

THE

POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND.

PERIOD 1777 TO 1876.

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THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BORN 1777—DIED 1844.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, so justly and poetically called the “Bard of Hope,” was born in High Street, Glasgow, July 27, 1777, and was the youngest of a family of eleven children. His father was connected with good families in Argyleshire, and had carried on a prosperous trade as a Virginian merchant, but met with heavy losses at the outbreak of the American war. The poet was particularly fortunate in the intellectual character of his parents, his father being the intimate friend of the celebrated Dr. Thomas Reid, author of the *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, after whom he received his Christian name, while his mother was distinguished by her love of general literature, combined with sound understanding and a refined taste. Campbell afforded early indications of genius; as a child he was fond of ballad poetry, and at the age of ten composed verses exhibiting the delicate appreciation of the graceful flow and music of language for which his poetry was afterwards so highly distinguished. At the age of thirteen he entered the university of his native city, and though noted for his love of fun and boyish mischief, he made great progress, especially in his classical studies. The example of Professor Young, a most enthusiastic and accomplished Greek scholar, was not lost upon the congenial mind of his pupil, whose poetical translations at this period showed not only his mastery over the Greek language, but the power he already possessed over his own. At a later period of life, when travelling in Germany, he availed

himself of the instructions of the celebrated Heyne, and attained such proficiency in Greek and the classics generally that he was regarded as one of the best classical scholars of his day. In speaking of his college career, which was extended to five sessions, it is worthy of notice that Professor Young, in awarding to Campbell a prize for the best translation of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, pronounced it to be the best exercise which had ever been given in by any student belonging to the university. In original poetry he was also distinguished above all his classmates, so that in 1793 his “Poem on Description” obtained the prize in the logic class. Amongst his college companions Campbell soon became known as a poet and wit; and on one occasion, the students having in vain made repeated application for a holiday in commemoration of some public event, he sent in a petition in verse, with which the professor was so pleased that the holiday was granted in compliment to his production. This incident was often referred to in after years by his affectionate mother, as the first-fruits of his poetical genius.

For some years our author pursued his studies with the avowed object of entering the ministry, but circumstances of which we have no authentic account induced him to change his plan. He applied himself for a short time to business, but soon gave it up, to proceed to the Highlands as a private tutor. There he found a happy home, and beautiful and romantic scenery to delight his poetic fancy, and there we can trace

the germs of his first great poem. In writing to his friend Hamilton Paul, Campbell had bemoaned his solitary lot in being so far removed from all his family and friends, and begged him to send him some lines calculated to cheer him. Paul sent him a piece consisting of twelve stanzas, entitled the "Pleasures of Solitude," accompanied by a letter, in which he says: "As you have almost brought yourself to the persuasion that you are an anchorite, I send you a few lines adapted to the condition of a recluse. It is the sentiment of Dr. Moore, that the best method of making a man respectable in the eyes of others is to respect himself. Take the lines, such as they are, and be candid, but not too flattering. We have now *three* pleasures, by first-rate men of genius: the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and the 'Pleasures of Solitude,' let us cherish the 'Pleasures of Hope' that we may soon meet again in old Alma Mater." Trivial as was the hint contained in the foregoing, the circumstances under which it reached Campbell caused it to produce a powerful effect on his future career. Placed among the grandest scenery of Scotland, and without sufficient means of mental occupation, he spent much of his time in visiting the romantic localities of the neighbourhood, while the words "Pleasures of Hope" filled his mind, and at length ripened into the full fruition of his splendid poem.

Campbell had also tried the study of law, but after a brief experience of its drudgery he abandoned the idea of the legal profession; and in 1798 we find him in Edinburgh, along with his parents, in the hope of obtaining literary employment, and gaining a livelihood meanwhile by private teaching. "And now," he says of himself, "I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. In this vocation I made a comfortable livelihood as long as I was industrious. But the 'Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines, and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on my pupils fell off." At length his poem was completed and sold to a publisher for £60. On its appearance it was received with a universal outburst of admiration, and edition after edition was rapidly sold. The

young poet of twenty-one was at once accorded an honourable position in the front rank of the poets of Great Britain.

Though his reward was rather in celebrity than in pecuniary profit, Campbell was enabled by the publication of the "Pleasures of Hope," for each succeeding edition of which he received the sum of £50, to gratify his desire to see foreign lands. His choice settled upon Germany, already become famous in Scotland by its rising literature and the works of Wieland, Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe. He crossed over to Hamburg and proceeded inland as far as Ratisbon, where he saw the conflict that gave to the French possession of that town, and which he describes in a letter to his brother. Amidst the uncertainties produced by the war the poet's rambles were brief and irregular. He returned to Hamburg, where he made the acquaintance of Anthony M'Cann, an Irish refugee who was accused of being a leader in the rebellion of 1798. Of this gentleman he formed a favourable impression, and his expatriation from his native land suggested one of Campbell's most exquisite poems. Our author finally settled for the winter at Altona, but the appearance of a British fleet off the Sound gave him sudden warning to provide for his safety. He therefore embarked in a small trading vessel for Leith; but, in consequence of being chased by a Danish privateer, the vessel put into Yarmouth for shelter. A trip to London naturally followed, where he was at once welcomed by the best society. Returning to Edinburgh by sea, after a brief sojourn in the capital, he writes in his memoranda of 1801: "A lady passenger by the same ship, who has read my poems, but was personally unacquainted with me, told me, to my utter astonishment, that I had been arrested in London for high-treason, was confined to the Tower, and expected to be executed! I was equally unconscious of having either deserved or incurred such a sentence." He found, however, on reaching Edinburgh, that this ridiculous report was circulating in the streets, and had reached the ears of his anxious mother. It was a wild period of rumour and suspicion, and he found that the fact of his having messed with the French officers at Ratisbon during the armistice, having been introduced to General Moreau, and having sailed as a

fellow-passenger with an Irishman, had been amplified into a plot concocted between himself, the gallant Moreau, and the Irish at Hamburg, to land a French army in Ireland! He at once called upon the sheriff of Edinburgh, and found to his astonishment that he believed in his guilt, and that a warrant was issued for his apprehension. This was intolerable, and the poet could not help exclaiming, "Do I live to hear a sensible man like you talking about a boy like me conspiring against the British Empire?" He submitted to a strict examination, and a box of letters and papers which he had left at Yarmouth to be forwarded to Edinburgh, but which had been seized at Leith, was at the same time opened and carefully examined. But its contents soon put all suspicion at an end, for it contained nothing more treasonable than "Ye Mariners of England;" and the matter ended with a hearty laugh and a bottle of wine.

In 1803 Campbell espoused his cousin Matilda Sinclair, and the same year settled in London, where his reputation secured him ample literary employment. Besides a magnificent quarto edition of the "Pleasures of Hope," by which he made £600, he published in three volumes a work entitled *Annals of Great Britain*, for which he received £300. In due course Campbell became a father; and we must quote the poet's own account of his feelings, which he describes with such beauty and tenderness. "Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by Matilda's hands long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe, in spite of my partiality, that lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep. I durst not waken him, but ventured to give him one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure lights. . . . Oh, that I were sure he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth! My poor boy! Shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far. At present his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature

that she has given to infants—a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful! But to me there seems to be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy, which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood—especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous anxiety we feel for a candle new lighted, which we dread going out." Such was an event, which, though an important era in the life of every man, is especially so in that of a poet; and such is the description which none but a poet, and that of the highest order, could have so embodied. The above quotation is worthy of a place by the side of Campbell's best poetical productions.

In 1805 the government granted him a pension of £200 per annum, one-half of which the poet settled on his widowed mother and unmarried sisters. Had Goldsmith met with similar good fortune, how different might have been his fate, and how many more the world-famous poems that would have borne his name! In 1809 "Gertrude of Wyoming," by many considered at the time the best of all Campbell's poems, was published. It met with unbounded applause, and raised its author to the highest pinnacle of his fame. At intervals between 1805 and 1809 the "Battle of the Baltic," "Hohenliuden," and "O'Connor's Child" had appeared in the periodicals of the day, and were greatly admired. A portion of his time was devoted to writing for the magazines; but perhaps the most agreeable and profitable of his labours was the delivery of a course of lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution, and which he afterwards re-delivered in some of the large cities throughout the kingdom.

In 1814 Campbell visited Paris, when he was introduced to Wellington, Humboldt, and many other magnates assembled there at that time, and met his old friend and correspondent Madam de Staël. On his return from the Continent his friend Sir Walter Scott endeavoured to secure him a chair in the University of Edinburgh, but his efforts were not attended with success. In 1819 he published in London

the *Specimens of British Poets*, and the year following he accepted the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, at a salary of £600 per annum. To the columns of this periodical he contributed many short pieces of great merit, among others "The Last Man," one of the grandest poems in the English language. A second visit to Germany, which he accomplished immediately after the commencement of his editorial duties, suggested to him the idea of the London University; and this scheme, aided by the practical minds of Brougham and Hume, was, after much difficulty, brought to a successful termination in 1825. In the following year he received the gratifying intelligence that his own *alma mater* had bestowed on him her highest honour by electing him Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. This honour was the most valued of his life; it was afterwards enhanced by his re-election to the office for the second and third time—a rare occurrence in the history of the college.

Prior to this time an event happened which tended to alleviate the necessity for continual toil, and brighten the prospects of his future life. This was a legacy bequeathed to him by a relative amounting to about £5000. But amidst all this distinction and good fortune the mind of the poet had much to grieve and try him. In 1826 his affectionate wife, in whom he had found so congenial a partner, died, and he found himself alone in the world. Of his two sons, the younger died in childhood, while his first-born, of whom he wrote so touchingly, had for years been in a state of lunacy, and was obliged to be kept in confinement. He was thus even worse than childless. The *New Monthly Magazine*, too, that had prospered so greatly under his care, and been a comfortable source of emolument, passed from under his management by one of those unlucky accidents to which periodical literature is especially exposed. A paper was inserted by mistake in its pages without having been subjected to his editorial examination; and as the article in question was offensive in the highest degree, Campbell abandoned the magazine and the salary which he derived from it. Soon after this an event of a public and political character moved him still more than any pecuniary loss could have done. This was the sanguinary capture of Warsaw in 1831,

and the national miseries with which Poland was afterwards visited. He had embraced the cause of that most injured nation with a poet's enthusiasm, and its exiles found in him their warmest and most disinterested friend. He spoke, wrote, declaimed upon the miseries of Poland; pictured them in poetry and in prose; appealed against them in companies of every shade of political belief; exerted himself to make all feel that, instead of being a mere party question, it was the common cause of justice, honour, and humanity; and to evince his sincerity, bestowed liberally, not only of his time and labour, but also of his money, in behalf of the Polish sufferers, at a season when money was the commodity which he least could spare. And his labours were not in vain. He awoke a deep sympathy in behalf of Poland wherever his influence extended, and succeeded in establishing a committee in London for relieving the wants of thousands of Polish exiles in England.

In 1833 he finished the life of his friend Mrs. Siddons; the year following he crossed over to France, and soon after surprised his friends at home by embarking for Algiers, finding there abundant store of new and gay subjects for his pen, which he put in the form of *Letters from Algiers*, and which were afterwards published in two volumes. The "Pilgrim of Glencoe," the last of his considerable poems, published in 1842, was not successful even in his own estimation. For some time previous he had felt his strength drooping, and apprehending that his end was near he sold off his household furniture, and in July, 1843, repaired with a favourite niece to Boulogne, with the avowed purpose of dying there, away from the din and bustle of busy London, where there were so many objects likely to intrude upon his thoughts and time. His faithful friend, physician, and biographer, Dr. Beattie, hastened to him when he was informed that the end was at hand, and arrived with other friends in time to cheer his last hours with their affectionate sympathy. He died June 15, 1844, aged sixty-seven. No posthumous honours were wanting to Thomas Campbell. His body was removed to London, and placed in the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey while preparations were made for the funeral. The most illustrious literary men and nobles

attended his funeral, and a guard of Polish exiles asked and obtained permission to escort his remains to the Poets' Corner. His friend Dean Milman read the service, and a handful of earth from the tomb of Kosciusko the Polish hero, that had been treasured for the purpose, was thrown into the grave of the noble Scotchman who had written so eloquently and laboured so successfully in behalf of Poland. His ashes now rest by the side of Sheridan's, and near the graves of Goldsmith and Addison, and over his tomb there stands a beautiful marble statue, the work of one of England's most eminent sculptors.

"There are but two noble sorts of poetry,"

wrote Lord Jeffrey, "the pathetic and the sublime: and we think that he (Campbell) has given us very extraordinary proofs of his talents for both." Sir Walter Scott said to Washington Irving, "What a pity it is that Campbell does not write oftener and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies, and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch them. The fact is, Campbell is in a manner a bugbear to himself: the brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his after efforts. *He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.*"

## THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

### IN TWO PARTS.<sup>1</sup>

#### PART I.

ANALYSIS.—The poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate—the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated—an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in pagan tradition, that when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind—the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress—the seaman on his watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science or of taste—domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness—picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society—the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas, we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence—description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague—apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement—the wrongs of Africa—the barbarous policy of Europeans in India—pro-

phesy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,  
And every form, that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye  
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?  
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,  
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?  
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—  
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;  
Or, if she hold an image to the view,  
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.  
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly  
light,

That pours remotest rapture on the sight:  
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,  
That calls each slumbering passion into play.  
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister-band,  
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,  
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,  
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

<sup>1</sup>The "Pleasures of Hope" is one of the most beautiful didactic poems in our language.—*Lord Byron.*

Primeval HOPE, the Aonian Muses say,  
 When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;  
 When every form of death, and every woe,  
 Shot from malignant stars to earth below;  
 When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War  
 Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;  
 When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,  
 Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;  
 All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,  
 But HOPE, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare  
 From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,  
 The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,  
 Dropped on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow  
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;  
 Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,  
 The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;  
 There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,  
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!  
 What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,  
 And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought  
 away.

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore  
 Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest  
 shore.

Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields  
 His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;  
 Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,  
 Where Andes, giant of the western star,  
 With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,  
 Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the  
 world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer  
 smiles,  
 On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:  
 Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,  
 From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;

And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,  
 The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,  
 Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!  
 Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark  
 delay;  
 Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,  
 And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:  
 Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,  
 Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;  
 His native hills that rise in happier climes,  
 The grot that heard his song of other times,  
 His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,  
 His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,  
 Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,  
 Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;  
 Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,  
 And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;  
 Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear!  
 And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!  
 While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,  
 His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,  
 Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)  
 His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,  
 Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;  
 To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,  
 On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,  
 When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,  
 Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.  
 When all is still on Death's devoted soil,  
 The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!  
 As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high  
 The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,  
 Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,  
 And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore  
 The hardy Byron to his native shore<sup>1</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> The following picture of his own distress, given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description given in the poem. After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—"A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take everything out of their canoes and carry them over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward and then to the northward: here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being

a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwags; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night, as we had frequently done, under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched

In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep  
 Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,  
 'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,  
 Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,  
 To wake each joyless morn and search again  
 The fanish'd haunts of solitary men;  
 Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,  
 Know not a trace of Nature but the form;  
 Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,  
 Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,  
 Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar  
 The moon's pale planet and the northern star,  
 Paused at each dreary cry unheard before,  
 Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;  
 Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,  
 He found a warmer world, a milder clime,  
 A home to rest, a shelter to defend,  
 Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!<sup>1</sup>

Congenial HOPE! thy passion-kindling power,  
 How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled  
 hour!

On you proud height, with Genius hand-in-hand,  
 I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, child of Heaven! (thy winged words pro-  
 claim)

'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!  
 Lo! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,  
 Scans the wide world, and numbers every star!  
 Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,  
 And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye!  
 Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,  
 The speed of light, the circling march of sound;  
 With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,  
 Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.<sup>2</sup>

"The Swedish sage<sup>3</sup> admires, in yonder bowers,  
 His winged insects, and his rosy flowers;  
 Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train,  
 With sounding horn, and counts them on the  
 plain—

So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers  
 came

To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,  
 Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;

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root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trousers, without shoes or stockings."

<sup>1</sup> Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

<sup>2</sup> The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

<sup>3</sup> Linneus.

Calm as the fields of Heaven, his sapient eye  
 The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,  
 Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,  
 Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage:  
 'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span  
 The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?'

"Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lighten'd  
 eye  
 To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh:  
 Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian  
 height,  
 From streams that wander in eternal light,  
 Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell  
 The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;  
 Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow,<sup>4</sup>  
 And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

"Beloved of Heaven! the smiling Muse shall  
 shed  
 Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;  
 Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,  
 And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.  
 I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,  
 And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;  
 Inquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,  
 And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name;  
 Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,  
 And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

"When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,  
 Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,  
 And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,  
 Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy;  
 A milder mood the goddess shall recall,  
 And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;  
 While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart  
 A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—  
 Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,  
 And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

"Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred  
 deem,  
 And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;  
 To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—  
 For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;—  
 On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,  
 And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief!

"Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be  
 given,  
 And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven;  
 The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,  
 That never mused on sorrow but its own,  
 Unlocks a generous store at thy command,  
 Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.<sup>5</sup>  
 The living lumber of his kindred earth,  
 Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth,

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<sup>4</sup> Loxias is the name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers; it is met with more than once in the Choephore of Æschylus.

<sup>5</sup> See Ex. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

Feels thy dread power another heart afford,  
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord  
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;  
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

“Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,  
When Israel march'd along the desert land,  
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,  
And told the path,—a never-setting star:  
So, Heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,  
HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine.”

Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy  
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;  
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,  
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,  
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,  
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—

Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,  
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—

There, as the parent deals his scanty store  
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,  
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage  
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.  
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,  
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;  
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,  
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,  
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,  
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,  
And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe  
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;  
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears  
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,  
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour  
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,  
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;  
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,  
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,  
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—  
“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;  
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;  
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;  
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be  
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!  
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,  
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—  
With many a smile my solitude repay,  
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,

I lay my head beneath the willow tree,  
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,  
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?  
Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed  
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;  
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,

Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,  
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,  
And think on all my love, and all my woe!”

So speaks Affection, ere the infant eye  
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;  
But when the cherub lip hath learned to claim  
A mother's ear by that endearing name;  
Soon as the playful innocent can prove  
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,  
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,  
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,  
Or gazing, mutely pensive sits to hear  
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;  
How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while,  
At every artless tear, and every smile;  
How glows the joyous parent to desery  
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart consign'd to share  
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,  
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray  
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!  
Lo! nature, life, and liberty relume  
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,  
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,  
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;  
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,  
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy  
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,  
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour  
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.  
Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale  
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;  
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,  
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,  
Knew the pale form, and shrieking, in amaze,  
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze:  
Poor widow'd wretch; 'twas there she wept in vain,  
Till Memory fled her agonizing brain;—  
But Mercy gave to charm the sense of woe,  
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow;  
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,  
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,  
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,  
Piled on the steep, her blazing faggots burn  
To hail the bark that never can return;  
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep  
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew  
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue;



Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,  
 But found not pity when it err'd no more.  
 Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye  
 Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,  
 Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,  
 Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—  
 Even he at evening, should he chance to stray  
 Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,  
 Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen  
 The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,  
 Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—  
 Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,  
 Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form  
 Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!  
 There should my hand no stinted boon assign  
 To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!—  
 That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,  
 And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's  
 prayer.

HOPE! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,  
 The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,  
 Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see  
 The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;  
 I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,  
 And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,  
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime!  
 Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,  
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore.  
 On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,  
 And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,  
 Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,  
 And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,  
 There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,  
 And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;  
 Each wandering genius of the lovely glen  
 Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,  
 And silent watch, on woodland heights around,  
 The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are done,  
 That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,  
 Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,  
 Wild Obi flies!—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains  
 roam,  
 Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;  
 Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,

<sup>1</sup> Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Orbiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirit of their religious creed by a different appellation.

From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,<sup>2</sup>  
 Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness  
 there,  
 And light the dreadful features of despair.—  
 Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,  
 And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd!  
 Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,  
 And as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,  
 And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,  
 When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern  
 wars  
 Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,  
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
 Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet  
 horn  
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!<sup>3</sup>

Warsaw's last champion from her height sur-  
 vey'd,  
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—  
 "O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country  
 save!—

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?  
 Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,  
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!  
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!  
 And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd  
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;  
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;  
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
 Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply;  
 Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
 And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
 From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—  
 Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,  
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;  
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!  
 Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd  
 spear,  
 Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high  
 career;—

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Bell of Antermony, in his *Travels through Siberia*, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

<sup>3</sup> The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage  
there,

Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dy'd waters murmuring far below;  
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!  
Hark, as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!  
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,  
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a  
grave,

Why slept the sword omnipotent to save?  
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy  
rod,

That smote the foes of Zion and of God;  
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car  
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?  
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host  
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling  
coast,

Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!  
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!  
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
And make her arm puissant as your own!  
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return  
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see  
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!  
A little while, along thy saddening plains,  
The starless night of Desolation reigns;  
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,  
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!  
Pronc to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,  
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,  
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark;  
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,  
And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue;  
Perhaps your little hands presume to span  
The march of Genius and the powers of man;  
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,  
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:—  
“Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease,—and  
here  
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;  
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:  
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,

Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?  
No!—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand:  
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?  
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?  
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be fur'd?  
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?  
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?  
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died?—

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,  
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!  
Ye that in fancied vision, can admire  
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!  
Rapt in historic ardour, who adore  
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,  
Where Valour tun'd, amidst her chosen throng,  
The Thracian trumpet, and the Spartan song;  
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms  
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!  
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,  
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!  
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,  
Hath valour left the world—to live no more?  
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,  
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?  
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,  
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls?  
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,  
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,  
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,  
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,  
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may  
trust,  
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,  
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth  
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;  
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,  
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,  
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,  
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan  
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,  
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her  
shame,  
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—  
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands  
Shall burst the Libyan's adamant bands?  
Who, sternly marking on his native soil  
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,  
Shall bid each righteous heart exult to see  
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men, th' expected day  
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;  
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,

And holy men give Scripture for the deed;  
Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save  
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!—

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand  
Had heaved the floods, and fix'd the trembling  
land,

When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,  
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!  
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,  
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?  
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,  
Yoked with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;  
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?  
No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heavenly mould!  
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,  
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!  
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,  
To call upon his country's name, and weep!—

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,  
The quiver'd chief of Congo loved to reign;  
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,  
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;  
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,  
The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own!  
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,  
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came!—alas! no glory smiles  
For Congo's chief, on yonder Indian Isles;  
For ever fall'n! no son of Nature now,  
With freedom charter'd on his manly brow;  
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,  
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,  
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore  
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew! at that alarm knell  
His guardian angel took a last farewell!  
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd  
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!  
Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whispering low  
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe,

Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbour  
there  
A wish but death—a passion but despair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,  
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral  
fires!  
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh!  
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,  
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,  
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,  
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—  
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!  
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!  
How long your tribes have trembled and obey'd!  
How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd,<sup>2</sup>  
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,  
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,  
Raged o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars  
bare,  
With blazing toreb and gory scimitar,—  
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,  
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!  
Yet could no pang the immortal spirit tame,  
When Brama's children perish'd for his name;  
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,  
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to  
gain,  
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main;  
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,  
And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape;<sup>3</sup>  
Children of Brama! then was Mercy nigh  
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?  
Did Peace descend to triumph and to save,  
When freeborn Britons cross'd the Indian wave?  
Ah, no! to more than Rome's ambition true,  
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!  
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,  
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

<sup>1</sup> The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

<sup>2</sup> To elucidate this passage I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, a work of elegance and celebrity. "The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by persuasion or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history. The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covering many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the

ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope that by the destruction of a part the remainder might be persuaded or terrified into the profession of Mahomedism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced that, though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan" (*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, by Eliza Hamilton).

<sup>3</sup> See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from Camœns, by Mickle.

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,  
 And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,  
 Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise  
 The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;  
 Could loek, with impious hands, their teeming  
 store,  
 While famish'd nations died along the shore:<sup>1</sup>  
 Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear  
 The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;  
 Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,  
 And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,  
 From heavenly elimes propitious thunder peals!  
 Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,  
 Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,  
 And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,  
 Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

"Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say)  
 Revolving ages bring the bitter day,  
 When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,  
 And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;  
 Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning  
 hurl'd

His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;<sup>2</sup>  
 Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,  
 Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came;  
 Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—  
 But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!  
 He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky  
 With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on  
 high;

<sup>1</sup> The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage. After describing the monopoly of salt, betel nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus:—"Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied" (*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, p. 145).

<sup>2</sup> Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. *Avatar* is the word used to express his descent.

Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,  
 Paws the light clouds and gallops on the storm!  
 Wide waves his flick'ring sword; his bright arms  
 glow

Like summer suns, and light the world below!  
 Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,  
 Are shook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

"To pour redress on India's injured realm,  
 The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;  
 To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore  
 With hearts and arms that triumph'd once before,  
 The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's command  
 Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand!  
 And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,<sup>3</sup>  
 Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—  
 Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!  
 Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for evermore!"

## PART II.

ANALYSIS.—Apostrophe to the power of Love—its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility—allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love was superadded to its other blessings—the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment—this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents—even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and more distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem—the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—allusion to the fate of a suicide—episode of Conrad and Ellenore—conclusion.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known  
 Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?  
 Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye  
 Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?  
 Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,  
 The power of grace, the magic of a name?

<sup>3</sup> Camdeo is the god of love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,  
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;  
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,  
In self-adorning pride securely mail'd:—  
But triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!  
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!  
For you no fancy consecrates the scene  
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between;  
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;  
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,  
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?  
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,  
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!  
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,  
Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!  
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,  
At stary midnight charm'd the silent air;  
In vain the wild bird caroll'd on the steep,  
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;  
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,  
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd;  
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,  
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—  
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,  
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.  
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!  
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

True, the sad power to generous hearts may  
bring  
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing;  
Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,  
By wealthless lot or pitiless command;  
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn  
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn;  
While Memory watches o'er the sad review  
Of joys that faded like the morning dew;  
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem  
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream!

But can the noble mind for ever brood,  
The willing victim of a weary mood,  
On heartless cares that squander life away,  
And cloud young Genius brightening into day?—  
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd  
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade?—  
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise  
One trophy sacred to thy future days,  
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy  
shrine,  
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!  
But, should a sigh of milder mood express  
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,

Should heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour  
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,  
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,  
No fears but such as fancy can assuage;  
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may  
miss

The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,  
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,  
True to the winding lineaments of grace;)  
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ  
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,  
And all her kindred energies impart  
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd  
The Queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,  
The happy master mingled on his piece,  
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece.  
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace  
From every finer form and sweeter face;  
And as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,  
Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their smiles;  
Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refined,  
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when com-  
bined!  
Love on the picture smiled! Expression pour'd  
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy! gleans  
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes;  
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought  
Some cottage home, from towns and toil remote,  
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,  
With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers!  
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,  
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!  
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,  
With hermit steps to wander and adore!  
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,  
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,  
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,  
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!—  
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,  
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds  
asleep,  
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,  
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,  
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell  
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,  
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,  
Mingling with darker tints the living green;  
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,  
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean blazing all around.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly  
burns—  
And down the vale his sober step returns;  
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey  
The still sweet fall of music far away;  
And oft he lingers from his home awhile  
To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!

1 "Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade" (*Dryden*).

Let Winter come—let polar spirits sweep  
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!  
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath de-  
form,

And the dim sun scarce wanders through the  
storm,

Yet shall the smile of social love repay,  
With mental light, the melancholy day!  
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,  
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,  
How bright the faggots in his little hall  
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,  
The kind fair friend, by nature mark'd his own;  
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,  
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,  
Since when her empire o'er his heart began!  
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,  
And light the wintry paradise of home;  
And let the half-uncertain'd window hail  
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!  
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,  
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,  
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,  
And bathe in lurid light the milky-way,  
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,  
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—  
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,  
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—  
Thy woes, Arion!<sup>1</sup> and thy simple tale,  
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!  
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,  
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,  
Heav'd all their guns, their foundering bark to  
save,  
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the  
wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,  
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;  
There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,  
The dying fa'her bless'd his darling child!  
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,  
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died!

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimes  
The robber Moor,<sup>2</sup> and pleads for all his crimes!  
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,  
His hand, blood-stain'd, but ever, ever dear!  
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,  
And wept and pray'd perdition from his sword!  
Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry  
The strings of Nature crack'd with agony!  
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd  
And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

<sup>1</sup> Falconer, in his poem "The Shipwreck" (canto iii), speaks of himself by the name of Arion.

<sup>2</sup> See Schiller's tragedy of "The Robbers," scene v.

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel  
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the  
wheel—

Turn to the gentler melodies that suit  
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute;  
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,  
From clime to clime descend, from age to age!

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude  
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood;  
There shall he pause with horrent brow, to rate  
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great!<sup>3</sup>  
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,  
March'd by their Charles to Dnieper's swampy  
shore;<sup>4</sup>

Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,  
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last!  
File after file the stormy showers enumb,  
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum;  
Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,  
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!  
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,  
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,  
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,  
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!  
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,  
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,  
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie;  
And HOPE attends, companion of the way,  
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!  
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere  
That gems the starry girdle of the year;  
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,  
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,  
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,  
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;  
For, as Iona's saint,<sup>5</sup> a giant form,  
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm,  
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,  
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind,)  
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,  
From Kilda to the green Terne's shore;  
So, when thy pure and renovated mind

<sup>3</sup> The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at 2,000,000 men.

<sup>4</sup> "In this extremity" (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa) "the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that 2000 men fell down dead with cold before his eyes."

<sup>5</sup> The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

This perishable dust hath left behind,  
 Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,  
 Like distant isles embosom'd in the main;  
 Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,  
 And light and life in mingling torrent ran;  
 From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,  
 The throne of God,—the centre of the world!

Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung  
 That suasive HOPE hath but a Syren tongue!  
 True; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,  
 Nor heed the solace of its last decay,  
 The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,  
 And part, like Ajut—never to return!<sup>1</sup>

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage  
 The grief and passions of our greener age,  
 Though dull the close of life, and far away  
 Each flower that hail'd the dawning of the day;  
 Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,  
 The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,  
 With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,  
 And weep their falsehood, though she loves them  
 still.

