

# LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH.

---

## THE MUCKLE SPATE OF 'TWENTY-NINE:

*Being some memorials o' the Muckle Spate in auchteen twenty-nine,  
as the same exhibited itsel' i' the Howe o' Feugh to the een an'  
imagination o' an indwaller i' the Parish o' Stra'an.*

---

### *Fyete the First.*

Shawin' the oncome o' the spate, alang wi' the general  
ruiction ensuin' an' the special mishanters occurin' to the  
Dyster o' Dalsack ; at Mill o' Clinter ; to Ennochie's cluckin'  
hen ; to the fairmer o' Fytestane ; at the Mill o' Stra'an ;  
to the Souter o' Dalbreck ; to the Wyever o' the Strathy ;  
and to the Cairder at Haugh o' Stra'an.

THO' I was only but a bairn  
In auchteen twenty-nine,  
The mem'ry o' the Muckle Spate  
Has never left my min'.

We had a byous weety time,  
A week, or maybe mair,  
The eident rain kept pelting on,  
Nae single hoor wis fair ;

*The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.*

An' then for four-an'-twenty hoors  
 There followed a doonfa'  
 The like o' which, sin' Noah's flood,  
 The warl' never saw.  
 The thunner rum'lt roon the hills,  
 The howes were in a soom,  
 We thocht the warl', owergaen wi' age,  
 Drew near the crack o' doom ;  
 We thocht the tulzie wis renew't  
 Wi' yon uncanny ban' ;  
 We thocht the deil hed speelt the lift,  
 An' got the upper han' ;  
 We thocht the promise wis forgot  
 To droon the warl' nae mair ;  
 We thocht—we kent na' fat to think,  
 Oor hieds wi' thocht were sair.

It wis upon a Fiersday nicht,  
 As near as I can think,  
 When this ooncommon ootpoor fell  
 Fae skies as black as ink ;  
 An' when we raise at skriek o' day,  
 In ilka bit ravine,  
 A reamin' burn cam' rum'lin' doon  
 Faur burn wis nane thestreem.  
 The Feugh cam' rairin' doon fae Birse,  
 An' swept the haughs o' Stra'an ;  
 Horse, pigs, an' kye were droont i' Dye,  
 An' sheep by scores in A'an.  
 An' yarn reels, an' spinnin' wheels,  
 An' bowies, cogs, and caups,

An' tables, chairs, an' cutty steels,  
On ane anither's taps ;  
An' girnels, aumries, washin' tubs,  
An' smuggled whisky kegs ;  
Cheese chessils, butter kits, an' kirns,  
An' couple bauks an' legs ;  
An' divots, thack, an' timmer lums,  
An' rattle trees wi' cruiks,  
An' buckets, baith for aise an' saut,  
An' racks for plates an' buiks ;  
An' barn-fans, an' flails, an' fleers,  
An' canasses an' secks ;  
An' cheeks o' doors, an' doors themsel's,  
Wi' broken ban's an' snecks ;  
An' firlot measures, corn scythes,  
Wi' lang or forkit sneds ;  
An' harrows, barrows, cairts, an' pleughs,  
An' neep machines an' sleds ;  
An' skeps o' bees, an' sowen sieves,  
An' skulls, an' tatie creels ;  
An' reets, an' trunks, an' taps o' trees,  
An' palin' bars, an' deals,  
An' sides, an' reefs o' sheds for peats,  
Or sheds for haudin' nowt,  
An' hay that steed in soos or colls,  
Or lay into the 'bout ;  
An' bere an' aits in sheaves or taitts,  
Weel haint the simmer through,  
Ther'out in rucks or i' the barn,  
Weel biggit in a mow,  
And ither things that I've forgot  
Amid sae gryte a steer,

*The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.*

Or winna inter into rhyme  
 For crabbit names or queer,  
 Gaed chasin' ane anither doon  
 Far, far ayont oor ken,  
 For we at hame were bairns a',  
 The aul'est barely ten.  
 And noo my Muse wad no' refuse  
 To tell you scores o' things  
 She notit as by-ordinar',  
 But she maun cour her wings ;  
 For sorra tak' that printer chiel,  
 He winna listen till 'er ;  
 He tells me that to print her screeds,  
 Wud cost a soud o' siller.  
 So I maun only wyle a fyoun,  
 An' maybe no' the best,  
 An' leave till times o' better trade,  
 Or never print the rest ;  
 Nor need I wander far abroad,  
 For me 'twill be eneuch  
 To sing fat childish senses grasp'd,  
 Alang the Howe o' Feugh.

---

The dyster, like a drookit rat,  
 Escapit fae Dalsack,  
 Wi' naething save his harn sark  
 Upon his dreepin' back.  
 He saved his life, an' little mair,  
 By perfect speed o' fit,  
 But lost his shop an' a' his claith,  
 His bowies, pots, an' lit.

At Clinter Mill a mealer lay,  
The aits had come fae Knowes,  
Unweigh't, unseckit i' the troch,  
As gweed's a dizzen bowes ;  
Plish-plash the water skelpit in,  
Across the disty flier,  
Owre-lap the troch, an' in a trice  
The mealer wis caul' steer.

At Ennochie a cluckin' hen  
Wis sittin' in a kist,  
Baith it an' her were sweelt awa'  
Afore the creatur' wist ;  
We saw her passin' near Heugh-head  
As canty as ye like,  
Afore her ark a droonit stirk,  
Ahint a droonit tyke,  
An' ran anent her doon the banks  
For half-a-mile or mair,  
Observin' that, at ilka jolt,  
She lookit unca scare,  
As gin she said within hersel'—  
'Faur ever am I gyaun ?  
I never saw the like o' this  
In Birse nor yet in Stra'an.  
Faur ever am I gyaun, bairns ?  
Nae canny gait, I doot ;  
Gin I cud but get near the side,  
I think I wad flee oot.'  
We left her near the Burn o' Frusk,  
An' speculatit lang

*The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.*

Gin she were carri't to the sea  
 Afore her ark gaed wrang,  
 An' may be spairt by Davie Jones  
 To bring her cleckin' oot,  
 Gin she wad rear them like a hen  
 Or like a water coot ?

Twa muckle rucks o' fairyear's aits  
 Wer' stanin' at Fytestane  
 When Fytie gaed to bed at nicht ;  
 He raise, an' there wis nane !  
 Noo, Fytie wis a gethert carle,  
 Fa weel the loss cud bide ;  
 But yet he lap as he were wud,  
 An' poo't his hair an' cry't—  
 ' We're herrit, wife ! we're herrit clean !  
 Faur, faur's the fusky pig ?  
 Oor rucks o' corn are baith awa',  
 An' sae's the timmer brig !'  
 An' Fytie's Brig, the Lady's Brig,  
 An' mony brigs forbye,  
 That spate sent rumblin' doon the Feugh,  
 Or doon the A'an an' Dye.  
 A timmer brig ye wadna seen  
 Faure'er yer fit nicht fa',  
 An' barely ane o' lime an' stane  
 That hedna lost a wa'.

At Mill o' Stra'an, the millert's man  
 Wis busy grinnin' aits,  
 Wi' a' his thochts on Mary Bell,  
 An' nane to spare for spates.

*The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.*

7

When 'clipper-clapper' flew the mill,  
As ne'er flew mill afore ;  
An' helter-skelter gush'd the spate  
Through ilka hole an' bore.  
Nae langer noo on women folks  
Scared Sandy's notions ran,  
There wis eneuch o' thochtfu' wark  
For maister an' for man ;  
Nor yet for a 'at baith cud lave,  
Or dicht, or dem, or close,  
Wis ever seen at Mill o' Stra'an  
So big a caup o' brose.

