

YE'RE OWER BONNIE.

OH, will thae pawky een o' thine
 Never tire o' killin' ?
 Gudesake ! mind this heart o' mine
 Canna aye be thrillin' .
 Although ane's heart might thole ae wound,
 An' time might close the hole in't,
 Ilk piercing glance sae gaurs it stound,
 That there's nae langer tholin't.
 Ye're ower bonnie, ye're ower bonnie,
 Sae steek that witchin' ee,
 Its light flees gleamin' through my brain,
 An' dings me a' ajee.

A hunder times ye've dang me daft
 Wi' your light-hearted daffin',
 Aye echain' back my words sae saft,
 Wi' noisy merry laughin'.

Yet ye're sae sweet, ye maun be kind ;
I vow I'll leave thee never ;
Shine like the sun, I'll gaze till blind,
Adorin' thee for ever.

Ye're ower bonnie, ye're ower bonnie,
Yet oh that witchin' ee,
Whase light flees gleamin' thro' my brain,
Is love an' life to me !

LEEZIE LEE.

JOCKIE is decked in his braw ruffled sark,
 Wi' siller buckles at ilka knee ;
 He skips like a bird ower the lang grass park,
 To shaw his braws aff to Leezie Lee.
 An' pawky is he, an' pawky is she,
 An' wow but they baith are ower lang free ;
 For diamond gaurs diamond in flinders flee ;
 Jockie is gleg, sae is Leezie Lee.

He was a warlock, an' she was a witch,
 Glamour meets glamour, an' nane can see ;
 She took him for braw, he took her for rich ;
 Fowls o' a feather thegither flee.
 Jockie's a bridegroom, and Leezie a bride,
 Weel may they sowther, an' weel may they gree ;
 But Jockie has nought to keep up his pride,
 An' no ae boddle has Leezie Lee.

Why should ye cozen the lassie ye like ?

Why wad ye feign what ye ne'er can be ?

Gin ye canna help her out ower the dike,

Ye better wait till the yett's ajee.

Ye far better loot down and pu' the gowan,

Than seek for fruit frae a sapless tree ;

Better no climb than come down the hill rowin',

Wi' a stane round your neck like Leezie Lee.

JAMIE AND PHEMIE.

AULD Johnnie comes ower and he cracks wi' my mither,
 The auld warld carle is pawky an' slee;
 Lang Sandy gangs out an' gets fu' wi' my brither,
 And bribes the poor coof to be blackfoot to me.
 But my manly Jamie, wi' forehead sae hie,
 Has a lowe in his cheek, an' a star in his ee;
 I wotna gin Jamie e'er cracks o' puir Phemie,
 But weel do I wot a' his thoughts are wi' me.

I wotna how worth is sae bashfu' and backward,
 I wotna how fools are sae forward an' free,
 I wotna how Jamie's sae blate and sae awkward,
 I wotna what gaurs my heart wander ajee;
 But ah! there's a flame that the world canna see,
 In the slee keekin' glance o' a love-lighted ee;
 An' Jamie's aye keekin', while others are speakin',
 An' I wad keek too, but he's keekin' on me.

THE MILLER OF DEANHAUGH.

Oh, ken ye the auld mill o' bonny Deanhaugh,
 Whaur the wheel tears in tatters the wud waterfa' ?
 Ye maunna rin by it, but pap in an' ca',
 For blythe is the miller o' bonny Deanhaugh.

He maun hae his mouter, he maun hae his maut,
 He taks muckle gowpins, but wha can find faut ?
 What he skims aff the fou dish, the puir get awa',
 Lang life to the miller o' bonny Deanhaugh !

His hand is aye open to help poortith's woes,
 Puir folk may want brogues, but they never want brose ;
 And gin stern oppression ower worth shakes his paw,
 He's fell'd by the miller o' bonny Deanhaugh.

It's gude to be muckle, its gude to be kind,
 It's gude when a weak chield can boast a stout mind ;
 Gin strength succoured weakness, how blythe were we a' ;
 Heaven bless the stout Miller o' bonny Deanhaugh !

THE GABERLUNZIE.