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,  
 The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!  
 Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy  
 Smiled on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy!  
 My Absalom! the voice of Nature cried,  
 Oh! that, for thee thy father could have died!  
 For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,  
 That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son!

Unfading HOPE! when life's last embers burn,  
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!  
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!  
 Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!  
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!  
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
 The morning dream of life's eternal day—  
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,  
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh, deep-enchancing prelude to repose,  
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!  
 Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
 It is a dread and awful thing to die!  
 Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!  
 Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,  
 From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless  
 spheres,  
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.  
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and  
 loud,  
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!  
 While Nature hears, to terror-mingled trust,

The shot that hurls her fabric to the dust;  
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
 The roaring waves, and called upon his God,  
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine  
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;  
 Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
 Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!  
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,  
 Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!  
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,  
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.  
 Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
 The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,  
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,  
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;  
 Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail  
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
 When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still  
 Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!  
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?  
 Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,  
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;  
 Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,  
 And doom'd, like thee, to travel and return.—  
 Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,  
 With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,  
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,  
 On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;  
 From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,  
 He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;  
 But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,  
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!  
 So hath the traveller of earth unfur'd  
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;  
 And o'er the path by mortal never trod,  
 Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread  
 expanse,  
 One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,  
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,  
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;  
 Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,  
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,  
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,  
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—  
 There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,  
 Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,  
 Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,  
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,  
 Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,  
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;  
 A friendless slave, a child without a sire,  
 Whose mortal life and momentary fire,  
 Light to the grave his chance-created form,  
 As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;

<sup>1</sup> See the history of Ajut and Anningait in the *Rambler*.

And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,  
To night and silence sink for evermore!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,  
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?  
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,  
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?  
For this hath Science search'd on weary wing,  
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing!  
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,  
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?  
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,  
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of  
Heaven.

Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wander'd there,  
To waft us home the message of despair?  
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,  
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit?  
Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that Murder rears,  
Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,  
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,  
As waves the nightshade round the sceptic head.  
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?  
I smile on death, if Heavenward HOPE remain!  
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife  
Be all the faithless charter of my life,  
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,  
This frail and feverish being of an hour;  
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to  
sweep

Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,  
To know Delight but by her parting smile,  
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;  
Then melt, ye elements that form'd in vain  
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!  
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,  
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!  
Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,  
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—  
How can thy words from balmy slumber start  
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!  
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,  
And that were true which Nature never told,  
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;  
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!  
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor clate,  
The doom that bars us from a better fate;  
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,  
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,  
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.  
Down by the wilks of yon deserted vale,  
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!  
There as the homeless madman sits alone,  
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!  
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,  
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the  
clouds.

Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!  
Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!

For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,  
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.  
Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear  
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!  
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow  
drown'd,  
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,  
But leave—oh! leave the light of HOPE behind!  
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,  
Like angel-visits, few and far between,  
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,  
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to  
please!

Yes; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:  
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—  
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,  
Chase every care, and charm a little while,  
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,  
And all her strings are harmonized to joy!—  
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?  
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?  
Why can no hymned charm of music heal  
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?  
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,  
To hide the sad realities of fate!—

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,  
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,  
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,  
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!  
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,  
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;  
When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears  
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;  
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow  
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?  
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—  
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you!  
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,  
Congenial spirits part to meet again!

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,  
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu!  
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,  
And bade his country and his child farewell!  
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney-ovee to see,  
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee?  
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,  
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part;  
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low  
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;  
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,  
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,  
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,  
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

“And weep not thus,” he cried, “young  
Ellenore,  
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!



Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,  
 And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!  
 But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,  
 The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;  
 These shall resist the triumph of decay,  
 When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away!  
 Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,  
 But that which warm'd it once shall never die!  
 That spark, unburied in its mortal frame,  
 With living light, eternal, and the same,  
 Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,  
 Unveil'd by darkness—unassuaged by tears!

“ Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,  
 One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;  
 But when I gain the home without a friend,  
 And press the uneasy couch where none attend,  
 This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,  
 Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!  
 Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,  
 And hush the groan of life's last agony!

“ Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,  
 And place my nameless stone without a tear;  
 When each returning pledge hath told my child  
 That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;  
 And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees  
 Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;  
 Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?  
 Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?  
 Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,  
 Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?  
 Ah, no! methinks the generous and the good  
 Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!  
 O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,  
 And smile on Innocence for Mercy's sake!”

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,  
 The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!  
 If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,  
 If that faint murmur be the last farewell,  
 If Fate unite the faithful but to part,  
 Why is their memory sacred to the heart?  
 Why does the brother of my childhood seem  
 Restored a while in every pleasing dream?  
 Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,  
 By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?

Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime  
 Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of  
 Time,

Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—  
 When all the sister planets have decay'd;  
 When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world  
 below;  
 Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

DEATH OF GERTRUDE.

(EXTRACT.)<sup>1</sup>

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the  
 tower,  
 That like a giant standard-bearer frowned  
 Defiance on the roving Indian power.  
 Beneath, each bold and promontory mound  
 With embrasure embossed and armour crowned,  
 And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,  
 Wove like a diadem its tracery round  
 The lofty summit of that mountain green;  
 Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant  
 scene.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,  
 And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;  
 And for the business of destruction done,  
 Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow;  
 There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!  
 The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,  
 Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow  
 On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm  
 Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild  
 alarm.

But short that contemplation—sad and short  
 The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!  
 Beneath the very shadow of the fort,  
 Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners  
 flew;  
 Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew  
 Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous  
 deeds,  
 Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,  
 The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,  
 And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father  
 bleeds.

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned;  
 Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,  
 Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,  
 These drops? O God! the life-blood is her own!  
 And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown;  
 “Weep not, O love!” she cries, “to see me bleed;  
 Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone  
 Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed  
 These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is  
 death indeed!

“ Clasp me a little longer on the brink  
 Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;

<sup>1</sup> The greatest effort of Campbell's genius, however, was his “Gertrude of Wyoming,” nor is it ever likely to be excelled in its own peculiar style of excellence. It is superior to the “Pleasures of Hope” in the only one thing in which that poem could be surpassed—purity of diction; while in pathos and in imaginative power it is no whit inferior.—*Dr. D. M. Meir.*

And when this heart hath ceased to beat, O think,  
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
 And friend to more than human friendship just.  
 Oh, by that retrospect of happiness,  
 And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
 God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in  
 dust!

“Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,  
 The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,  
 Where my dear father took thee to his heart,  
 And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove  
 With thee, as with an angel, through the grove  
 Of peace, imagining her lot was cast  
 In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.  
 And must this parting be our very last?  
 No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

“Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,  
 And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,  
 If I had lived to smile but on the birth  
 Of one dear pledge. But shall there then be none,  
 In future times—no gentle little one  
 To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?  
 Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,  
 A sweetness in the cup of death to be,  
 Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!”

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their  
 bland

And beautiful expression seemed to melt  
 With love that could not die! and still his hand  
 She presses to the heart no more that felt.  
 Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,  
 And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.  
 Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt—  
 Of them that stood encircling his despair  
 He heard some friendly words; but knew not  
 what they were.

For now to mourn their judge and child arrives  
 A faithful band. With solemn rites between,  
 'Twas sung how they were lovely in their lives,  
 And in their deaths had not divided been.  
 Touched by the music and the melting scene,  
 Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:—  
 Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen  
 To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved  
 shroud,  
 While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid  
 Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;  
 Prone to the dust afflicted Waldgrave hid  
 His face on earth; him watched, in gloomy rath,  
 His woodland guide: but words had none to soothe  
 The grief that knew not consolation's name;  
 Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,  
 He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that  
 came  
 Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

“And I could weep,” the Oneyda chieft  
 His descant wildly thus begun;  
 “But that I may not stain with grief  
 The death-song of my father's son,  
 Or bow this head in woe!  
 For, by my wrongs, and by wrath,  
 To-morrow Arcouski's breath,  
 That fires yon heaven with storms of death,  
 Shall light us to the foe:  
 And we shall share, my Christian boy,  
 The foe-man's blood, the avenger's joy!

“But thee, my flower, whose breath was  
 given  
 By milder genii o'er the deep,  
 The spirits of the white man's heaven  
 Forbid not thee to weep:  
 Nor will the Christian host,  
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,  
 To see thee, on the battle's eve,  
 Lamenting, take a mournful leave  
 Of her who loved thee most:  
 She was the rainbow to thy sight!  
 Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

“To-morrow let us do or die.  
 But when the bolt of death is hurled,  
 Ah! whither then with thee to fly,  
 Shall Outalissi roam the world?  
 Seek we thy once-loved home?  
 The hand is gone that cropped its flowers;  
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours;  
 Cold is the hearth within their bowers:  
 And should we thither roam,  
 Its echoes and its empty tread  
 Would sound like voices from the dead!

“Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,  
 Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,  
 And by my side, in battle true,  
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft?  
 Ah! there, in desolation cold,  
 The desert serpent dwells alone,  
 Where grass o'ergrrows each mouldering bone,  
 And stones themselves to ruin grown,  
 Like me, are death-like old.  
 Then seek we not their camp; for there  
 The silence dwells of my despair.

“But hark, the trump! to-morrow thou  
 In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:  
 Even from the land of shadows now  
 My father's awful ghost appears  
 Amidst the clouds that round us roll;  
 He bids my soul for battle thirst;—  
 He bids me dry the last—the first—  
 The only tears that ever burst  
 From Outalissi's soul;  
 Because I may not stain with grief  
 The death-song of an Indian chief.”

## HALLOWED GROUND.

What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod  
Its Maker meant not should be trod  
By man, the image of his God,  
Erect and free,  
Unscourged by Superstition's rod  
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground where, mourned and  
missed,  
The lips repose our love has kissed:—  
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't  
Yon churchyard's bowers?  
No! in ourselves their souls exist,  
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground  
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;  
The spot where love's first links were wound;  
That ne'er are riven,  
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,  
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;  
The burning thoughts that then were told  
Run molten still in memory's mould;  
And will not cool  
Until the heart itself be cold  
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?  
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!  
In dews that heavens far distant weep  
Their turf may bloom,  
Or genii twine beneath the deep  
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind  
Whose sword a voice has served mankind—  
And is he dead whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high?—  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?  
He's dead alone that lacks her light!  
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight  
The sword he draws:—  
What can alone ennoble fight?  
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome war to brace  
Her drums, and rend Heaven's reeking space!  
The colours planted face to face,  
The charging cheer,

Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,  
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel  
To Heaven! But Heaven rebukes my zeal.  
The cause of truth and human weal,  
O God above!  
Transfer it from the sword's appeal  
To peace and love.

Peace! love! the cherubim that join  
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine!  
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,  
Where they are not;  
The heart alone can make divine  
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,  
And pompous rites in domes august?  
See mouldering stones and metal's rust  
Belie the vaunt,  
That men can bless one pile of dust  
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!  
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!  
But there's a dome of nobler span,  
A temple given,  
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—  
Its space is heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,  
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,  
And God himself to man revealing,  
The harmonious spheres  
Make music, though unheard their pealing  
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?  
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?  
Else why so swell the thoughts at your  
Aspect above!  
Ye must be heavens that make us sure  
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime  
I read the doom of distant time:  
That man's regenerate soul from crime  
Shall yet be drawn,  
And reason, on his mortal clime,  
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives  
birth  
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—  
Peace, Independence, Truth, go forth,  
Earth's compass round;  
And your high-priesthood shall make earth  
All hallowed ground!

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"  
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together;  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready,  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word, the bonny bird,  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace;  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
A-down the glen rode armed men—  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her—  
When, O! too strong for human hand,  
The tempests gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing;  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and  
shade,  
His child he did discover;

One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
"Across this stormy water;  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter!—O, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,  
Return or aid preventing.  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England!  
That guard our native seas;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze!  
Your glorious standard launch again,  
To match another foe!  
And sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave!—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave.  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow—  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep:  
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow—  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow—  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

## LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle  
array!

For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.  
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and  
crown;

Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down.  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the  
plain.

But, hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of  
war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await  
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led—  
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;  
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling scer!  
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to seem?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be  
torn!

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth  
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the  
north!

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!  
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.  
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the  
blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?  
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of  
heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;  
Return to thy dwelling!—all lonely return!  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it  
stood,

And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing  
brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!  
They are true to the last of their blood and their  
breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the  
rock!

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;  
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive  
king.

Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,  
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!  
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my  
sight:

Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the  
moors:

Culloden is lost, and my country deploras.  
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?  
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,  
Like a limb from his country east bleeding and  
torn?

Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;  
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;  
His death-bell is tolling. O! merey, dispel  
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,  
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to  
beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale!  
For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.  
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in  
their gore,

Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!

And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of  
fame.

THE LAST MAN.<sup>1</sup>

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,—

The sun himself must die,—  
Before this mortal shall assume

Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep

Adown the gulf of time!

I saw the last of human mould,  
That shall creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,—

The earth with age was wan,—  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man!

Some had expired in fight,—the brands  
Still rusted in their bony hands,—

In plague and famine some;  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;  
And ships were drifting, with the dead,  
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,  
As if a storm passed by:—

Saying,—we're twins in death, proud sun!  
Thy face is cold,—thy race is run—  
'Tis mercy bids thee go;

For thou, ten thousand thousand years,  
Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
That shall no longer flow.

What though, beneath thee, man put forth

His pomp, his pride, his skill,—  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth  
The vassals of his will?

Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
Thou dim discrowned king of day!

For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that, beneath thee, sprang,  
Healed not a passion or a pang  
Entailed on human hearts.

Go!—let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again!  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
Of pain, anew, to writhe,—  
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe!

Even I am weary, in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire;  
Test of all sunless agonies,  
Behold not me expire!  
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death—  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast:  
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—  
The majesty of darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave its heavenly spark;  
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,  
When thou thyself art dark.  
No! it shall live again,—and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,—  
By Him recalled to breath,  
Who captive led captivity,  
Who robbed the grave of victory,  
And took the sting from death!

Go, sun! while mercy holds me up  
On nature's awful waste,  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste—  
Go!—tell the night, that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
On earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;  
By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the prince of all the land  
Led them on.—

<sup>1</sup> Campbell's fame, says the *London Spectator* of Oct. 1875, "is likely, we think, to be permanent, for no alteration of popular taste, no fashions in poetry, as evanescent sometimes and as absurd as fashions in dress, can affect the reputation of such poems as 'The Soldier's Dream,' 'The Battle of the Baltic,' 'Hohenlinden,' or 'The Last Man.' These are Campbell's noblest works, in which whatever lyrical inspiration was in him finds fullest expression."—Ed.

Like Leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line:  
It was ten of April morn by the chime;  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death;  
And the boldest held his breath,  
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd  
To anticipate the scene;  
And her van the fleetest rush'd  
O'er the deadly space between.  
“Hearts of oak!” our captains cried, when  
each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.—

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back:—  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—  
Then ceas'd—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shatter'd sail;  
Or in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,  
“Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save:—  
So peace instead of death let us bring:  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our king.”—

Then Denmark blest our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose;—  
And the sounds of joy and grief,  
From her people wildly rose;  
As death withdrew his shades from the day,  
While the sun look'd smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of fun'ral light  
Died away.—

Now joy, Old England, raise!  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore!—

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died,—  
With the gallant good Riou:  
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,—  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave!

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### HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow:  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;  
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven;  
And, louder than the bolts of heav'n,  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,  
On Linden's hills of stained snow;  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis moru; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling, dun,  
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet,  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

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### GLENARA.

O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,  
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and  
wail?

'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;  
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;  
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud;  
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:  
They marched all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,  
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;—

“Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn:  
Why speak ye no word?” said Glenara the stern.

“And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,  
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?”  
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,  
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

“I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,”  
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;  
“And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!”

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
When the shroud was unclose'd, and no lady was seen;  
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,  
’Twas the youth who had loved the fair Helen of Lorn:

“I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;  
On a rock of the ocean fair Helen did seem;  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream.”

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;  
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,  
Now joy to the house of fair Helen of Lorn!

#### THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight re-  
pairing,

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

“Sad is my fate!” said the heart-broken stranger,  
“The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not to me.  
Never again in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the  
sweet hours;  
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

“Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no  
more!  
Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase  
me?  
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!  
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

“Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?  
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?  
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?  
And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all?  
Ah, my sad heart, long abandon'd by pleasure!  
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?—  
Tears like the rain-drops may fall without mea-  
sure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

“Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,  
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:  
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-bragh!  
Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,  
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!  
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with  
devotion,  
Erin, mavournin—Erin-go-bragh!”

#### CORA LINN, OR THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT IN 1837.

The time I saw thee, Cora, last,  
'Twas with congenial friends;  
And calmer hours of pleasure past,  
My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an autumn day  
As ever shone on Clyde,  
And Lanark's orchards all the way  
Put forth their golden pride;

Ev'n hedges, busk'd in bravery,  
Look'd rich that sunny morn;



The scarlet hip and blackberry  
So prank'd September's thorn.

In Cora's glen the calm how deep!  
That trees on loftiest hill  
Like statues stood, or things asleep,  
All motionless and still.

The torrent spoke, as if his noise  
Bade earth be quiet round,  
And give his loud and lonely voice  
A more commanding sound.

His foam, beneath the yellow light  
Of noon, came down like one  
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright—  
Broad rolling by the sun.

Dear Linn! let loftier falling floods  
Have prouder names than thine;  
And king of all, enthroned in woods,  
Let Niagara shine.

Barbarian, let him shake his coasts  
With reeking thunders far  
Extended like th' array of hosts  
In broad, embattled war!

His voice appals the wilderness:  
Approaching thine, we feel  
A solemn, deep melodiousness,  
That needs no louder peal.

More fury would but disenchant  
Thy dream-inspiring din;  
Be thou the Scottish Muse's haunt,  
Romantic Cora Linn.

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#### LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour  
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,  
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosomed the  
bower

Where the home of my forefathers stood.  
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,  
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree:  
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,  
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trod,  
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,  
By the dial-stone aged and green,  
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,  
To mark where a garden had been:  
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,  
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew

From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace,  
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the  
place

Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all  
That remains in this desolate heart!  
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,  
But patience shall never depart!  
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and  
bright,

In the days of delusion by fancy combined  
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,  
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,  
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns  
When the faint and the feeble deplore;  
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems  
A thousand wild waves on the shore!  
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of  
disdain,

May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!  
Yea, even the name I have worshipp'd in vain  
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again:  
To bear is to conquer our fate.

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#### ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

Soul of the Poet! wheresoe'er  
Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume  
Her wings of immortality:  
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,  
And with thine influence illumine  
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,  
Discord and strife, at Burns's name,  
Exorcised by his memory;  
For he was chief of bards that swell  
The heart with songs of social flame,  
And high delicious revelry.

And love's own strain to him was given,  
To warble all its ecstasies  
With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd,—  
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,  
The choicest sweet of Paradise,  
In life's else bitter cup distill'd.

Who that has melted o'er his lay  
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,  
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,  
The landscape and the livelong day  
That smiled upon their mutual love?  
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan:  
His country's high-souled peasantry

What patriot-pride he taught!—how much  
To weigh the inborn worth of man!  
And rustic life and poverty  
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him in his clay-built cot, the Muse  
Entranced, and show'd him all the forms  
Of fairy light and wizard gloom,  
(That only gifted poet views,)  
The genii of the floods and storms,  
And martial shades from glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse  
The swain whom Burns' song inspires!  
Beat not his Caledonian veins,  
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,  
With all the spirit of his sires,  
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tann'd  
By many a far and foreign clime,  
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep  
In memory of his native land,  
With love that scorns the lapse of time,  
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamp'd by Indian rivers wild,  
The soldier resting on his arms  
In Burns' carol sweet recalls  
The scenes that bless'd him when a child,  
And glows and gladdens at the charms  
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,  
An idle art the poet brings:  
Let high philosophy control,  
And sages calm, the stream of life,  
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,  
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates  
The native banner of the brave,  
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath,  
Rose, thistle, harp; 'tis she elates  
To sweep the field or ride the wave,  
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall  
Is cross'd with mournful sword and plume,  
When public grief begins to fade,  
And only tears of kindred fall,  
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb  
And greet with fame thy gallant shade!

Such was the soldier—Burns, forgive  
That sorrows of mine own intrude  
In strains to thy great memory due.  
In verse like thine—oh! could he live,  
The friend I mourn'd—the brave, the good,  
Edward that died at Waterloo!<sup>1</sup>

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!  
That couldst alternately impart  
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,  
And brand each vice with satire strong;  
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,  
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell! and ne'er may Envy dare  
To bring one baleful poison drop  
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust:  
But while the lark sings sweet in air,  
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop  
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

#### LINES ON REVISITING CATHCART.

Oh! scenes of my childhood, and dear to my  
heart,  
Ye green waving woods on the margin of Cart,  
How blest in the morning of life I have stray'd  
By the stream of the vale and the grass-cover'd  
glade.

Then, then every rapture was young and sincere,  
Ere the sunshine of bliss was bedimm'd by a tear,  
And a sweeter delight every scene seem'd to lend,  
That the mansion of peace was the home of a  
*friend*.

Now the scenes of my childhood, and dear to my  
heart,  
All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart;  
Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to  
cease,  
For a *stranger* inhabits the mansion of peace.

But hush'd be the sigh that untimely complains,  
While friendship and all its enchantment remains,  
While it blooms like the flower of a winterless  
clime,  
Untainted by chance, unabated by time.

#### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had  
lower'd,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-  
power'd,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;  
And twice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

at the head of his squadron, in the attack of the Polish  
Lancers.

<sup>1</sup> Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, who fell

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;  
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me  
back.—

I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was  
young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-  
reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never  
to part;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of  
heart.

“Stay, stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and  
worn!”—

(And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;)  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

#### TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star that bringest home the bee,  
And sett'st the weary labourer free!  
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,  
That send'st it from above,  
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow  
Are sweet as her's we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,  
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,  
Whilst, far off, lowing herds are heard,  
And songs when toil is done,  
From cottages whose smoke unstirred  
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,  
Parted lovers on thee muse;  
Their remembrancer in heaven  
Of thrilling vows thou art,  
Too delicious to be riven,  
By absence, from the heart.

#### THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.<sup>1</sup>

They lighted a taper at the dead of night,  
And chanted 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 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 nightmare 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 death-bed,  
No weeping there was when his bosom bled,  
And his heart was rent in twain.

O! it was not thus when his oaken spear  
Was true to the knight forlorn,  
And the 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 unentomb'd shall with glory be  
balm'd,  
From his blood-streaming altar his spirit shall  
start,  
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,  
A nobler was never embalm'd.

borrowing from Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore." They should be published in all future editions of his poems.—Ed.

<sup>1</sup> Campbell declined to have these lines included in his collected works, because he had been accused of

## THOMAS BROWN.

BORN 1778 — DIED 1820.

THOMAS BROWN, one of the most eminent of modern metaphysicians, was the youngest son of Samuel Brown, minister of Kirkmabreck, in the stewartry of Kirkeudbright, and was born in the manse of that parish, January 9, 1778. Having lost his father when very young, he was placed by a maternal uncle at various academies in England; and in his fourteenth year he entered the University of Edinburgh, attending, among other courses of lectures, those of Professor Dugald Stewart. The young student made rapid progress in his studies, and soon gained the friendship of his celebrated preceptor. In the year 1797 Brown became a member of the "Academy of Physics," a philosophical association established by a few young men of talent, some of whom were afterwards the originators of the *Edinburgh Review*. As a member of this society he formed the acquaintance of Brougham, Jeffrey, Leyden, Sydney Smith, and others subsequently greatly distinguished in the walks of literature.

At the age of twenty-five he received his diploma as a physician, and formed a partnership with Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh. But the medical profession proved no more congenial than that of the law, which he had previously abandoned after one year's study. His favourite pursuits were poetry and philosophy—a somewhat rare combination. In 1804 Dr. Brown published a volume of poems, mostly written during his college days; and he was among the earliest contributors to the *Edin-*

*burgh Review*, established in 1802—the leading article in the second number on "Kant's Philosophy" being from his pen. An essay on Hume's *Theory of Causation* established his growing reputation, and soon after, when Professor Stewart's declining health obliged him to be occasionally absent from his chair, Brown was appointed his substitute. In this new sphere he met with gratifying success, and after two years was appointed joint-professor with his former teacher.

In 1814 appeared the *Paradise of Coquettes*, his largest poetical work. A reviewer of note declared it to be "by far the best and most brilliant imitation of Pope that has appeared since the time of that great writer; with all his point, polish, and nicely balanced versification, as well as his sarcasm and witty malice." In 1816 he published another poem, entitled the "Wanderer in Norway," followed soon after by "Agnes," and "Emily," two separate volumes of poems, all of which met with considerable favour and success. Professor Brown died at Brompton, London, April 2, 1820, and his remains were removed to the churchyard of his native parish. After his decease his *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind* were published in four 8vo volumes, and have deservedly obtained a high reputation.

Miss Margaret Brown, sister of the philosopher, a lady of gentle Christian character, was the author of a number of very respectable poems, which were collected and published at Edinburgh in 1819, in a small 12mo volume.

## THE FAITHLESS MOURNER.

When thy smile was still clouded in gloom,  
When the tear was still dim in thine eye,  
I thought of the virtues, scarce cold in the tomb,  
And I spoke not of love to thy sigh!  
  
I spoke not of love; yet the breast,  
Which mark'd thy long anguish deplore

The sire, whom in sickness, in age, thou hadst  
bless'd,  
Though silent, was loving thee more.  
  
How soon wert thou pledged to my arms,  
Thou hadst vow'd, but I urged not the  
day;

And thine eye grateful turn'd—oh, so sweet were  
its charms,  
That it more than atoned the delay.

I fear'd not, too slow of belief—  
I fear'd not, too proud of thy heart,  
That another would steal on the hour of thy  
grief,  
That thy grief would be soft to his art.

Thou heardst—and how easy allured  
Every vow of the past to forswear;  
The love, which for thee would all pangs have  
endured,  
Thou couldst smile as thou gav'st to despair.

Ah, think not my passion has flown!  
Why say that my vows now are free?  
Why say—yes! I feel that my heart is my own,  
I feel it is breaking for thee.

#### THE NON-DESCRIPT.<sup>1</sup>

Thou nameless loveliness, whose mind,  
With every grace to soothe, to warm,  
Has lavish Nature bless'd, and shrined  
The sweetness in as soft a form!

Say on what wonder-beaming soil  
Her sportive malice wrought thy form—  
That haughty science long might toil,  
Nor learn to fix thy doubtful name!

For this she cull'd, with eager care,  
The scatter'd glories of her plan,—  
All that adorns the softer fair,  
All that exalts the prouder man.

And gay she triumph'd—now no more  
Her works shall daring systems bound;  
As though her skill inventive o'er,  
She only traced the forms she found.

In vain to seek a kindred race,  
Tired through her mazy realms I stray;  
Where shall I rank thy radiant place?  
Thou dear perplexing creature, say!

Thy smile so soft, thy heart so kind,  
Thy voice for pity's tones so fit—  
All speak thee Woman; but thy mind  
Lifts thee where bards and sages sit.

#### CONSOLATION OF ALTERED FORTUNES.

Yes! the shades we must leave which my child-  
hood has haunted;

Each charm by endearing remembrance im-  
proved;

These walks of our love, the sweet bower thou  
hast planted,—

We must leave them to eyes that will view  
them unmoved.

Oh, weep not, my Fanny! though changed be  
our dwelling,

We bear with us all, in the home of our mind;  
In virtues will glow that heart, fondly swelling,  
Affection's best treasure we leave not behind.

I shall labour, but still by thy image attended,—  
Can toil be severe which a smile can repay!  
How glad shall we meet! every care will be ended,  
And our evening of bliss will be more than a  
day.

Content's cheerful beam will our cottage en-  
lighten;

New charms the new cares of thy love will  
inspire;

Thy smiles, 'mid the smiles of our offspring, will  
lighten;

I shall see it—and oh, can I feel a desire?

#### THE LUTE.

Ah! do not bid me wake the lute,  
It once was dear to Henry's ear.  
Now be its voice for ever mute,  
The voice which Henry ne'er can hear.

Though many a month has pass'd since spring,  
His grave's wan turf has bloom'd anew;  
One whisper of those chords will bring,  
In all its grief, our last adieu.

The songs he loved—'twere sure profane  
To careless Pleasure's laughing brow  
To breathe; and oh! what other strain  
To Henry's lute could love allow?

Though not a sound thy soul hath caught,  
To mine it looks, thus softly dead,  
A sweeter tenderness of thought  
Than all its living strings have shed.

Then ask me not—the charm was broke;  
With each loved vision must I part;  
If gay to every ear it spoke,  
'Twould speak no longer to my heart.

<sup>1</sup> These verses were addressed by their author to Mrs. Dugald Stewart, and were by him entitled "The Non-Descript—To a very Charming Monster."—Ed.

Yet once too blest!—the moonlit grot,  
 Where last I gave its tones to swell;  
 Ah! the *last* tones—thou heardest them not—  
 From other hands than mine they fell.

Still, silent slumbering, let it keep  
 That sacred touch! And oh! as dim  
 To life, would, would that I could sleep—  
 Could sleep, and only dream of *him!*

## JOSEPH TRAIN.

BORN 1779—DIED 1852.

JOSEPH TRAIN was born in the parish of Sorn, Ayrshire, November 6, 1779. When he was eight years of age his parents removed to Ayr, where, after being a short time at school, he was apprenticed to a trade, at which he continued for some years, zealously devoting his leisure time to mental improvement. In 1799 he entered the Ayrshire militia, and remained with his regiment for three years, till it was disbanded. On one occasion, when stationed at Inverness, he ordered a copy of Currie's edition of *Burns*, then sold for a guinea and a half. This circumstance becoming known to Sir David Hunter Blair, colonel of the regiment, he not only presented the book to Train, but interested himself in his behalf, and on the disbanding of the regiment obtained for him an agency for an extensive manufacturing firm in Glasgow. In 1808, through Sir David's influence, he obtained an appointment in the excise, which he held for nearly thirty years, when his name was placed on the retired list.

