VALE OF CLYDE.

JOHN STRUTHERS,

WAS born at East Kilbride, in 1776. He was by trade a shoemaker, but obtained a situation as "corrector of the press" in the office of Khull, Blackie, and Co. He afterwards was appointed keeper of the Stirling Library in Glasgow.

Struthers was author of several popular works. His "Poor Man's Sabbath" met with a warm reception on its appearance in 1804, and rapidly passed through several editions. His "Harp of Caledonia," in three vols., is a standard work of its class.

ADMIRING nature's simple charms,
 I left my humble home,
 Awhile my country's peaceful plains
 With pilgrim step to roam:
 I mark'd the leafy summer wave
 On flowing Irvine's side,
 But richer far's the robe she wears
 Within the vale of Clyde.

I roam'd the braes of bonnie Doon,
 The winding banks of Ayr,
 Where flutters many a small bird gay,
 Blooms many a flow'ret fair;
 But dearer far to me the stem
 That once was Calder's pride,
 And blossoms now, the fairest flower,
 Within the vale of Clyde.

Avaunt! thou life-repressing north!
 Ye withering east winds too!
 But come, thou all-reviving west,
 Breathe soft thy genial dew;
 Until at length, in peaceful age,
 This lovely floweret shed
 Its last green leaf upon my tomb,
 Within the vale of Clyde.

ON THE WILD BRAES OF CALDER.

JOHN STRUTHERS.

ON the wild braes of Calder, I found a fair lily,
 All drooping with dew in the breath of the morn,
 A lily more fair never bloom'd in the valley,
 Nor rose, the gay garden of art to adorn.
 Sweet, sweet was the fragrance this lily diffused,
 As blushing, all lonely, it rose on the view,
 But scanty its shelter, to reptiles exposed,
 And every chill blast from the cold north that blew.

Beneath yon green hill, a small field I had planted,
 Where the light leafy hazel hangs over the burn;
 And a flower such as this, to complete it, was wanted,
 A flower that might mark the gay season's return.
 Straight home to adorn it, I bore this fair lily,
 Where, at morn, and at even, I have watch'd it with care;
 And blossoming still, it is queen of the valley,
 The glory of spring, and the pride of the year.

ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY.

ALEXANDER RODGER,

A NATIVE of East Calder, where he was born in 1784. He went to Glasgow in 1797, where he joined his maternal relatives, and at their desire apprenticed himself to a weaver. In 1819 he suffered a short imprisonment on being convicted of ill feeling to the government in consequence of literary aid he gave to one of the revolutionary newspapers which then abounded. He held a situation in the Barrowfield Works near Glasgow, for about eleven years. In 1836 he became sub-editor of the *Reformers' Gazette*, and remained in that position till his death, which took place in 1846.

My mither men't my auld brecks,
 An' wow! but they were duddy,
 And sent me to get Mally shod
 At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
 The smiddy stands beside the burn
 That wimples through the clachan,
 I never yet gae by the door,
 But aye I fa' a-laughin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,
 An' had ae bonnie dochter,
 Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
 Though mony lads had sought her;
 And what think ye o' my exploit?—
 The time our mare was shoeing,
 I slippit up beside the lass,
 An' briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,
 The time that we sat crackin',
 Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the *clouts*,
 I've new anes for the makin';
 But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,
 An' lea' the carle, your father,
 Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
 Mysel', an' a' thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
 I really think I'll tak' it,
 Sae, gang awa', get out the mare,
 We'll baith slip on the back o't;
 For gin I wait my father's time,
 I'll wait till I be fifty;
 But na;—I'll marry in my prime,
 An' mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man,
 At tyning o' his dochter;
 Through a' the kintra-side he ran,
 An' far an' near he sought her;
 But when he cam' to our fire-end,
 An' fand us baith thegither,
 Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
 An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd an' sheuk his pow,
 Guid sooth! quo' he, you're merry,
 But I'll just tak' ye at your word,
 An' end this hurry-burry;
 So Robin an' our auld wife
 Agreed to creep thegither;
 Now, I ha'e Robin Tamson's pet,
 An' Robin has my mither.

MY GUEDEMAN SAYS AYE TO ME.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

My gudeman says aye to me,
 Says aye to me, says aye to me;
 My gudeman says aye to me,
 Come cuddle in my bosie!
 Though wearin' auld, he's blyther still
 Than mony a swankie youthfu' chiel,
 And a' his aim's to see me weel,
 And keep me snug and cozie.

For though my cheeks, where roses grew,
 Ha'e tint their lively glowing hue,
 My Johnnie's just as kind and true

As if I still were rosy.

Our weel-won gear he never drank,
 He never lived aboon his rank,
 Yet wi' a neebour blythe and frank,
 He could be as jocose aye.

We ha'e a hame, gude halesome cheer,
 Contentment, peace, a conscience clear,
 And rosy bairns to us mair dear.

Than treasures o' Potosi:

Their minds are form'd in virtue's school,
 Their fau'ts are check'd wi' temper cool,
 For my gudeman mak's this his rule,
 To keep frae hasty blows aye.

It ne'er was siller gart us wed,
 Youth, health, and love, were a' we had,
 Possess'd o' these we toil'd fu' glad,

To shun want's bitter throes aye;

We've had our cares, we've had our toils,
 We've had our bits o' troubles whiles,
 Yet, what o' that? my Johnnie's smiles
 Shed joy o'er a' our woes aye.

