

PATIE THE PACKMAN.

O' a' the slee bodies that ever I saw,
 The sleeist was Patie the Packman ;
 I'll lay ye my lugs, ere he let ye awa',
 Ye'll hae cause to mind Patie the Packman :
 He's a' outs an' ins, he's a' heads an' thraws,
 He's a sharp-pointed humph on his back, man,
 While a brass-banded box filled wi' uncas an' brows,
 Smooths the hummie o' Patie the Packman.

He trots oot an' in, he rins here and there,
 He's been at the moon, an' come back, man,
 At bridal, at kirkin', at market, or fair,
 Ye'll never miss Patie the Packman.
 He 's a' gate, kens a' thing, sae dinna ye think
 Ye'll ever get out o' his track, man ;
 Gin e'er ye're beglommed wi' love or wi' drink,
 Ye'll be nailed by slee Patie the Packman.

In the bonnie grey gloamin', adown the green lane,
 Gin ye tak yere ain lassie to walk, man,
 When ye fain wad sit down on the auld mossy stane,
 There sits little Patie the Packman.
 Or gin the moonlight wiles ye out 'mang the braird,
 Or sets ye ayont the haystack, man,
 What's sure to come hoastin' across the barnyard,
 But "How are ye?" frae Patie the Packman.

Or whan the auld wives idly girn out their lives,
 An' their noddles are a' on the rack, man,
 Gin ony has seen Jockie crackin' wi' Jean,
 They are seen by slee Patie the Packman.
 He is sleek in the tongue, he is gleg in the een,
 He is aye in the way for a crack, man,
 An' there's never a knot o' true gossipers seen,
 But there chatters Patie the Packman.

Be 't braws for the body, or food for the mind,
 Be 't gown, ribbon, ballant, or tract, man,
 Ye're sure to get a' ye are wantin' to find,
 In the stowed box o' Patie the Packman.
 The lassies gaun glaikit for men or for dress,
 The bairnies a' skirlin' for "black-man;"
 E'en wee buffy Jock, an' his daft titty Bess,
 A' yaummer for Patie the Packman.

And he stots aye about, wi' his tongue and his pack,
Ye ne'er catch him wairin' a plack, man,
Till a braw merchant's shop opens up in a crack,
And there stands slee Patie the Packman.
It's gude to be pawkie, it's braw to be odd,
I'll no say slee Patie's a quack, man ;
But mony wha fain wad tak up a' the road,
Maun mak room for slee Patie the Packman.

OLD AGE'S GARLAND.

O CAULD maun the heart be that 's no set a-lowe
 When honour's green wreath circles eild's snawy pow ;
 And dim maun the ee be that glists nae to see
 The young green buds sproutin' frae out the auld tree.
 O ripe is the fruit on the stieve tree o' age,
 Tho' age wad be young, an' tho' youth wad be sage ;
 There's nought half sae haly in a' Nature's plan,
 As a white-headed, warm-hearted, couthie auld man.

When friends in auld age hae been cronies in youth,
 On baith sides there's honour, on baith sides there's truth ;
 When white pow and white pow forgather wi' ither,
 Wha life's stormy billows hae breastit thegither ;
 The lown lowe o' Virtue, Time's chilly sky warms,
 And Truth is borne upwards in Hope's loving arms ;
 For Time's but a footstep, and Life's but a span,
 But Heaven's the hame o' ilk couthie auld man.

THE FAIR TEACHER.

FAIR Mary wi' the auburn locks,
 What schoolboy days were mine,
 Inhaling love and knowledge frae
 Each glance and word o' thine!
 A genial glance illumed each word
 Frae thy bright lips that fell,
 And wisdom learnt frae thee became
 As lovely as thyself.

Sweet Mary wi' the auburn locks,
 Thy form so fairy small,
 Wi' every look and gesture kind
 I fondly now recall;—
 I feel anew each touch and tone,
 That with electric flame,
 Rush'd wildly through my flooded veins,
 And thrill'd ower a' my frame.

Dear Mary wi' the auburn locks,
The wisdom frae above
Is aye mair dearly prized when learned
Frae lips o' them we love :
And as my youthfu' thochts, dear maid,
Were upward led by thee,
O ! gi'e thy pupil love for love,
And still my teacher be.

JOHN THAMSON'S CART.

AULD John Thamson rade hame frae the fair,
 Late, late on a cauld winter night, O!
 He had toomed his three coggies, an' maybe ane mair,
 Nae ferlie his head it was light, O!
 But his horse kenn'd the gate, sae John lay in his cart,
 Sleeping as sound as a tap, O!
 And the horse draigled on through the sleet an' the clart,
 While Johnnie lay taking his nap, O!