Train's first work was a small volume entitled *Poetical Reveries*, published in 1806, followed in 1814 by *Strains of the Mountain Muse*, which brought him under the notice of Sir Walter Scott, and during a long series of years Scott was indebted to him for many curious legendary tales, historical facts, and antiquarian *ana*, the fruits of which are found in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," *Guy Rannering*, *Old Mortality*, and many other of the *Waverley Novels*. In 1820, through the kindly offices of Sir Walter, he was promoted to the position of supervisor, and was stationed successively at Cupar-Fife, Kirkintilloch, Queensferry, Falkirk, and lastly, Castle-Douglas, from all of which districts he obtained curious data

for his distinguished friend, as well as various objects of antiquity for the armoury at Abbotsford. Train was a frequent contributor of both prose and verse to such periodicals as *Chambers's Journal*, the *Dumfries Magazine*, &c. Having obtained from Scott a copy of Waldron's *Description of the Isle of Man*, a very scarce and curious work, he formed the design of writing a history of that island, which appeared in 1845, in two large octavo volumes. In the course of his researches for materials he obtained possession of several ancient records relative to the annals of the island, and transmitted to Sir Walter some interesting particulars to be found in *Peveril of the Peak*. Train's last work was *The Buchanites from First to Last* (Edinburgh, 1846), being the history of a religious sect once well known in Scotland. He died at Lochvale, Castle-Douglas, December 7, 1852, aged seventy-three years. In 1803 he married Miss Mary Wilson, by whom he had five children; and after his death a pension of £50 was conferred upon his widow and daughter by the government "in consequence of his personal services to literature and the valuable aid derived by the late Sir Walter Scott from his antiquarian and literary researches prosecuted under Sir Walter's direction."

A writer in 1873 remarks: "Train was no mere dry-as-dust antiquarian. He was a man of taste and of some poetical ability. Already he had published two successive volumes of poetry before his acquaintance with Scott began. His second volume met with a very favourable reception. But no sooner did he discover how he could be useful to the greater poet than he abandoned all ambitious aims for himself, and turned his efforts to promote the literary projects of his

friend, and that without pay, and apparently without expectation that his name would ever be heard in connection with his work. I doubt whether history can adduce another such instance of a literary man so consecrating himself to be absorbed into the splendour of another."

## BLOOMING JESSIE.

On this unfrequented plain,  
What can gar thee sigh alane,

Bonnie blue-eyed lassie?  
Is thy mammy dead and gane,  
Or thy loving Jamie slain?  
Wed anither, mak nae main,  
Bonnie blooming Jessie.

Though I sob and sigh alane,  
I was never wed to ane,

Quo' the blue-eyed lassie.  
But if loving Jamie's slain,  
Farewell pleasure, welcome pain;  
A' the joy wi' him is gane;  
O' poor hapless Jessie.

Ere he cross'd the raging sea,  
Was he ever true to thee,

Bonnie blooming Jessie?  
Was he ever frank and free?  
Swore he constant aye to be?  
Did he on the roseate lea  
Ca' thee blooming Jessie?

Ere he cross'd the raging sea,  
Aft he on the dewy lea

Ca'd me blue-eyed lassie.  
Weel I mind his words to me,  
Were, if he abroad should die,  
His last throb and sigh should be—  
Bonnie, blooming Jessie.

Far frae hame, and far frae thee,  
I saw loving Jamie die,

Bonnie, blue-eyed lassie.  
Fast a cannon ball did flee,  
Laid him stretch'd upo' the lea;  
Soon in death he closed his e'e,  
Crying, "Blooming Jessie!"

Swelling with a smother'd sigh,  
Rose the snowy bosom high

Of the blue-eyed lassie.  
Fleeter than the streamers fly,  
When they flit athwart the sky,  
Went and came the rosy dye  
On the cheeks of Jessie.

Langer wi' sic grief oppress'd  
Jamie couldnae sae distress'd  
See the blue-eyed lassie.

Fast he clasp'd her to his breast,  
Told her a' his dangers past,  
Vow'd that he would wed at last,  
Bonnie, blooming Jessie.

## WI' DRUMS AND PIPES.

Wi' drums and pipes the elachan rang,  
I left my goats to wander wide;  
And e'en as fast as I could bang,  
I bickered down the mountain side.  
My hazel rung and haslock plaid  
Awa' I flang wi' cauld disdain,  
Resolved I would nae langer bide  
To do the auld thing o'er again.

Ye barons bold, whose turrets rise  
Aboon the wild woods white wi' snaw,  
I trow the laddies ye may prize  
Wha fight your battles far awa'.  
Wi' them to stan', wi' them to fa',  
Courageously I crossed the main,  
To see, for Caledonia,  
The auld thing weel done o'er again.

Right far a-fiel' I freely fought  
'Gainst mony an outlandish loon;  
An' wi' my good claymore I've brought  
Mony a beardy birkie down:  
While I had pith to wield it roun',  
In battle I ne'er met wi' ane  
Could danton me, for Britain's crown,  
To do the same thing o'er again.

Although I'm marching life's last stage,  
Wi' sorrow crowded roun' my brow;  
And though the knapsack o' auld age  
Hangs heavy on my shoulders now—  
Yet recollection, ever new,  
Discharges a' my toil and pain,  
When fancy figures in my view  
The pleasant auld thing o'er again.

## GARRYHORN.

Gin ye wad gang, lassie, to Garryhorn,  
Ye might be happy, I ween;  
Albeit the cuckoo was never heard there,  
And a swallow there never was seen.

While cushats coo round the mill of Glenlee,  
 And little birds sing on the thorn,  
 Ye might hear the bonnie heather bleat croak  
 In the wilds of Garryhorn.

'Tis bonnie to see at the Garryhorn  
 Kids skipping the highest rock,  
 And, wrapt in his plaid at midsummer day,  
 The moorman tending his flock.

The reaper seldom his sickle whets there,  
 To gather in standing corn;  
 But many a sheep is to sheer and smear  
 In the bughts of Garryhorn.

There are hams on the bauks at Garryhorn  
 Of braxy, and eke a store  
 Of cakes in the kist, and peats in the neuk,  
 To put aye the winter o'er.

There is aye a elog for the fire at Yule,  
 With a browst for New-Year's morn;  
 And gin ye gang up ye may sit like a queen  
 In the chamber at Garryhorn.

And when ye are lady of Garryhorn,  
 Ye shall ride to the kirk with me;  
 Although my mither should skelp through the  
 mire,  
 With her coats kilted up to the knee.

I woo not for siller, my bonnie May,  
 Sae dinna my offer scorn;  
 "No! but ye maun speer at my minny," quo' she,  
 "Ere I gang to Garryhorn."

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#### MY DOGGIE.

The neighbours a' they wonder now  
 I am sae ta'en wi' Maggie;  
 But ah! they little ken, I trow,  
 How kind she's to my doggie.  
 Yestreen, as we linked o'er the lea,  
 To meet her in the gloamin',  
 She fondly on my Bawtie cried,  
 When'er she saw us comin'.

But was the tyke not c'en as kind,  
 Though fast she beck'd to pat him?  
 He loup'd up and slaked her cheek,  
 Afore she could win at him.  
 But save us, sirs, when I gaed in  
 To lean me on the settle,

Atween my Bawtie and the cat  
 There rose an awfu' battle.

An' though that Maggie saw him lay  
 His lugs in bawthron's coggie,  
 She w' the besom louned poor chit,  
 And sync she clapp'd my doggie.  
 Sae weel do I this kindness feel,  
 Though Mag she isna bonnie;  
 An' though she's feckly twice my age,  
 I lo'e her best of ony.

May not this simple ditty show  
 How oft affection catches,  
 And from what silly sources, too,  
 Proceed unseemly matches;  
 An' eke the lover he may see,  
 Albeit his joe seem saucy,  
 If she is kind unto his dog,  
 He'll win at length the lassie.

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#### OLD SCOTIA.

I've loved thee, old Scotia, and love thee I will,  
 Till the heart that now beats in my bosom is still.  
 My forefathers loved thee, for often they drew  
 Their dirks in defence of thy banners of blue;  
 Though murky thy glens, where the wolf prowl'd  
 of yore,  
 And craggy thy mountains, where cataracts war,  
 The race of old Albyn, when danger was nigh,  
 For thee stood resolved still to conquer or die.

I love yet to roam where the beacon-light rose,  
 Where echoed thy slogan, or gather'd thy foes,  
 Whilst forth rush'd thy heroic sons to the fight,  
 Opposing the stranger who came in his might.  
 I love through thy time-fretted castles to stray,  
 The mould'ring halls of thy chiefs to survey;  
 To grope through the keep, and the turret  
 explore,  
 Where waved the blue flag when the battle was  
 o'er.

I love yet to roam o'er each field of thy fame,  
 Where valour has gain'd thee a glorious name;  
 I love, where the cairn or the cromlech is made,  
 To ponder, for low there the mighty are laid.  
 Were these fall'n heroes to rise from their graves,  
 They might deem us dastards, they might deem  
 us slaves;  
 But let a foe face thee, raise fire on each hill,  
 Thy sons, my dear Scotia, will fight for thee still!



## WALTER WATSON.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1854.

WALTER WATSON, the author of several admirable songs and poems abounding in pawky Scottish humour, was born in the village of Chryston, Lanarkshire, March 29, 1780. His father being in very humble circumstances could give his son but a scanty education. When eight years old he was sent to herd cows in summer, picking up a little more instruction during the winter months. After trying weaving and other occupations for a time he at length, in 1799, enlisted in the famous cavalry regiment the Scots Greys, where he remained for three years, and was discharged on the reduction of the army after the peace of Amiens. It was about this period that he became known as a poet by the songs "Jockie's Far Awa," "Sae Will we yet," and others, which have acquired great popularity. After leaving the army Watson resumed his former trade of weaving, married, and settled in his native village. Encouraged by the success of his fugitive pieces, he published in 1808 a small volume of songs and ballads, which gained him something more than a local reputation. In 1823 a second volume appeared, and in 1843 a third collection of miscellaneous poems from his pen was pub-

lished. Ten years later a selection of his best pieces, with a memoir by Hugh Macdonald, was published in Glasgow. In 1820 Watson left Chryston for Kilsyth, and after many migrations during the next thirty years he finally settled at Duntiblae, near Kirkintilloch, where he died September 13, 1854. His remains were interred in the churchyard of his native parish, and a handsome granite monument was erected to his memory in 1875.

A notice of the poet written at the time of his death says: "Independent of his merit as one of the best of our minor Scottish poets, he was a good and worthy man, beloved by all who knew him;" and the kindly hand of a brother poet thus sketches him in old age: "In the course of nature he is now drawing near the close of his career, and amidst age and the infirmities incident to a more than ordinarily extended span is now earning his living on the loom in the village of Duntiblae. Yet is the old man ever cheerful. He has many friends among his lowly compeers, and the respect in which he is held by them has been manifested in many ways, which must have been alike gratifying to his feelings and ameliorative of his necessities."

## MAGGIE AN' ME.

The sweets o' the simmer invite us to wander  
 Among the wild flowers, as they deck the  
 green lea;  
 An' by the clear burnies that sweetly meander,  
 To charm us, as hameward they rin to the sea.  
 The nestlin's are fain the saft wing to be tryin',  
 As fondly the dam the adventure is eyein',  
 An' teachin' her notes, while wi' food she's sup-  
 plyin'  
 Her tender young offspring, like Maggie an'  
 me.

The corn in full ear, is now promisin' plenty,  
 The red clusterin' row'ns bend the witch-  
 searrin' tree,

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While lapt in its leaves lies the strawberry dainty,  
 As shy to receive the embrace o' the bee.  
 Then hope, come along, an' our steps will be  
 pleasant;  
 The future, by thee, is made almost the present;  
 Thou frien' o' the prince, an' thou frien' o' the  
 peasant,  
 Thou lang hast befriended my Maggie an' me.

Ere life was in bloom we had love in our glances,  
 An' aft I had mine o' her bonnie blue e'e;  
 We needit nae art to engage our young fancies,  
 'Twas done ere we kent, an' we own it wi' glee.  
 Now pleased, an' aye wishin' to please ane  
 anither.

We've pass'd twenty years since we buckled  
 thegither,  
 An' ten bonnie bairns, lispin' faither an' mither,  
 Hae toddled fu' fain atween Maggie an' me.

---

THE BRAES O' BEDLAY.<sup>1</sup>

When I think on the sweet smiles o' my lassie,  
 My cares flee awa' like a thief frae the day;  
 My heart lousps licht, an' I join in a sang  
 Among the sweet birks on the braes o' Bedlay.  
 How sweet the embrace, yet how honest the  
 wishes,  
 When luvè fa's a-wooing, and modesty blushes,  
 Whaur Mary an' I meet among the green bushes  
 That screen us sae weel on the braes o' Bedlay.

There's name sae trig or sae fair as my lassie,  
 An' mouny a wooer she answers wi' "Nay,"  
 Wha fain wad hae her to lea' me alane,  
 An' meet me nae mair on the braes o' Bedlay.  
 I fearn, I carena, their braggin' o' siller,  
 Nor a' the fine things they can think on to tell  
 her;

---

<sup>1</sup> The Braes of Bedlay are situated near Chryston, about seven miles to the north of Glasgow. Hugh Maedonald, a friend of the poet, relates the following amusing incident connected with the origin of this song:—"A rumour having reached Watson that the laird of Bedlay House had expressed a favourable opinion of some of his verses, nothing would serve him, in the vanity of his heart, but that he should write something new, and present it to the great man in person. Casting about for a subject, he at length came to the conclusion that were he to compose a song the scene of which was laid on the gentleman's own estate, he would be quite certain of a favourable reception. The 'Braes o' Bedlay' was accordingly written, and 'snodding' himself up with his Sunday brows, the young poet took the road one evening to the big house. On coming to the door he tirded bravely at the knocker, and was at once ushered into the presence of the laird. In the eyes of the young weaver he looked exceedingly grand, and he almost began to repent his temerity in having ventured into such company. 'Well, who are you, and what do you want?' said the laird (who was evidently in one of his bad moods), with a voice of thunder. 'My name's Walter Watson,' faltered the poet, 'and I was wanting you to look at this bit paper.' 'What paper,' said the grandee, 'can you have to show me? But let me see it.' The manuscript was placed in his hands, and, stepping close to the candle, he proceeded to peruse it. 'It'll be a' richt noo,' thinks his hardship. The laird, reading to himself, had got through with the first verse, when he repeated aloud the last two lines—

"Whaur Mary and I meet among the green bushes  
 That screen us sae weel on the braes o' Bedlay."

Nae vauntin' can buy her, nae threatuin' can  
 sell her—

It's luvè leads her out to the braes o' Bedlay.

We'll gang by the links o' the wild rowin'  
 burnie,

Whaur aft in my mornin' o' life I did stray;  
 Whaur luvè was invited and cares were beguiled  
 By Mary an' me, on the braes o' Bedlay.

Sae luvìn', sae movìn', I'll tell her my story,  
 Ummixt wi' the deeds o' ambition for glory,  
 Whaur wide-spreadin' hawthorns, sae ancient  
 and hoary,

Enrich the sweet breeze on the braes o' Bedlay.

---

SAE WILL WE YET.

Sit ye down here, my cronies, and gi'e us your  
 crack,  
 Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its back;  
 Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,  
 For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we  
 yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

---

'Who is Mary?' quoth he abruptly. 'Oh, I dinna ken,' said the poet; 'but Mary's a nice poetical name, and it suited my measure.' 'And *you* actually wrote this!' added the laird. 'Yes,' replied the poet, gaining confidence; 'you'll see I've put my name to the verses.' 'Well,' vociferated his lordship, raising himself to his full altitude, 'are you not a most impudent fellow to come here and tell me that you have been breaking my fences and strolling over my grounds without leave? I'm just pestered with such interlopers as you on my property, and now that I have the acknowledgment of the offence under your own hand, I've really a very good mind to prosecute you for trespass! Get away with you to your loom! and if ever I catch either you or your Mary among my green bushes again, depend upon it I'll make you repent it.' Saying this, he flung the manuscript scornfully at the poet (who stood trembling, half in fear and half in indignation), and ringing the bell, ordered him at once to be ejected from the house. Alas! poor fellow, he went home that night with an aching heart and sadly crest fallen. His song was given to the world, however, and immediately attained a considerable degree of popularity, a great portion of which, we are happy to say, it still retains. The laird has left the land which he so churlishly guarded, and his memory is fast falling into oblivion, while that of Walter Watson, who sung its beauties, will be entwined with the spot for ages. Truly there is a lordship in genius which is more potent and lasting than that which is associated with rent rolls and title-deeds! It is but fair to state, however, that the laird and the poet afterwards became good friends, and that the friendship was in many respects beneficial to the humble bard.—ED.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,  
 Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself:  
 Since the bounty of Providence is new every day,  
 As we journey through life let us live by the way.  
 Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy gude ale,  
 For to comfort our hearts and enliven the tale;  
 We'll aye be the merrier the langer we sit,  
 For we've drank thegither mony a time, and sae  
 will we yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,  
 Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through!  
 Our seed-time and harvest we ever will get,  
 For we've lippen'd aye to Providence, and sae  
 will we yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the king, and happy may he be,  
 And success to his forces by land and by sea!  
 His encmies to triumph we never will permit,  
 Britons aye have been victorious, and sae will  
 they yet.  
 And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily  
 roun',  
 For the sun has to rise, though the moon it goes  
 down;  
 Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, it's time  
 enough to flit;  
 When we fell we aye got up again, and sae will  
 we yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

## MY JOCKIE'S FAR AWA'.

Now simmer decks the fields wi' flowers,  
 The woods wi' leaves sae green,  
 An' little birds around their Lovers  
 In harmony convene;  
 The cuckoo flees frae tree to tree,  
 While saft the zephyrs blaw;  
 But what are a' thae joys to me,  
 When Jockie's far awa'?  
 When Jockie's far awa' on sea,  
 When Jockie's far awa';  
 But what are a' thae joys to me,  
 When Jockie's far awa'?

Last May mornin', how sweet to see  
 The little lambkins play,  
 Whilst my dear lad, along wi' me,  
 D'id kindly walk this way!  
 On yon green bank wild flowers he pou'd,  
 To busk my bosom braw;  
 Sweet, sweet he talk'd, and aft he vow'd,  
 But now he's far awa'.  
 But now, &c.

O gentle peace, return again,  
 Bring Jockie to my arms,  
 Frae dangers on the raging main,  
 An' cruel war's alarms;  
 Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part  
 While we hae breath to draw;  
 Nor will I sing, wi' aching heart,  
 My Jockie's far awa'.  
 My Jockie's far awa', &c.

## WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1845.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW, the author of the beautiful song of "Luey's Flittin'," and the trusted friend of Sir Walter Scott, was the son of James Laidlaw, a respectable sheep-farmer at Blackhouse, in the Yarrow district, Selkirkshire, where he was born November 19, 1780. He was the eldest of three sons, and received part of his education at the grammar-school of Peebles. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was for some years servant to his father, and the two young men formed here a lasting friendship. "He was," says the Shepherd, "the only person who for many years ever pretended

to discover the least merit in my essays, either in verse or prose." In 1801, when Sir Walter Scott visited Ettrick and Yarrow to collect materials for his *Border Minstrelsy*, he made the acquaintance of young Laidlaw, from whom he received much assistance. Laidlaw began life by leasing a farm at Traquair, and afterwards one at Liberton, near Edinburgh, but the business proving unsuccessful he gave up the lease in 1817, and accepted an invitation from Sir Walter Scott to act as his steward at Abbotsford. Here he continued for some years, being held in high esteem and confidence by

his employer, whom he in turn greatly loved and revered. Whilst at Abbotsford part of Laidlaw's time was occupied in writing under Sir Walter's direction for the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. After the unhappy reverse in the affairs of his benefactor Laidlaw left Abbotsford for a time, but returned in 1830, and continued there till Sir Walter's death in 1832. He afterwards acted as factor for Sir Charles Lockhart Ross of Balnagowan, Ross-shire; but his health failing, he gave up this position, and went to reside with his brother

James at Contin, near Dingwall, where he died May 18, 1845, aged sixty-five. Besides the far-famed song of "Lucy's Flittin'," which was first printed in 1810 in Hogg's *Forest Minstrel*, Laidlaw was the author of the sweet and simple songs "Her bonnie black E'e" and "Alake for the Lassie." He also wrote on Scottish superstitions for the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, contributed several articles to the *Edinburgh Encyclopaedia*, and was the author of a geological description of his native county.

### HER BONNIE BLACK E'E.

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' blows,  
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' ea's the drift owre the  
lea',

Though bidin' its blast on the side o' the moun-  
tain,  
I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When braw at a weddin' I see the fine lasses,  
Though a' neat an' bonnie, they're naething to  
me;

I sigh and sit dowie, regardless what passes,  
When I miss the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When thin twinklin' sternies announce the gray  
gloamin',

When a' round the ingle sae cheery to see;  
Then music delightfu', saft on the heart stealm',  
Minds me o' the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When jokin' an' laughin', the lave they are merry,  
Though absent my heart, like the lave I maun  
be;

Sometimes I laugh wi' them, but oft I 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 world to me;  
An' this is my wish, may I leave it if ever  
She rowe on anither her love-beaming e'e.

### LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

'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 sim-  
mer;

She cam' there afore the flower bloom'd on the  
pea;

An orphan was she, and they had been gude till  
her,

Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her  
e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stan'in';  
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 doun the burnside she gaed slaw 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 wana 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 puir lammie can see;

I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither,

Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the  
ribbon,

The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;

Yestreen, when he gae 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 cudna 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.

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### ALAKE FOR THE LASSIE!

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' lapt light at the  
thought  
O' milkin' the ewes my dear Jamie wad bucht.

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

I' the hirin' richt soon my dear Jamie I saw,  
I saw nae ane like him, sae bonnie an' 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 smil'd in his face;  
I wonder aye yet my heart brakna in twa,—  
He just said, "How are ye?" an' steppit awa'.

My neebour lads strave to entice me awa';  
They roosed 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 sac 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.

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## ROBERT JAMIESON.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1844.

ROBERT JAMIESON, an accomplished scholar and antiquary, was born in Morayshire in the year 1780. When a young man he became classical assistant in a school at Macclesfield, and during this time he set himself to collect all the Scottish ballads he could meet with. He tells us that his object in doing this was to preserve the traditions of habits and customs of his countrymen that were fast disappearing, and so help to fill up the great outlines of history handed down by contemporary writers. After some years' labour the work appeared at Edinburgh in 1806, under the title of "Popular Ballads and Songs, from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Editions: with Translations of similar pieces from the ancient Danish Language, and a few Originals by the Editor."

The collection is one of great value, and is ably illustrated with notes, but it was not greeted by the public with the attention it deserved. Much of Jamieson's materials was obtained from Mrs. Brown of Falkland in Fifeshire, a lady who was remarkable for the extent of her legendary lore and the accuracy of her memory.

On the completion of his book Jamieson proceeded to Riga in Russia, there to push his fortune; but he does not appear to have met with success, and on his return to Scotland he obtained, through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, a post in the General Register House at Edinburgh, which he held for many years. He died in London, September 24, 1844, aged sixty-four. Jamieson's acquaintance with the

Northern languages enabled him to share with Walter Scott and Henry Weber the editorship of a work entitled "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities from the Earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances," a copy of which, presented by him to the Editor's father, now

lies before us. He also edited an edition of Burt's "Letters from the North of Scotland." In his "Popular Ballads" are found a number of original songs composed in early life, the merit of which, and of his poetical translations, entitles Jamieson to a place in this Collection.

### SIR OLUF AND THE ELF-KING'S DAUGHTER.

(FROM THE DANISH.)

Sir Oluf the bend has ridden sae wide,  
All unto his bridal feast to bid.

And lightly the elves, sae feat and free,  
They dance all under the greenwood tree.

And there dandeed four, and there dandeed five;  
The elf-king's daughter she reekit bilve.

Her hand to Sir Oluf, sae fair and free;  
"O welcome, Sir Oluf, come dance wi' me!"

"O welcome, Sir Oluf! now lat thy love gae,  
And tread wi' me in the dance sae gay."

"To dance wi' thee ne dare I, ne may;  
The morn it is my bridal day."

"O come, Sir Oluf, and dance wi' me;  
Twa buckskin boots I'll give to thee;

"Twa buckskin boots, that sit sae fair,  
Wi' gilded spurs sae rich and rare.

"And hear ye, Sir Oluf! come dance wi' me;  
And a silken sark I'll give to thee;

"A silken sark, sae white and fine,  
That my mother bleached in the moonshine."

"I darena, I maunna come dance wi' thee;  
For the morn my bridal day maun be."

"O hear ye, Sir Oluf! come dance wi' me,  
And a helmet o' gowd I'll give to thee."

"A helmet o' gowd I well may bae;  
But dance wi' thee, ne dare I, ne may."

"And winna thou dance, Sir Oluf, wi' me?  
Then sickness and pain shall follow thee!"

She's smitten Sir Oluf— it strak to his heart;  
He never before had kent sic a smart;

Then lifted him up on his ambler red;

"And now, Sir Oluf, ride hame to thy bride."

And whan he came till the eastell yett,  
His mither she stood and leant thereat.

"O hear ye, Sir Oluf, my ain dear son,  
Whareto is your lire sae blae and wan?"

"O well may my lire be wan and blae,  
For I hae been in the elf-woman's play."

"O hear ye, Sir Oluf, my son, my pride,  
And what shall I say to thy young bride?"

"Ye'll say that I've ridden but into the wood,  
To prieve gin my horse and hounds are good."

Ear on the morn, when night was gane,  
The bride she cam' wi' the bridal train.

They skinked the mead, and they skinked the  
wine:

"O whare is Sir Oluf, bridegroom mine?"

"Sir Oluf has ridden but into the wood,  
To prieve gin his horse and hounds are good."

And she took up the scarlet red,  
And there lay Sir Oluf, and he was dead!

Ear on the morn, whan it was day,  
Three likes were ta'en frae the castle away;

Sir Oluf the leal, and his bride sae fair,  
And his mither, that died wi' sorrow and care.

And lightly the elves sae feat and free,  
They dance all under the greenwood tree!

### ANNIE O' THARAW.

(FROM THE PRUSSIAN LOW DUTCH.)

Annie o' Tharaw, I've waled for my fere,  
My life and my treasure, my gudes and my gear.

Annie o' Tharaw, come weal or come wae,  
Has set her leal heart on me ever and aye.

Annie o' Tharaw, my riches, my gude,  
Ye're the saul o' my saul, ye're my flesh and my  
blude.

Come wind or come weather, how snell sae or  
eald,

We'll stand by ilk ither, and closer ay hald.

Pain, sickness, oppression, and fortune unkind,  
Our true-love knot ay but the faster sall bind.

As the aik, by the stormy winds tossed till and fra,  
Ay roots him the faster, the starker they blaw;

Sae love in our hearts will wax stranger and mair,  
Thro' crosses and down-drug, and poortith and care.

Should ever my fate be frae thee to be twinn'd,  
And wert thou whare man scarce the sun ever kenn'd,

I'll follow thro' deserts, thro' fores's and seas,  
Thro' ice and thro' iron, thro' armies o' faes.

Annie o' Tharaw, my light and my sun,  
Sae twined our life-threads are, in aye they are spun.

Whatever I bid you's ay sure to be dane,  
And what I forbid, that ye'll ay lat alane.

The love may be warm, but how lang can it stand  
Whare there's no ae heart, and ae tongue, and ae hand?

Wi' eangling, and wrangling, and worrying, and strife,  
Just like dog and cat, live sic man and sic wife.

Annie o' Tharaw, that we'll never do,  
For thou art my lammie, my chuckie, my dow.

My wish is to you ay as gude's a comman',  
I lat *you* be *guderife*, ye lat *me* be *gud'man*;

And O how sweet, Annie, our love and our lee,  
Whan thou and I ae soul and body sall be!

'Twill beet our bit ingle wi' heavenly flame;  
But wrangling and strife mak' a hell of a hame.

### THE QUERN LILT.

The *cronach* stills the dowie heart,  
The *jurram* stills the bairnie;  
The music for a hungry wame  
Is grinding o' the quernie!  
And loes me o' my little quernie!  
Grind the gradden, grind it:  
We'll a' get crowdie whan it's done,  
And bannocks steeve to bind it.

The married man his jay may prize,  
The lover prize his arles;  
But gin the quernie gaugna round,  
They baith will soon be careless.  
Sae loes me, &c.

The whisky gars the bark o' life  
Drive merrily and rarely;  
But gradden is the ballast gars  
It steady gang and fairly.  
Then loes me, &c.

Though winter steeks the door wi' drift,  
And o'er the ingle hings us;  
Let but the little quernie gae,  
We're blythe, whatever dings us.  
Then loes me, &c.

And how it cheers the herd at e'en,  
And sets his heart-strings dirlin',  
When, comin' frae the hungry hill,  
He hears the quernie birlin'!  
Then loes me, &c.

Though sturt and stride wi' young and auld,  
And flytin' but and ben be;  
Let but the quernie play, they'll soon  
A' lown and fidgin'-fain be.  
Then loes me, &c.

### MY SWEET WEE LADDIE.

O blessings attend my sweet wee laddie,  
That blinks sae bonnily now on my knee;  
And thousands o' blessings attend on his daddie.  
Tho' far awa' now frae his babie and me.

It's aft ha'e I sitten, and sair ha'e I grutten,  
Till blear'd and blinded wi' tears was my e'e;  
And aft I bethought me, how dearly I've bought  
thee;  
For dear hast thou been, and dear art thou to me.

Yet blessings attend, &c.

O lanely and weary, cauld, friendless, and dreary,  
To me the wide world's a wilderness a';  
Yet still ae dear blossom I clasp to my bosom,  
And oh! 'tis sae sweet—like the joy that's awa'!  
And blessings attend, &c.