OH, blythe be the auld Gaberlunzie man,
 Wi' his wallet o' wit he fills a' the lan' ;
 Wi' his blinks o' fun, and his blauds o' lear,
 O' a'thing that's gude he has walth to spare :
 He's a warm Scotch heart, and a braid Scotch tongue,
 He has a' the auld sangs that ever were sung ;
 His daffin' and quaffin', his glory and glee,
 Licht up the auld spunk o' the North Countrie.

His face, bricht wi' joy as the full harvest moon,
 Has braid lines o' grandeur he canna keep down ;
 When his ae ee is muckle his ither is wee,
 Baith set in his face like a balance ajee ;
 Keekin' up, keekin' down, keekin' back, keekin' fore,
 Wi' darts that through quarries o' whinstane might bore,
 While his wide massy brow is sae towerin' an' hie,
 Oh ! bauld is the Cock o' the North Countrie.

He ne'er wants a friend, for he ne'er maks a fae,
 He's first to help poortith, and first to soothe wae ;
 While his bearing's sae buirdly, his looks are sae gay,
 Ye wad think that thro' life he had laugh'd a' the way ;
 He seeks nae for flaws, an' few fauts does he find,
 For he aye wad think weel o' the hail o' mankind ;
 An' he's a'bodie's bodie, baith muckle an' wee,
 The couthie Auld Cock o' the North Countrie.

For the blythe he's a smile, for the sad he's a tear,
 Nae ferlie we a' haud his blessin' sae dear ;
 For his hale manly heart's beited up wi' a lowe,
 That rays like a glory around his white pow,
 And glimmers like sunlight upon the white snaw ;
 He's the boast an' the joy an' the pride o' us a' :
 Gae search a' the warld an' ye's get a proud fee,
 Gin ye match the Auld Cock o' the North Countrie.

APPLE BLOSSOM.

APPLE blossom ! apple blossom ! how beautiful ye be !
 Thus nodding, winking, glist'ning, blooming on your parent
 tree ;

Your infant offspring nestling in your bosom silver white,
 Your crimson blushes telling of a mother's hopes so bright.

Apple blossom ! apple blossom ! how beautiful ye be !

Apple blossom ! apple blossom ! that cold ungenial gale
 Hath chill'd you with his freezing breath, and smote you with
 his hail ;

And all your fairy leaflets, with the fruit-buds in their core,
 Are scatter'd, sear'd, and blighted, 'mid the tempest's sullen
 roar.

Apple blossom ! apple blossom ! how desolate ye be !

Apple blossom ! apple blossom ! how like ye were to me,
 When with my babe I blooming hung upon love's stately tree ;
 Till death laid low that noble tree, and from me rudely tore
 The infant I had nestled in my bosom's inmost core.

Apple blossom ! apple blossom ! how desolate are we !

THE WEE, WEE FLOWER.

THE wee, wee flower, the wee, wee flower,
 Shrinks frae the droukin' midnight shower,
 But opes its leaves in sunny hour,
 Slee type o' life, the wee, wee flower.

The wee, wee flower begins to blaw
 When early draps o' spring-dews fa';
 But snell Aprile aft gaur's it cower,
 And nips in bud the wee, wee flower.

When elfin fairies trip the green,
 Wi' dew-blobs glintin' in their een,
 They lay them doun a' happit ower,
 An' nestle in the wee, wee flower.

The wee flower decks nae garden gay,
 But blooms in slee neuks far away;
 It canna thole ae wanton glower,
 Sae bashfu' is the wee, wee flower.

'Neath trees the wee flower rears its stem,
 An' keps the draps that fa' frae them ;
 Yet a' it taks ne'er stints their power,
 It lives on love, the wee, wee flower.

But, nither'd by' the norlan' breeze,
 The wee, wee flower aft dwines an' dees,
 As Passion plucks frae Nature's bower,
 And leaves to dee, the wee, wee flower.

ARNISTON.

O ARNISTON! sweet Arniston!
Dear, dear art thou to me;
For wandering 'mang thy leafy woods,
My wife and bairnies three
Hae gather'd rose-bloom on their cheeks,
Now dimpled high wi' glee,
That lately sad and dowie dwined,
In death's dark hame wi' me.