At length at the foot o' a stieve an' stey brae,
 Auld Bawsie drew breath an' stood still, O!
 An' dozin' fell dreaming o' sweet scented hay,
 While Jock dreamt o' rich reamin' yill, O!
 John Thamson's gudewife cam her liege lord to seek,
 Wi' a bowit that shone like a star, O!
 For though she had lectured him week after week,
 He grew aye the langer the waur, O!

My certy! quo' she, but I'll play him a fleg,
 As sure as Jean Thamson's my name, O!
 Sae frae the cart trams syne she lowsed the auld naig,
 An' slippit it straught awa' hame, O!
 The wind it blew bleak, and John Thamson awoke,
 An' he hyted, he huppit—in vain, O!
 He ferlied what gaured his horse stand like a stock,
 Till he graipit an' felt it was gane, O!

Syne back to the toll in a hurry he ran,
 An' the tollman he wauked in a fricht, O!
 "Can I be John Thamson? come tell me, gudeman,
 Has John Thamson passed by the nicht, O?"
 "Gude help us man, Jock, is't yoursel' or your ghost?"
 The tollman he cried wi' a start, O!
 "Gin I be John Thamson a horse I hae lost,
 But gin no, I hae fund—a cart, O!"

John Thamson grew sober, John Thamson ran hame,
 Skelp, skelping through dub an' through mire, O!
 He was met at the door by his couthy auld dame,
 Wha luggit him straught to the byre, O!
 There his horse stood fu' snug, "Ay, puir Bawsie," quo' she,
 "He eats, he drinks only his fill, O!"
 "Ah!" quo' Jock, "but he hadna a crony like me,
 Sayin', 'Here's t'yc,' oure a drap yill, O!"

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

ALANE I wander, alane I pine,
 Whaur nane can hear, an' whaur nane can see,
 To sigh ower the days o' auld lang syne,
 Wi' brimfou' bosom an' tearfu' ee.
 There's nane to feel or to care for me,
 There's nane to ken the wanderer noo,
 Wha roamed these mountains in youthfu' glee,
 But climbs them noo wi' a careworn broo.

For hopeless love did I leave my hame,
 For hopeless love did I lang to dee ;
 My love, my langin' are still the same,
 But my dear Mary,—O whaur is she !
 And what are thae changeless hills to me,
 The flowery brae, or the wimplin' burn ?
 Yon green grave only meets my ee,
 An' cauld death welcomes my lane return.

THE AULD SCHULE.

Is there ony that kens nae my auld uncle Watty,
 Wi' 's buckled knee breekums an' three cockit hattie?
 Is there ony that kens nae my auld auntie Matty,
 Wi' 'r wee black silk cloak, and her red collar'd cattie?

O, auld uncle Watty,
 An' auld aunty Matty,

Ye may gang whaur ye like, but their match ye'll ne'er see!

They've saved a' they hae, tho' they never were greedy,
 Gang to their house hungry, they're sure aye to feed ye,
 Gang to their house tatter'd, they're sure aye to clead ye;
 Oh! wha'll fill their place to the puir an' the needy?

O, auld uncle Watty,
 An' auld aunty Matty,

Ye're kindly to a', but ye're kinder to me!

I mind nae o' mither, I mind nae o' faither,
 Yet ne'er kent the ha'ein' or wantin' o' either,

For the puir orphan sprout that was left here to wither,
 Gat uncle for faither,—gat aunty for mither.

O, auld uncle Watty,
 An' auld aunty Matty,

Few orphans hae uncle and aunty like me !

An' didna my bosom beat fondly an' fou,
 When up like an aik 'neath their nursin' I grew ;
 While a tear in their ee, or a clud on their brow,
 Was aye sure to pierce my fond heartie richt through.

O, auld uncle Watty,
 An' auld aunty Matty,

Ye're faither, ye're mither, ye're a' thing to me !

But luvè play'd a pliskie, that maist rave asunder
 Three hearts that ye'll no find the like in a hunder ;
 I married wee Mary, to a'body's wonder,
 An' maistly had paid for my het-headed blunder—

For auld uncle Watty—
 An' auld aunty Matty—

Vow'd they ne'er wad own either Mary or me.

But Mary's kind heart, aye sae coothy and slee,
 Sune won the auld bodies as she had won me ;
 When our callant cam hame, to the kirk wi't cam she,
 Ca'd it Watty—the auld folk sat bleer't in the ee.