When thou lyes sleeping, I hang o'er thee weep-  
ing,  
And bitter the tears that thy slumbers bedew;  
Yet thy innocence smiling, sae sweetly beguiling,  
Half mak's me forget that I sorrow e'er knew.  
And blessings attend, &c.

Then smile, my sweet laddie—O smile like thy  
daddie;  
My heart will be light tho' the tear's in my e'e;  
I canna believe he will ever deceive me,  
Sae leal and sae kind as he kythed aye to be.  
And blessings attend, &c.

And O, mid my mourning to see him returning!—  
Wi' thee to his arms, when with rapture I fly—  
Come weal or come wae then, nae fear I can hae  
then,  
And wha'll be sae blest as my babie and I!  
Then blessings attend, &c.

## BALADE.

(FROM THE OLD FRENCH OF GOWER.)

Now in this jolly time of May,  
 To Eden I compare the ground;  
 While sings the merle and poppingay,  
 Green herb and tree bloometh around,  
 And all for Nature's feast are crown'd;  
 Venus is Queen, all hearts obey,  
 And none to Love may now say Nay.

When this I see, and how her sway  
 Dame Nature over all extends;  
 And all that lives, so warm, so gay,  
 Each after kind to other tends,  
 Till liking life and being blends;—  
 What marvel, if my sighs bewray,  
 That none to Love may now say Nay.

To nettles must the rose give way,  
 And Care and Grief my garland weave;  
 Nor ever Joy dispense one ray  
 To cheer me, if my Lady leave  
 My love unblest, and me bereave  
 Of every hope to smile, and say  
 That none to love may now say Nay.

Then go and try her ruth to move,  
 If aught thy skill, my simple lay;  
 For thou and I too well approve,  
 That none to love may now say Nay.

GO TO HIM, THEN, IF THOU CAN'ST  
 GO.

Go to him, then, if thou can'st go,  
 Waste not a thought on me;  
 My heart and mind are a' my store,—  
 They ance were dear to thee.  
 But there is music in his gold  
 (I ne'er sae sweet could sing),  
 That finds a chord in every breast  
 In unison to ring.

The modest virtues dread the spell,  
 The honest loves retire,  
 The finer sympathies of soul  
 Far other charms require.  
 The breathings of my plaintive reed  
 Sink dying in despair,  
 The still small voice of gratitude,  
 Even that is heard nae mair.

But if thy heart can suffer thee  
 The powerful call obey,  
 And mount the splendid bed that wealth  
 And pride for thee display.  
 Then gaily bid farewell to a'  
 Love's trembling hopes and fears,  
 While I my lanely pillow here  
 Wash with unceasing tears.

Yet, in the fremmit arms of him  
 That half thy worth ne'er knew,  
 Oh! think na on my lang-tried love,  
 How tender and how true!  
 For sure 'twould break thy gentle heart  
 My breaking heart to see,  
 Wi' a' the wrangs and waes it's tholed,  
 And yet maun thole for thee.

## MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

My wife's a winsome wee thing,  
 A bonnie, blythesome wee thing,  
 My dear, my constant wee thing,  
 And evermair sall be;  
 It warms my heart to view her,  
 I canna chose but lo'e her,  
 And oh! weel may I throw her  
 How dearly she lo'es me!

For though her face sae fair be  
 As nane could ever mair be;  
 And though her wit sae rare be,  
 As seenil do we see;  
 Her beauty ne'er had gain'd me,  
 Her wit had ne'er enchain'd me,  
 Nor baith sae lang retained me,  
 But for her love to me.

Whan wealth and pride disown'd me,  
 A' views were dark around me,  
 And sad and laigh she found me,  
 As friendless worth could be;  
 Whan ither hope gaed frae me,  
 Her pity kind did stay me,  
 And love for love she ga'e me;  
 And that's the love for me.

And, till this heart is cald, I  
 That charm o' life will hald by:  
 And, though my wife grow auld, my  
 Leal love aye young will be;  
 For she's my winsome wee thing,  
 My canty, blythesome wee thing,  
 My tender, constant wee thing,  
 And evermair sall be.



## CHARLES GRAY.

BORN 1782 — DIED 1851.

CHARLES GRAY, long known as a successful song-writer, was born at Anstruther, Fifeshire, March 10, 1782. He was the schoolfellow of Dr. Chalmers, and Tennant the author of "Anster Fair," who were natives of the same town. In 1805 he obtained a commission in the Woolwich division of the Royal Marines, and continued in the service for over thirty-six years, when he retired on full pay. In 1811 he published a small volume of "Poems and Songs," which was well received, and a second edition of these was issued in 1815. In 1841, on retiring from the service, he took up his residence in Edinburgh, where he soon became a favourite in society, and was well known throughout the country for his extensive knowledge of Scottish song, his enthusiasm for everything connected with it, and his tasteful,

genial, and spirited contributions to it. In the same year, in compliance with the wish of some of his much-valued friends, conveyed in the form of a "Round-robin," he published his collected pieces in an elegant volume, entitled "Lays and Lyrics, by Charles Gray, F.A.S.E., Captain, Royal Marines." This volume is dedicated to his friend Professor Tennant, and contains a curious facsimile of the round-robin presented to him bearing the autographs of many of his brother poets. A Scottish reviewer, in criticizing the book, says, "Captain Gray strikes the Scottish harp with a bold and skilful hand, producing tones in accordance with the universal song of nature which will not readily be forgotten." He died after a long illness, April 13, 1851, leaving an only son, now a captain of marines.

## THE LASS OF PITTENWEEM.

The sun looked through an evening cloud,  
His golden rays glanced o'er the plain;  
The lark upsprung, and caroll'd loud  
Her vesper hymn of sweetest strain.  
Far in the east the rainbow glow'd  
In painted lines of liquid light;  
Now all its vivid colours show'd—  
Wax'd faint—then vanish'd from the sight.

As forth I walked, in pensive mood,  
Down by yon ancient abbey wall,  
Gay spring her vesture had renew'd,  
And loud was heard the partridge' call:  
The blackbird's song rang through the wood,  
Rich in the red sun's parting gleam;  
When fair before me, smiling, stood  
The lovely lass of Pittenweem.

O, I have wandered far and wide,  
And ladies seen 'neath brighter skies,  
Where trees shoot up in palmy pride,  
And golden domes and spires arise:—  
But here is one, to my surprise,  
Sweet as a youthful poet's dream;  
With love enthroned in her dark eyes—  
The lovely lass of Pittenweem!

"Where dost thou wander, charming maid,  
Now evening's shades begin to fall?"—  
"To view fair nature's face," she said,  
"For nature's charms are free to all!"—  
"Speak ever thus in nature's praise;  
Thou giv'st to me a darling theme;  
On thee I'll lavish all my lays,  
Thou lovely lass of Pittenweem!"

There is a magic charm in youth,  
By which the heart of age is won:  
That charm is innocence and truth,  
And beauty is its summer sun!  
Long may it shine on that fair face,  
Where rosy health and pleasure beam;  
Long lend its magic spell to grace  
The lovely lass of Pittenweem.

## WHEN AUTUMN.

When autumn has laid her sickle by,  
And the stacks are theekit to haud them dry;  
And the sapless leaves come down frae the trees,  
And dance about in the fitfu' breeze;  
And the robin again sits burd-alane,  
And sings his sang on the auld peat stane;

When come is the hour o' gloamin' gray,  
Oh! sweet is to me the minstrel's lay.

When winter is driving his cloud on the gale,  
And spairgin' about his snaw and his hail,  
And the door is steekit against the blast,  
And the winnocks wi' wedges are firm and fast,  
And the ribs are rypet, the cannal a-light,  
And the fire on the hearth is bleezin' bright,  
And the bicker is reamin' with pithy brown ale;  
Oh! dear is to me a sang or a tale.

Then I tove awa' by the ingle side,  
And tell o' the blasts I was wont to bide,  
When the nichts were lang and the sea ran high,  
And the moon hid her face in the depths of the  
sky,  
And the mast was strained, and the canvas rent,  
By some demon on message of mischief sent;  
O! I bless my stars that at hame I can bide,  
For dear, dear to me is my ain ingle-side.

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#### SEQUEL TO MAGGIE LAUDER.

The cantie spring scarce rear'd her head,  
And winter yet did bland her,  
When the Ranter cam' to Anster Fair,  
And spier'd for Maggie Lauder;  
A snug wee house in the East Green  
Its shelter kindly lent her:  
Wi' canty ingle, clean hearth-stane,  
Meg welcomed Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,  
An' to the kirk they ranted;  
He play'd the auld "East Nook o' Fife,"  
And merry Maggie vaunted,  
That Hab himsel' ne'er played a spring,  
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,  
For he made Anster town to ring—  
An' wha's like Rob the Ranter!

For a' the talk an' loud reports  
That ever gaed against her,  
Meg proves a true and carefu' wife  
As ever was in Anster;  
An' since the marriage knot was tied  
Rob swears he couldna want her,  
For he lo'es Maggie as his life,  
An' Meg lo'es Rob the Ranter.

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#### LOUISA'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Louisa's but a lassie yet,  
Her age is no twice nine;

She lang has been her maminie's pct,  
I wish that she were mine!  
She's licht o' heart and licht o' foot—  
She's blythe as blythe can be;  
She's dear to a' her friends about,  
But dearer far to me!

A fairer face I may ha'e seen,  
And passed it lightly by;—  
Louisa's in her tartan sheen  
Has fixed my wandering eye:  
A thousand beauties there I trace  
That ithers canna see;  
My blessings on that bonnie face—  
She's a' the world to me!

Oh, love has wiles at his command!  
Whene'er we chance to meet,  
The slightest pressure o' her hand  
Mak's my fond bosom beat;  
I hear the throbbing o' my heart  
While nought but her I see;—  
When shall I meet, nae mair to part,  
Louisa, dear, wi' thee?

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#### THE MINSTREL.<sup>1</sup>

Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht-head,  
The snaw drives snelly through the dale,  
The gaberlunzie tirls my sneek,  
And, shivering, tells his waefu' tale:  
"Cauld is the night, O let me in,  
And dinna let your minstrel fa',  
And dinna let his winding sheet  
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

"Full ninety winters ha'e I seen,  
And piped whare goroocks whirring flew,  
And mony a day ye've danced, I ween,  
To lilts which frae my drone I blew."  
My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cried,  
"Get up, gudeman, and let him in;  
For weel ye ken the winter night  
Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, O wow! it's sweet!  
E'en though she bans and saelds a wee:  
But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale,  
O, haith, it's doubly dear to me!

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<sup>1</sup> This song, with the exception of the concluding twelve lines added by Gray, has by some authorities been attributed to George Pickering of Newcastle. It appeared first in the *Edinburgh Herald* in 1794. "Donocht-head is not mine," said Burns; "I would give ten pounds it were."—Ed.

“Come in, auld earle! I’ll steer my fire,  
And mak’ it bleeze a bonnie flame;  
Your blude is thin, ye’ve tint the gate,  
Ye should nae stray sae far frae hame.”

“Nae hame ha’e I,” the minstrel said,  
“Sad party strife o’erturned my ha’;  
And, weeping, at the eve o’ life,  
I wander through a wreath o’ s’raw.”  
“Waes me, auld earle! sad is your tale—  
Your wallet’s toom, your cleeding thin;

Mine’s no the hand to steek the door  
When want and wae wou’d fain be in.”

We took him ben—we set him down,  
And soon the ingle bleez’d fu’ hie:  
The auld man thought himself at hame,  
And dried the tear-drap frae his e’e.  
He took his pipes and play’d a spring—  
Sad was the strain, and full of woe;  
In fancy’s ear it seemed to wail  
A free-born nation’s overthrow.

## WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

BORN 1782—DIED 1849.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON, the Galloway poet, was born at Tanimans, parish of Borgue, Galloway, August 15, 1782. In his youth weak eyesight prevented his progress at school, and afterwards unfitted him for the occupations of shepherd or ploughman. He therefore began life as a pedlar or packman, and wandered up and down his native district for thirty years singing his own verses, which soon became popular. In 1814 he issued a small 12mo volume entitled, “Tales in Verse and Miscellaneous Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Manners,” by which he cleared £100. In 1828 a second edition of his poems appeared, with a memoir of Nicholson by Mr. Maediarmid of Dumfries. Latterly the poet fell into sadly dissipated habits, playing at fairs and markets with his bagpipes as a gaberlunzie or beggarman; and at last the grave closed in gloom over the ruins of a man of true genius. He died at Kildarroch in Borgue, May 16, 1849, aged sixty-seven.

Dr. John Brown says of Nicholson and his poems—“They are worth the knowing; none of them have the concentration and nerve of the ‘Brownie,’ but they are from the same brain and heart. ‘The Country Lass,’ a long poem, is excellent; with much of Crabbe’s power and compression . . . Poor Nicholson, besides his turn for verse, was an exquisite musician, and sang with a powerful and sweet voice. One may imagine the delight of a

lonely town-end, when Willie the packman and the piper made his appearance, with his stories, and jokes, and ballads, his songs, and reels, and ‘wanton wiles.’ There is one story about him which has always appeared to me quite perfect. A farmer in a remote part of Galloway, one June morning before sunrise, was awakened by music; he had been dreaming of heaven, and when he found himself awake he still heard the strains. He looked out, and saw no one, but at the corner of a grass field he saw his cattle, and young colts and fillies, huddled together, and looking intently down into what he knew was an old quarry. He put on his clothes and walked across the field, everything but that strange wild melody still and silent in this ‘the sweet hour of prime.’ As he got nearer the ‘beasts,’ the sound was louder; the colts with their long manes, and the nowt with their wondering stare, took no notice of him, straining their necks forward entranced. There, in the old quarry, the young sun ‘glistin’ on his face, and resting on his pack, which had been his pillow, was our Wandering Willie, playing and singing like an angel—‘an Orpheus; an Orpheus.’ What a picture! When reproved for wasting his health and time by the prosaic farmer, the poor fellow said: ‘Me this quarry are lang acquaint, and I’ve mair pleasure in pipin’ to thae daft cowts, than if the best leddies in the land were figurin’ away afore me.’”

THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOC<sup>1</sup>

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

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

I trow the bauldest stood aback,  
Wi' a gape an' a glow'r till their lugs did crack,  
As the shapeless phantom mumbli' spak—  
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum!

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

"Sauf us!" quoth Joek, "d'ye see sic een?"  
Cries Kate, "There's a hole where a nose should  
ha' been;  
An' the mouth's like a gash that a horn had ri'en:  
Wow! keep's frae Aiken-drum!"

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

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

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen  
But a phlilabeg o' the rashes green,  
An' his knotted knees played aye knoit between—  
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

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

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

But the eantie auld wife cam till her breath,  
And she thoct the Bible might ward off scaith,  
Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—  
But it feared na Aiken-drum.

"His presence protect us!" quoth the auld  
gudeman;  
"What wad ye, whare won ye, by sea or by lan'?  
I conjure ye—speak—by the beuk in my han'!"  
What a grane ga'e Aiken-drum!

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

"I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,  
I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,  
An' ba' the bairns wi' an unkennd tune,  
If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

"I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,  
I'll kirm the kirm, and I'll turn the bread;  
An' the wildest filly that ever can rede,  
I'se tame't, quoth Aiken-drum.

"To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell,  
To gather the dew frae the heather bell,  
An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,  
Might gr'e pleasure to Aiken-drum.

"I'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark;  
I use nae beddin', shoon, nor sark;  
But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light an' the dar'k,  
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum."

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

But the wenches skirl'd, "He's no be here!  
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear;  
An' the feint ane will the house come near,  
If they think but o' Aiken-drum.

"For a foul and a stalwart ghaist is he,  
Despair sits broodin' aboon his e'e-bree,

<sup>1</sup> "We would rather have written these lines than any amount of Aurora Leighs, Festuses, or such like, with all their mighty 'somethingness,' as Mr. Bailey would say. For they, are they not the 'native wood notes wild' of one of nature's darlings? Here is the indescribable, unmistakable, unmistakable impress of genius. Chaucer, had he been a Galloway man, might have written it, only he would have been more garrulous,

and less compact and stern. It is like 'Tam o' Shanter' in its living union of the comic, the pathetic, and the terrible. Shrewdness, tenderness, imagination, fancy, humour, word music, dramatic power, even wit—all are here. I have often read it aloud to children, and it is worth any one's while to do it. You will find them repeating all over the house for days such lines as take their heart and tongue."—*Dr. John Brown.*

And unchancie to light o' a maiden's e'e,  
Is the glower o' Aiken-drum."

"Puir chipmalabors! ye hae little wit;  
Is'tua Hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?"  
Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—  
"Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum!"

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

But he slade aye awa' or the sun was up,  
He ne'er could look straught on Macmillan's cup;<sup>1</sup>  
They watch'd—but nane saw him his brose ever  
sup,  
Nor a spune sought Aiken-drum.

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

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

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

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,  
Crying, "Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve;  
For alas! I ha'e gotten baith fee an' leave—  
O! luckless Aiken-drum!"

Awa', ye wrangling sceptic tribe,  
Wi' your pro's an' your con's wad ye decide  
'Gain the sponible voice o' a hale country side,  
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum?

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

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

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,  
When the moon was set, an' the stars gied nae  
light;  
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,  
Wi' sugh's like Aiken-drum.

#### THE BRAES OF GALLOWAY.

O lassie, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
And leave thy friends i' the south countrie—  
Thy former friends an' sweethearts a',  
And gang wi' me to Gallowa'?

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

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

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

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

At e'en, whan darkness shrouds the sight,  
And lanely, langsome is the night,  
Wi' tentie care my pipes I'll thrav,  
Play "A' the way to Gallowa'."  
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

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

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

#### MY AIN BONNIE MAY.

O will ye go to yon burn side,  
Among the new-made hay,  
And sport upon the flowery swaird,  
My ain bonnie May?

<sup>1</sup> A communion cup belonging to the Rev. Mr. M'Millan, founder of a sect of Covenanters known by his name. The cup was long preserved by a disciple in the parish of Kirkcowan, and used as a test by which to ascertain the orthodoxy of suspected persons.—Ed.

The sun blinks blithe on yon burn side,  
 Whare lambkins lightly play:  
 The wild bird whistles to his mate,  
 My ain bonnie May.

The waving woods, wi' mantle green,  
 Shall shield us in the bower,  
 Whare I'll pu' a posie for my May,  
 O' mony a bonnie flower.  
 My father maws ayont the burn,  
 To spin my mammy's gane;  
 And should they see thee here wi' me,  
 I'd better been my lane.

The lightsome lammie little kens  
 What troubles it await;  
 When ance the flush o' spring is o'er,  
 The fause bird lea'es its mate.  
 The flow'rs will fade, the woods decay,  
 And lose their bonnie green;

The sun wi' clouds may be o'ercast,  
 Before that it be e'en.

Ilk thing is in its season sweet;  
 So love is, in its noon;  
 But cank'ring time may soil the flower,  
 And spoil its bonnie bloom.  
 O, come then while the summer shines,  
 And love is young and gay;  
 Ere age his with'ring, wintry blast  
 Blaws o'er me and my May.

For thee I'll tend the fleecy flocks,  
 Or haud the halesome plough,  
 And nightly clasp thee to my breast,  
 And prove aye leal and true.  
 The blush o'erspread her bonnie face,  
 She had nae mair to say,  
 But ga'e her hand, and walk'd alang,  
 The youthfu', bloomin' May.

## JOHN FINLAY.

BORN 1782 — DIED 1810.

JOHN FINLAY, a man of fine genius and extensive scholarship, cut off prematurely, was born of parents in humble circumstances at Glasgow, December, 1782. After receiving a good education at one of the schools in his native city, he entered the university at the age of fourteen, and had for a classmate John Wilson, afterwards the renowned "Christopher North." At college young Finlay was highly distinguished for proficiency in his classes, for the elegance of his essays on the subjects prescribed to the students, as well as the talent shown in the poetical odes which he wrote on classical subjects. In 1802, while only about nineteen and still at college, he published "Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie, with other Poems," of which a second edition with some additions appeared two years later, and a third was issued in 1817. Of the chief poem in this volume Professor Wilson says: "It is doubtless an imperfect composition, but it displays a wonderful power of versification, and contains many splendid descriptions of external nature. It possesses both the merits and defects which we look for in the early compositions of true

genius." In 1807 Finlay went to London in search of employment, and whilst there he contributed to the magazines many articles on antiquarian subjects. He returned to Glasgow in 1803, and in that year published a short collection of "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," which secured the favourable notice of Sir Walter Scott. "The beauty of some imitations of the old Scottish ballad," he writes, "with the good sense, learning, and modesty of the preliminary dissertations, must make all admirers of ancient lore regret the early loss of this accomplished young man." Mr. Finlay again left Glasgow in 1810 on a visit to his friend Wilson at Elleray, in Cumberland, but on the way he was seized with illness at Moffat, where he died December 8, 1810, aged only twenty-eight. Besides the works above-mentioned, he edited an edition of Blair's "Grave," with excellent notes, wrote a *Life of Cervantes*, and superintended a new edition of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. An affectionate and elegant tribute to Finlay's memory, written by Prof. Wilson, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, 1817.

## ARCHY O' KILSPINDIE.

Wae worth the heart that can be glad,  
 Wae worth the tear that wimma fa',  
 For justice is fleemyt frae the land,  
 An' the faith o' auld times is clean awa'.

Our nobles they ha'e sworn an aith,  
 An' they gart our young king swear the same,  
 That as lang as the crown was on his head  
 He wad speak to nane o' the Douglas name.

An' wasna this a wearifou aith;  
 For the crown frae his head had been tint and  
 gane,

Gin the Douglas hand hadna held it on,  
 Whan anither to help him there was nane.

An' the king frae that day grew dowie and wae,  
 For he liked in his heart the Douglas weel;  
 For his foster-brither was Jamie o' Parkhead,  
 An' Archy o' Kilspindie was his Gray Steel.

But Jamie was banisht an' Archy baith,  
 An' they lived lang, lang ayont the sea,  
 Till a' had forgotten them but the king;  
 An' he whiles said, wi' a watery e'e,—  
 "Gin they think on me as I think on them,  
 I wot their life is but dreerie."—

It chanced he rode wi' hound and horn  
 To hunt the dun and the red deer down,  
 An' wi' him was mony a gallant earl,  
 And laird, and knight, and bold baron.

But nane was wi' him wad ever compare  
 Wi' the Douglas so proud in tower and town,  
 That were courtliest all in bower and hall,  
 And the highest ever in renown.—

It was dawn when the hunters sounded the horn,  
 By Stirlin's walls, sae fair to see;  
 But the sun was far gane down i' the west  
 When they brittled the deer on Torwood-lee.

And wi' jovial din they rode hame to the town,  
 Where Snawdon tower stands dark an' hie;  
 Frae least to best they were plyin' the jest,  
 An' the laugh was gaum round richt merrily:

When Murray cried loud,—“Wha's yon I see?  
 Like a Douglas he looks, baith dark and grim;  
 And for a' his sad and weary pae,  
 Like them he's richt stark o' arm an' limb.”

The king's heart lap, and he shouted wi' glee,—  
 “Yon stalworth makedom I ken richt weel;  
 And I'se wad in pawn the hawk on my han',  
 It's Archy Kilspindie, my ain Gray Steel;

We maun gi'e him grace o' a' his race,  
 For Kilspindie was trusty aye, and leal.

But Lindsay spak' in waefou mood,—  
 “Alas! my liege, that mauna be.”  
 And stout Kilmaurs cries,—“He that dares  
 Is a traitor to his ain countrie.”

And Glencairn, that aye was dowre and stern,  
 Says,—“Where's the aith you sware to me?  
 Gin ye speak to a man o' the Douglas clan,  
 A gray goat for thy crown and thee.”—

When Kilspindie took hand o' the king's bridle  
 reins,  
 He louted low down on his knec;  
 The king a word he durstna speak,  
 But he looked on him wistfullie.

He thoct on days that lang were gane,  
 Till his heart was yearnin' and like to brast:  
 As he turned him round his barons frowned;  
 But Lindsay was dichtin his een fu' fast.

When he saw their looks his proud heart rose,  
 An' he tried to speak richt hauchtillie:—  
 “Gae tak' my bridle frae that auld man's grip;  
 What sorrow gars him haud it sae sickerlie?”

An' he spurred his horse wi' gallant speed,  
 But Archy followed him manfullie,  
 And, though casid in steel frae shoulder to hecl,  
 He was first o' a' his companie.

As they passed he sat down on a stane in the  
 yett,  
 For a' his gray hair there was nae ither biel;  
 The king staid the hindmost o' the train,  
 And he aft looked back to his auld Gray Steel.

Archy wi' grief was quite foredone,  
 An' his arm fell weak that was ance like airn,  
 And he sought for some cauld water to drink,  
 But they durstna for that dowre Glencairn.

When this was tauld to our gracious king,  
 A redwood furious man woxe he;  
 He has ta'en the mazer cup in his han',  
 And in flinders a' he gart it flee:—  
 “Had I kend my Gray Steel wanted a drink,  
 He should hae had o' the red wine free.”

An' fu' sad at the table he sat him down,  
 Au' he spak' but ae word at the dine:—  
 “O! I wish my warst fae were but a king,  
 Wi' as cruel counsellours as mine.”

I HEARD THE EVENING LINNET'S  
VOICE.

I heard the evening linnet's voice the woodland tufts among,

Yet sweeter were the tender notes of Isabella's song!

So soft into the ear they steal, so soft into the soul,  
The deep'ning pain of love they soothe, and sorrow's pang control.

I look'd upon the pure brook that murmur'd through the glade,

And mingled in the melody that Isabella made;  
Yet purer was the residence of Isabella's heart!  
Above the reach of pride and guile, above the reach of art.

I look'd upon the azure of the deep unclouded sky,  
Yet clearer was the blue serene of Isabella's eye!  
Ne'er softer fell the rain-drop of the first relenting year,  
Than falls from Isabella's eye the pity-melted tear.

All this my fancy prompted, ere a sigh of sorrow prov'd

How hopelessly, yet faithfully, and tenderly I lov'd!

Yet though bereft of hope I love, still will I love the more,  
As distance binds the exile's heart to his dear native shore.

## O! COME WITH ME.

O! come with me, for the queen of night  
Is thron'd on high in her beauty bright;  
'Tis now the silent hour of even,  
When all is still in earth and heaven;  
The cold flowers which the valleys strew,  
Are sparkling bright wi' pearly dew,  
And hush'd is e'en the bee's soft hum,  
Then come with me, sweet Mary, come.

The opening blue-bell—Scotland's pride—  
In heaven's pure azure deeply dyed;  
The daisy meek frae the dewy dale,  
The wild thyme, and the primrose pale,  
Wi' the lily frae the glassy lake,  
Of these a fragrant wreath I'll make,  
And bind them mid' the locks that flow  
In rich luxuriance from thy brow.

O! love, without thee what were life?  
A bustling scene of care and strife;  
A waste, where no green flowery glade  
Is found, for shelter or for shade.  
But, cheer'd by thee, the griefs we share  
We can with calm composure bear:  
For the darkest night o' care and toil  
Is bright when blest by woman's smile.

## WILLIAM TENNANT.

BORN 1784—DIED 1848.

WILLIAM TENNANT, LL.D., an accomplished linguist and poet, was born at Anstruther, in Fifeshire, May 15, 1784. Although born without any personal malformation, in infancy the future poet and professor lost the use of both his feet, and was obliged to move upon crutches for the rest of his life. The lame boy was educated at the burgh school of Anstruther, and was sent afterwards to the University of St. Andrews. In his twentieth year he went to Glasgow, where he was employed as clerk to his brother, a corn-factor in that city. His business was afterwards removed to Anstruther, but proving unsuccessful, he suddenly disappeared, leaving William to endure incarceration as if he had been the real debtor.

The introductory stanzas of "Anster Fair" are said to have been written whilst he was in duurance. After sustaining unmerited reproach he was set free, when he returned to his father's roof, and devoted himself in earnest to authorship. The result was "Anster Fair," which was issued from the obscure press of an Anstruther publisher in 1812. Another little production deserves to be mentioned, as showing the cheerfulness with which he bore the calamity of his lameness—"The Anster Concert," a brochure of twelve pages, written in 1810, and published at Cupar in January, 1811, purporting to be by W. Crookley. In a few years "Anster Fair" found its way to Edinburgh, and attracted the notice of Lord Wood-



houselee, who wrote to the publisher for the name of the author, which he said could not long remain concealed; and Lord Jeffrey, in a criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, declared the poem one of the most talented and remarkable productions of its kind that had yet appeared.

As it was not by literature that Tennant meant to maintain himself, he became a schoolmaster, the occupation for which he was educated. His first school was in the parish of Denino, a few miles from St. Andrews. It speaks not a little for his contented spirit and moderate wishes, that he accepted a situation yielding but £40 per annum at a time when he had obtained celebrity as a poet, and was known as one of the ablest linguists of the land. But, for the time being, he was content with his humble cottage, and access to the library of St. Andrews College; and here, without any other teacher than books, he made himself master of the Arabic, Persian, and Syriac languages. His next situation was the more lucrative one of parish schoolmaster at Lasswade, where he remained until January, 1819, when he was appointed a teacher of the classical and oriental languages in the newly established and richly endowed institution of Dollar.

Tennant's next publication was a poem called "Papisty Storm'd, or the Dingin' Doun o' the Cathedral," followed in 1822 by an epic under the title of the "Thane of Fife," having for its theme the invasion of the east coast of Fife by the Danes in the ninth century. The year after appeared "Cardinal Beaton, a Tragedy in five acts," and in 1825 he published another poem entitled "John Baliol." None of these publications met with success, nor did they add anything to the author's reputation. In 1831 the chair of oriental languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, became vacant, and Tennant offered himself as a candidate, but Dr. Scott of Corstorphine, a rival candidate, was preferred. He remained three years longer at Dollar, when the professorship again becoming vacant by the death of Dr. Scott, he was appointed to it. In this way, by a series of steps, he ascended from the lowest to one of the highest grades of Scottish academical distinction. Tennant's last work, published in 1845, was entitled "Hebrew Dramas, founded on Incidents in Bible History," and consisted

of three dramatic compositions. He was also the author of a Syriac and Chaldee grammar, and of a memoir of Allan Ramsay, published with his works, which he put forth as the pioneer of an edition of the Scottish poets. As a prose writer he never attained any distinction. He contributed numerous articles to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, none of which, however, exhibit any peculiar excellence. Tennant usually spent his summer months at his own villa of Devongrove, near Dollar, and here he breathed his last, October 15, 1848, in his sixty-fourth year. A memoir of his life and writings by Matthew Foster Conolly appeared in 1861.