O Arniston! fair Arniston!
By burn and flowery brae,
By upland lawn and craggy glens,
How sweet at eve to stray!
While round us a' our blooming pets
Their joyous pranks resume,
An' romp like fays amang thy braes,
Thick strown wi' gowden broom.

O Arniston! dear Arniston!
My first, my greatest grief,
'Mid thy lone woods, in tears of joy,
Felt genial kind relief.
The cushat lo'es thy forest glades,
The lark thy verdant lea;
But by dim memory's grateful ties
Thou'rt knit to mine and me.

THE FLOWER OF BANCHORY.

YOUNG Spring, with opening flowers,
 Was bright'ning vale and lea ;
 While Love, 'mid budding bowers,
 Woke sweet melody :
 When by Dee's noble river
 I strayed in happy glee,
 And left my heart for ever
 In fair Banchory.

O Banchory ! fair Banchory !
 How dear that happy day to me,
 I wandered by the banks o' Dee,
 And won the flower o' Banchory

How was't that I, a rover,
 So reckless and so free,
 Became a constant lover
 By flowing Dee ?
 Because, like Spring, my charmer,
 When fondly, kindly press'd,
 Became like Summer, warmer,
 And love's power confess'd.
 O Banchory ! &c.

The streamlet onward flowing,
 Still gathers as it flows ;
 The breast with true love glowing,
 Still warmer glows.
 And my fond heart grows fonder,
 More firm my constancy,
 For dearer still and kinder
 Is my love to me.

O Banchory ! fair Banchory !
 How dear that happy day to me,
 I wandered by the banks o' Dee,
 And won the flower o' Banchory !

THE MIDGE'S DANCE.

THE midges rise in columns tall
Above my ancient garden wall,
And as they whirl in merry flight,
Their flickering wings reflect the light
Of sunset, till in hood of grey
The gloaming veils the face of day.

Ha ! merry child, the dancers now
Are wheeling round thy sunny brow,
For thou'rt a fay so fair and bright,
They take thee for a star of light ;
And 'mid the gloaming luring dun,
They hail thee as thou wert a sun.

And as thou boundest in thy glee,
The merry insects bound with thee ;
Now leaping here, now frisking there,
They flutter o'er thee high in air,
Till, with the latest gleam of light,
They sink amid the gloom of night.

Ah! life and day are bright and clear,
And death and night are murk and drear,
And all created beings have
A dread of darkness and the grave,
While insect, man, and angel share
In love for all that's bright and fair.

Have soul to feel, have eye to see
The glories of the Deity ;
Let hope and faith with joy unite,
And hail this love of life and light,
As proof o'er all, through all abroad,
That life is light, and light is God.

GLOAMING.

RECEDING day ebbs fast away,
Dark roll the waves of gloaming grey,
Save where afar yon golden light
Of sunset gleams with radiance bright,
And opens in the western sky
A vista to eternity.

The sun hath set, the gloaming's past,
The night-clouds gather thick and fast;
And space and form alike have fled,
And all, save busy thought, is dead,
When lo! amid the eastern sky,
The gentle moon ascends on high.

Light lingers 'mid the mirkest gloom,
Life is not buried in the tomb;
Though Night relieve the weary Day,
The Sun and Moon shall ne'er decay,
Though earth the body's grave must be,
In Heaven is mind's eternity.

MORNING.

ONE morn among the graves I strayed
 To look upon a stone,
 That told me where a friend was laid,
 Whose death had left me lone.

The morning mists obscured the sky,
 The graves were veil'd in grey ;
 The trees gave forth a wailing sigh,
 As mourning their decay.

Sad thoughts of dark oblivion's stream
 Depress'd my drooping soul,
 I said, " Is future life a dream ?
 Is Death our parting goal ?"

Alas ! and is that noble form,
 That soul so pure and bright—
 The one now gone to feed the worm,
 The other quench'd in night ?

When lo ! upon the polish'd stone,
Which bore that much-loved name,
The sun burst through the mist, and shone
With bright celestial flame.

I gazed around, on no spot by
That light had deign'd to shine,
I felt it was his vivid eye
To me from realms divine.