A smatchet o' a lassie serv't  
The souter at Dalbreck,  
He lost a dizzen harn sarks  
Through her entire neglec'.  
She left them bleachin' o' the green,  
Wi' ither claes a curn ;  
The spate cam' on upo' the nicht,  
An' a' gaed doon the burn.  
A wudder souter lingan ne'er  
Through leather tried to rug ;  
He took the smatchet wi' his neive  
A riesle on the lug.  
'Tak' that,' quo' he, 'ye careless shard,  
I'se gar ye wear my marks,  
Yer trachle for a dizzen years  
Wad no' renew my sarks !'  
The sharger sat an' hoor an' grat  
Upo' the deece the but

*The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.*

Until her e'en were baith as red  
 As collops newly cut.  
 ' I'll tell my mither noo,' she cried,  
 ' As sure as I'm alive,  
 She'll gar the souter smairt afore  
 The lawwers o' Stanehive.'

The wyever o' the Strathy's leem  
 Wis connacht oot-an'-oot,  
 His wobs o' wincy dawdlt waur  
 Nor any scoorin' clood,  
 His pirns an' clews, an' worset hesps,  
 Beclairtit i' the glaur,  
 Till 'twud hae taen a clever chiel  
 To tell ye fat they war.  
 A dowie man the wyever wis,  
 When to the shop he comes,  
 ' Preserve 's,' he cries, ' the hale concern 's  
 Nae worth a bunch o' thrums!'

The Cairdin' Mill at Haugh o' Stra'an,  
 The eelie pigs an' woo',  
 Were ruint, smasht, or sweelt awa',  
 Alang wi' Cairdy's coo.  
 Fat wye the Cairder an' the wife,  
 Wi' little'ns twa or three,  
 Got aff wi' life, I dinna ken,  
 An' winna tell a lee ;  
 For tho' I ken that mony ane  
 Fa han'le pen an' ink,  
 Wad no' regaird a lee or twa  
 To gar their story clink,



Yet I am nae romancin' bard,  
In lees I dinna deal,  
But only tell the stories learnt  
In natur's simple skweel.

---

**Fyfte the Second.**

Shawin' the mishanters occurin' to Johnny Joss the  
Cadger, Davie Durrit, aul' Willie Wilson, peer Tam M'Rory,  
Cammie, my Sister's Lan', an' aul' Meg Mill.

A cadger body, Johnny Joss,  
Nae far fae Bogendreep,  
Lost shawltie, cairtie, creels an' a'  
At ae unlucky sweep.  
The shawlt wis droonit at the sta',  
The cairt' washt fae the shed,  
An' Johnny made a nar' escape  
Fae droonin' in his bed ;  
But aifter a' the splore wis owre,  
The body, far fae blate,  
Contrived to turn to gweed account  
The losses by the spate.  
He got a beggin' paper drawn  
By some buik-learnt chiel,  
An' beggit Banchory, Birse, an' Stra'an  
An' bits o' Dores as weel ;  
An' took a soud o' siller up,  
An' when his pouch wis foo,  
Crap slyly o'er the Cairn o' Month  
Wi' very sma' ado,  
An' took a tackie i' the Mearns,  
An' got a braw gudewife,

*The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.*

An' lived a much respectit man  
 The remnant o' his life.  
 He wadna win in twenty years  
 By sellin' stinkin' skate  
 The half o' fat he got in lieu  
 O' losses by the spate.

Fae Caulmeer Davie Durrin ran  
 The skeely wife to ca',  
 But ere he got to Bowsie's Haughs,  
 The water cover't a'.  
 He got a horse at Templeton,  
 An' boldly ventured o'er ;  
 He cross't the brig, he pass'd the kirk,  
 He lan't at Lerachmore ;  
 The skeely wife lap fae her bed,  
 An' buskit in a glint.  
 Douce Davie took his seat afore,  
 The skeely wife ahint,  
 An' Davie got her doon the brae,  
 Wi' neither jolt nor jirk,  
 An' cantily they pass'd the manse  
 An' cantily the kirk ;  
 But when they turn't the merchant's shop,  
 For a' his canty cawin',  
 ' I wadna gyang across,' cried she,  
 ' For a' the wives o' Stra'an !  
 Preserve's ! the water's ower the brig,  
 An' oot at baith the en's ;  
 Turn back the beast, else I'll loup doon,  
 Though I sud brak my banes !'

The ne'er a word douce Davie spak',  
But gae his beast a lick,  
An' doon the road, an' owre the brig,  
He plash'd through thin an' thick.  
The skeely wife she pray't an' bann't,  
An' grat for fear an' spite ;  
But ne'er a word douce Davie spak',  
For a' that she could flyte.  
Wi' stick an' heel, owre stream an' peel,  
He rade wi' micht an' main,  
But to his pairtner's angry words  
He answerin' word gae nane ;  
Till baith were safe afore his door,  
Then lichtly he lap doon,  
'Get aff the beast, gyang in,' cries he,  
' An' try an' gie's a loon.  
Gyang in at ance, an' ben the hoose,  
It's eeseless noo to fryne ;  
Sae tak' a dram an' dae yer wark,  
For I'm seer I've deen mine.'  
Afore an hoor a loon was born,  
I min' the little'n weel,  
A gyangrel at his mither's fit,  
When we were at the skweel.  
An' aye the howdie eest to brag,  
Through a' her aifter life,  
Hoo bravely she rade through the spate  
To Davie Durrit's wife.

Aul' Willie Wilson lost his coo,  
An' never got anither,

*The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.*

He left her near the waterside  
 A' nicht upo' the tether.  
 She brak' the tether in a fleg,  
 An' clam upon a heugh,  
 But mist a fit, or took a dwam,  
 An' tum'lt i' the Feugh,  
 She sank into the muckle pot,  
 Aneth the kelpie's stane,  
 An' afterwards wis swirl't awa',—  
 He lost her skin an' bane.

Peer Tam M'Rory's breedin' soo,  
 Gaed doon the Burn o' Cammie,  
 A muckle loss, an' sair heart-brak'  
 Baith to the wife an' Tammie,  
 For they were just expectin' pigs,  
 An' pigs were gey an' dear,  
 The litter wad 'a paid the rent,  
 An' left a note, or near.

O' Cammie's hay gaed doon the Feugh,  
 As gweed's a dizzen stanes,  
 But for the loss richt weel I wat  
 He made a brow amends.  
 I maunna say the carlie wrang,  
 He's lost the vital spank,  
 But troth for weeks he gather't hay  
 Fae Cammie to Deebank.  
 For ilka stane o' hay he lost  
 'Twas said he gather't ten,  
 An' aifter a' wis deen declair't  
 He hadna half his ain.

He gethert *up* as well as *doon*,  
An' maybe wisna wrang,  
For fa cud tell in sic a spate  
Fat gait their gear nicht gang ?

My sister lost the brocket lam'  
She got fae Tammie Durrit—  
'Twis said she nicht 'a got a croon  
O' gweed fyte siller for it.  
Peer silly ted, it brak' its string  
An' ran upo' the brae,  
An' saw a sheep come bleatin' doon  
Upon a coll o' hay.  
We didna ken—it nicht 'a thocht  
The bleatin' sheep its mither,  
At onyrate it jumpit in,  
An' baith were droon't thegither.