The following unpublished letters, addressed to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, will be read with interest, as they refer to a new metrical translation of the Psalms, in regard to which Tennant had a spirited correspondence with the Ettrick Shepherd, afterwards collected and issued in a volume by Constable & Co. :—

"Devongrove, Dollar, 28th Sept. 1831.

"My dear Mrs. Grant,—I beg leave to send you herewith, according to promise, the corrected copy of our Scottish version of the Psalms, of which I spoke to you while I was in Edinburgh. I should be happy if you took the trouble to glance into it at your leisure moments. You will find the emendations made only on a few passages, and these, I think, the most objectionable and indefensible as relates either to the bad grammar or the false or double rhymes in the Scotticisms to be found in our psalmody. I have not ventured to touch any passage which I deemed not in some respect blameworthy; and very probably you may mark off some few slight passages which may admit of some gentle healing, but which by me have not been observed, or have not come within that scope of emendation which I prescribed to myself. If our present version, which is assuredly the best, is ever to be at all purified or emended, it should be done by gentle means and by making the smallest possible alterations, so that its present readers and admirers may read and admire on without being conscious of any violence committed—without having their attention distracted, and their time-confirmed respect shocked by any modern botches of superfluous

or glaring emendation. Whether I have done according to my own design and conception I do not know; but if correction is to be tried at all, assuredly it should proceed in this gentle manner. I should be glad not only to have your written opinion so soon as you have perused my attempted corrections, but that you yourself as an amusement (which I found a delightful one) should try your hand at correcting any false rhyme or return stanza, for instance in Psalms xviii. and xix., or any other you may deem deserving of it. . . .

“The volume of corrected Psalms you will please retain till I revisit Edinburgh, which perhaps, if weather be favourable, may be at Christmas.—I have the honour to be, my dear Mrs. Grant, your very faithful servant,

“WM. TENNANT.”

“Devon Grove, Dollar, 15th Dec. 1831.

“My dear Mrs. Grant,—It was with the utmost pleasure I received your esteemed letter of 28th ult., which I perused with much delight. I am glad indeed to find that you enjoy the same good health in which I left you in September. I shall be now fain to see your

remarks on the attempted emendations of our much-revered old Scottish Psalm-version. . . .

“Since I had the pleasure of seeing you I have been bereaved of my good old mother, who died at my house about four weeks ago. She lived with me after my father’s death for the space of about three and a half years. She had enjoyed for several years very good health, and we were all happy together. What a blank has been created in our happy household by her departure! It will be a long time ere I become reconciled to it.

“Attached to this, I beg leave to send you a few lines written after her decease,—‘To her Spinning-wheel’—an exercise in which she took great delight. I was much affected by the circumstance of her leaving the ‘task of flax’ unspun. I should be glad if you were pleased with the few stanzas written upon this familiar household subject.

“Should I be in Edinburgh at the Christmas holidays, I shall avail myself of that opportunity again to enjoy the pleasure of your conversation.—And believe me to be at all times, my dear Mrs. Grant, very sincerely your faithful servant,

WM. TENNANT.”

## ANSTER FAIR.<sup>1</sup>

### CANTO I.

While some of Troy and pettish heroes sing,  
And some of Rome and chiefs of pious fame,  
And some of men that thought it harmless thing  
To smite off heads in Mars’ bloody game,  
And some of Eden’s garden gay with spring,  
And Hell’s dominions, terrible to name,—  
I sing a theme far livelier, happier, gladder,  
I sing of Anster Fair, and bonny Maggie Lauder.

What time from east, from west, from south,  
from north,

From every hamlet, town, and smoky city,  
Laird, elown, and beau to Anster Fair came  
forth—

The young, the gay, the handsome, and the  
witty,

To try in various sport and game their worth,  
Whilst prize before them Maggie sat, the pretty,

And after many a feat, and joke, and banter,  
Fair Maggie’s hand was won by mighty Rob the  
Ranter.

Muse, that from top of thine old Greekish hill,  
Didst the harp-fing’ring Theban younker  
view,

And on his lips bid bees their sweets distil,  
And gav’st the chariot that the white swans  
drew—

O let me scoop, from thine ethereal rill,  
Some little palmfuls of the blessed dew,  
And lend the swan-drawn car, that safely I,  
Like him, may scorn the earth, and burst into  
the sky.

Our themes are like; for he the games extoll’d  
Held in the chariot-shaken Grecian plains,  
Where the vain victor, arrogant and bold,  
Parsley or laurel got for all his pains.

<sup>1</sup> Allan Cunningham says of this charming poem, written in the *ottava rima* of the Italians:—“William Tennant, in his very original poem of ‘Anster Fair,’ gave Frere and Byron more than a hint for ‘Whistle

Craft’ and ‘Beppo;’ nor is it unjust to say that the imitators have not at all equalled the life, the *naïveté*, the ludicrous dashed with the solemn, and the witty with both, which characterize the poet of Dollar.”—Ed.

I sing of sports more worthy to be told,  
 Where better prize the Scottish victor gains;  
 What were the crowns of Greece but wind and  
 bladder,  
 Compared with marriage-bed of bonnie Maggie  
 Lauder?

And O that King Apollo would but grant  
 A little spark of that transcendent flame,  
 That fir'd the Chian rhapsodist to chant  
 How vied the bowmen for Ulysses' dame;  
 And him of Rome to sing how Atalanta  
 Plied, dart in hand, the suitor-slaught'ring  
 game,  
 Till the bright gold, bowl'd forth along the grass,  
 Betray'd her to a spouse, and stopp'd the bound-  
 ing lass.

But lo! from bosom of yon southern cloud,  
 I see the chariot come which Pindar bore;  
 I see the swans, whose white necks, arching  
 proud,  
 Glitter with golden yoke, approach my shore:  
 For me they come!—O Phœbus, potent god!  
 Spare, spare me now—Enough, good king—no  
 more—  
 A little spark I ask'd in moderation,  
 Why seerest me ev'n to death with fiery inspira-  
 tion?

My pulse beats fire—my perieranium glows,  
 Like baker's oven, with poetic heat;  
 A thousand bright ideas, spurning prose,  
 Are in a twinkling hatch'd in Fancy's seat;  
 Zounds! they will fly out at my ears and nose,  
 If through my mouth they find not passage  
 fleet;  
 I hear them buzzing deep within my noddle,  
 Like bees that in their hives confus'dly hum and  
 huddle.

How now?—what's this?—my very eyes, I trow,  
 Drop on my hands their base prosaic scales;  
 My visual orbs are purg'd from film, and lo!  
 Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales,  
 I see old Fairyland's mirac'ulous show—  
 Her trees of tinsel kiss'd by freakish gales,  
 Her ouphes, that cloak'd in leaf-gold skim the  
 breeze,  
 And fairies swarming thick as mites in rotten  
 cheese.

I see the puny fair-chinn'd goblin rise  
 Suddenly glorious from his mustard-pot;  
 I see him wave his hand in seemly wise,  
 And button round him tight his fulgent coat;  
 While Maggie Lauder, in a great surprise,  
 Sits startled on her chair, yet fearing not;  
 I see him ope his dewy lips; I hear  
 The strange and strict command address'd to  
 Maggie's ear.

I see the Ranter with bagpipe on back,  
 As to the fair he rides jocosely on;  
 I see the crowds that press with speed not slack  
 Along each road that leads to Anster Loan;  
 I see the suitors, that, deep-sheathed in sack,  
 Hobble and tumble, bawl and swear, and  
 groan;  
 I see—but fie, thou brainish Muse! what mean  
 These vapourings, and brags of what by thee is  
 seen?

Go to!—be cooler, and in order tell  
 To all my good co-townsmen list'ning round,  
 How every merry incident befel,  
 Whereby our loan shall ever be renown'd;  
 Say first, what elf or fairy could impel  
 Fair Mag, with wit, and wealth, and beauty  
 crown'd,  
 To put her suitors to such waggish test,  
 And give her happy bed to him that jumped best!

'Twas on a keen December night; John Frost  
 Drove through mid air his chariot, icy-wheel'd,  
 And from the sky's crisp ceiling star-enbost,  
 Whiff'd off the clouds that the pure blue con-  
 ceal'd;  
 The hornless moon amid her brilliant host  
 Shone, and with silver-sheeted lake and field.  
 'Twas cutting cold; I'm sure each trav'ler's nose  
 Was pinch'd right red that night, and numb'd  
 were all his toes.

Not so were Maggie Lauder's toes, as she  
 In her warm chamber at her supper sat  
 (For 'twas that hour when burgesses agree  
 To eat their suppers ere the night grows late).  
 Alone she sat, and pensive as may be  
 A young fair lady, wishful of a mate;  
 Yet with her teeth held now and then a pick'ing,  
 Her stomach to refresh, the breast-bone of a  
 chicken.

She thought upon her suitors, that with love  
 Besiege her chamber all the livelong day,  
 Aspiring each her virgin heart to move,  
 With courtship's every troublesome essay;  
 Calling her angel, sweetening, fondling, dove,  
 And other nicknames in love's frivolous way:  
 While she, though their addresses still she heard,  
 Held back from all her heart, and still no beau  
 preferr'd.

What, what! quo' Mag, must thus it be my doom  
 To spend my prime in maidhood's joyless state,  
 And waste away my sprightly body's bloom  
 In spouseless solitude without a mate,  
 Still toying with my suitors, as they come  
 Cringing in lowly courtship to my gate?  
 Fool that I am, to live unwed so long!  
 More fool, since I am woo'd by such a clam'rous  
 throng!

For was e'er heiress with much gold in chest,  
 And dower'd with acres of wheat-bearing land,  
 By such a pack of men, in am'rous quest,  
 Fawningly spaniel'd to bestow her hand?  
 Where'er I walk, the air that feeds my breast  
 Is by the gusty sighs of lovers fam'd;  
 Each wind that blows wafts love-cards to my lap,  
 Whilst I—ah, stupid Mag!—avoid each am'rous  
 trap!

Then come, let me my suitors' merits weigh,  
 And in the worthiest lad my spouse select:—  
 First, there's our Anster merchant, Norman Ray,  
 A powder'd wight with golden buttons deck'd,  
 That stinks with scent, and chats like popinjay,  
 And struts with phiz tremendously erect;  
 Four brigs has he, that on the broad sea swim,—  
 He is a pompous fool—I cannot think of him.

Next is the maltster Andrew Strang, that takes  
 His seat i' the bailies' loft on Sabbath-day,  
 With paltry visage white as oaten-cakes,  
 As if no blood runs gurgling in his clay;  
 Heav'ns! what an awkward hunch the fellow  
 makes,  
 As to the priest he does the bow repay!  
 Yet he is rich—a very wealthy man, true—  
 But, by the holy rood, I will have none of  
 Andrew.

Then for the lairds—there's Melvil of Carnbee,  
 A handsome gallant, and a beau of spirit;  
 Who can go down the dance so well as he?  
 And who can fiddle with such manly merit?  
 Ay, but he is too much the debauchee—  
 His cheeks seem sponges oozing port and claret;  
 In marrying him I should bestow myself ill,  
 And so I'll not have you, thou fuddler, Harry  
 Melvil!

There's Cunningham of Barns, that still assails  
 With verse and billet-doux my gentle heart,  
 A bookish squire, and good at telling tales,  
 That rhymes and whines of Cupid, flame, and  
 dart;

But, oh! his mouth a sorry smell exhales,  
 And on his nose sprouts horribly the wart;  
 What though there be a fund of lore and fun in  
 him?  
 He has a rotten breath—I cannot think of Cun-  
 ningham.

Why then, there's Allardyce, that plies his suit  
 And battery of courtship more and more;  
 Spruce Lochmalonie, that with booted foot  
 Each morning wears the threshold of my door;  
 Anckmishie too, and Bruce, that persecute  
 My tender heart with am'rous buffets sore:—  
 Whom to my hand and bed should I promote?  
 Eh! what sight is this!—what ails my mustard-  
 pot!

Here broke the lady her soliloquy;  
 For in a twink her pot of mustard, lo!  
 Self-moved, like Jove's wheel'd stool that rolls  
 on high,  
 'Gan caper on her table to and fro,  
 And hopp'd and fidgeted before her eye,  
 Spontaneous, here and there, a wond'rous  
 show:  
 As leaps, instinct with mercury, a bladder,  
 So leaps the mustard-pot of bonnie Maggie  
 Lauder.

Soon stopp'd its dance th' ignoble utensil,  
 When from its round and small recess there  
 came  
 Thin circling wreaths of paly smoke, that still,  
 Fed by some magic unapparent flame,  
 Mount to the chamber's stucco'd roof, and fill  
 Each nook with fragrance, and refresh the  
 dame:  
 Ne'er smelt a Phoenix-nest so sweet, I wot,  
 As smelt the luscious fumes of Maggie's mustard-  
 pot.

It reeked censer-like; then, strange to tell!  
 Forth from the smoke, that thick and thicker  
 grows,  
 A fairy of the height of half an ell,  
 In dwarfish pomp, majestically rose:  
 His feet, upon the table 'stablished well,  
 Stood trim and splendid in their snake-skin  
 hose;  
 Gleam'd topaz-like the breeches he had on,  
 Whose waistband like the bend of summer rain-  
 bow shone.

His coat seem'd fashion'd of the threads of gold,  
 That intertwine the clouds at sunset hour;  
 And, certes, Iris with her shuttle bold  
 Wove the rich garment in her lofty bower;  
 To form its buttons were the Pleiads old  
 Pluck'd from their sockets, sure by genic-power,  
 And sew'd upon the coat's resplendent hem;  
 Its neck was lovely green, each cuff a sapphire  
 gem.

As when the churlish spirit of the Cape  
 To Gama, voyaging to Mozambique,  
 Up-popp'd from sea, a tangle-tassel'd shape,  
 With mussels sticking inch-thick on his cheek,  
 And 'gan with tortoise-shell his limbs to scrape,  
 And yawn'd his monstrous blubberlips to speak;  
 Brave Gama's hairs stood bristled at the sight,  
 And on the tarry deck sunk down his men with  
 fright.

So sudden (not so huge and grimly dire)  
 Uprose to Maggie's stounded eyne the sprite,  
 As fair a fairy as you could desire,  
 With ruddy cheek, and chin and temples white;  
 His eyes seem'd little points of sparkling fire,  
 That, as he look'd, charm'd with inviting light;

He was, indeed, as bonny a fay and brisk,  
As e'er on long moonbeam was seen to ride and  
frisk.

Around his bosom, by a silken zone,  
A little bagpipe gracefully was bound,  
Whose pipes like hollow stalks of silver shone,  
The glist'ring tiny avenues of sound;  
Beneath his arm the winly bag, full-blown,  
Heaved up its purple like an orange round,  
And only waited orders to discharge  
Its blast with charming groan into the sky at large.

He wav'd his hand to Maggie, as she sat  
Amaz'd and startled on her carved chair;  
Then took his petty feather-garnish'd hat  
In honour to the lady from his hair,  
And made a bow so dignifiedly flat,  
That Mag was witedh his beaush air.  
At last he spoke, with voice so soft, so kind,  
So sweet, as if his throat with fiddle-strings was  
lin'd:—

Lady! be not offended that I dare,  
Thy forward and impertinently rude,  
Emerge, uncall'd, into the upper air,  
Intruding on a maiden's solitude.  
Nay, do not be alarm'd, thou lady fair!  
Why startle so?—I am a fairy good;  
Not one of those that, envying beauteous maids,  
Speekle their skins with moles, and fill with  
splens their heads.

For, as conceal'd in this clay-house of mine,  
I overheard thee in a lowly voice,  
Weighing thy lovers' merits, with design  
Now on the worthiest lad to fix thy choice,  
I have up-bolted from my paltry shrine,  
To give thee, sweet-ey'd lass, my best advice;  
For by the life of Oberon my king!  
To pick good husband out is, sure, a ticklish  
thing.

And never shall good Tommy Puck permit  
Such an assemblage of unwonted charms  
To cool some lecher's lewd licentious fit.  
And sleep imboured by his boisterous arms:  
What though his fields by twenty ploughs be split,  
And golden wheat wave riches on his farms?  
His house is shame—it cannot, shall not be;  
A greater, happier doom, O Mag, awaiteth thee.

Strange are indeed the steps by which thou must  
Thy glory's happy eminence attain;  
But fate hath fix'd them, and 'tis fate's t' adjust  
The mighty links that ends to means enchain;  
Nor may poor Puck his little fingers thrust  
Into the links to break Jove's steel in twain:  
Then, Maggie, hear, and let my words descend  
Into thy soul, for much it boots thee to attend.

To-morrow, when o'er th' Isle of May the sun  
Lifts up his forehead bright with golden crown,

Call to thine house the light-heel'd men, that run  
Afar on messages for Anster Town,—  
Fellows of sp'rit, by none in speed outdone,  
Of lofty voice, enough a drum to drown,  
And bid them hie, post-haste, through all the  
nation,  
And publish, far and near, this famous procla-  
mation:—

Let them proclaim, with voice's loudest tone,  
That on your next approaching market-day,  
Shall merry sports be held in Anster Loan,  
With celebration notable and gay;  
And that a prize, than gold or precious stone  
More precious, shall the victor's toils repay,  
Ev'n thy own form with beauties so replete,—  
Nay, Maggie, start not thus!—thy marriage-bed,  
my sweet.

First, on the loan shall ride full many an ass,  
With stout whip-wielding rider on his back,  
Intent with twinkling hoof to pelt the grass,  
And pricking up his long ears at the crack;  
Next o'er the ground the daring men shall pass,  
Half-coffin'd in their cumbrances of sack,  
With heads just peeping from their shrines of  
bag,  
Horribly hobbling round, and straining hard for  
Mag.

Then shall the pipers groaningly begin  
In squeaking rivalry their merry strain,  
Till Billyness shall echo back the din,  
And Inmurgelly woods shall ring again;  
Last, let each man that hopes thy hand to win  
By witty product of prolific brain,  
Approach, and, confident of Pallas' aid,  
Claim by an hum'rous tale possession of thy bed.

Such are the wondrous tests, by which, my love!  
The merits of thy husband must be tried,  
And he that shall in these superior prove  
(One proper husband shall the Fates provide),  
Shall from the loan with thee triumphant move  
Homeward, the jolly bridegroom and the bride,  
And at thy house shall eat the marriage-feast,  
When I'll pop up again!—Here Tommy Puck  
surceast.

He ceas'd, and to his wee mouth, dewy wet,  
His bagpipe's tube of silver up he held,  
And underneath his down-press'd arm he set  
His purple bag, that with a tempest swell'd;  
He play'd and pip'd so sweet, that never yet  
Mag had a piper heard that Puck excell'd;  
Had Midas heard a tune so exquisite,  
By Heav'n! his long base ears had quiver'd with  
delight.

Tingle the fire-ir'ns, poker, tongs, and grate,  
Responsive to the blithesome melody;

The tables and the chairs inanimate

Wish they had muscled now to trip it high;  
Wave back and forwards at a wondrous rate,  
The window-curtains, touch'd with sympathy;  
Fork, knife, and trencher almost break their sloth,  
And caper on their ends upon the table-cloth.

How then could Maggie, sprightly, smart, and young,

Withstand that bagpipe's blithe awak'ning air?  
She, as her ear-drum caught the sounds, up-sprung  
Like lightning, and despis'd her idle chair,  
And into all the dance's graces flung  
The bounding members of her body fair;  
From nook to nook through all her room she tript,  
And whirl'd like whirligig, and reel'd, and bobb'd,  
and skipt.

At last the little piper ceas'd to play,  
And deftly bow'd, and said, "My dear, good-night;"

Then in a smoke evanish'd clean away,  
With all his gaudy apparatus bright;  
As breaks soap-bubble which a boy in play  
Blows from his short tobacco-pipe aright,  
So broke poor Puck from view, and on the spot  
Y-smoking aloes-reek he left his mustard-pot.

Whercat the furious lady's wriggling feet  
Forgot to patter in such pelting wise,  
And down she gladly sunk upon her seat,  
Fatigu'd and panting from her exercise;  
She sat and mus'd awhile, as it was meet,  
On what so late had occupied her eyes;  
Then to her bedroom went, and doff'd her gown,  
And laid upon her couch her charming person down.

Some say that Maggie slept so sound that night,  
As never she had slept since she was born;  
But sure am I, that, thoughtful of the sprite,  
She twenty times upon her bed did turn;  
For still appear'd to stand before her sight  
The gaudy goblin, glorious from his urn,  
And still, within the cavern of her ear,  
Th' injunction echoing rung, so strict and strange  
to hear.

But when the silver-harness'd steeds, that draw  
The ear of morning up th' empyreal height,  
Had sorted day upon North Berwick Law,  
And from their glist'ring loose manes toss'd  
the light,  
Immediately from bed she rose, (such awe  
Of Tommy press'd her soul with anxious weight,)  
And donn'd her tissue fragrant morning vest,  
And to fulfil his charge her earliest care address.

Straight to her house she carried not to call  
Her messengers and heralds swift of foot,—

Men skill'd to hop o'er dikes and ditches; all  
Gifted with sturdy brazen lungs to boot;  
She bade them halt at every town, and bawl  
Her proclamation out with mighty bruit,  
Inviting loud, to Anster Loan and Fair,  
The Scottish beau to jump for her sweet person  
there.

They took each man his staff into his hand;  
They button'd round their bellies close their  
coats;  
They flew divided through the frozen land;—  
Were never seen such swiftly-trav'ling Scots!  
Nor ford, slough, mountain, could their speed  
withstand;  
Such fleetness have the men that feed on oats!  
They skirr'd, they flounder'd through the sleet  
and snows,  
And puff'd against the winds, that bit in spite  
each nose.

They halted at each wall-fenc'd town renown'd,  
And ev'ry lesser borough of the nation;  
And with the trumpet's welkin-rifting sound,  
And tuck of drum of loud reverberation,  
Tow'rd's the four wings of heav'n, they, round  
and round,

Proclaim'd in Stentor-like vociferation,  
That, on th' approaching day of Anster market,  
Should merry sports be held:—Hush! listen now,  
and hark it!—

"Ho! beau and pipers, wits and jumpers, ho!  
Ye buxom blades that like to kiss the lasses;  
Ye that excel in sew'd up in sacks to go;  
Ye that excel in *horsemanship* of asses;  
Ye that are smart at telling tales, and know  
On Rhyme's two stilts to erutch it up Parnassus;  
Ho! lads, your sacks, pipes, asses, tales, prepare  
To jump, play, ride, and rhyme at Anster Loan  
and Fair!

"First, on the green turf shall each ass draw nigh,  
Caparison'd or clouted for the race,  
With mounted rider, sedulous to ply  
Cudgel or whip, and win the foremost place;  
Next, shall th' advent'rous men, that dare to try  
Their bodies' springiness in hempen case,  
Put on their bags, and, with ridic'ulous bound,  
And sweat and huge turmoil, pass lab'ring o'er  
the ground.

"Then shall the pipers, gentlemen o' the drone,  
Their pipes in gleesome competition screw,  
And grace, with loud solemnity of groan,  
Each his invented tune to th' audience new;  
Last shall each witty bard, to whom is known  
The craft of Helicon's rhyme-jingling crew,  
His story tell in good poetic strains,  
And make his learned tongue the midwife to his  
brains.

“And he whose tougue the wittiest tale shall tell,  
Whose bagpipe shall the sweetest tune resound,  
Whose heels, tho’ clogg’d with sack, shall jump  
it well,

Whose ass shall foot with fleetest hoof the ground,  
He who from all the rest shall bear the bell,  
With victory in every trial crown’d,  
He (mark it, lads!) to Maggie Lander’s house  
That self-same night shall go, and take her for  
his spouse.”

Here ceas’d the criers of the sturdy lungs;  
But here the gossip Fame (whose body’s pores  
Are nought but open ears and babbling tongues,  
That gape and wriggle on her hide in scores),  
Began to jabber o’er each city’s throngs,  
Blaz’ning the news through all the Scottish shores;  
Nor had she blabb’d, methinks, so stoutly since  
Queen Dido’s peace was broke by Troy’s love-  
traut prince.

In every lowland vale and Highland glen  
She nois’d the approaching fun of Anster Fair;  
Ev’n when in sleep were laid the sons of men,  
Snoring away on good chaff beds their care,  
You might have heard her faintly murmur then,  
For lack of audience, to the midnight air,  
That from Fife’s East Nook up to farthest Stor-  
noway,  
Fair Maggie’s loud report most rapidly was borne  
away.

And soon the mortals that design to strive  
By meritorious jumping for the prize,  
Train up their bodies, ere the day arrive,  
To th’ lumpish sack-encumber’d exercise;  
You might have seen no less than four or five  
Hobbling in each town loan in awkward guise;  
E’en little boys, when from the school let out,  
Mimick’d the bigger beaux, and leap’d in pokes  
about.

Through cots and granges with industrious foot,  
By laird and knight were light-heel’d asses  
sought,  
So that no ass of any great repute  
For twenty Scots marks could have then been  
bought;  
Nor e’er, before or since, the long-ear’d brute  
Was such a goodly acquisition thought.  
The pipers vex’d their ears and pipes, t’ invent  
Some tune that might the taste of Anster Mag  
content.

Each poet, too, whose lore-manured brain  
Is hot of soil, and sprouts up mushroom wit,  
Ponder’d his noddle into extreme pain  
T’ excogitate some story nice and fit:  
When rack’d had been his skull some hours in  
vain,  
He, to relax his mind a little bit,

Plung’d deep into a sack his precious body,  
And school’d it for the race, and hopp’d around  
his study.

Such was the sore preparatory care  
Of all th’ ambitious that for April sigh:  
Nor sigh the young alone for Anster Fair;  
Old men and wives, erewhile content to die,  
Who hardly can forsake their easy-chair,  
To take, abroad, farewell of sun and sky,  
With new desire of life now glowing, pray  
That they may just o’erlive our famous market-  
day.

## TAMMY LITTLE.

Wee Tammy Little, honest man!  
I kent the body weel,  
As round the kintra-side he gaed,  
Careerin’ wi’ his creel.

He was sae slender and sae wee,  
That aye when blasts did blaw,  
He ballasted himself wi’ stanes  
‘Gainst bein’ blawn awa.

A meikle stane the wee bit man  
In ilka coat-pouch clappit,  
That by the mighty gowlin’ wind  
He michtna doun be swappit.

When he did chance within a wood,  
On simmer days to be,  
Aye he was frichted lest the craws  
Should heise him up on hie;

And aye he, wi’ an aiken cud,  
The air did thump and beat,  
To stap the craws frac liftin’ him  
Up to their nests for meat.

Ae day, when in a barn he lay,  
And thrashers thrang were thair,  
He in a moment vanish’d aff,  
And nae man could tell whair.

They lookit till the riggin’ up,  
And round and round they lookit,  
At last they fand him underneath  
A firlot cryuled and erookit.

Ance as big Samuel passed him by,  
Big Samuel gave a sneeze,  
And wi’ the sough o’t he was cast  
Clean doun upon his knees.

His wife and he upon ane day  
Did chance to disagree,

And up she took the bellowses,  
As wild as wife could be;

She gave ane puff intill his face,  
And made him, like a feather,  
Flee frae the tac side o' the house,  
Resoundin' till the tither!

Ae simmer e'en, when as he through  
Pitkirie forest past,  
By three braid leaves, blawn aff the trees,  
He doun to yird was cast;

A tirl o' wind the three braid leaves  
Doun frae the forest dang:  
Ane frae an ash, ane frae an elm,  
Ane frae an aik-tree strang;

Ane strack him sair on the baek-neck,  
Ane on the nose him rappit,  
Ane smote him on the vera heart,  
And doun as dead he drappit.

But ah! but ah! a drearier dool  
Anee hap'd at Ounston-dammy,  
That heised him a' thegither up,  
And maist extinguished Tammy;

For, as he cam slow-daunderin' doun,  
In's hand his basket hingin',  
And staver'd ower the hei-road's breidth,  
Frae side to side a-swingin';

There cam a blast frae Kelly-law,  
As bald a blast as ever  
Auld snivelin' Boreas blew abraid,  
To mak' the world shiver;

It liftit Tammy aff his feet,  
Mair easy than a shavin',  
And hurl'd him half-a-mile complete  
Hie up 'tween earth and heaven.

That day pair Tammy had wi' stanes  
No ballasted his body,  
So that he flew, maist like a shot,  
Ower corn-land and ower cloddy.

You've seen ane tumbler on a stage,  
Tumble sax times and mair,  
But Tammy weel sax hundred times  
Gaed tumblin' through the air.

And whan the whirly-wind gave ower  
He frae the lift fell plumb,  
And in a blink stood stiekin' fast  
In Gaffer Glowr-weel's lum.

Ay—there his legs and body stack  
Amang the smotherin' soot,

But, by a wonderfu' good luck,  
His head kept peepin' out.

But Gaffer Glowr-weel, when he saw  
A man stuck in his lum,  
He swarf'd wi' drither clean awa,  
And sat some seconds dumb.

It took five masons near an hour  
A' riving at the lum  
Wi' picks, (he was sae jam'm'd therein,)  
Ere Tammy out could come.

As for his basket—weel I wat,  
His basket's fate and fa'  
Was, as I've heard douce neighbors tell,  
The queereest thing o' a'.

The blast took up the body's creel  
And laid it on a cloud,  
That bare it, sailin' through the sky,  
Richt ower the Firth's braid flood.