Since then, no doubts have cross'd my brain,
My faith is firm and sure,
That I shall meet my friend again,
Where friendship shall endure.

ONWARD.

DOWNWARD, upward, and onward,
Travels the clear-souled man,
From lowest depths of ocean
To Heaven's highest span :
From chaos to order, from atom to sphere,
How noble his aiming, how high his career !

Truth's day-star rises o'er him,
And shines with genial ray,
While shrinking low before him
Dark error steals away ;
Still purer his vision the higher his flight,
Beyond misty cloudlands are regions of light.

How dazzling streams of lightning
That flash amid night's gloom ;
How sweet spring's opening flowers
When flush'd with infant bloom !
But light amid darkness, or flowers amid snow,
Are not half so bright as the first truths we know.

Downward, upward, and onward,
 Travels the mighty soul,
 Rushing fleeter than time flies,
 Passing life's gloomy goal ;
 Clearer and clearer, and higher and higher,
 Death cannot quench that pure spirit of fire.

Downward, upward, and onward,
 Travels the clear-souled man,
 From lowest depths of ocean
 To Heaven's highest span ;
 From chaos to order, from storm to sphere,
 How noble his shining, how high his career !

Truth's day-star rises o'er him,
 And shines with genial ray,
 While shrinking low before him
 Dark error steals away ;
 Still purer his vision the higher he flies,
 Beyond misty cloudlands are regions of light.

How dazzling streams of lightning
 That flash amid night's gloom ;
 How sweet scents a opening flowers
 When thick'd with infant bloom !
 But light and darkness, or flowers and snow,
 Are not half so bright as the great truths we know.

TIME'S CHANGES.

On, days lang forgotten, why rise ye again,
 When all your remembrance brings sorrow and pain?
 When she wha's fair picture was 'graved in your heart,
 Appears shrunk an' faded, nae ferlie ye start.

When he wha has taught ye, a bairn at the school,
 Wha's wise pow aye made ye a poor donner't fool,
 Comes seekin' your aid, wi' his head hingin' low,
 Oh, sair is the shock, ay, an' hard is the blow.

The white-headed elder, whom lang syne ye mind,
 Was aye to your puir widowed mother sae kind,
 When stricken wi' poortith, an' laden wi' years,
 Ye help him, ye bless him, ye gie him your tears.

The wee cockin' bailie ye liket sae weel,
 Wha aye was sae mensefu' wi' maut an' wi' meal,
 When fastin' has come, and when feastin's awa,
 Ye mourn for his fate, an' ye feel for his fa'.

Yon mansion sae hoary, ye mind a laird's ha',
 Now lane an' deserted, is crumbling awa' ;
 Ye think on the days the auld biggin' has seen,
 An' thoughts o' the past bring the tears to your een.

Thus Time shows us a' what maun soon come to pass,
 We're backward to keek in his truth-telling glass ;
 New buds may sprout out frae the auld hoary tree,
 But e'en the young buds soon maun wither an' dee.

Yet, though your frail body maun mingle wi' clay,
 Sweet virtue bears flowers that can never decay ;
 An' oh ! gin ye've grafted ae bud on her tree,
 You'll see your ain flower blooming brightly on hie.

A DISCUSSION.

“ Your wealth ’s in your purse, and my wealth ’s in my hame,
In twa bonny bairns, an’ a wee comely dame :

Your gowd and your siller may tak wings an’ flee,—

My wife an’ my weanies will cling aye to me.”

“ A wife an’ twa weanies are gey costly gear,
When siller is scarce, and when markets are dear ;

A bag o’ red gowd, under good lock an’ key—

Oh, that is the wealth that fin’s favour wi’ me.”

“ Our table o’ dainties is whiles unco scant,
Yet gude hamilt mercies, thank God, we ne’er want ;

We’re no ill to haud here, and when we’re set free,

My wife and my weans will gang heavenward wi’ me.”

“ Troth, Johnnie, ye’re right !—There’s my heart an’ my hand,
There’s half o’ my treasure, and half o’ my land ;

They canna gang wi’ me when I come to dee,

Sae, Johnnie, look out a bit wifie for me.”