But wae's my hairt for aul' Meg Mill,  
Far kent as 'Birlin' Meg,'  
Fae Persie to the mou' o' Feugh  
Nane got a gryter fleg.  
Her liefu' lane in her wee hoose  
She span the thread like Fate,  
Till splash against her ain kailyard  
She heard the muckle spate.  
'Preserve 's! and guide's! fat 's this?' cried Meg,  
'The kelpie seer eneuch!  
He's never met wi' sic a spate  
Sin' ever Feugh wis Feugh;

*The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.*

It's clean owregaen him in his pot,  
 An' fairly forced to flee,  
 He's come to howff in my kailyard,  
 Or scammle up a tree.  
 ' An' glaid am I the coord'y klype  
 Has got's deserts for ance,  
 To punish him for fleggin' bairns,  
 An' folks fa live them lanes.  
 But, safe me ! I maun haud my tongue,  
 For gin the klype come ben,  
 He'll harl me awa' at ance  
 To Satan's fiery den.'  
 An' here sic fears assail'd her min',  
 O' kelpie, spate, and deil,  
 That fae her fingers drapt the thread,  
 An' ceased the birlin' wheel ;  
 Her hairt lap fairly till her mou',  
 An' thumpit like a drum ;  
 She heard anither splash, and thocht  
 Her hinner en' had come ;  
 She luiket but, she luiket ben,  
 To window and to door,  
 An' aye she heard the ither splash,  
 An' aye the ither roar.  
 She luik't to window and to door,  
 But dared na ventur' oot ;  
 She scammilt to the rantle-tree,  
 An' warstlt i' the soot.  
 Wi' a' her micht an' main she tried  
 To lift the timmer lum,  
 In hopes o' creepin' through the hole,  
 But oot it wadna come.

She cudna warstle through the lum,  
Nor through the divot reef ;  
O' a' the ills that e'er cam' doon,  
That nicht's were seer the chief.  
She reestit o' the rantle-tree  
Till it wis braid daylight :  
Then doon, an' startit for the hills,  
Ye ne'er saw sic a sicht.  
'Noo, faur ye gyaun?' quo' Cammie's herd ;  
Quo' Meg, 'To Clochnaben ;  
Rin, laddie, rin, an' leave yer beasts,  
The wordle's at an en' !  
The days hev come fan Scriptur' says  
The fouks in toons fa be,  
Sall leave their hames an' wor'dly gear,  
An' to the mountains flee.  
Rin, laddie, rin, an' dinna stan'  
An' stare as ye were wud,  
For Gweed forgie's, the sins o' men  
Hev brocht a second flood.  
Rin, laddie, rin to Clochnaben,  
There's nae a glint to spare,  
The angels nicht rax doon for us  
Gin we cud but get there.'

**Fyfte the Third.**

Shawin' the mishanters occurin' to Johnny o' Blackness,  
to Davit o' the Toll o' Feugh, and to Watch o' Gellan,  
alang wi' a fyou concludin' remarks by the author.

The lowe o' love hed fired the hairt  
O' Johnny o' Blackness ;  
The tryst wis set, an' he maun gang  
To coort Achattie's Jess.  
The flame that brent within his briest—  
His first for maiden fair—  
As fiercely as a rozet log  
On winter hearth did flare.  
Nae water's wecht cud droon it oot  
Till it hed droont himsel',  
An' he wad mak' his wye to Jess  
Though rain in buckets fell.  
His muckle coat wis nearly new,  
His beets were close an' thick,  
He hed an airm wi' nerves like thairm,  
A trusty aiken stick ;  
Wis he to disappoint his Jess  
For show'rs o' simmer rain ?  
Ae kiss fae her were high reward  
For nichts o' toil an' pain.  
An' hoor intil Achattie's neuk  
Wi' Jess upon his knee,  
That very nicht his rich reward,  
His taste o' bliss sud be.  
Sic thochts as these, sic high resolves,  
In Johnny's min' prevail,



As he in Blackie's kitchen sits,  
An' sups his brose an' kail,  
But when he buckles for the road,  
An' comes to cross 'The Burn,'  
It tak's him mair than oxter deep,  
An' he is fain to turn.  
'I daurna gang anither fit,  
'Twere death an' naething less,  
I winna risk to droon mysel'  
Nae ev'n for sake o' Jess !'  
So Johnny he crap hame agen,  
In spite o' love's desire,  
An' hang his dreepin' duds to dry  
Aroon' the chaumer fire.  
But sorra tak' the orra man !  
He spread it far an' near,  
That Johnny hed set out to court,  
But turn't agen for fear.  
He didna lat ae word escape  
Aboot the awfu' nicht,  
But made it seem that Johnny turn't  
For pure an' simple fricht.  
The story spread, the story grew,  
It cam' to Jess's ears,  
That Johnny cudna come to court  
Because o' ghostly fears.  
So slander't Johnny got the seck :  
An' so it cam' to pass,  
The millert o' Tillwhillie woo'd  
An' mairret Johnny's lass.  
My cousin Joseph made a sang  
To saften Johnny's care,

An' I 'll insert a copy here,  
For copies noo are rare.

**Sang—'Dowie Johnny.'**

'The laverock 's liltin' i' the lift,  
The mavis i' the tree,  
An' gatherin' gear wi' eident thrift,  
I hear the honey bee.

'Fae hill an' dale an' leafy wood  
Delightfu' ditties ring;  
Auld Nature, in her blithest mood,  
Rejoicin' i' the spring.

'But foo do I, along the Feugh,  
Sae sadly, lanely stray,  
An' think o' loupin' owre a heugh,  
Like honest Duncan Gray?

'Like honest Duncan I've been cross't,  
An' cross't in love fu' sair!  
For me my Jessie's hairt is lost,  
An' lost for evermair!

'The disty millert he 's the loon  
That 's stown my gem awa';  
O' a' the ills that e'er cam' doon  
Nae harder ill cud fa'!

'My early love, my only ane,  
That I believed sae true!  
O' gin I were a bairn again  
I think I wad boo-hoo!

' I weel cud greet, I weel cud ban,  
But that sall never be ;  
Whate'er his ills, a manly man  
Wi' dauntless hairt will dree.

' I'll wuss the millert luck o' Jess,  
An' whistle care awa' ;  
The back o' ane may noo distress,  
But prove the face o' twa.'

---

The tollman at the Brig o' Feugh,  
He like't the drappie weel,  
The night afore the spate he drank  
Till he fell owre the steel.  
For souter Spriggs and tailor Twist  
Hed ca'd to ' weet their mou','  
An' they an' Davit teem't the stoup  
Till a' the three were fou ;  
An' Davit, when his cronies left,  
Aneth the table sank,  
But for his nose ye nicht 'a' thocht  
He 'd lost the vital spank.  
His wife's attempts to wauken him  
Owercam' her skill and mettle,  
So wi' an unco fecht she row't  
An' trail't him to the settle.  
An' then her tartan plaid she threw  
Abeen the snorin' sot,  
An' wi' a grunt or twa aboot  
' The hardness o' her lot,'  
She fill't the eelie lamp wi' oil,  
Pat in a rashen wick,