And whan the cloud did melt awa,  
Then, then the creel cam' doun,  
And fell'd the toun-clerk o' Dunbar  
E'en in his ain gude toun;

The clerik stood yelpin' on the street,  
At some bit strife that stirr'd him,  
Doun cam' the creel, and to the yird  
It dang him wi' a dirdom!

THE EPITAPH FOR TAMMY.

O Earth! O Earth! if thou hast but  
A rabbit-hole to spair,  
O grant the graff to Tammy's corp,  
That it may nestle thair!

And press thou light on him, now dead,  
That was sae slim and wee,  
For weel I wat, when he was quick,  
He lightly pressed on thee!

ODE TO PEACE.

Daughter of God! that sits on high,  
Amid the dances of the sky,  
And guidest with thy gentle sway  
The planets on their tuneful way;  
Sweet Peace! shall n'er again  
The smile of thy most holy face,  
From thine ethereal dwelling-place  
Rejoice the wretched weary race  
Of discord-breathing men?



Too long, O gladness-giving queen!  
 Thy tarrying in heaven has been;  
 Too long o'er this fair blooming world  
 The flag of blood has been unfurled,  
 Polluting God's pure day;  
 Whilst, as each maddening people reels,  
 War onward drives his scythed wheels,  
 And at his horse's bloody heels  
 Shriek murder and dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry  
 Of widow wailing bitterly;  
 To see the parent's silent tear  
 For children fallen beneath the spear;  
 And I have felt so sore  
 The sense of human guilt and woe,  
 That I, in virtue's passion'd glow,  
 Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)  
 The shape of man I bore!  
 Then come from thy serene abode,  
 Thou gladness-giving child of God!  
 And cease the world's ensanguined strife,  
 And reconcile my soul to life;  
 For much I long to see,  
 Ere to the grave I down descend,  
 Thy hand her blessed branch extend,  
 And to the world's remotest end  
 Wave love and harmony!

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TO MY MOTHER'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

(WRITTEN A FEW DAYS AFTER HER DEATH.)

Lo! silent now and motionless,  
 Within the corner stands  
 The busy little engine once  
 Mov'd by my mother's hands.

I bought it for her, low and light,  
 To turn in easy wise,  
 Thereby t'invite her aged foot  
 To gentle exercise.

How gladsomely she sat her down  
 Her self-set task to ply!  
 How lightsomely, beside the hearth,  
 Did winter evenings fly!  
 I question'd her of Thrift, and all  
 Her linen-making toils;  
 And she informed my ignorance  
 All readily with smiles.

Idle awhile the engine stood  
 In autumn's jolly reign;  
 She chid herself for idleness,  
 And sought her wheel again.  
 She spread the flax all smooth; she warp'd  
 It round the distaff fair;—  
 Alas! her hand ne'er touch'd the work—  
 She died—and left it there!

And now another hand must spin  
 The flaxen remnant out;  
 A foot of greater energy  
 Must force the wheel about.  
 No more my chamber with its hum,  
 At eve, shall shaken be;  
 A house-wife's thrift, a house-wife's toils,  
 No more have charms for me!

Yet, little engine! though thy sound  
 No more shall please mine ear,  
 Yet ever to mine eye thou shalt  
 Be a memorial dear.  
 Ev'n for her sake that exercis'd  
 Her aged foot on thee,  
 I'll look on thee with love; and thou  
 Shalt never part from me.

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ALEXANDER RODGER.

BORN 1784—DIED 1846.

ALEXANDER RODGER, some of whose songs have been very popular, was born at East-Calder, Mid-Lothian, July 16, 1784. His father, at first a farmer, afterwards became tenant of an inn at Mid-Calder, where Alexander was sent to school. Five years later he removed to Edinburgh, and apprenticed his son to a silversmith there. In 1797 his affairs became

so much embarrassed that he removed to Hamburg, and Alexander was sent to reside with relations in Glasgow, by whom he was apprenticed to a weaver. In 1803 he was induced to join the Glasgow Highland Volunteers, a corps principally composed of Highlanders, and it became a favourite amusement with him to hit off the peculiarities of his Celtic com-

panions-in-arms. In 1806 he married Agnes Turner, by whom he had a large family, some of whom removed to the United States. Adding a little to his income by giving lessons in music, the peaceful tenor of the poet's life continued unbroken until the year 1819, when he was led to connect himself with a Radical journal called the *Spirit of the Union*, originated with the design of creating disaffection to the government. The editor was transported for life; the poet was convicted of revolutionary practices, and sent to prison for a short time. Here his indignant spirit used to solace itself by singing aloud his own political compositions, which, being well spiced with Radicalism, were exceedingly distasteful to his jailers. Soon after his release he obtained a situation in the Barrowfield Works as an inspector of the cloths, which he retained for eleven years, and during this period he produced some of his best poems. In 1832 he left this excellent position to engage with a friend in the pawnbroking business—a vocation not at all suitable for the kind-hearted poet,

who afterwards abandoned it, and obtained a situation in the *Glasgow Chronicle* office. In 1836 he removed to the *Reformers' Gazette* office, where he remained until his death, highly esteemed by his employers and a wide circle of friends. Mr. Rodger's health began to fail during the summer of 1846, and he died on the 26th September of that year. A handsome monument was erected over his remains in the Necropolis of Glasgow.

Rodger's first appearance as an avowed author was in 1827, when a volume of his poems was published in Glasgow; and in 1838 a new and complete edition was issued. His poetry is a combination of humour and satire, and it is perhaps not too much to say that in his day he was the favourite lyric poet of the West of Scotland. In 1836 some two hundred of his admirers and fellow-citizens entertained him at a public dinner in Glasgow, and handed him a small silver box of sovereigns, "a fruit not often found in much profusion on the barren though sunny sides and slopes of Parnassus."

## SHON M'NAB.

Nainsel pe Maister Shon M'Nab,  
Pe auld's ta forty-five, man,  
And mony troll affairs she's seen,  
Since she was born alive, man;  
She's seen the warl' turn upside down,  
Ta shentleman turn poor man,  
And him was ance ta beggar loon,  
Get knocker 'pon him's door, man.

She's seen ta stane bow't owre ta purn,  
And syne he ca'd ta prig, man;  
She's seen ta whig ta tory turn,  
Ta tory turn ta whig, man;  
But a' ta troll things she pe seen  
Wad teuk twa days to tell, man,  
So, gin you likes, she'll told you shust  
Ta story 'bout hersel', man:—

Nainsel was first ta herd ta kyes,  
'Pon Morven's ponnie praes, man,  
Whar tousand pleasant days she'll spent,  
Pe pu ta nits and slaes, man;  
An' ten she'll pe ta *herring-boat*,  
An' syne she'll pe fish-cod, man,  
Ta place tey'll call Newfoundland,  
Pe far peyont ta broad, man.

But, och-hon-ee! one misty night  
Nainsel will lost her way, man,  
Her poat was trown'd, hersel got fright,  
She'll mind till dying day, man.  
So fait! she'll pe fish-cod no more,  
But back to Morven cam', man,  
An' tere she'll turn ta whisky still,  
Pe prew ta wee trap tram, man.

But foul befa' ta gauger loon,  
Pe put her in ta shail, man,  
Whar she wad stood for mony a day,  
Shust 'cause she no got bail, man;  
But out she'll got—nae matters hoo,  
And came to Glasgow toun, man,  
Whar tousand wonders *mhoo* she'll saw,  
As she went up and down, man.

Te first thing she pe wonder at,  
As she cam' doun ta street, man,  
Was man's pe trow ta cart himsel,  
Shust 'pon him's nain twa feet, man.  
Och on! och on! her nainsel thought,  
As she wad stood and glower, man,  
Puir man! if they mak you ta *horse*—  
Should gang 'pon a' your *four*, man.

And when she turned ta corner round,  
 Ta black man tere she see, man,  
 Pe grund ta mnsic in ta kist,  
 And sell him for pawbee, man;  
 And aye she'll grund, and grund, and  
 grund,  
 And turn her mill about, man,  
 Pe strange! she will put nothing in,  
 Yet aye teuk music out, man.

And when she'll saw ta people's walk  
 In crowds along ta street, man,  
 She'll wonder whar tey a' got spoons  
 To sup teir pick o meat, man;  
 For in ta place whar she was porn,  
 And tat right far awa, man,  
 Ta teil a spoon in a' ta house,  
 But only ane or twa, man.

She glower to see ta mattams, too,  
 Wi' plack clout on teir face, man,  
 Tey surely tid some graceless teed,  
 Pe in sic black disrace, man;  
 Or else what for tey'll hing ta clout  
 Owre prow, and cheek, and chin, man,  
 If no for shame to show teir face,  
 For some ungodly sin, man?

Pe strange to see ta wee bit kirn  
 Pe jaw the waters out, man,  
 And ne'er rin dry, though she wad rin  
 A' tay, like mountain spout, man:  
 Pe stranger far to see ta lamps,  
 Like spunkies in a raw, man,  
 A' pruntin' pright for want o' oil,  
 And teil a wick awa, man.

Ta Glasgow folk be unco folk,  
 Hae tealings wi' ta teil, man,—  
 Wi' fire tey grund ta tait o' woo,  
 Wi' fire tey card ta meal, man,  
 Wi' fire tey spin, wi' fire tey weave,  
 Wi' fire do ilka turn, man;  
 Na, some of tem will eat ta fire,  
 And no him's pelly purn, man.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta coach be rin,  
 Upon ta railman's raw, man,  
 Nainsel will saw him teuk ta road,  
 An' teil a horse to traw, man;  
 Anither coach to Paisley rin,  
 Tey'll call him Lauchie's motion,  
 But oich! she was plawn a' to bits,  
 By rascal rogue M'Splosion.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta vessels rin  
 Upon ta river Clyde, man,  
 She saw't hersel, as sure's a gun,  
 As she stood on ta side, man:

But gin you'll no believe her word,  
 Gang to ta Proomielaw, man,  
 You'll saw ta ship wi' twa mill-wheels  
 Pe grund ta water sma', man.

Oich! sic a toun as Glasgow toun,  
 She never see pefore, man,  
 Te houses tere pe mile and mair,  
 Wi' names 'pon ilka toor, man.  
 An' in teir muckle windows tere,  
 She'll saw't, sure's teath, for sale, man,  
 Praw shentlemans pe want ta head,  
 An' leddies want ta tail, man.

She wonders what ta peoples do,  
 Wi' a' ta praw things tere, man,  
 Gie her ta prose, ta kilt, an' hose,  
 For tem she wadna care, man.  
 And aye gie her ta pickle sneesh,  
 And wee drap barley pree, man,  
 For a' ta praws in Glasgow toun,  
 She no gie paw-prown-pee, man.

#### BELIEVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

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

It wadna gie me meikle pain,  
 Gin we were 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 you 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' deccit;  
 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 aye, 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 sleeky self,  
 Gars me gang gyte before folk?

In a' ye 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, &c.,  
 Can I behave, &c.;  
 While ye ensnare, can I forbear  
 To kiss you, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,  
 Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might  
 beek,  
 Yet, howlet-like, my e'e-lids steek,  
 An' shun sic light, before folk?

Can I behave, &c.,  
 Can I behave, &c.,  
 When ilka smile becomes a wile,  
 Enticing me before folk?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,  
 Sweet, plump, and ripe, sae tempts me to't,  
 That I maun pree't, though I should rue't,  
 Ay, twenty times—before folk!  
 Can I behave, &c.,  
 Can I behave, &c.,  
 When tempting 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, &c.,  
 Can I behave, &c.,  
 When ilka charm, young, fresh, an'  
 warm,  
 Cries, " Kiss me now "—before folk?

An' oh! 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, &c.,  
 Can I behave, &c.,  
 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 aye;  
 Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,  
 What harm is in't before folk?  
 Can I behave, &c.,  
 Can I behave, &c.?  
 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 hae 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!

## SWEET BET OF ABERDEEN.

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  
 Frae 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 ecstasie hour:  
 I'd covet not the monarch's throne,  
 Nor diamond-studded queen,  
 While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,  
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

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ROBIN TAMSON.

My mither men't my auld breeks,  
 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,  
 And 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 shocing  
 I slippit up beside the lass,  
 An' briskly fell a-woosing.

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 you'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 hac Robin Tamson's pet,  
 An' Robin has my mither.

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ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

BORN 1784—DIED 1842.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, who ranks next to Burns and Hogg as a writer of Scottish song, was descended from a long line of ancestors who were lords of that district of Ayrshire which still bears their name, until one of them lost the patrimonial estate by siding with Montrose during the wars of the Commonwealth. Allan was born at Blackwood, near

Dumfries, December 7, 1784. He was the fourth son of John Cunningham, a shrewd, upright, and intelligent man, and Elizabeth Harley, a lady of elegant personal accomplishments and good family. After receiving an ordinary education in the English branches at a school conducted by an enthusiastic Cameronian, Allan was apprenticed to his eldest brother James as a stone-mason; and he still continued to enjoy the benefit of his father's instructions, whom he describes as possessing "a warm heart, lively fancy, benevolent humour, and pleasant happy wit." Allan appears also, from the multifarious knowledge which his earliest productions betoken, to have been at this time a careful reader of every book that came within his reach. He commenced the writing of poetry at a very early age, having been inspired by the numerous songs and ballads with which his native district of Nithsdale is stored. In 1790 his father became land-steward to Mr. Millar of Dalswinton, and as Burns' farm of Ellisland was on the opposite side of the river Nith the young lad had opportunities of meeting the distinguished poet, whose appearance and habits left an indelible impression on his mind. At the age of eighteen he made the acquaintance of the Ettrick Shepherd, who in his *Reminiscences of Former Days* gives a most interesting account of their first meeting. Hogg afterwards visited the Cunninghams at Dalswinton, and was greatly impressed with Allan's genius. In later days the Shepherd sung his praise as a skilful Scottish poet in the "Queen's Wake:"—

"Of the old elm his harp was made,  
That bent o'er Cluden's loneliest shade;  
No gilded sculpture round her flamed,  
For his own hand that harp had framed,  
In stolen hours, when, labour done,  
He strayed to view the parting sun.

That harp could make the matron stare,  
Bristle the peasant's hoary hair,  
Make patriot-breasts with ardour glow,  
And warrior pant to meet the foe;  
And long by Nith the maidens young  
Shall chant the strains their minstrel sung.  
At ewe-bacht, or at evening fold,  
When resting on the daisied wold,  
Combing their locks of waving gold,  
Oft the fair group, enrapt, shall name  
Their lost, their darling Cunningham;  
His was a song beloved in youth,  
A tale of weir, a tale of truth."

Allan's brother Thomas, and his friend James Hogg, being contributors to the *Scots Magazine*, he was led to offer some poetical pieces to that periodical, which were at once accepted and published. When Cromek visited Dumfries in search of materials for his *Reliques of Burns* young Cunningham was pointed out to him as one who could aid him in the work, and the London engraver advised him to collect the minstrelsy of Nithsdale and Galloway. Soon after his return home he received from Cunningham contributions of old songs which greatly delighted him, and he strongly recommended the young poet to come to London. Allan followed his advice, and was intrusted with editing the volume which appeared in 1810, entitled *Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*. But the best of these, and especially the "Mermaid of Galloway," were the production of Cunningham's own pen, a fact which the sagacity of the Ettrick Shepherd and Professor Wilson soon detected and demonstrated, very much to the advantage of the young poet. Cromek did not survive to learn the imposition which had been practised upon him. After the appearance of this work Cunningham was employed writing for the London press, but this proving a precarious source of income he returned to his original vocation, obtaining an engagement in the establishment of Sir Francis Chantrey, over which he soon became the superintendent. He retained this congenial position, where he was brought in contact with men of genius—artists, authors, soldiers, and statesmen—up to the date of his death, a period of nearly thirty years. His warm heart, his honest, upright, and independent character, attracted the affectionate esteem and respect of all who enjoyed the acquaintance of "honest Allan," as Sir Walter Scott commonly called him.

Although faithfully devoted to business, being not unfrequently occupied at the studio twelve hours a day, Cunningham soon became favourably known as a poet and man of letters. In 1813 he gave to the world a volume of lyrics entitled *Songs chiefly in the Rural Language of Scotland*, followed in 1822 by "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," a dramatic poem founded on Border story and superstition. Sir Walter Scott, to whom the author had sent the MS. of this work for perusal, considered it

a beautiful dramatic poem rather than a play, and therefore better fitted for the closet than the stage. His next publication was two volumes of *Traditional Tales*, which he had contributed to *Blackwood's* and the *London Magazines* from 1819 to 1824. This was followed in 1825 by his valuable work the *Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern*, with an Introduction and Notes, in four volumes. *Paul Jones*, a romance in three volumes, appeared in 1826; and a second, also in three volumes, entitled *Sir Michael Scott* was published in 1828. "The Maid of Elvar," an epic poem in twelve parts written in the Spenserian stanza, followed. In 1833 the most popular of his prose works, *Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, begun in 1829, was completed in six volumes. In 1834 his well-known edition of Burns, to which he prefixed a life of the poet and enriched with new anecdotes and information, was published, and met with most gratifying success. In 1836 he published *Lord Roldan*, a romance, like its predecessors, somewhat diffuse and improbable. Cunningham, in addition to the works enumerated, was a contributor to the *London Athenæum*, the author of a series of prose descriptions to accompany Major's *Cabinet Gallery of Pictures*, a "History of the Fine Arts" for the *Popular Encyclopedia*, some contributions to *Pilkington's Painters*, and a memoir of James Thomson for an illustrated edition of *The Seasons*. His last literary work was a *Life of Sir David Wilkie*. "Cunningham, who knew the painter well," says his biographer, "and loved him dearly as a congenial Scottish spirit, found in this production the last of his literary efforts, as he finished its final corrections only two days before he died." At the same time he had made considerable progress in an extended edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and a life of Chantrey was also expected from his pen; but before these could be accomplished both poet and sculptor, after a close union of twenty-nine years, had ended their labours and bequeathed their memorial to other hands. The last days of Chantrey were spent in drawing the tomb in which he wished to be buried in the churchyard of Norton in Derbyshire, the place of his nativity; and while showing the plans to his assistant he observed with a

look of anxiety, "But there will be no room for you." "Room for me!" cried Allan Cunningham; "I would not lie like a toad in a stone, or in a place strong enough for another to covet. Oh! no; let me lie where the green grass and the daisies grow, waving under the winds of the blue heaven." The wish of both was satisfied, for Chantrey reposes under his mausoleum of granite, and Cunningham in the picturesque cemetery of Kensall Green. The artist by his will left the poet a legacy of £2000, but the constitution of the latter was so prematurely exhausted that he lived only a year after his employer. He was seized with an apoplectic attack, and died October 29, 1842, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He left a widow and five children, one of whom, Peter Cunningham, was well and favourably known by his agreeable contributions to the current literature of the day. In 1847 he published an edition of his father's poems and songs, and in 1874 a life of Cunningham appeared from the pen of the Rev. D. Hogg.

Sir Walter Scott said of one of the songs of this tender and perhaps the most pathetic of all the Scottish minstrels, that "it was equal to Burns;" and on another occasion remarked, "'It's Hame and it's Hame' and 'A wet Sheet and a flowing Sea' are among the best songs going." An esteemed friend, Mrs. S. C. Hall, writes of Cunningham's ballads and lyrical pieces, that "they are exquisite in feeling, chaste and elegant in style, graceful in expression, and natural in conception; they will bear the strictest and most critical inspection of those who consider elaborate finish to be, at least, the second requisite of the writers of song." The Ettrick Shepherd, after recounting his first meeting with Cunningham, says, "I never missed an opportunity of meeting with Allan when it was in my power to do so. I was astonished at the luxuriousness of his fancy. It was boundless, but it was the luxury of a rich garden overrun with rampant weeds. He was likewise then a great mannerist in expression, and no man could mistake his verses for those of any other man. I remember seeing some imitations of Ossian by him, which I thought exceedingly good; and it struck me that that style of composition was peculiarly fitted for his vast and fervent imagination." His "style of poetry is greatly

changed of late for the better. I have never seen any style improved so much. It is free of all that erudeness and mannerism that once marked it so decidedly. He is now uniformly lively, serious, descriptive, or pathetic, as he

changes his subject; but formerly he jumbled all these together, as in a boiling cauldron, and when once he began it was impossible to calculate where or when he was going to end."

## THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY.

There's a maid has sat o' the green mcrse side,  
Thae ten lang years and mair:  
And every first nicht o' the new mune  
She kames her yellow hair.

And aye while she sheds the yellow burning  
gowd,  
Fu' sweet she sings and hic;  
Till the fairest bird in the greenwood  
Is charmed wi' her melodie.

But wha e'er listens to that sweet sang,  
Or gangs the fair dame te,  
Ne'er hears the sang o' the lark again,  
Nor waukens an earthlie e'e.

It fell in about the sweet summer month,  
I' the first come o' the mune,  
That she sat o' the tap o' a sea-weed rock,  
A-kaming her silk locks down.

Her kame was o' the whitely pearl,  
Her hand like new-won milk;  
Her bosom was like the snawy curd  
In a net o' sea-green silk.

She kamed her locks o'er her white shoulders,  
A fleecy baith wide and lang;  
And ilka ringlet she shed frae her brows,  
She raised a lightsome sang.

I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang,  
The birds forhood their young,  
And they flew i' the gate o' the gray howlet,  
To listen to the sweet maiden.

I' the second lilt o' that sweet sang,  
O' sweetness it was sae fu',  
The tod lap up ower our fauld-dike,  
And diehtit his red-wat mou'.

I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,  
Red lowed the new-woke moon:  
The stars drappit blude on the yellow gowan  
tap,  
Sax miles round that maiden.

"I ha'e dwalt on the Nith," quoth the young  
Cowchill,  
"Thae twenty years and three;  
But the sweetest sang I ever heard  
Comes through the greenwood to me.

"O, is it a voice frae twa earthlie lips,  
That maks sie melodie?  
It wad wyle the lark frae the morning lift,  
And weel may it wyle me!"

"I dreamed a dreary dream, master,  
Whilk I am rad ye rede;  
I dreamed ye kissed a pair o' sweet lips,  
That drapped o' red heart's blude."

"Come, haud my steed, ye little foot-page,  
Shod wi' the red gowd roun';  
Till I kiss the lips whilk sing sae sweet!"  
And lightlie lap he down.

"Kiss nae the singer's lips, master,  
Kiss nae the singer's ehin;  
Touch nae her hand," quoth the little foot-  
page,  
"If skaitless lame ye wad win.

"O, wha will sit in your toom saddle,  
O wha will bruik your gluve;  
And wha will fauld your erled bride  
In the kindlie clasps o' luve?"

He took aff his hat, a' gowd i' the rim,  
Knot wi' a siller ban';  
He seem'd a' in lowe with his gowd raiment,  
As through the greenwood he ran.

"The summer dew fa's saft, fair maid,  
Aneath the siller mune;  
But eerie is thy seat i' the rock,  
Wash'd wi' the white sea faem.

"Come, wash me wi' thy lillie-white hand,  
Below and 'boon the kneec;  
And I'll kame thae links o' yellow burning  
gowd  
Aboon thy bonnie blue e'e.

"How rosie are thy parting lips,  
How lillie-white thy skin!  
And, weel I wat, thae kissing een  
Wad tempt a saint to sin!"

"Tak' aff thae bars and bobs o' gowd,  
Wi' thy gared doublet fine;  
And thraw me off thy green mantle,  
Leafed wi' the siller twine.



“And a’ in courtesie, fair knight,  
A maiden’s mind to win;  
The gowd lacing o’ thy green weeds  
Wad harm her lillie skin.”

Syne cuist he aff his green mantle,  
Hemmed wi’ the red gowd roun’;  
His costly doubled cuist he aff,  
Wi’ red gowd flowered down.

“Now ye maun kame my yellow hair,  
Down wi’ my pearlie kame;  
Then rowe me in thy green mantle,  
And tak’ me maiden hame.

But first come tak me ’neath the chin;  
And, syne, come kiss my cheek;  
And spread my hanks o’ watery hair  
I’ the new-moon beam to dreep.”

Sae first he kissed her dimpled chin,  
Syne kissed her rosie cheek;  
And lang he wooded her willing lips,  
Like heather-hinnie sweet!

“O, if ye’ll come to bonnie Cowehill,  
’Mang primrose banks to woo,  
I’ll wash thee ilk day i’ the new-milked milk,  
And bind wi’ gowd your brow.

“And, a’ for a drink o’ the clear water,  
Ye’se hae the rosie wine;  
And a’ for the water-lillie white,  
Ye’se ha’e thae arms o’ mine!”

“But what will she say, your bonnie young  
bride,  
Busked wi’ the siller fine;  
When the rich kisses ye keepit for her lips,  
Are left wi’ vows on mine?”

He took his lips frae her red-rose mou’,  
His arm frae her waist sae sma’;  
“Sweet maiden, I’m in bridal speed—  
It’s time I were awa’.

“O gi’e me a token o’ luvè, sweet may,  
A leil luvè token true;”  
She crapped a lock o’ her yellow hair,  
And knotted it round his brow.

“Oh, tie it nae sae strait, sweet may,  
But wi’ luvè’s rose-knot kynde:  
My heid is fu’ o’ burning pain;  
Oh, saft ye maun it bind.”

His skin turned a’ o’ the red-rose hue,  
Wi’ draps o’ bludie sweat;  
And he laid his head ’mang the water lillies:  
“Sweet maiden, I maun sleep.”

She tyed ae link o’ her wat yellow hair  
Abune his burning bree;  
Amang his curling haffet locks  
She knotted kurlles three.

She weaved ower his brow the white lillie,  
Wi’ witch-knots mae than nine;  
“Gif ye were seven times bridegroom ower,  
This nicht ye sall be mine.”

O, twice he turned his sinking head,  
And twice he lifted his e’e;  
O, twice he socht to lift the links  
Were knotted owre his bree.

“Arise, sweet knight; your young bride waits,  
And doubts her ale will soure;  
And wistlie looks at the lillie-white sheets,  
Down-spread in ladie-bouir.”

And she has pinned the broidered silk  
About her white hause bane;  
Her princely petticoat is on,  
Wi’ gowd can stand its lane.

He faintlie, slowlie turned his cheek,  
And faintlie lift his e’e;  
And he strave to lowse the witching bands  
Aboon his burning bree.

Then took she up his green mantle,  
Of lowing gowd the hem;  
Then took she up his silken cap,  
Rich wi’ a siller stem;  
And she threw them wi’ her lillie hand  
Amang the white sea-faem.

She took the bride-ring frae his finger,  
And threw it in the sea;  
“That hand shall mense nae other ring  
But wi’ the will o’ me.”

She fauldèd him in her lillie arms,  
And left her pearlie kame;  
His fleecy locks trailed ower the sand,  
As she took the white sea-faem.

First rase the star out ower the hill,  
And neist the lovelier moon;  
While the beauteous bride o’ Gallowa’  
Looked for her blythe bridegroom.

Lythlie she sang, while the new mune rase,  
Blythe as a young bride may,  
When the new mune lights her lamp o’ luvè,  
And blinks the bryde away.

“Nithsdale, thou art a gay garden,  
Wi’ monie a winsome flour;  
But the princeliest rose in that gay garden  
Maun blossom in my bouir.

“And I will keep the drapping dew  
Frae my red rose’s tap;  
And the balmy blobs o’ ilka leaf  
I’ll keep them drap by drap.  
And I will wash my white bosom  
A’ wi’ this heavenly sap.”

And aye she sewed her silken snood,  
And sang a bridal sang:  
But aft the tears drapt frae her e'e,  
Afore the gray morn cam'.

The sun lowed ruddy 'mang the dew,  
Sae thick on bank and tree;  
The ploughboy whistled at his darg,  
The milkmaid answered hie;  
But the lovelie bryde o' Gallowa'  
Sat wi' a wat-shod e'e.

Ilk breath o' wind 'mang the forest leaves  
She heard the bridegroom's tongue;  
And she heard the brydal-coming lilt  
In every bird that sung.

She sat high on the tap tower stane;  
Nae waiting May was there;  
She loused the gowd busk frae her breist,  
The kame frae 'mang her hair;  
She wyplit the tear-blobs frae her e'e,  
And lookit lang and sair!

First sang to her the blythe wee bird,  
Frae aff the hawthorn green:  
"Lowse out the love-curls frae your hair,  
Ye plaited sae weel yestreen."

And the speckled woad-lark frae 'mang the  
chuds  
O' heaven, came singing doun:  
"Tak' out thae bride-knots frae your hair,  
And let the locks hang doun."

"Come, byde wi' me, ye pair o' sweet birds,  
Come doun and byde wi' me;  
Ye sall peckle o' the bread and drink o' the  
wine,  
And gowd your cage sall be."

She laid the bride-eake 'neath her head,  
And syne below her feet;  
And laid her doun 'tween the lillie-white sheets,  
And soundly did she sleep!

It was in the mid hour o' the nicht  
Her siller bell did ring;  
And soun't as if nae earthlie hand  
Had pou'd the silken string.

There was a cheek touched that ladye's,  
Cauld as the marble stane;  
And a hand, cauld as the drifting snow,  
Was laid on her breist-bane.

"O, cauld is thy hand, my dear Willie;  
O, cauld, cauld is thy cheek;  
And wring thae locks o' yellow hair,  
Frae which the cauld draps dreip."

"O, seek another bridegroom, Marie,  
On thae bosom faulds to sleep;  
My bride is the yellow water-lilie,  
It's leaves my bridal sheet!"

## THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O, my love's like the steadfast sun,  
Or streams that deepen as they run;  
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,  
Nor moments between sighs and tears,  
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,  
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain;  
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows  
To sober joys and soften woes,  
Can make my heart or fancy flee,  
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit  
In maiden bloom and matron wit;  
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued,  
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;  
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee  
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,  
We staved and wooed, and thought the moon  
Set on the sea an hour too soon;  
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,  
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet  
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,  
And time, and care, and birth-time woes,  
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,  
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong  
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.  
When words descend like dews, unsought,  
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,  
And Fancy in her heaven flies free—  
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,  
To silver, than some give to gold,  
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er  
How we should deck our humble bower;  
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,  
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;  
And sweeter still to choose and twine  
A garland for that brow of thine—  
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,  
While rivers flow and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,  
Grave moments of sedater thought,  
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night  
One gleam of her inconstant light;  
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,  
Shines like a rainbow through the shower;  
O then I see, while seated nigh,  
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,  
And proud resolve and purpose meek,  
Speak of thee more than words can speak.  
I think this wedded wife of mine  
The best of all things not divine.