Wi' mutual aid we've trudged through life,
 A kind gudeman, a cheerfu' wife;

And on we'll jog, unvexed by strife,

Towards our journey's close, aye!

And when we're stretch'd upon our bier,

Oh may our souls, sae faithfu' here,

Together spring to yonder sphere,

Where love's pure river flows aye.

IT'S NO THAT THOU'RT BONNIE.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

It's no that thou'rt bonnie, it's no that thou'rt braw,
 It's no that thy skin has the whiteness o' snaw,
 It's no that thy form is perfection itsel',
 That mak's my heart feel what my tongue canna tell:
 But oh! its the soul beaming out frae thine e'e,
 That mak's thee sae dear and sae lovely to me.

It's pleasant to look on that mild blushing face,
 Sae sweetly adorn'd wi' ilk feminine grace,
 It's joyous to gaze on these tresses sae bright,
 O'ershading a forehead sae smooth and sae white;
 But to dwell on the glances that dart frae thine e'e,
 O Jeanie! its evendown rapture to me.

That form may be wasted by lingering decay,
 The bloom of that cheek may be wither'd away,
 Those gay gowden ringlets that yield such delight,
 By the cauld breath o' time may be changed into white;
 But the soul's fervid flashes that brighten thine e'e,
 Are the offspring o' heaven, and never can die.

Let me plough the rough ocean, nor e'er touch the shore,
 Let me freeze on the coast of the bleak Labradore,
 Let me pant 'neath the glare of a vertical sun,
 Where no trees spread their branches, nor streams ever run;
 Even there, my dear Jeanie, still happy I'd be,
 If bless'd wi' the light o' thy heavenly e'e.

BET OF ABERDEEN.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

How brightly beams the bonnie moon
 Frae out the azure sky,
 While ilka little star aboon
 Seems sparkling bright wi' joy.
 How calm the eve! how blest the hour!
 How soft the sylvan scene!
 How fit to meet thee, lovely flower!
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

Now let us wander through the broom,
 And o'er the flowery lea;
 While simmer wafts her rich perfume
 From yonder hawthorn tree,
 There on yon mossy bank we'll rest,
 Where we've sae aften been,
 Clasp'd to each other's throbbing breast,
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

How sweet to view that face so meek,
 That dark expressive eye;
 To kiss that lovely blushing cheek,
 Those lips of coral dye;
 But oh! to hear thy seraph strains,
 Thy maiden sighs between,
 Makes rapture thrill through all my veins,
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

Oh! what to us is wealth or rank?
 Or what is pomp or power?
 More dear this velvet mossy bank,
 This blest ecstatic hour;
 I'd covet not the monarch's throne,
 Nor diamond-studded queen,
 While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 And dinna be sae rude to me,
 As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
 Gin we w're seen and heard by nane,
 To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
 But guidsake! no before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 Whate'er ye do, when out o' view,
 Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
 And what a great affair they'll mak'
 O' naething but a simple smack,
 That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
 That I sae plainly tell you this;
 But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
 To be sae teased before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
 But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
 As ony modest lass should be;
 But yet it doesna do to see
 Sic freedom used before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 I'll ne'er submit again to it—
 So mind you that—before folk,

Ye tell me that my face is fair ;
 It may be sae—I dinna care—
 But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
 As ye ha'e done before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
 But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' decèit ;
 At ony rate, it's hardly meet
 To pree their sweets before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 Gin that's the case, there's time, and place,
 But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
 That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
 Gae, get a license frae the priest,
 And mak' me yours before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
 Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

 THE ANSWER.

CAN I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 When, wily elf, your sleekey self
 Gars me gang gyte before folk ?

In a' you do, in a' ye say,
 Ye've sic a pawkie coaxing way,
 That my poor wits ye lead astray,
 An' ding me doilt before folk !
 Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 While ye ensnare, can I forbear
 To kiss you, though before folk ?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,
 Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beck,
 Yet, howlet-like, my e'elids steek,
 An' shun sic light, before folk ?
 Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 When ilka smile becomes a wile,
 Enticing me—before folk ?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
 Sweet, plump, an' ripe, sae tempts me to't,
 That I maun pree't, though I should rue't,
 Ay, twenty times—before folk!
 Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 When temptingly it offers me
 So rich a treat—before folk?

That gowden hair sae sunny bright;
 That shapely neck o' snawy white;
 That tongue, even when it tries to flyte,
 Provokes me till't before folk!
 Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 When ilka charm, young, fresh, an' warm,
 Cries, "kiss me now"—before folk?

An' O! that pawkie, rowin' e'e,
 Sae roguishly it blinks on me,
 I canna, for my saul, let be,
 Frae kissing you before folk!
 Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 When ilka glint conveys a hint
 To tak' a smack—before folk?

Ye own, that were we baith our lane,
 Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane;
 Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,
 What harm is in't before folk?
 Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 Sly hypocrite! an anchorite
 Could scarce desist—before folk!

But after a' that has been said,
 Since ye are willing to be wed,
 We'll ha'e a "blythesome bridal" made,
 When ye'll be mine before folk!
 Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
 Then I'll behave before folk;
 For whereas then, ye'll aft get "ten,"
 It winna be before folk!