*The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.*

Made doors an' windows but an' ben  
 As fest as they cud steek,  
 Pat i' the fire a risten-clod,  
 Drew up the asse atap,  
 Then slowly up the stairs to bed  
 Wi' weary steps she crap.  
 She gaed to bed, but nae to sleep,  
 For aye the rain cam' doon,  
 An' aye the Feugh gaed rairin' past  
 Wi' lood an' looder soun',  
 Abeen the brig, abeen the brae,  
 Up to the window sole  
 The water raise, an' filter't in  
 At ilka cranny hole.  
 The water roun' the settle plashed  
 An hoor ere brak o' day ;  
 The tollman wauken't up an' bawl't—  
 ' Fair play ! my boys, fair play !  
 I winna drink anither drap !  
 My head is like to rive,  
 An' gin ye jilp it doon my throat,  
 Then you an' I 'll strive.  
 An' mair nor that, ye 've droon't the drink ;  
 The fushion o't is oot.  
 It's caul', it's weak, it's waur, I say,  
 Nor water fae the spoot.'  
 Aul' Eppie here cam' doon the stair  
 Else Davit had been droon't,  
 An' when she saw the state o' things,  
 In fac' she nearly swoon't.  
 ' O Davit, we're in sic a spate  
 As never yet cam' doon ! '

Come up the stair, ye senseless gowk,  
Unless ye want to droon.  
Ye drunken, doitet ne'er-do-weel,  
Come up the stair at ance !  
Ere I come at ye wi' a rung  
An' brak yer lazy banes !  
Fat ever keeps ye ficherin' there ?  
Ye're either fey or daft ;  
Gin there be safety i' the hoose  
It's i' the eemest laft.  
That I wis left to mairry you—  
O weary fa' the day !  
But yet I dinna want ye droon't—  
Ye're a' the man I hae !'  
An' there, owermaister't by her grief,  
A tear ran doon her nose ;  
She nicht 'a' ventur't to the deece,  
But Davit, pechin', rose,  
An' stoitet forret, sair perplex't,  
Through water three feet deep,  
Scarce kennin' gin he wis awauk  
Or dreamin' fast asleep,  
Till Eppie got him by the tap  
An' pu't him up the stair.  
Quo' Davit then, ' I'm wauken't, wife,  
Lat go my puckle hair !  
I'm wauken't, wife ! lat go my hair !  
Ye're lowsin't at the reet !'  
Quo' Eppie than, ' Come up the stair,  
Ye gweed-for-naething breet !'  
Nor farther sall the Muse relate  
Fat passed atween the pair,

*The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.*

But neepers always blamed the spate  
For thinnin' Davit's hair.

Peer breet, the dog o' Gellan gaed  
Wi' Tam to Brig o' Feugh,  
He spies a stick come soomin' doon,  
Ae word fae Tam's aneuch,  
An' in springs Watch to fetch the stick,  
An' tulzies lang an' sair,  
But in a swirl he sinks at last,  
We saw him never mair.  
A dowie, dowie loss to me,  
An' to my brither Joe,  
I do believe 'twis full a raith  
Ere we owercam' the blow,  
For aye when we to Gellan gaed  
Peer Watch wis at the door,  
An' waggit's tail and lickit's chafts,  
An' gambols made galore,  
As gin he wud 'a' said, 'Step in,  
I'll follow gin ye please,  
An' eat the meallocks ye lat fa'  
Fan ye get bread an' cheese ;  
For bread and cheese ye're sure to get,  
A drink o' milk as weel,  
An' meallocks ye'll lat fa' for me,  
Else I hae tent my skeel.  
Step ben the hoose ; yer auntie's in,  
An' sae's yer cousin Bell ;  
They're i' the kitchen trockin' baith,  
I saw them there mysel'.

Step in, my bairns, an' get a piece ;  
At Gellan we hae raff'.  
Tak' doon the the aul'est kebbock, Bell,  
An' cut them knievlocks aff.'  
Nae wunner then though Joe an' I  
Owre Watch made muckle main,  
An' mis't him sair at Gellan's door  
When we gaed back again.

But still the spate made some amends,—  
We captured troots an' eels,  
An' noo an' than a protty grilse  
For weeks amo' the peels.  
Fae brak' o' day till fa' o' nicht  
Along the haughs we ran,  
An' skilpit barefit i' the peels,—  
O sirs, but it wis gran' !  
Ye sud' 'a' seen us wade an' plash,  
An' heard oor shouts ring oot  
When we espy't a siller grilse,  
Or muckle yellow troot.  
O sirs, it gars me haud my head,  
To think upo' the time ;  
It chokes my voice, it blin's my een,  
It drives me aff my rhyme.  
An' sae sic samples maun suffice,  
For mair ye mauna luik,  
Since ane fa scarce can sing a sang,  
Wud ill mak' up a buik.  
' Sic samples,' faith, I fear my Muse  
Has run at railway speed,

*The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.*

An' fyow her 'samples' may peruse,  
An' fyower buy her screed.  
An' sae I'll en' as I began—  
In Scotlan's boun's sin' syne,  
We hinna hed anither spate  
Like auchteen twenty-nine.



## THE BODIE FAE BIRSE'S TALE.

### Exordium.

THE Bodie fae Birse sat doon on a stane,  
Wi' his sneeshin-mull in his neive,  
'An' they're gane!' he said, 'my cronies are gane,  
An' I've little langer to live.

'We drap like leaves fae the autumn trees,  
An' ithers spring up in oor place,  
Again to wither an' pass wi' the breeze,  
While Time continues his race.

'Peer aul' Francie Gibb lies under yon knowe,  
Thick covered, like ithers, wi' girse ;  
When I was a laddie his like i' the Howe  
There wasna ae tailour in Birse.

'When he deet I made his bit epitaph thus,  
An' thocht he nicht get a bit stane ;  
But only owre wealth the warl' mak's a fuss,  
Owre decent peer folks it mak's name.

### EPITAPH.

*" Aneth this knowe lies Francie Gibb,  
A man esteem' t by frem'd an' sib ;  
For threescore years, wi' sicker steeks,  
He made oor fathers' fathers' breeks,  
Syne ged faur you an' I are joggin',  
But left a weel replenished moggin'."*

*The Bodie fae Birse's Tale.*

' Anent this same moggin I made a bit screed,  
 An' thocht to hae put it in print,  
 But I'll leave it wi' you, gie it ithers to read,  
 Gin ye think that there's onything in 't.'

It's lang sin' the Bodie fae Birse was laid doon,  
 Nae far fae his frien' Francie Gibb ;  
 An I've printit his 'Screed,' as I think I was boun' ;  
 May it pleasure the frem'd an' the sib.

## THE BURNIN' O' FRANCIE GIBB'S HOOSE :

OR

## THE STORY O' THE MOGGIN.

I mind it weel, I was a loon  
 But barely turn't o' ten ;  
 My father hed a hoose in Birse,  
 A decent but and ben ;  
 Aul' Francie Gibb lived owre the burn,  
 A tailyour to his trade,  
 My father's claes for forty years  
 By Francie Gibb were made.  
 Nae 'Howe' nor 'Simpson' Francie eesed,  
 He kent o' nae sic leems ;  
 Nor hed he Fashion's newest cut,  
 But sicker were his seams ;  
 An' Francie's wife, aul' Eppie Gibb—  
 I min' the bodie weel—  
 To eke their sober livin' oot  
 She kept a sort o' skweel,

An draggit's through our A B C,  
The Proverbs, an' fat not ;  
Nae fyow hed Eppie Gibb to thank  
For a' the lear' they got.  
She cudna write, she cudna count,  
But weel cud read an' spell.  
I got the grun-wark o' my lear'  
Fae Eppie Gibb mysel' ;  
An' though I warstled noo an' than  
Wi' crabbit Scripture chiels,  
Or ca'd them ither names than those  
O' newer-fangled skweels,  
Afore I gaed fae Eppie Gibb  
I cud hae gien ye clair  
The Catechis fae en' to en',  
An' maybe something mair.  
Aweel, aul' Eppie weer awa',  
For Death's impartial knocks  
At doors o' learned dames will ca'  
As weel's at simple folks'.  
An' Francie Gibb, a dowie man,  
Hed lived his liefu' lane  
For something mair than half-a-year,  
Sin' his gudewife was ta'en.  
I canna tell the day an' date,  
But Lammas Fair was by,  
The weather hed been byous warm,  
An' everything was dry.  
Aul' Francie's wis a thackit hoose,  
The shoppie i' the en' ;  
He hed a seet or twa to mak',  
An' orra things to men'.