## THE DOWNFALL OF DALZELL.

The wind is cold, the snow falls fast,  
 The night is dark and late,  
 As I lift aloud my voice and cry  
 By the oppressor's gate.  
 There is a voice in every hill,  
 A tongue in every stone;  
 The greenwood sings a song of joy,  
 Since thou art dead and gone:  
 A poet's voice is in each mouth,  
 And songs of triumph swell,  
 Glad songs that tell the gladsome earth  
 The downfall of Dalzell.

As I raised up my voice to sing,  
 I heard the green earth say,  
 Sweet am I now to beast and bird,  
 Since thou art past away;  
 I hear no more the battle shout,  
 The martyr's dying moans;  
 My cottages and cities sing  
 From their foundation stones;  
 The carbine and the culverin's mute—  
 The death-shot and the yell  
 Are twin'd into a hymn of joy,  
 For thy downfall, Dalzell.

I've trod thy banner in the dust,  
 And caused the raven call  
 From thy bride-chamber, to the owl  
 Hatch'd on thy castle wall;  
 I've made thy minstrel's music dumb,  
 And silent now to fame  
 Art thou, save when the orphan casts  
 His curses on thy name.  
 Now thou may'st say to good men's prayers  
 A long and last farewell:  
 There's hope for every sin save thine—  
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

The grim pit opes for thee her gates,  
 Where punish'd spirits wail,  
 And ghastly death throws wide her door,  
 And hails thee with, All hail!  
 Deep from the grave there comes a voice,  
 A voice with hollow tones,  
 Such as a spirit's tongue would have  
 That spoke through hollow bones:—  
 Arise, ye martyr'd men, and shout  
 From earth to howling hell;  
 He comes, the persecutor comes!  
 All hail to thee, Dalzell!

O'er an old battle-field there rushed  
 A wind, and with a moan  
 The sever'd limbs all rustling rose,  
 Even fellow bone to bone.

Lo! there he goes, I heard them cry,  
 Like babe in swathing band,  
 Who shook the temples of the Lord.  
 And pass'd them 'neath his brand!  
 Curs'd be the spot where he was born,  
 There let the adders dwell;  
 And from his father's hearth-stone hiss:  
 All hail to thee, Dalzell!

I saw thee growing like a tree—  
 Thy green head touched the sky—  
 But birds far from thy branches built,  
 The wild deer pass'd thee by:  
 No golden dew dropt on thy bough,  
 Glad summer scorned to grace  
 Thee with her flowers, nor shepherds wooed  
 Beside thy dwelling place:  
 The axe has come and hewed thee down,  
 Nor left one shoot to tell  
 Where all thy stately glory grew;  
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

An ancient man stands by thy gate,  
 His head like thine is gray—  
 Gray with the woes of many years—  
 Years fourscore and a day.  
 Five brave and stately sons were his;  
 Two daughters, sweet and rare;  
 An old dame dearer than them all,  
 And lands both broad and fair:—  
 Two broke their hearts when two were slain,  
 And three in battle fell—  
 An old man's curse shall cling to thee:  
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

And yet I sigh to think of thee,  
 A warrior tried and true,  
 As ever spurred a steed, when thick  
 The splintering lances flew.  
 I saw thee in thy stirrups stand,  
 And hew thy foes down fast,  
 When Grierson fled, and Maxwell fail'd,  
 And Gordon stood aghast;  
 And Graeme, saved by thy sword, raged fierce  
 As one redeem'd from hell.  
 I came to curse thee—and I weep:  
 So go in peace, Dalzell.

## SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,  
 She's gane to dwell in heaven;  
 "Ye're owre pure," quo' the voice of God,  
 "For dwelling out o' heaven!"

Oh, what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?  
 Oh, what'll she do in heaven?

She'll mix her ain thought swi' angels' sangs,  
And make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,  
She was beloved by a';  
But an angel fell in love wi' her,  
An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,  
Lowly there thou lies;  
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,  
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,  
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;  
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',  
But took gudeness' sell wi' thee.

I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassie,  
I look'd on thy death-cold face;  
Thou seem'd a lily new cut i' the bud,  
An' fading in its place.

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,  
I look'd on thy death-shut eye,  
An' a lovelier light in the brow of Heaven  
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,  
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;  
But gane was the holy breath o' Heaven,  
That sang the evening psalm.

There's nought but dust now mine, lassie,  
There's nought but dust now mine;  
My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,  
An' why should I stay behin'?

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#### DE BRUCE! DE BRUCE!

De Bruce! De Bruce!—with that proud call  
Thy glens, green Galloway,  
Grow bright with helm, and axe, and glaive,  
And plumes in close array:  
The English shafts are loosed, and see,  
They fall like winter sleet;  
The southern nobles urge their steeds,  
Earth shudders 'neath their feet.  
Flow gently on, thou gentle Orr,  
Down to old Solway's flood;  
The ruddy tide that stains thy streams  
Is England's richest blood.

Flow gently onwards, gentle Orr,  
Along thy greenwood banks;  
King Robert raised his martial cry,  
And broke the English ranks.  
Black Douglas smiled and wiped his blade,  
He and the gallant Græme;

And, as the lightning from the cloud,  
Here fiery Randolph came;  
And stubborn Maxwell too was here,  
Who spared nor strength nor steel;  
With him who won the winged spur  
Which gleams on Johnstone's heel.

De Bruce! De Bruce!—yon silver star,  
Fair Alice, it shines sweet—  
The lonely Orr, the good greenwood,  
The sod aneath our feet,  
Yon pasture mountain green and large,  
The sea that sweeps its foot—  
Shall die—shall dry—shall cease to be,  
And earth and air be mute;  
The sage's word, the poet's song,  
And woman's love, shall be  
Things charming none, when Scotland's heart  
Warms not with naming thee.

De Bruce! De Bruce!—on Dee's wild banks,  
And on Orr's silver side,  
Far other sounds are echoing now  
Than war-shouts answering wide:  
The reaper's horn rings merrily now;  
Beneath the golden grain  
The sickle shines, and maidens' songs  
Glad all the glens again.  
But minstrel-mirth, and homely joy,  
And heavenly libertie—  
De Bruce! De Bruce!—we owe them all  
To thy good sword and thee.

Lord of the mighty heart and mind,  
And theme of many a song!  
Brave, mild, and meek, and merciful,  
I see thee bound along,—  
Thy helmet plume is seen afar,  
That never bore a stain;  
Thy mighty sword is flashing high,  
Which never fell in vain.  
Shout, Scotland, shout—till Carlisle wall  
Gives back the sound agen,—  
De Bruce! De Bruce—less than a god,  
But noblest of all men!

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#### A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast;  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While, like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!  
 I heard a fair one cry:  
 But give to me the snoring breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high:  
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
 The good ship tight and free—  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud;  
 And hark the music, mariners  
 The wind is piping loud:  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashing free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

### THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON-MILL.

The lark had left the evening cloud,  
 The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,  
 Its gentle breath among the flowers  
 Scarce stir'd the thistle's tap of down:  
 The dappled swallow left the pool,  
 The stars were blinking o'er the hill,  
 When I met, among the hawthorns green,  
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Her naked feet among the grass  
 Shone like two dewy lilies fair:  
 Her brow beam'd white amech her locks,  
 Black curling o'er her shoulders bare;  
 Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,  
 Her lips had words and wit at will,  
 And heaven seem'd looking through her een,  
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Quoth I, Fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 Where black-cocks crow, and plovers cry?  
 Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,  
 Six vales are lowing wi' my kye.  
 I have look'd lang for a weel-faur'd lass,  
 By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill—  
 She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,  
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

I said, Sweet maiden, look nae down,  
 But gie's a kiss, and come with me:  
 A lovelier face O ne'er look'd up,—  
 The tears were dropping frae her e'e.  
 I hae a lad who's far awa',  
 That weel could win a woman's will;  
 My heart's already full of love,—  
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Now who is he could leave sic a lass,  
 And seek for love in a far country?

Her tears dropp'd down like simmer dew;  
 I fain wad kiss'd them frae her e'e.  
 I took ae kiss o' her comely cheek—  
 For pity's sake, kind sir, be still;  
 My heart is full of other love,  
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

She streek'd to heaven her twa white hands,  
 And lifted up her watery e'e—  
 Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,  
 Or light is gladsome to my e'e:  
 While woods grow green, and burns run clear,  
 Till my last drop of blood be still,  
 My heart shall hand nae other love,  
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,  
 And Nith's romantic vale is fu':  
 By Ae and Clouden's hermit streams  
 Dwells many a gentle dame, I trow,  
 O! they are lights of a bonnie kind,  
 As ever shone on vale and hill,  
 But there's ae light puts them all out,—  
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

### IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 An' its hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on  
 the tree,  
 The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie;  
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',  
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' s';  
 But I'll water't wi' the blade of usurping tyrannie,  
 An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.  
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

There's naught now frae ruin my country can  
 save,  
 But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,  
 That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyalty,  
 May rise agsin and fight for their ain countrie.  
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 And it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save:  
 The new grass is springing on the tap o' their  
 grave:  
 But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in  
 my e'e:  
 "I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."  
 It's hame, an' its hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

## MY NANIE, O.

Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,  
Mirk is the night, and rainie, O,  
Though heaven and earth should mix in  
storm,

I'll gang and see my Nanie, O;  
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O;  
My kind and winsome Nanie, O,  
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,  
And nane can do't but Nanie, O.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,  
Sae saintly and sae bonnie, O,  
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,  
For thieving looks at Nanie, O;  
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O;  
The world's in love with Nanie, O;  
That heart is hardly worth the wear  
That wadna love my Nanie, O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,  
When dancing she moves finely, O;  
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,  
They sparkle sae divinely, O;  
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O;  
The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie, O;  
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,  
And says, I dwell with Nanie, O.

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,  
O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie, O,  
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,  
When coming frae my Nanie, O;  
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O;  
Nane ken o' me and Nanie, O;  
The stars and moon may tell't aboon,  
They winna wrang my Nanie, O!

## SATURDAY'S SUN.

O Saturday's sun sinks down with a smile  
On one who is weary and worn with his toil!—  
Warmer is the kiss which his kind wife receives,  
Fonder the look to his bonnie bairns he gives;  
His gude mother is glad, though her race is nigh  
run,

To smile wi' the weans at the setting of the sun:  
The voice of prayer is heard, and the holy psalm  
tune,  
Wha wadna be glad when the sun gangs down?

Thy cheeks, my leal wife, may not keep the ripe  
glow  
Of sweet seventeen, when thy locks are like snow.

Though the sweet blinks of love are most flown  
frae thy e'e,  
Thou art fairer and dearer than ever to me.  
I mind when I thought that the sun didna shine  
On a form half so fair or a face so divine;  
Thou wert woo'd in the parlour, and sought in  
the ha';  
I came and I won thee frae the wit o' them a'.

My hair is my mailen, weel stocket and fu',  
My bairns are the flocks and the herds which I  
lo'e;  
My wife is the gold and delight of my e'e,  
And worth a whole lordship of mailens to me.  
O, who would fade away like a flower in the dew,  
And no leave a sprout for kind Heaven to pu'!  
Who would rot 'mang the mools like the stump  
of a tree,  
Wi' nae shoots the pride of the forest to be?

## AWAKE, MY LOVE.

Awake, my love! ere morning's ray  
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim gray;  
Ere yet the hare, cower'd close from view,  
Licks from her fleece the clover dew;  
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,  
By hunters roused from secret springs;  
Or birds upon the boughs awake,  
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake!

She comb'd her curling ringlets down,  
Laced her green jupes and clasp'd her shoon,  
And from her home by Preston burn  
Came forth, the rival light of morn.  
The lark's song dropt, now lowne, now hush—  
The gold-spink answered from the bush—  
The plover, fed on heather crop,  
Call'd from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day  
Grows into gold from silvery gray,  
To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,  
Instinct with soul of song awake—  
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,  
Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,  
Where yon blithe mower hastes along  
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

Yes, lonely one! and dost thou mark  
The moral of yon caroling lark?  
Tak'st thou from Nature's counsellor tongue  
The warning precept of her song?  
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove  
Warms its wild note with nuptial love—  
The bird, the bee, with various sound,  
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock round.

## THE THISTLE'S GROWN ABOON THE ROSE.

Full white the Bourbon lily blows,  
And fairer haughty England's rose;  
Nor shall unsung the symbol smile,  
Green Ireland, of thy lovely isle.  
In Scotland grows a warlike flower,  
Too rough to bloom in lady's bower;  
His crest, when high the soldier bears,  
And spurs his courser on the spears,  
O! there it blossoms—there it blows,—  
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

Bright like a steadfast star it smiles  
Aboon the battle's burning files;  
The mirkest cloud, the darkest night,  
Shall ne'er make dim that beauteous light;  
And the best blood that warms my rein  
Shall flow ere it shall catch a stain.  
Far has it shone on fields of fame,  
From matchless Bruce till dauntless Græme,  
From swarthy Spain to Siber's snows;—  
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

What conquer'd ay, what nobly spared,  
What firm endured, and greatly dared?  
What redden'd Egypt's burning sand?  
What vanquish'd on Corunna's strand?  
What pipe on green Maida blew shrill?  
What dyed in blood Barossa hill?  
Bade France's dearest life-blood rue  
Dark Soignies and dread Waterloo?  
That spirit which no terror knows:—  
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

I vow—and let men mete the grass  
For his red grave who dares say less—  
Men kinder at the festive board,  
Men braver with the spear and sword,  
Men higher famed for truth—more strong  
In virtue, sovereign sense, and song,  
Or maids more fair, or wives more true,  
Than Scotland's, ne'er trode down the dew.  
Round flies the song—the flagon flows,—  
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

## THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

The sun rises bright in France,  
And fair sets he;  
But he has tint the blythe blink he had  
In my ain countrie.

O! gladness comes to many,  
But sorrow comes to me,  
As I look o'er the wide ocean  
To my ain countrie.

O! it's nae my ain ruin  
That saddens aye my e'e,  
But the love I left in Galloway,  
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.  
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,  
An' smiled my fair Marie;  
I've left my heart behind me  
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer.  
And the blossom to the bee;  
But I'll win back—O never,  
To my ain countrie.  
I'm leal to the high Heaven,  
Which will be leal to me.  
An' there I'll meet ye a' sune  
Frae my ain countrie.

## BONNIE LADY ANN.

There's kames o' hinnie 'tween my luv'e's lips,  
And gowd among her hair;  
Her breists are lapt in a holy vail;  
Nae mortal een keek there.  
What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch,  
Or what arm o' luv'e daur span,  
The hinnie lips, the creamy lufe,  
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,  
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;  
But nae gentle lip, nor scuple lip,  
Maun touch her ladie mou'.  
But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gowd,  
Her jimpy waist maun span;  
Oh! she's an armfu' fit for heaven—  
My bonnie Lady Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,  
Tied up wi' siller thread;  
And comely sits she in the midst,  
Men's langing een to feed:  
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,  
Wi' her milky, milky hand;  
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger of  
God,  
My bonnie Lady Ann.

The mornin' clud is tasselt wi' gowd,  
Like my luv'e's broidered cap;  
And on the mantle that my luv'e wears  
Is mony a gowden drap.

Her bonny e'e-bree's a holy arch,  
 Cast by nae earthly han'!  
 And the breath o' heaven is atween the lips  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I wonderin' gaze on her stately steps,  
 And I bect a hopeless flame!  
 To my luv, alas! she maunna stoop:  
 It would stain her honoured name.  
 My een are bauld, they dwell on a place  
 Where I daurna mint my hand;

But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I'm but her father's gardener lad,  
 And pair, pair is my fa';  
 My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,  
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.  
 My lady comes, my lady gaes,  
 Wi' a fou and kindly han';  
 O! their blessin' maun mix wi' my luv,  
 And fa' on Lady Ann.

## JOHN WILSON.

BORN 1785 — DIED 1854.

JOHN WILSON, the distinguished poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Paisley, May 18, 1785. His father was a prosperous gauze manufacturer in that town, and his mother, Margaret Sym, belonged to a wealthy Glasgow family. The boy's elementary education was received first at a school in Paisley, and afterwards at the manse of Mearns, a parish in Renfrewshire. In this rural situation the youth conned his lessons within doors; but the chief training for his future sphere consisted in many a long ramble among the beautiful scenery with which he was surrounded, and the frolics or conversation of the peasantry, among whom he soon became a general favourite. At the age of thirteen he was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he studied Greek and logic during three sessions under Professors Young and Jardine, and to the training especially of the latter he was indebted for those mental impulses which he afterwards prosecuted so successfully. In June, 1803, he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner; and there his diligence was attested by the knowledge of the best classical writers of antiquity which he afterwards displayed, and his native genius by the production of an English poem of fifty lines, which gained for him the Newdigate prize. In other kinds of college exercises—as boxing, leaping, running, rowing, and other athletic sports—he was also greatly distinguished. Having at

the age of twenty-one succeeded to a considerable fortune by the death of his father, he purchased the beautiful estate of Ellery, in Cumberland, where he went to reside on leaving Oxford in 1807. Here he was at liberty to enjoy all the varied delights of poetic meditation, of congenial society, and of those endless out-door recreations which constituted no small part of his life. Five years after purchasing the Windermere property he married Miss Jane Penny, the daughter of a wealthy Liverpool merchant.

Wilson on leaving college resolved to become a member of the Scottish bar, and after the usual studies he was enrolled an advocate in 1815. It must not, however, be supposed that he was either the most anxious or industrious of barristers. In the same year the unfaithful stewardship of a maternal uncle deprived him of his fortune, and obliged him to remove from Ellery to Edinburgh. He had before this begun his literary and poetic career by the publication of an elegy on the death of the Rev. James Grahame, author of the "Sabbath," with which Joanna Baillie was so much pleased that she wrote to Sir Walter Scott for the name of the author. He also composed some beautiful stanzas entitled "The Magic Mirror," which appeared in the *Annual Register* for 1812. During the same year he produced *The Isle of Palms, and other Poems*, which at once stamped their author as one of the poets of the Lake school; but much as the "Isle of Palms"







was admired in its day it has failed to endure the test of time. In 1816 he produced "The City of the Plague," a dramatic poem which even the envious Lord Byron placed among the great works of the age. But it too has failed to secure that enduring popularity accorded to the poems of his great contemporaries. Wilson's next publications were prose tales and sketches, entitled *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, *The Foresters*, and *The Trials of Margaret Lindsay*. On the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1817 a new sphere of literary life, and one for which his future career proved he was as well fitted as any author then living, was opened to him. The magazine was started as the champion of Tory principles, in opposition to the *Edinburgh Review*, and so marked was the influence he exercised on its fortunes for upwards of a quarter of a century that he was universally regarded as its editor, although Mr. Blackwood the publisher performed the duties of that office himself. "Christopher North" was, however, the living soul and support of the magazine, so that in spite of all denials he continued to be proclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic the editor of *Maga*.

In 1820 he offered himself as a candidate for the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, made vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Brown, and notwithstanding an amount of opposition unprecedented in such an election, Wilson, to the general surprise of all classes, was elected. His competitor was no less a person than Sir William Hamilton, who, it appears, was the students' choice. The professor's first lecture is thus described by an eye-witness:—"There was a furious bitterness of feeling against him (Wilson) among the classes of which probably most of his pupils would consist, and although I had no prospect of being among them I went to his first lecture, prepared to join in a cabal which I understood was formed to put him down. The lecture-room was crowded to the ceiling. Such a collection of hard-browed scowling Scotchmen, muttering over their knob-sticks, I never saw. The professor entered with a bold step amid profound silence. Everyone expected some deprecatory or propitiatory introduction of himself and his subject, upon which the mass was to decide against

him, reason or no reason; but he began in a voice of thunder right into *the matter* of his lecture, kept up unflinchingly and unhesitatingly, without a pause, a flow of rhetoric such as Dugald Stewart or Thomas Brown, his predecessors, never delivered in the same place. Not a word, not a murmur escaped his captivated, I ought to say his conquered audience, and at the end they gave him a right-down unanimous burst of applause. Those who came to scoff remained to praise." Wilson occupied this important chair for thirty years. In 1851 he received a pension from the government of £300 per annum, and in the same year he resigned his professorship without making the usual claim of a retiring allowance. Till within a short period preceding his death he resided during the summer months at Elleray, where he dispensed a princely hospitality, and his splendid regattas on Lake Windermere won for him the title of "Admiral of the Lake." He died at his residence in Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, April 3, 1854. His remains were interred in the Dean Cemetery, and the funeral, which was a public one, was attended by thousands, who thus testified their respect for one of the noblest Scotchmen of the nineteenth century. In February, 1865, a noble statue of Wilson, executed in bronze by John Steell of Edinburgh, was erected in that city on the same day that a marble statue of Allan Ramsay, by the same distinguished artist, was inaugurated.

In 1825 Wilson's entire poetical works were published in two volumes, followed in 1842 by three volumes of prose contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the title of *Recreations of Christopher North*. After his death a complete edition of his works, under the editorial supervision of his son-in-law Professor Ferrier, was published; and in 1862 appeared an interesting memoir of his life by his daughter, the late Mrs. Gordon.

The poetical productions of John Wilson, by which he commenced his career as an aspirant for the honours of authorship, notwithstanding their many beauties, will not preserve his name; his fame rests more securely upon those matchless papers which appeared through a long series of years in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. "By nature," says an eminent writer, "Wilson was Scotland's brightest sun

save Burns; and he, Scott, and Burns must rank everlastingly together as the first three of her men of genius." "His poems," writes Mrs. S. C. Hall, "are full of beauty: they have all the freshness of the heather: a true relish for nature breaks out in all of them: they are the earnest breathings of a happy and buoyant spirit: a giving out, as it were, of the breath that had been inhaled among the mountains."

### A LAY OF FAIRY-LAND.

It is upon the Sabbath-day, at rising of the sun,  
That to Glenmore's black forest-side a shepherdess hath gone,  
From eagle and from raven to guard her little flock,  
And read her Bible as she sits on greensward or on rock.

Her widow-mother wept to hear her whispered prayer so sweet,  
Then through the silence bless'd the sound of her soft parting feet;  
And thought, "While thou art praising God amid the hills so calm,  
Far off this broken voice, my child! will join the morning psalm."

So down upon her rushy couch her moisten'd cheek she laid,  
And away into the morning hush is flown her Highland maid;  
In heaven the stars are all bedim'd, but in its dewy mirth  
A star more beautiful than they is shining on the earth.

In the deep mountain-hollow the dreamy day is done,  
For close the peace of Sabbath brings the rise and set of sun;  
The mother through her lowly door looks forth unto the green,  
Yet the shadow of her shepherdess is nowhere to be seen.

Within her loving bosom stirs one faint throb of fear—  
"Oh! why so late!"—a footstep—and she knows her child is near;  
So out into the evening the gladden'd mother goes,  
And between her and the crimson light her daughter's beauty glows.

The heather-balm is fragrant—the heather-bloom is fair,  
But 'tis neither heather-balm nor bloom that wreathes round Mhairi's hair;  
Round her white brows so innocent, and her blue quiet eyes  
That look out bright, in smiling light, beneath the flowery dies.

These flowers by far too beautiful among our hills to grow,  
These gem-crowned stalks too tender to bear one flake of snow,  
Not all the glens of Caledon could yield so bright a band,  
That in its lustre breathes and blooms of some warm foreign land.

"The hawk hath long been sleeping upon the pillar-stone,  
And what hath kept my Mhairi in the moorlands all alone?  
And where got she those lovely flowers mine old eyes dimly see?  
Where'er they grew, it must have been upon a lovely tree."

"Sit down beneath our elder-shade, and I my tale will tell"—  
And speaking, on her mother's lap the wondrous chaplet fell;  
It seemed as if its blissful breath did her worn heart restore,  
Till the faded eyes of age did beam as they had beamed of yore.

"The day was something dim—but the gracious sunshine fell  
On me, and on my sheep and lambs, and our own little dell,  
Some lay down in the warmth, and some began to feed,  
And I took out the holy Book, and thereupon did read.

“And while that I was reading of Him who  
for us died,  
And blood and water shed for us from out his  
blessed side,  
An angel’s voice above my head came singing  
o’er and o’er,  
In Abenethy-wood it sank, now rose in dark  
Glenmore.

“Mid lonely hills, on Sabbath, all by myself,  
to hear  
That voice, unto my beating heart did bring  
a joyful fear;  
For well I knew the wild song that wavered  
o’er my head  
Must be from some celestial thing, or from the  
happy dead.

“I looked up from my Bible, and lo! before  
me stood,  
In her green graceful garments, the Lady of  
the Wood;  
Silent she was and motionless, but when her  
eyes met mine,  
I knew she came to do me good, her smile was  
so divine.

“She laid her hand as soft as light upon your  
daughter’s hair,  
And up that white arm flowed my heart into  
her bosom fair;  
And all at once I loved her well as she my  
mate had been,  
Though she had come from Fairy Land and  
was the Fairy Queen.”

Then started Mhairi’s mother at that wild  
word of fear,  
For a daughter had been lost to her for many  
a hopeless year;  
The child had gone at sunrise among the hills  
to roam,  
But many a sunset since had been, and none  
hath brought her home.

Some thought that Fhaum, the savage shape  
that on the mountain dwells,  
Had somewhere left her lying dead among the  
heather-bells,  
And others said the River red had caught her  
in her glee,  
And her fair body swept unseen into the  
unseen sea.

But thoughts come to a mother’s breast a  
mother only knows,  
And grief, although it never dies, in fancy  
finds repose;

By day she feels the dismal truth that death  
has ta’en her child,  
At night she hears her singing still and danc-  
ing o’er the wild.

And then her country’s legends lend all their  
lovely faith,  
Till sleep reveals a silent land, but not a land  
of death—  
Where, happy in her innocence, her living  
child doth play  
With those fair elves that wafted her from her  
own world away.

“Look not so mournful, mother! ’tis not a  
tale of woe—  
The Fairy Queen stooped down and left a kiss  
upon my brow,  
And faster than mine own two doves e’er  
stoop’d unto my hand,  
Our flight was through the ether—then we  
dropt on Fairy-land.

“Along a river-side that ran wide-winding  
thro’ a wood,  
We walked, the Fairy Queen and I, in loving  
solitude;  
And there, serenely on the trees, in all their  
rich attire,  
Sat crested birds whose plumage seem’d to  
burn with harmless fire.

“No sound was in our steps,—as on the ether  
mute—  
For the velvet moss lay greenly deep beneath  
the gliding foot,  
Till we came to a waterfall, and ’mid the rain-  
bow, there  
The mermaids and the fairies played in water  
and in air.

“And sure there was sweet singing, for it at  
once did breathe  
From all the woods and waters, and from the  
caves beneath;  
But when those happy creatures beheld their  
lovely queen,  
The music died away at once, as if it ne’er  
had been,—

“And hovering in the rainbow and floating on  
the wave,  
Each little head so beautiful, some show of  
homage gave,  
And bending down bright lengths of hair that  
glisten’d in its dew,  
Seemed as the sun ten thousand rays against  
the water threw.

“Soft the music rose again—but we left it far behind,  
 Though strains o’ertook us now and then, on some small breath of wind;  
 Our guide into that brightening bliss was aye that brightening stream,  
 Till lo! a palace silently unfolded like a dream.

“Then thought I of the lovely tales, and music lovelier still,  
 My elder sister used to sing at evening on the hill,  
 When I was but a little child, too young to watch the sheep,  
 And on her kind knees laid my head in very joy to sleep.

“Tales of the silent people, and their green silent land!  
 —But the gates of that bright Palace did suddenly expand,  
 And filled with green-robed Fairies was seen an ample hall,  
 Where she who held my hand in hers was the loveliest of them all.

“Round her in happy heavings flowed that bright glistening crowd,  
 Yet though a thousand voices hailed, the murmur was not loud,  
 And o’er their plum’d and flowery heads there sang a whispering breeze,  
 When as before their Queen all sank, down slowly on their knees.

“Then said the Queen, ‘Seven years to-day since mine own infant’s birth—  
 And we must send her Nourice this evening back to earth;  
 Though sweet her home beneath the sun—far other home than this—  
 So I have brought her sister small, to see her in her bliss.

“Luhana! bind thy frontlet upon my Mhairi’s brow,  
 That she on earth may show the flowers that in our gardens grow.’  
 And from the heavenly odours breathed round my head, I knew  
 How delicate must be their shape, how beautiful their hue!

“Then near and nearer still I heard small peals of laughter sweet,  
 And the infant Fay came dancing in with her white twinkling feet,

While in green rows the smiling Elves fell back on either side,  
 And up that avenue the Fay did like a sun-beam glide.

“But who came then into the hall? one long since mourned as dead!  
 Oh! never had the mould been strewn o’er such a star-like head!  
 On me alone she pour’d her voice, on me alone her eyes,  
 And, as she gazed, I thought upon the deep-blue cloudless skies.

“Well knew I my fair sister! and her forgotten face!  
 Strange meeting one so beautiful in that bewildering place!  
 And like two solitary rills that by themselves flowed on,  
 And had been long divided—we melted into one.

“When that the shower was all wept out of our delightful tears,  
 And love rose in our hearts that had been buried there for years,  
 You well may think another shower straight-way began to fall,  
 Even for our mother and our home to leave, to leave that heavenly Hall!

“I may not tell the sobbing and weeping that was there,  
 And how the mortal Nourice left her fairy in despair,  
 But promised, duly every year, to visit the sad child,  
 As soon as by our forest-side the first pale primrose smiled.