An' auld uncle Watty,
 An' auld aunty Matty,
 Cam cuddlin' the wean hame 'tween Mary an' me.

An' wow but the callant grows buirdly an' strang,
 There's nae Carritch question, nor auld Scottish sang,
 But the loon screeds ye aff in the true Lowland twang,
 I doubtna he'll beat his ain faither or lang ;

For auld uncle Watty,
 An' auld aunty Matty,
 Are learnin' the callant as ance they did me.

Gae bring me the pinks o' your famed infant schules,
 Whais wee pows are laden wi' newfangled rules,
 Gif wee Watty dinna mak a' o' them fools,
 I'll e'en gie ye leave to lay me in the mools :

An' auld uncle Watty,
 An' auld aunty Matty,
 May throw down their buiks an' gae booby for me.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

THE autumn wind sighs mournfully,
The withered leaf falls flickering down ;
The mateless bird churms woefully,
The earth is wrapt in faded brown,
While hearts bereaved of friends once dear,
Feel deep response in scenes so drear.

Sad sighs the wind for leaf and flower,
That erst had given it sweet perfume,
But yon tall tree in prime and power,
Laughs while he waves his leafless plume ;—
“ For withered leaf or flower, why mourn ?
New leaves and flowers with spring return.”

Have come, have gone a hundred years,
The tall tree waxes old and hoar,
And falls to earth 'mid nature's tears,
The wind sighs sadly as of yore,
“ Alas !” exclaims the dying tree,
“ I dreamt of immortality.”

“ Hush !” sighs the wind, “ go, still thy grief,
From thine old stock young trees shall rise,
Thou’rt part of time like flower or leaf
That smiling buds, and weeping dies,
And couldst not hope when all decay,
That thou alone shouldst live for aye.”

Life springs from death with new-born power,
Though time and death record decay ;
And though man, like the leaf and flower,
May pass from life and time away ;
His thoughts survive, when he hath gone
Back to the great Eternal One !

THE SPUNK SPLITTERS.

DOUN a steep crookit close, lowerin' ourie and grim,
 Whaur the windows are few, and the lichts they are dim,
 Whaur twa winkin' lamps in the keen frosty nicht
 Send up their lang columns o' dim smeekeit licht,
 And the heigh hoary houses, maist meetin' aboon,
 Keep out ilka blink o' the red fozzy moon,

There's ae window shines thro' the darkness sae dun,—
 That's the hame o' auld Dumpie and Duncan her son.

There's a strang gurly blast, blawin' snell frae the south,—
 Ne'er mind, but slip into the dark entry-mouth,
 And stap up ae story, nor ferlie ye sair,
 Tho' close by your lug a bit donkey should rair ;
 Nor heed, when you get to the story aboon,
 Tho' some squeeikin' grumphies in concert may croon,
 Ne'er fash, but dart up like the shot o' a gun,
 Till ye win up to Dumpie and Duncau her son.

Yet while ye're gaun up to see what's gaun on there,
 Tak tent o' your feet in that worn windin' stair :
 Nor cower for the tyke wi' its lang eerie howl,
 Nor swarf for the cat, wi' its starved wailing yowl,
 Nor the wee whingein' wean, skyting doun wi' a skirl,
 Nor the half open door, dauded to wi' a dirl ;
 Up—up to the garret, I'll wad ye get fun,
 Gif ance ye reach Dumpie and Duncan her son.

Ne'er mind tho' auld Dumps, when ye rap at the door,
 May bid ye gae wa', wi' a gruff girnin' roar,
 Her bark's no her bite, sae ne'er mind ye her din,
 But lift up the sneck and pap cannily in :
 Put on your best specks if ye're short in the sight,
 Shut out a' the dark, and let in a' the light,
 And finish the pictur' that I hae begun,
 For now ye see Dumpie and Duncan her son.

But just for their sakes wha might hae to come far,
 To ken what this couple o' queer bodies are,
 And might think him a beggar, and her an auld hunks,
 I may hint that the bodies are thrang splittin' spunks,
 That they're aft scant o' meat, and sair scrimpit o' claes,
 That they've warsled gey sair wi' the warld a' their days,
 Yet aye wi' their ain hands their leevin' they've won,
 O wha lo'es nae Dumpie and Duncan her son!

The last whiles are first, there's an Ee up aboon,
 Tho' we seldom look up, never tires lookin' doon,
 That taks a' the feckless aye under its ken,
 The wee hungry birds, and the weak sons o' men,
 That Ee sheddin' radiance ower nature afar,
 Illumin' each planet, and lightin' each star,
 While sparklin' wi' glory it kindles the sun,
 Lichts the lown hearts o' Dumpie and Duncan her son.