Cross-leggit on his boord he sat,  
 An' plied the eident steeks,  
 For Faulie's dother hed ca'd in  
 To wyte her father's breeks.  
 When Francie a' at ance lap up,  
 An' cried, 'The lum's alowe!  
 Gweed safe me! gin the thack sud catch  
 'Twill burn like tarry towe!  
 An' Faulie's dother aften said,  
 Though prodded wi' a sword,  
 He cudna gien a gryter start,  
 Nor quicker cleared the boord.  
 He didna gie ae thocht to claith,  
 Nor yet to finished claes,  
 Nor rin for water to the burn  
 To droon the spreadin' blaze;  
 But ben the hoose he flew like wud,  
 His length at ilka sten',  
 Although his age was little less  
 Than threescore years and ten.  
 An' Faulie's dother noo took fleg,  
 Her hairt lap till her mou',  
 An' owre the burn, an' up the brae,  
 To Souter Bain's she flew.  
 The souter bang't a beet aside—  
 A blucher o' the Laird's—  
 He cudna shawn it less respec'  
 Though it hed been a caird's.  
 His bonnet wi' the scarlet tap,  
 That hang upo' the pin,  
 He pu'd upo' his shinin' pow,  
 An' dashed thro' thick an' thin;

My father chanced to be at hame,  
He saw the blaze an' ran ;  
The smith cam' tearin' doon the bog,  
A bucket in his han',  
The millert, an' the millert's man,  
The fairmer o' the Howe,  
An' Meerie's men took fit an' ran,  
Whene'er they saw the lowe ;  
An' herds, an' bairns, ye needna doot,  
Forgather'd by the score,  
Less gleg to len' a helpin' han',  
Than share in ' sic a splore.'  
Five buckets, an' an iron pail,  
Twa tubs, an' cogs a curn,  
Were soon at wark to droon the flames  
Wi' water fae the burn.  
The smith wis worth a score o' men,  
He steed upo' the wa',  
An' plashed the water owre the reef,  
Till bairns cried, ' Hip, hurrah !'  
He steed until we cudna see  
His burly buik for reek,  
He steed until the flames hed sung  
The whiskers on his cheek.  
He steed until a burnin' bauk  
Cam' crash upo' his queet,  
An' burnt it to the very bane,  
In spite o' hose an beet.  
An' then my father took his place;  
But strange eneuch to say,  
The wily souter bore awa'  
The honours o' the day !

*The Bodie fae Birse's Tale.*

The smith rushed richt amo' the fire,  
 An' droon't it like a spate,  
 The souter scarcely daur't to stan'  
 Faur 'twas a kin' o' het.  
 But then he was the richest man,  
 An' wagged a wily tongue,  
 An' so the praises o' his deeds  
 Were loodest, widest sung,  
 An' I hae aft observed sinsyne,  
 'Mang folks o' gryter mark,  
 Pretension carry aff the prize,  
 While merit work't the wark.  
 Upon a stane, weel oot o' scaith,  
 The wily souter sat,  
 An' cried, ' My boys, rin here ! rin there !  
 My man, dee this, dee that.'  
 An' when the flames began to fa',  
 ' We've saved the hoose,' quo' he,  
 ' There wadna been a rammack left,  
 An' t hadna been for me.  
 The thack and divots o' the shop  
 Were hardly worth a thrum,  
 An' twa three shillings wud repair  
 The couples an' the lum.  
 We've saved the hoose, but keep's an' guide's !  
 Fat's come o' Francie Gibb ?'  
 An' here a dowie grane brak' oot,  
 Alike fae frem'd an' sib :  
 ' Peer Francie's dead, I'll wad my head,  
 O sirs, it's my opinion  
 We'll get 'im smored amo' the reek,  
 Or roasted like an onion !'

Wi' that the multitude brak' in,  
Ye ne'er saw sic a steer,  
Ye cudna see yer thoom for reek,  
An' scarce ae word cud hear.  
But yet I ventured ben the hoose,  
An' in a chair I saw 'im,  
Wi' face as fyte as ony cloot,  
Nae dead, but in a dwaum.  
'He's dead!' cried ane, 'He's nae!' cried I,  
'I saw his fingers woggin';  
He's hidin' something in his briest.'  
Cried Nanny Reid, 'A moggin!'  
'Come, lift 'im oot and gie 'im air,  
I think he'll seen come roun'.  
Quo' Nanny Reid, 'That's wisely said;  
There's wisdom i' the loon!'  
They carried Francie to the loan;  
He maist gied life the slip,  
But at the warst he never quat  
That moggin fae his grip.  
Fat cash was in 't was never kent,  
A' sort o' tales were rife;  
But this I ken that Nanny Reid  
Wis shortly Francie's wife;  
An' Francie lived but just a year,  
A fitless dottled man,  
But fat o' that?—aul' Francie's brass  
Bocht Nanny a new pan.  
She mairret ane o' half her age,  
A chielie Robbie Wattie,  
His forebears had a tackie ance  
Upo' the Burn o' Cattie.

I kept my counsel to mysel'  
While they through life were joggin';  
But noo I've gien ye't crap and reet,  
'The Story o' the Moggin.'



## NEWS O' WATERLOO.

DONAL' GILLON wis a souter  
Near the banks o' Feugh ;  
Famous for his upper leathers,  
Soles an' weltin' teuch.  
Donal' Gillon liked the bottle,  
Aften staggered hame,  
Barely fit to keep the causey ;  
Whisky wis to blame.  
Aft kept honest Eppie sittin'  
Girnin' against Fate—  
' Weary drink,' and ' worthless Donal' '—  
Till the nicht wis late.

Auchteen hunner an' fifteen—  
It wis the year o' grace—  
Donal' midst his tipplin' cronies  
Held the highest place.  
That, as ye may weel remember,  
Wis a famous year ;  
Bonaparte, escaped fae Elba,  
Held the warld in fear,  
Till the Iron Duke an' Blücher  
Marched to put him doon :  
Nocht save fearsome tales o' ' Bonny'  
Ran the country roon ;

*News o' Waterloo.*

Mithers stilled their bairns wi' 'Bonny,'  
 Bairns at battles played ;  
 Fae the Shetlands to the Volga  
 Sodgerin' wis the trade.

Donal's sons had baith enlisted,  
 Baith were wi' the Duke ;  
 Donal' wis a politician,  
 Fu' as Hansard's buik ;  
 Nichtly sat at Kirkie's alehoose,  
 'Mangst the rustics chief,  
 Makin' leagues, an' fechtin' battles,  
 Sair to Eppie's grief.

So ae evenin' by anither,  
 Near the tail o' June,  
 Thirst o' news an' thirst o' liquor  
 Donal' gaed to droon.  
 Eppie sat an' waitit Donal'  
 Till the hoor o' twa  
 Chappit on the faithful cuckoo  
 Hung against the wa'.