“While they two were embracing, the Palace it was gone,  
 And I and my dear sister stood by the great Burial-stone;  
 While both of us our river saw in twilight glimmering by,  
 And knew at once the dark Cairngorm in his own silent sky.”

The child hath long been speaking to one who may not hear,  
 For a deadly joy came suddenly upon a deadly fear,  
 And though the mother fell not down, she lay on Mhairi’s breast,  
 And her face was white as that of one whose soul has gone to rest.

She sits beneath the elder-shade in that long  
mortal swoon,  
And piteously on her wan cheek looks down  
the gentle moon;  
And when her senses are restored, whom sees  
she at her side,  
But Her believed in childhood to have wan-  
dered off and died!

In these small hands, so lily-white, is water  
from the spring,  
And a grateful coolness drops from it as from  
an angel's wing,  
And to her mother's pale lips her rosy lips are  
laid,  
While these long soft eye-lashes drop tears on  
her hoary head.

She stirs not in her child's embrace, but yields  
her old gray hairs  
Unto the heavenly dew of tears, the heavenly  
breath of prayers—  
No voice hath she to bless her child, till that  
strong fit go by,  
But gazeth on the long-lost face, and then  
upon the sky.

The Sabbath morn was beautiful—and the  
long Sabbath-day—  
The evening-star rose beautiful when day-light  
died away;  
Morn, day, and twilight, this lone Glen flowed  
over with delight,  
But the fulness of all mortal joy hath blessed  
the Sabbath night.

### MY COTTAGE.

"One small spot  
Where my tired mind may rest and call it *home*.  
There is a magic in that little word;  
It is a mystic circle that surrounds  
Comforts and virtues never known beyond  
The hallowed limit."

*SOUTHEY'S Hymn to the Penates.*

Here have I found at last a home of peace  
To hide me from the world; far from its noise,  
To feed that spirit, which, though sprung from  
earth,  
And linked to human beings by the bond  
Of earthly love, hath yet a loftier aim  
Than perishable joy, and through the calm  
That sleeps amid the mountain-solitude,  
Can hear the billows of eternity,  
And hear delighted.

Many a mystic gleam,  
Lovely though faint, of imaged happiness

Fell on my youthful heart, as oft her light  
Smiles on a wandering cloud, ere the fair moon  
Hath risen in the sky. And oh! ye dreams  
That to such spiritual happiness could shape  
The lonely reveries of my boyish days,  
Are ye at last fulfilled? Ye fairy scenes,  
That to the doubting gaze of prophecy  
Rose lovely, with your fields of sunny green,  
Your sparkling rivulets and hanging groves  
Of more than rainbow lustre, where the swing  
Of woods primeval darkened the still depth  
Of lakes bold-sweeping round their guardian hills  
Even like the arms of Ocean, where the roar  
Sullen and far from mountain cataract  
Was heard amid the silence, like a thought  
Of solemn mood that tames the dancing soul  
When swarming with delights;—ye fairy scenes!  
Fancied no more, but bursting on my heart  
In living beauty, with adoring song  
I bid you hail! and with as holy love  
As ever beautified the eye of saint  
Hymning his midnight orisons, to you  
I consecrate my life,—till the dim stain  
Left by those worldly and unhallowed thoughts  
That taint the purest soul, by bliss destroyed,  
My spirit travel like a summer sun,  
Itself all glory, and its path all joy.

Nor will the musing penance of the soul,  
Performed by moonlight, or the setting sun,  
To hymn of swinging oak, or the wild flow  
Of mountain torrent, ever lead her on  
To virtue, but through peace. For Nature speaks  
A parent's language, and, in tones as mild  
As e'er hushed infant on its mother's breast,  
Wins us to learn her lore. Yea! even to guilt,  
Though in her image something terrible  
Weigh down his being with a load of awe,  
Love mingles with her wrath, like tender light  
Streamed o'er a dying storm. And thus where'er  
Man feels as man, the earth is beautiful.  
His blessings sanctify even senseless things,  
And the wide world in cheerful loveliness,  
Returns to him its joy. The summer air,  
Whose glittering stillness sleeps within his soul,  
Stirs with its own delight: the verdant earth,  
Like beauty waking from a happy dream,  
Lies smiling: each fair cloud to him appears  
A pilgrim travelling to the shrine of peace;  
And the wild wave, that wantons on the sea,  
A gay though homeless stranger. Ever blest  
The man who thus beholds the golden chain  
Linking his soul to outward Nature fair,  
Full of the living God!

And where, ye haunts  
Of grandeur and of beauty! shall the heart,  
That yearns for high communion with its God,  
Abide, if e'er its dreams have been of you?  
The loveliest sounds, forms, hues, of all the earth  
Linger delighted here: here guilt might come,

With sullen soul abhorring Nature's joy,  
 And in a moment be restored to Heaven.  
 Here sorrow, with a dimness o'er his face,  
 Might be beguiled to smiles,—almost forget  
 His sufferings, and, in Nature's living book,  
 Read characters so lovely, that his heart  
 Would, as it blessed them, feel a rising swell  
 Almost like joy!—O earthly paradise!  
 Of many a secret anguish hast thou healed  
 Him, who now greets thee with a joyful strain.

And oh! if in those elevated hopes  
 That lean on virtue,—in those high resolves  
 That bring the future close upon the soul,  
 And nobly dare its dangers;—if in joy  
 Whose vital spring is more than innocence,  
 Yea! faith and adoration!—if the soul  
 Of man may trust to these—and they are strong,  
 Strong as the prayer of dying penitent,—  
 My being shall be bliss. For witness, Thou!  
 Oh mighty One! whose saving love has stolen  
 On the deep peace of moonbeams to my heart,—  
 Thou! who with looks of mercy oft hast cheered  
 The starry silence, when, at noon of night,  
 On some wild mountain thou hast not declined  
 The homage of thy lonely worshipper,—  
 Bear witness, Thou! that, both in joy and grief,  
 The love of nature long hath been with me  
 The love of virtue:—that the solitude  
 Of the remotest hills to me hath been  
 Thy temple:—that the fountain's happy voice  
 Hath sung thy goodness, and thy power has  
 stunned  
 My spirit in the roaring cataract!

Such solitude to me! Yet are there hearts,—  
 Worthy of good men's love, nor unadorned  
 With sense of moral beauty,—to the joy  
 That dwells within the Almighty's outward shrine,  
 Senseless and cold. Ay, there are men who see  
 The broad sun sinking in a blaze of light,  
 Nor feel their disembodied spirits hail  
 With adoration the departing God;  
 Who on the night-sky, when a cloudless moon  
 Glides in still beauty through unnumbered stars,  
 Can turn the eye unmoved, as if a wall  
 Of darkness screened the glory from their souls.  
 With humble pride I bless the Holy One  
 For sights to these denied. And oh! how oft  
 In seasons of depression,—when the lamp  
 Of life burned dim, and all unpleasant thoughts  
 Subdued the proud aspirings of the soul,—  
 When doubts and fears withheld the timid eye  
 From scanning scenes to come, and a deep sense  
 Of human frailty turned the past to pain,  
 How oft have I remembered that a world  
 Of glory lay around me, that a source  
 Of lofty solace lay in every star,  
 And that no being need behold the sun,  
 And grieve, that knew Who hung him in the sky.  
 Thus unperceived I woke from heavy grief

To airy joy: and seeing that the mind  
 Of man, though still the image of his God,  
 Leaned by his will on various happiness,  
 I felt that all was good; that faculties,  
 Though low, might constitute, if rightly used,  
 True wisdom; and when man hath here attained  
 The purpose of his being, he will sit  
 Near mercy's throne, whether his course hath been  
 Prone on the earth's dim sphere, or, as with wing  
 Of viewless eagle, round the central blaze.

Then ever shall the day that led me here  
 Be held in blest remembrance. I shall see,  
 Even at my dying hour, the glorious sun  
 That made Winander one wide wave of gold,  
 When first in rapture from the mountain-top  
 I hailed the heavenly vision! Not a cloud  
 Whose wreaths lay smiling in the lap of light,  
 Not one of all those sister-isles that sleep  
 Together, like a happy family  
 Of beauty and of love, but will arise  
 To cheer my parting spirit, and to tell  
 That Nature gently leads unto the grave  
 All who have read her heart, and kept their own  
 In kindred holiness.

But ere that hour  
 Of awful triumph, I do hope that years  
 Await me, when the unconscious power of joy  
 Creating wisdom, the bright dreams of soul  
 Will humanize the heart, and I shall be  
 More worthy to be loved by those whose love  
 Is highest praise:—that by the living light  
 That burns for ever in affection's breast,  
 I shall behold how fair and beautiful  
 A human form may be.—Oh, there are thoughts  
 That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds  
 Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from Heaven  
 On earth, at dewy nightfall, visitant,  
 Awake the sleeping melody! Such thoughts,  
 My gentle Mary, I have owed to thee.  
 And if thy voice e'er melt into my soul  
 With a dear home-toned whisper,—if thy face  
 E'er brighten in the unsteady gleams of light  
 From our own cottage hearth;—O Mary! then  
 My overpowered spirit will recline  
 Upon thy inmost heart, till it become,  
 O sinless seraph! almost worthy thee.

Then will the earth—that ofttimes to the eye  
 Of solitary lover seems o'erhung  
 With too severe a shade, and faintly smiles  
 With ineffectual beauty on his heart,—  
 Be clothed with everlasting joy; like land  
 Of blooming faëry, or of boyhood's dreams  
 Ere life's first flush is o'er. Oft shall I turn  
 My vision from the glories of the scene  
 To read them in thine eyes; and hidden grace,  
 That slumbers in the erimion clouds of even,  
 Will reach my spirit through their varying light,  
 Though viewless in the sky. Wandering with thee,



A thousand beauties never seen before  
Will glide with sweet surprise into my soul,  
Even in those fields where each particular tree  
Was looked on as a friend,—where I had been  
Frequent, for years, among the lonely glens.

Nor, 'mid the quiet of reflecting bliss,  
Will the faint image of the distant world  
Ne'er float before us:—Cities will arise  
Among the clouds that circle round the sun,  
Gorgeous with tower and temple. The night-voice  
Of flood and mountain to our ear will seem  
Like life's loud stir:—And, as the dream dissolves,  
With burning spirit we will smile to see  
Only the moon rejoicing in the sky,  
And the still grandeur of the eternal hills.

Yet, though the fulness of domestic joy  
Bless our united beings, and the home  
Be ever happy where thy smiles are seen,  
Though human voice might never touch our ear  
From lip of friend or brother;—yet, oh! think  
What pure benevolence will warm our hearts,  
When with the undelaying steps of love  
Through yon o'ershadowing wood we dimly see  
A coming friend, far distant then believed,  
And all unlooked for. When the short distrust  
Of unexpected joy no more constrains,  
And the eye's welcome brings him to our arms,  
With gladdened spirit he will quickly own  
That true love ne'er was selfish, and that man  
Ne'er knew the whole affection of his heart  
Till resting on another's. If from scenes  
Of noisy life he come, and in his soul  
The love of Nature, like a long-past dream,  
If e'er it stir, yield but a dim delight,  
Oh! we shall lead him where the genial power  
Of beauty, working by the wavy green  
Of hill-ascending wood, the misty gleam  
Of lakes reposing in their peaceful vales,  
And, lovelier than the loveliness below,  
The moonlight heaven, shall to his blood restore  
An undisturbed flow, such as he felt  
Pervade his being, morning, noon, and night,  
When youth's bright years passed happily away  
Among his native hills, and all he knew  
Of crowded cities was from passing tale  
Of traveller, half-believed, and soon forgotten.

And fear not, Mary! that, when winter comes,  
These solitary mountains will resign  
The beauty that pervades their mighty frames,  
Even like a living soul. The gleams of light  
Hurrying in joyful tumult o'er the cliffs,  
And giving to our musings many a burst  
Of sudden grandeur, even as if the eye  
Of God were wandering o'er the lovely wild,  
Pleased with his own creation;—the still joy  
Of cloudless skies; and the delighted voice  
Of hymning fountains,—these will leave awhile  
The altered earth:—But other attributes

Of nature's heart will rule, and in the storm  
We shall behold the same prevailing Power  
That slumbers in the calm, and sanctify,  
With adoration, the delight of love.

I lift my eyes upon the radiant moon,  
That long unnoticed o'er my head has held  
Her solitary walk, and as her light  
Recalls my wandering soul, I start to feel  
That all has been a dream. Alone I stand  
Amid the silence. Onward rolls the stream  
Of time, while to my ear its waters sound  
With a strange rushing music. O my soul!  
Whate'er betide, for aye remember thou  
These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven.

#### LINES WRITTEN IN A HIGHLAND BURIAL-GROUND.

How mournfully this burial-ground  
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,  
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves  
All round these deaf and silent graves!  
The cold wan light that glimmers here,  
The sickly wild-flowers may not cheer;  
If here, with solitary hum,  
The wandering mountain-bee doth come,  
'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,  
To brighter leaves he booms away.  
The sea-bird, with a wailing sound,  
Alighteth softly on a mound,  
And, like an image, sitting there  
For hours amid the doleful air,  
Seemeth to tell of some dim union,  
Some wild and mystical communion,  
Connecting with his parent sea  
This lonesome, stoneless cemetery.

This may not be the burial-place  
Of some extinguished kingly race,  
Whose name on earth, no longer known,  
Hath mouldered with the mouldering stone,  
That nearest grave, yet brown with mould,  
Seems but one summer twilight old;  
Both late and frequent hath the bier  
Been on its mournful visit here;  
And yon green spot of sunny rest  
Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell  
On Sabbath twinketh through this dell;  
How beautiful those graves and fair,  
That, lying round the house of prayer,  
Sleep in the shadow of its grace!  
But death hath chosen this rueful place  
For his own undivided reign!

And nothing tells that e'er again  
The sleepers will forsake their bed—  
Now, and for everlasting dead,  
For hope with memory seems fled!

Wild-screaming bird! unto the sea  
Winging thy flight reluctantly,  
Slow floating o'er these grassy tombs,  
So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes,  
At once from thy wild shriek I know  
What means this place so steeped in woe!  
Here, they who perished on the deep  
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep;  
For ocean from his wrathful breast  
Flung them into this haven of rest,  
Where shroudless, coffinless, they lie—  
'Tis the shipwrecked seamen's cemetery.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,  
Shipwrecked before on desert rocks,  
And by some wandering vessel taken  
From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,  
Home-bound, here have met the blast  
That wrecked them on death's shore at last!  
Old friendless men, who had no tears  
To shed, nor any place for fears  
In hearts by misery fortified, —  
And, without terror, sternly died.  
Here many a creature, moving bright  
And glorious in full manhood's might,  
Who dared with an untroubled eye  
The tempest brooding in the sky,  
And loved to hear that music rave,  
And danced above the mountain wave,  
Hath quaked on this terrific strand,  
All flung like sea-weeds to the land;  
A whole crew lying side by side,  
Death-dashed at once, in all their pride.  
And here the bright-haired, fair-faced boy,  
Who took with him all earthly joy  
From one who weeps both night and day,  
For her sweet son borne far away,  
Escaped at last the cruel deep,  
In all his beauty lies asleep;  
While she would yield all hopes of grace  
For one kiss of his pale cold face!

Oh! I could wail in lonely fear,  
For many a woeful ghost sits here,  
All weeping with their fixed eyes!  
And what a dismal sound of sighs  
Is mingling with the gentle roar  
Of small waves breaking on the shore;  
While ocean seems to sport and play  
In mockery of its wretched prey!  
And lo! a white-winged vessel sails  
In sunshine, gathering all the gales  
Fast freshening from yon isle of pines,  
That o'er the clear sea waves and shines.

I turn me to the ghostly crowd,  
All smeared with dust, without a shroud,  
And silent every blue-swollen lip!  
Then gazing on the sunny ship,  
And listening to the glad some cheers  
Of all her thoughtless mariners,  
I seem to hear in every breath  
The hollow under-tones of Death,  
Who, all unheard by those who sing,  
Keeps tune with low wild murmuring,  
And points with his lean bony hand  
To the pale ghosts sitting on this strand,  
Then dives beneath the rushing prow,  
Till on some moonless night of woe  
He drives her shivering from the steep  
Down—down a thousand fathoms deep.

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#### ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

(EXTRACTS.)

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!  
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;  
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,  
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming  
head;  
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?—  
Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!  
Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne  
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the  
morn,  
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain  
and moor,  
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore:  
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,  
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.  
Up, up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!  
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—  
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign  
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.  
There the bright heather springs up in love of  
thy breast,  
Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest;  
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!  
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still!  
Though your branches now toss in the storm of  
delight,  
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless  
height,  
One moment—thou bright apparition!—delay!  
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the  
day.  
His voyage is o'er!—as if struck by a spell,  
He motionless stands in the brush of the dell;  
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,  
In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.  
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—

A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—  
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—  
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!  
Magnificent prison inclosing the free!  
With rock-wall encircled, with precipice crowned,  
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a  
bound.

'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth  
keep  
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;  
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies  
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little  
lake lies,

Where the creature at rest can his image behold,  
Looking up through the radiance as bright and  
as bold.

Yes; fierce looks thy nature, even hushed in  
repose—

In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,  
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,  
With a haughty defiance to come to the war.  
No outrage is war to a creature like thee;  
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,  
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,  
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.  
In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with  
death,

In feet that draw power from the touch of the  
heath—

In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its  
roar,—

In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no  
more,—

Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy  
reign!

—But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?  
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,  
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—  
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat  
From the death that is spurned from his furious  
feet;

And his last cry of anger comes back from the  
skies,

As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

#### TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

(EXTRACTS.)

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,  
Whose happy home is on our earth?  
Does human blood with life imbue  
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue  
That stray along thy forehead fair,  
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?

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Oh! can that light and airy breath  
Steal from a being doomed to death;  
Those features to the grave be sent  
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;  
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,  
The phantom of a blessed dream?

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see  
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!  
That light of dreaming soul appears  
To play from thoughts above thy years.  
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring  
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!  
And who can tell what visions high  
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?  
What brighter throne can brightness find  
To reign on than an infant's mind,  
Ere sin destroy or error dim  
The glory of the seraphim?

Oh! vision fair! that I could be  
Again as young, as pure as thee!  
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form  
May view, but cannot brave the storm;  
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes  
That paint the bird of Paradise.  
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll  
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.

Fair was that face as break of dawn,  
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn,  
Like a thin veil that half-concealed  
The light of soul, and half-revealed,  
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,  
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,  
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,  
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,  
Such summer clouds as travel light  
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;  
Till thou awak'st—then to thine eye  
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!  
And lovely is that heart of thine,  
Or sure these eyes could never shine  
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,  
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!

#### MARY GRAY'S SONG.

I walk'd by mysel' owre the sweet braes o' Yarrow,  
When the earth wi' the gowans o' July was  
dress'd;  
But the sang o' the bonnie burn sounded like  
sorrow,  
Round ilka house cauld as a last-simmer's nest.

I look'd through the lift o' the blue smiling  
morning,  
But never a wee cloud o' mist could I see,  
On its way up to heaven, the cottage adorning,  
Hanging white owre the green o' its sheltering  
tree.

By the outside I kenn'd that the inn was forsaken,  
That nae tread o' footsteps was heard on the  
floor;  
Oh, loud craw'd the cock whare was nane to  
awaken,  
And the wild raven croak'd on the seat by the  
door!

Sic silence—sic lonesomeness, oh, were bewildering!  
I heard nae lass singing when herding her sheep;  
I met nae bright garlands o' wee rosy children,  
Dancing on to the school-house, just waken'd  
frae sleep.

I pass'd by the school-house, when strangers were  
coming,  
Whose windows with glad faces seem'd all alive;  
Ae moment I hearken'd, but heard nae sweet  
humming,  
For a night o' dark vapour can silence the hive.

I pass'd by the pool where the lasses at dawing  
Used to bleach their white garments wi' daffin'  
and din;  
But the foam in the silcnce o' nature was fa'ing,  
And nae laughing rose loud through the roar  
of the linn.

I gae'd into a small town, when sick o' my roam-  
ing,  
Whare ance play'd the viol, the tabor, and flute;  
'Twas the hour loved by labour, the saft smiling  
gloaming,  
Yet the green round the cross-stane was empty  
and mute.

To the yellow-flower'd meadow, and scant rigs o'  
fillage,  
The sheep a' neglected had come frae the glen;  
The cushat-doo coo'd in the midst o' the village,  
And the swallow had flown to the dwellings o'  
men!

Sweet Denholm! not thus when I lived in thy  
bosom,  
Thy heart lay so still the last night o' the week;  
Then nane was sae weary that love would nae  
rouse him,  
And grief gae'd to dance wi' a laugh on his  
cheek.

Sic thoughts wet my een, as the moonshine was  
beaming  
On the kirk tower that rose up sae silent and  
white;

The wan ghastly light on the dial was streaming,  
But the still finger tauld not the hour o' the  
night.

The mirk-time passed slowly in sighing and  
weeping;  
I waken'd, and nature lay silent in mirth;  
Owre a' holy Scotland the Sabbath was sleeping,  
And heaven in beauty came down on the earth.

The morning smiled on—but nae kirk-bell was  
ringing;  
Nae plaid or blue bonnet came down frae the  
hill;  
The kirk-door was shut, but nae psalm tune was  
singing,  
And I miss'd the wee voices sae sweet and sae  
shrill.

I look'd owre the quiet o' death's empty dwelling,  
The laverock walk'd mute 'mid the sorrowful  
scene,  
And fifty brown hillocks wi' fresh mould were  
swelling  
Owre the kirk-yard o' Denholm, last simmer  
sae green.

The infant had died at the breast o' its mither;  
The cradle stood still at the mitherless bed;  
At play the bairn sunk in the hand o' its brither;  
At the fauld on the mountain the shepherd  
lay dead.

Oh! in spring-time 'tis eerie, when winter is over,  
And birds should be gliintin' owre forest and  
lea,  
When the lint-white and mavis the yellow leaves  
cover,  
And nae blackbird sings loud frae the tap o'  
his tree.

But eeries far, when the spring land rejoices,  
And laughs back to heaven with gratitude  
bright,

To hearken, and nacwhere hear sweet human  
voices,  
When man's soul is dark in the season o' light!

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### THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

With laughter swimming in thine eye,  
That told youth's heartfelt revelry;  
And motion changeful as the wing  
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;  
With accents blithe as voice of May  
Chanting glad nature's roundelay;  
Circled by joy like planet bright  
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,—  
Thy image such, in former time,  
When thou, just entering on thy prime,

And woman's sense in thee combined  
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,  
First taught'st my sighing soul to move  
With hope towards the heaven of love!

Now years have given my Mary's face  
A thoughtful and a quiet grace:—  
Though happy still,—yet chance distress  
Hath left a pensive loneliness;  
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,  
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams!  
Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,  
Shower blessings on a darling child;  
Thy motion slow and soft thy tread,  
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed!  
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,  
That tells thy heart is all my own,  
Sounds sweeter from the lapse of years,  
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!

By thy glad youth and tranquil prime  
Assured, I smile at hoary time;  
For thou art doom'd in age to know  
The calm that wisdom steals from woe;  
The holy pride of high intent,  
The glory of a life well spent.  
When, earth's affections nearly o'er,  
With Peace behind and Faith before,  
Thou render'st up again to God,  
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,  
Thy lustrous soul, then harp and hymn  
From bands of sister seraphim,  
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye  
Open in immortality.

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### THE PAST.

How wild and dim this life appears!  
One long, deep, heavy sigh!  
When o'er our eyes, half closed in tears,  
The images of former years  
Are faintly glimmering by!  
And still forgotten while they go,  
As on the sea-beach wave on wave  
Dissolves at once in snow.  
Upon the blue and silent sky  
The amber clouds one moment lie,  
And like a dream are gone!  
Though beautiful the moonbeams play  
On the lake's bosom bright as they,  
And the soul intensely loves their stay,  
Soon as the radiance melts away  
We scarce believe it shone!  
Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell,  
And we wish they ne'er may fade—  
They cease! and the soul is a silent cell,

Where music never played.  
Dream follows dream through the long night  
hours,  
Each lovelier than the last—  
But ere the breath of morning flowers,  
That gorgeous world flies past.  
And many a sweet angelic cheek,  
Whose smiles of love and kindness speak,  
Glides by us on this earth—  
While in a day we cannot tell  
Where shone the face we loved so well  
In sadness or in mirth.

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### THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;  
Long had I watched the glory moving on  
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.  
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow!  
Even in its very motion there was rest;  
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow  
Wafted the traveller to the beautiful west.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;  
And by the breath of mercy made to roll,  
Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,  
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

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### LOUGHIRIG TARN.

Thou guardian Naiad of this little lake,  
Whose banks in unprofaned nature sleep,  
(And that in waters lone and beautiful  
Dwell spirits radiant as the homes they love,  
Have poets still believed) O! surely blest  
Beyond all genii or of wood or wave,  
Or sylphs that in the shooting sunbeams dwell,  
Art thou! yea, happier even than summer cloud  
Beloved by air and sky, and floating slow  
O'er the still bosom of upholding heaven.

Beautiful as blest, O Naiad, thou must be!  
For, since thy birth, have all delightful things,  
Of form and hue, of silence and of sound,  
Circled thy spirit, as the crowding stars  
Shine round the placid moon. Lov'st thou to  
sink  
Into thy cell of sleep? The water parts  
With dimpling smiles around thee, and below,  
The unshin'd verdure, soft as cygnet's down,  
Meets thy descending feet without a sound.  
Lov'st thou to sport upon the watery gleam?  
Lucid as air around thy head it lies  
Bathing thy sable locks in pearly light;

While, all around, the water-lilies strive  
To shower their blossoms o'er the virgin queen.  
Or doth the shore allure thee?—well it may:  
How soft these fields of pastoral beauty melt  
In the clear water! neither sand nor stone  
Bars herb or wild-flower from the dewy sound,  
Like spring's own voice now rippling round the  
Tarn.

There oft thou liest 'mid the echoing bleat  
Of lambs, that race amid the sunny gleams;  
Or bee's wide murmur as it fills the broom  
That yellows round thy bed. O! gentle glades,  
Amid the tremulous verdure of the woods,  
In steadfast smiles of more essential light,  
Lying, like azure streaks of placid sky  
Amid the moving clouds, the Naiad loves  
Your glimmering alleys, and your rustling  
bowers;

For there, in peace reclined, her half-closed eye  
Through the long vista sees her darling lake  
Even like herself, diffused in fair repose.

Not undelightful to the quiet breast  
Such solitary dreams as now have fill'd  
My busy fancy; dreams that rise in peace,  
And thither lead, partaking in their flight  
Of human interests and earthly joys.  
Imagination fondly leans on truth,  
And sober scenes of dim reality  
To her seem lovely as the western sky  
To the rapt Persian worshipping the sun.  
Methinks this little lake, to whom my heart  
Assigned a guardian spirit, renders back  
To me, in tenderest gleams of gratitude,  
Profounder beauty to reward my hymn.

Long hast thou been a darling haunt of mine,  
And still warm blessings gush'd into my heart,  
Meeting or parting with thy smiles of peace.  
But now thy mild and gentle character,  
More deeply felt than ever, seems to blend  
Thy essence pure with mine, like some sweet tune  
Oft heard before with pleasure, but at last,  
In one high moment of inspired bliss,  
Borne through the spirit like an angel's song.

This is the solitude that reason loves!  
Even he who yearns for human sympathies,  
And hears a music in the breath of man,  
Dearer than voice of mountain or of flood,  
Might live a hermit here, and mark the sun  
Rising or setting 'mid the beauteous calm,  
Devoutly blending in his happy soul  
Thoughts both of earth and heaven!—Yon  
mountain-side,  
Rejoicing in its clustering cottages,  
Appears to me a paradise preserved  
From guilt by Nature's hand, and every wraith

Of smoke, that from these hamlets mounts to  
heaven,  
In its straight silence, holy as a spire  
Rear'd o'er the house of God.

Thy sanctity  
Time yet hath revered; and I deeply feel  
That innocence her shrine shall here preserve  
For ever.—The wild vale that lies beyond,  
Circled by mountains trod but by the feet  
Of venturesome shepherd, from all visitants  
Save the free tempests and the fowls of heaven,  
Guards thee;—and wooded knolls fantastical  
Seclude thy image from the gentler dale,  
That by the Brathay's often-varied voice  
Cheer'd as it winds along, in beauty fades  
'Mid the green banks of joyful Windermere!

O gentlest lake! from all unhallow'd things  
By grandeur guarded in thy loveliness,  
Ne'er may thy poet with unwelcome feet  
Press thy soft moss embathed in flowery dyes,  
And shadow'd in thy stillness like the heavens.  
May innocence for ever lead me here,  
To form amid the silence high resolves  
For future life; resolves that, born in peace,  
Shall live 'mid tumult, and though haply mild  
As infants in their play, when brought to bear  
On the world's business, shall assert their power  
And majesty—and lead me boldly on  
Like giants conquering in a noble cause.

This is a holy faith, and full of cheer  
To all who worship nature, that the hours,  
Pass'd tranquilly with her, fade not away  
For ever like the clouds, but in the soul  
Possess a sacred, silent dwelling-place,  
Where with a smiling visage memory sits,  
And startles oft the virtuous with a show  
Of unsuspected treasures. Yea, sweet lake!  
Oft hast thou borne into my grateful heart  
Thy lovely presence, with a thousand dreams  
Dancing and brightening o'er thy sunny wave,  
Though many a dreary mile of mist and snow  
Between us interposed. And even now,  
When yon bright star hath risen to warn me  
home,

I bid thee farewell in the certain hope  
That thou, this night, wilt o'er my sleeping eyes  
Shed cheering visions and with freshest joy  
Make me salute the dawn. Nor may the hymn  
Now sung by me unto thy listening woods  
Be wholly vain,—but haply it may yield  
A gentle pleasure to some gentle heart;  
Who, blessing at its close the unknown bard,  
May, for his sake, upon thy quiet banks  
Frame visions of his own, and other songs  
More beautiful to Nature and to thee!