LAMENT FOR A SISTER.

ONE kiss, dear sister, ere they come
To bear thy form away,
And leave to moulder in the tomb
Thy pure and holy clay.

The genial smile that arched thy cheek
Hath never changed or fled,
I gaze upon thy face so meek,
And cannot think thee dead.

But ah! thine eyes are closed in night,
Thy lips are sealed and pale,
For me no tearful eye beams bright,
No soft voice lulls my wail.

Another kiss!—within the tomb
Thy form they haste to lay,

But far above the sable gloom
I see thee bright as day.

Pure angel! shade me with thy wings
In sorrow's gloomy night,
And o'er life's murky wanderings,
Strew thou celestial light.

LAMENT FOR A SON.

MINE own sweet child, my bright-eyed boy,
My soul still clings to thee ;
And all creation smiling fair,
Is dark and sad to me.

Thy broad deep brow, thy manly lip,
I kissed with pride and joy,
And dreamt the task I'd leave undone
Was thine, my noble boy.

But death hath nipt my infant flower
When bursting into bloom,
And all my hopes of happiness
Are buried in the tomb.

The cankered wound will never heal,
It rankles green and sore,
And every happy face I see,
The wound but festers more.

Earth's beauteous brow is decked with flowers
 Fresh from the hand of June,
 And lark and linnet flood the air
 With one melodious tune.—

These flowers so fair, these birds so gay,
 They mock my poignant woe,
 They bloom, they sing above the grave
 Where my fair child lies low.

REQUIEM FOR A SON.

SHUT up that dark and gloomy cave,
There let the black earth lie,
My angel boy required no grave,
He sought his native sky.—

His native sky, where sparkling bright,
His eye leads in the dawn,
And twinkles 'mid the stars of night,
That light the dewy lawn.

When that fair body waned away,
And cruel Death drew nigh,
His glorious soul felt no decay,
Nought dimm'd that lustrous eye.

No monumental stone then rear,
To cheat me of my joy ;
In every star that sparkles clear,
I see mine angel boy !

COAL JOCK.

KING o' the coal mine, dingy Knight,
 Wi' phiz sae grim, an' ee sae bricht,
 Stand still, ye black an' coomy fricht,
 I'll jot ye down ;
 Syne bawl awa' wi' a' your nicht,
 An' wauk the toun.

When was there e'er a word o' truth
 Cam frae that muckle, thick-lipp'd mouth,
 That, burning wi' a stounding tooth,
 Dries up your craigie,
 An' gapes wi' a perpetual drouth
 For dear Kilbagie ?

Drink less, an' feed your naigie better,
 For mony corn-bing ye're its debtor ;
 Poor brute, it needs nae rape or fetter
 To tie it up,
 At yillhouse doors a patient waiter
 On your gee-hup !

The pair auld brute's bow-houghed an' blin'
 Sharp-pointed banes shine through its skin ;
 Its mar'less shoon are worn as thin

As Queen Anne coins ;
 An' oh ! its scant o' pith an' win'
 To climb steep wyn's.

Your sair patch'd cart sae jolts and reels,
 Wi' squeakin' trams an' creakin' wheels,
 An' whomles aft your horse's heels

Sae hie in air,
 That no a passer by but feels
 Baith grieved an' sair.

I kenna how ye pass the tolls,
 Or get bawbees to pay your coals,
 Amang the needy, naked shoals

That winter cruel
 Sends crawlin' forth, frae cauld bleak holes,
 To grawl for fuel.

Ah ! what a crowd o' shiverin' wretches
 Here cower in rags, or limp on crutches ;
 Ane wha wad fain hae been a duchess,

Now sair disjaskit,
 Gathers sma' coals, and vends braw mutches,
 A' in ae basket.

Puir, wairdless wretch ! ye'd need anither
 Wi' stern rebuke your heart to wither ;
 For me, I'm blithe to halt an' swither
 Afore I fyke ye ;
 I feel I'm e'en a failin' brither,
 An' far ower like ye.

Alack, alack ! crime's never scant
 Among the pale-faced sons o' want ;
 Yet grit folk shouldna gape an' gaunt,
 An' shake their pows,
 But something frae their pantries grant
 To feed toom mou's.

'Tis poortith's keen an' witherin' blight,
 That gi'es to crime its greatest might ;
 Gif want's awa, temptation's light
 To beg or steal ;
 Then pity poortith's wretched plight,
 An' help, an' feel !