'Fat keeps Donal' at the Kirkton  
 Till this hoor?' cried she ;  
 'Sure he is to spen' his siller  
 To the last bawbee !  
 O, wis ever honest 'oman  
 Foughten sae wi' man ?  
 There !—at last I hear him comin',  
 Drunk !—'at I sud ban !'

Donal'—it wis nane but Donal'  
Ficherin' at the sneck,  
Eppie met him wi' a 'blessin',  
Fat cud ye expec'?

' Eppie ! Eppie ! weesht,' quo' Donal',  
    ' Weesht, an' dinna flyte,  
I hae news will set ye singin',  
    Dancin' wi' delight.  
News, I tell ye postie never  
    Brocht sic news fae toon !—  
Wellington has met the Frenchmen—  
    Bonnypairtie 's doon.  
Conquered i' the biggest battle  
    Ever focht till noo ;  
Conquered at a place—the postman  
    Ca's it Waterloo.  
Never wis there sic a battle  
    Sin' the warld began ;  
Never sae did cannon rattle,  
    Tummel horse an' man.  
Death, they say, was fairly gluttit,  
    Fairly tent the breath,  
Never wis so sair forfouchten  
    Sin' his name wis Death.  
Yet oor laddies, Rob an' Willie,  
    Steed as stieve as stanes ;  
Baith unwounded—here 's the letter !—  
    May be hame at ance !  
Baith are like to be promotit,  
    For it 's written here—

“ We twa chased a score o' Frenchmen  
Like a score o' deer ! ”

‘ Baith oor laddies ! baith oor laddies ! ’  
Eppie here brak' oot,  
Drappin' on the wooden settle  
Fyter nor a cloot.  
‘ Baith oor laddies hame unwounded !  
Donal', haud my head,  
Gin ye dinna want to see me  
In a dwaum—or dead ! ’

‘ Dead ! ’ cries Donal' ; ‘ nonsense, Eppie,  
Rise an' lat us dance,  
Baith oor laddies safe ! promotit !  
Bonny driven fae France ! ’

Donal' here began to caper,  
Eppie scorned to luik,  
Left her seat, an' fae the awmrie  
Drew the blessed Buik.  
Fae her pouch drew oot her glaisses,  
Spelt a chapter through,  
Then fell on her knees an' thankit  
Heaven for Waterloo.

## TAMMIE TOD'S TRIP TO ELGIN I' THE DAYS

### O' LANGSYNE.

#### Part I.

'START at ance an' gang to Elgin,  
Gweed preserve's!' quo' Tammie Tod ;  
'Start at ance an' gang to Elgin ?  
Tibbie, think upo' the road :  
Ninety miles—mayhap a hunner—  
Lie atween's an' Elgin toon ;  
Think on that, an' count expenses—  
Thirty shillings, I'll be boun' !  
Wife, my langest wob o' wincey  
Wadna cover a' the cost,  
Nae to reckon up mishanters—  
Wark at hame, an' custom lost.  
It wad cost my wob o' wincey  
Hokus-bolus, warp an' waft.  
Tak' the gait an' gang to Elgin !  
Tibbie Smith, ye maun be daft !'

'Tammie ! Tammie ! stop yer blether,  
Shaw yersel' a man o' pluck,  
Rise for ance an' battle fortune,  
Toil an' courage conquer luck.

Bailie Brodie is yer cousin,  
 Bailie Brodie's far fae weel,  
 Lyin' maistly i' the dead-thraw,  
 Past the doctor's drogs an' skeel;  
 Bailie Brodie he hes siller—  
 Hunners, thoosan's, fa wad ken?  
 He's nae bairns, an' bleed relations  
 Sibber than yersel' he's nane.

' Here's his letter: " Come to Elgin,  
 Though but seldom we hae met,  
 Bleed is thicker aye than water,  
 This the hert can no' forget;  
 When the nicht is darkenin' roond us,  
 When the fatal hoor is near,  
 Then the faces o' oor kindred  
 By oor side are doubly dear."  
 Tak' the gait an' gang to Elgin,  
 Weel ye'll think yer traivel wair'd  
 Gin ye get yer cousin's siller,  
 Hame return a bonnet laird.'

Mair wis said, an' Tibbie conquered,  
 Tammie Tod was forced to yield,  
 Turn his back on auld Dramslockit,  
 Dangers face by flood an' field.  
 Claid was he in honest hodden,  
 Woven in his ain true leem,  
 Made an' mounted by a tailyour  
 Far renoon't for sicker seam.  
 On his head his braid blue bonnet,  
 Centred wi' a crimson tap;

In his han' an aiken cudgel,  
Fit to bide or gie a rap ;  
In his purse twa poun's o' siller,  
Won an' saved wi' muckle care,  
While at hame his marrow, Tibbie,  
Wisna a'thegither bare.  
Yet less dootfu' Jason's sailors  
Spread their canvas to the breeze ;  
Fyour fears assailed Columbus  
Entering never-traversed seas ;  
Far less timorous Orpheus ventured  
Doon to Pluto's dark abode,  
Than oor hame-abidin' wyver  
Started on his dreaded road.

'Wife,' said Tammie, ' I, a pilgrim,  
Forth fae you an' a' my ain,  
Farther forth than e'er I ventured,  
Venture noo for hope o' gain.  
Gin I fa' in some mishanter,  
Never see Dramslockit mair,  
I will dee the lichter-herted  
That I hinna left you bare.  
Tibbie, ye will likely mairry '  
(Here the tears blin't Tammie's e'e),  
'Mairry gin ye want to mairry,  
Dinna brak' yer hert for me.'

'Mairry gin I want to mairry ?  
Plague yer sex ! 'at I sud ban ;  
Gin ye fail me, ne'er sall Tibbie  
Slave to please anither man.

*Tammie Tod's Trip to Elgin i' the*

Gang yer wa's, an' Gweed be wi' ye,  
 Lead ye safely there an' back,  
 Heir to Bailie Brodie's siller,  
 Countin' poun's for ilka plack.'

Thus set Tammie oot for Elgin,  
 Aifter Bailie Brodie's gear ;  
 Hoo he prospered on his journey,  
 Gin ye listen, ye sall hear.

**Part II.**

Owre the Cairn o' Month gaed Tammie,  
 Through Glendye, an' past Fytstane,  
 Through Kincardine, an' past Auchlossan,  
 Ere the first daylight hed gaen.  
 Then, fit-sair and unco weary,  
 Aifter nicht hed sattl't doon,  
 Luikin' for a decent hostel,  
 Lichtit he on Knappyroon.  
 Here forgathered wi' a couper—  
 Geordie Lowrie was his name—  
 Drinkin', leein', cheatin' Geordie,  
 Up to ony sort o' game.  
 Geordie was gaen north to Huntly,  
 Hed a shawlt or twa in han',  
 Wud set Tammie on a beastie  
 Quater nane in Scottish lan'.  
 Tammie Tod was now in clover,  
 Trusted Geordie like a brither,  
 Drew his purse, an' spent oongrudgin'  
 First ae shillin', syne anither.



Then oonkent was Forbes M'Kenzie,  
Yet oonframed his 'Closin' Ac';'  
Folks nicht drink fae early mornin'  
Till anither morn cam' back.  
Couper Geordie sae hed drunken,  
Helter-skelter, nicht an' day,  
While he fand in simple Tammie  
Dupe wi' will an' cash to pay ;  
But oor traiveller fae Dramslockit,  
Less accustomed to the drink,  
Likewise wi' his tramp forfouchten,  
Soon began to yawn an' blink,  
Draopt his airms upo' the table,  
Draopt thereon his sleepy head,  
Ceased to speak, began a snorin',  
Was by Knappy harl't to bed.

---

Fair the mornin' sun was shinin',  
Fair an' far on hill an' plain,  
Ere the licht o' waukenin' reason  
Dawned again on Tammie's brain.  
'Faur on earth am I?' cried Tammie,  
'Foo on earth did I come here ?  
Fat wye are my legs sae crampit ?  
Fat wye is my head sae queer ?  
Oh, I min', I'm gaen to Elgin,  
Cam' the streen to Knappyroon,  
Spent thereafter twa fyte shillin's  
Drinkin' wi' a couper loon ;

*Tammie Tod's Trip to Elgin i' the*

So the day my heid is splittin',  
 So I've noo a lichter purse,  
 Plague on that confoonit fusky,  
 Lang hes it been Scotland's curse!  
 Here wi' face like ruddy Phœbus,  
 Standin' in the cloodless sooth,  
 Glaiss in han' the couper entered,  
 Words o' comfort in his mooth.  
 'Drink,' quo' he, 'this glaiss o' bitters,  
 Better physic ne'er was tried.  
 They're the vera best o' doctors,  
 Drink them aff an' binna fleyd.'

Tammie drank as was directed,  
 Though the water filled his e'en,  
 Drest himsel' an' gaed to breakfast,  
 Yet wi' unco hang-dog mien.  
 Then the couper, seasoned barrel,  
 Shawed him weel the wye to cram,  
 Sweelin' doon his ample solids  
 Wi' an aft-repeated dram.  
 Then he got his beasties ready—  
 Moniments o' skin an' bane,  
 Set himsel' upo' the stootest,  
 Tammie on the frailest ane.

'Decent beast,' observed the couper,  
 'Ance the minister's o' Foveran,  
 Worth a five-poun' note, or near it,  
 Though I bocht him for a sovereign.  
 Keep yer han' weel on his bridle,  
 Haud his nose weel i' the air,

For the creetur', lang priest-ridden,  
Aften kneels to say a prayer.'

Thus on their respective chargers,  
Fae the door o' Knappyroon,  
Owre the hill an' doon through Cushnie,  
Rade the pair to Alford toon.  
Here they fand anither hostel,  
Entered in to weet their mou's,  
Tammie paid, and fain hed Geordie  
Sattl't till a lang carouse.

But oor traiveller still cried ' Forret !'  
Fast the precious moments fled,  
He nicht come owre late to Elgin,  
Bailie Brodie nicht be dead,  
Micht hae willed awa' his siller  
Till anither than himsel' ;  
Gi'en't to chapel, kirk, or almshouse,  
Skweel, or college—fa could tell ?  
Geordie, surly, ill-contented,  
Baffled o' 's expected spree,  
Past the Kirk o' Tullynessle  
Rade, wi' mischief in his e'e.  
Hoddin' on through Tullynessle,  
Up the hichts an' doon on Clatt ;  
Wi' a seat nae unco sicker,  
Tammie, upo' Foveran sat ;  
Till, where at the road was steepest,  
Couper Geordie loot his stick  
Drap on Foveran's hinner hurdies,  
Wi' an unexpected lick.

*Tammie Tod's Trip to Elgin i' the*

Forret sprang the frichtened beastie,  
 Tript its fit upon a stane,  
 Fell, an' owre its head flew Tammie,  
 Brakin' 's nose an' collar-bane !

'Gweed forgi'e my sins !' cried Tammie,  
 ' Elgin I sall never see,  
 Bailie Brodie an' his siller  
 Baith may gang to Banff for me ;  
 Tibbie Smith within oor dwallin'  
 Noo may rule without a check,  
 Here her Tammie, fairly foonert,  
 Lies wi' broken niz an' neck !  
 Water ! gie me water, couper !  
 Cut my gravat wi' yer knife,  
 Tak' me to a Christian biggin',  
 Fetch a doctor while there 's life.

' Fetch a doctor !' cried the couper,  
 ' Doctor for a tumble an' scat !  
 A' my born days I never,  
 Never heard the like o' that !'  
 ' Tumble an' scat ! May Gweed forgie ye,  
 Hertless man !' quo' Tammie Tod,  
 ' But ye 'll girn through hempen gravat  
 Gin I dee upo' the road.'

Tammie's face turn't noo sae ghashtly  
 That the couper took affricht,  
 Rade like win', an' got assistance  
 Fae the nearest toon in sicht.

Thither on a twa-han' barrow  
Luckless Tammie Tod was borne,  
There for twenty days a beddal  
Lay, his sad mishap to mourn.

Then, whenever he got fitted,  
Warselt through to Elgin toon,  
Though his scarce-cemented collar  
Gae him mony a painfu' stoun'.  
Bailie Brodie, dead an' buried,  
Hedna left his gathered gear  
To his cousin, simple Tammie,  
But to wily Nellie Weir!

Nelly Weir hed served the Bailie  
Fae the year he lost his wife,  
An' he ne'er wis better tented,  
Better managed a' his life.  
Elgin gossips said that Nellie  
Kept the Bailie weel in han',  
Made him like a trained retriever—  
Fetch an' carry at comman' ;  
Never parlour, never kitchen,  
Enter wi' undichtit feet,  
Think faur he hang coat or bonnet,  
Left a paper, book, or seat.

Years the Bailie hed been dowie,  
Lang an unco han'fu' till 'er,  
But she kept awa' relations,  
Nursed him weel, an' got his siller.

*Tammie Tod's Trip to Elgin.*

Tammie got a shabby something,  
 Scarce fat paid his doctor's bill,  
 Nae to mention those who nursed him  
 Through his sair and weary ill :  
 Fairmer folks were they whase labour  
 Didna overfill their cup,  
 Yet they ne'er to gangrel bodie  
 Grudged a passin' bit and sup.  
 'Gang yer wa's,' quo' they to Tammie ;  
 'Gin ye come the gait agen,  
 Ca', although ye sudna fesh us  
 Either niz or neck to men' ;  
 Ca' an' see us, ye'll be welcome,  
 What ye've got we winna miss't ;'  
 Yet their decent names hed never  
 Swallt a lang subscription list.

Tammie warselt hame to Tibbie,  
 In his person far fae stoot,  
 In his pouch just forty shillings  
 Peerer than when he set oot.  
 'Tibbie, here am I !' cried Tammie,  
 ' Martyreesed, as ye may see,  
 Neist time I gang fortune-huntin'  
 Twa sins i' the lift sall be.'

DROWNED IN THE DEE :  
A BALLAD OF BANCHORY-TERNAN.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

*Che Sarà Sarà.*

Some time early in the nineteenth century, young Russell of Blackhall, on the Dee, near Banchory-Ternan, was drowned in some such mysterious manner as that attempted to be set forth in the following ballad. I often heard the story of his fate when I was a boy, but the particulars have mostly escaped my memory, and on a recent visit to Deeside I could meet with no one to tell me much more than I myself remembered, only I was confirmed in the belief that in the minds of the natives the unfortunate affair was invested with more of mystery and romance than I have been able to give it.

THE snows on the distant Grampian hills  
Dissolved in the breath of May ;  
To rivers swollen the trickling rills  
Swept lashing the granite grey.

Through every hollow a torrent roared  
Adown to the roaring Dee,  
Who swept his valleys, resistless lord,  
From Ballater on to the sea.

Many a tree, by the roots uptorn,  
To the mighty ocean sped ;  
Many a meadow of sprouting corn  
Was a mimic ocean's bed.

*Drowned in the Dee.*

And ever the roaring waters rushed  
From the mountains and the glens,  
Till cowering larks their warblings hushed,  
And foxes fled to their dens.

‘Beware the river,’ the lady cried,  
To her handsome, headstrong son,  
‘Beware of trusting its waters wide  
Till this awful spate be run.’

‘The spate!’ said the youth, and laughed aloud,  
But his laugh had a boding ring,  
‘How long am I to be curbed and cowed,  
And tied to an apron-string?’

He turned on his heel and left the spot,  
With a haughty air and stride;  
But he bent his steps to the woods, and not  
To the dreaded river’s side.

And the mother went to her household cares,  
In her heart right well content,  
For little she heeded her darling’s airs,  
When she saw how his steps were bent.

‘This fierce impatience of leading-strings  
Is doubtless all for the best;  
My pretty bird is feeling his wings,  
And tires of the parent nest.

‘And a bird of powerful wing he’ll be,  
And lofty will be his flight,  
A wonder and joy to more than me,  
If I read his future right.



' Ah! soon or late, the young and the old,  
The parent and child must part,  
But few can cling with a closer hold  
Than mine to a parent's heart.

' I've chafed him now with my foolish fears  
In one of his wayward moods,  
But yet, when he saw my starting tears,  
He turned his steps to the woods.

' I dread, and he knows that I dread, the Dee,  
For thrice I have dreamt of late  
That a lifelong grief would come to me  
All through the river spate.

' My darling laughs at my boding dream,  
And myself would fain do so,  
But yet he turns away from the stream  
To pleasure my whim, I know.

The mother's heart was elate with hope,  
And her eyes were bright with joy,  
In the wide, wide world there was barely scope,  
She deemed, for her gifted boy.

And he—he turned his steps to the woods,  
And set him down on a stone,  
But ever he saw the sheen of the floods,  
And ever he heard their moan.

He tried to whistle, he tried to sing,  
And vainly he tried to think,  
Till drawn and drawn by a viewless string,  
He strolled to the river's brink.

*Drowned in the Dee.*

How wide was the river ! how smooth and fair  
Was the well-known Coble Pot !  
A man, a boy, an infant might dare  
To row in that favoured spot.

Was it water-wraith or kelpie's spell  
That lured him into the boat ?  
Nor I nor any on earth can tell  
What madness set him afloat.

But this is sure, that he loosed the band  
That bound the boat to the shore,  
And sure it is that he pushed from land  
And reached it alive no more.

The 'Pot' was smooth, but the current strong,  
And its all-resistless might  
Impelled the boat along and along,  
Till the rapids raged in sight.

A peasant saw, with a shriek of fear,  
The boat in the rapids leap,  
And far beneath in her mad career  
Upturned to the ocean sweep.

'Twas thus that the heir of the Hall went down  
In the rapids of the Dee,  
And over his body the waters brown  
Swept on to the raging sea.

Ah, many a weary week went by  
Ere his marred remains were found,  
And wet for him was many an eye  
In the country far around.

But who hath the pencil, pen, or tongue,  
May tell the grief at the Hall ;  
Or say how long to the parents clung  
That sorrow shadowing all.

For me, I cannot depict their woe,  
When struck by a loss so great ;  
Nor reckon the years so sad and slow,  
Till they bowed their heads to Fate.

They passed from the Hall, from the earth away,  
With their grief and sterling worth,  
And after them lingered many a day  
Their memories here in the North.

But few of the peasants now alive  
Can this tragic tale relate,  
Or care with the fading past to strive  
On matters of fact and date.

They, too, have passed, or they leave us fast,  
While strangers gather around,  
Perchance I gleaned my facts from the last  
Who lived when Russell was drowned.

'Tis long since the Hall had other lords,  
But escutcheons left declare,  
With their motto of three Italian words,<sup>1</sup>  
That the Russells were masters there.

<sup>1</sup> Notably at the principal entrance to the extensive grounds of Blackhall, a goat (the Bedford Crest) with the motto *Che Sarà Sarà* under, still stands over the arched gateway.

## THE SOUNIN' O' THE KIRK :

*Being some account of that ceremony as the same took place  
during the Restoration of the Parish Church of  
Bobbintap, in the year 18—.*

### **Pairt the First.**

It fell about the tail o' hairst—  
The year we needna min'—  
The craps were maistly i' the yard,  
But still the days were fine.  
The clover an' the aiftergirse,  
The neeps an' kail were green ;  
An' nicht by nicht, wi' siller licht,  
Sailed roon the hairvest meen.  
The fairmer and the fairmer's man  
Alike were blithe an' gay,  
Rejoicin' in the walie craps  
O' barley, aits, and hay.  
A mair contented peasantry  
Than we o' Bobbintap,  
There wisna then, there isna yet,  
On natur's ample lap.  
An' I aver oor pairis' folks,  
Sin' ever Dee has run,  
Surpass'd by nane in human ken  
For hairmless, rural fun.

For pipers, an' for fiddlers, we  
Hed aye a gryte renoon ;  
An' we could improveese a dance  
At ilka ither toon.  
For weel oor lads an' lasses kent  
The gait to fit the floor ;  
An' mairrit men an' wives, I wat,  
To join them werena sweer.  
A minister o' Bobbintap  
Composed a canty spring ;  
An' he fa figures in this tale  
Cud ance hae danced a fling.  
But at the time whereof we treat  
His health began to dwine,  
Or fechts wi' non-intrusion faes  
Hed kin' o' soor't his min'.  
At onyrate the honest man  
Hed learnt to luik askance,  
An' fae the poopit set his ban  
Upo' the 'midnicht dance.'  
But vainly did he sermoneese,  
An' warn us to amend ;  
For only time himsel' cud change  
A custom sae engrained.  
Oor youngsters sware they werena born  
To be a parson's thralls,  
Nor wis there i' the Catechis'  
Ae word forbiddin' balls.  
King Dauvit danced wi' a' his micht  
Afore the holy ark ;  
Fat hairm did they to shak' a fit  
In frolic aifter dark ?

*The Sounin' o' the Kirk.*

Atween oor minister an' us  
 Nae ither feud wis kent,  
 Nor half a dizzen o' oor folks  
 To non-intrusion leant.  
 Though "brimstone Johnny" fyles cam' roon,  
 An' didna spare his breath  
 To prove to us faur 'Moderate' souls  
 Were sure to gang at death,  
 We disbelieved in Johnny's richt  
 To fix oor future lot,  
 An' to oor nain aul' Pairis' Kirk  
 We kept oor nain jog-trot.  
 But yet the non-intrusionists  
 Made nae a little soun',  
 An' braw new kirks sprang faist and thick  
 Throughoot the country roon.  
 Oor kirk hed but an earthen fleer,  
 The seats were black an' rough,  
 Agen the wa' the poopit leant,  
 A big uncomely trough.  
 In fac', we a' began to feel  
 Oor kirk wis sic a place  
 As ane cud hardly sit intil  
 An' think o' heavenly grace.  
 An architect' fae Aberdeen  
 Condemned the hale affair,  
 An' forced the grippy lairds, at last,  
 To set about repair.  
 So aifter mony pros an' cons,  
 They sattl'd to provide  
 A partial rigin' for the Kirk,  
 An' wholly new inside.

The sclaiters, plasterers, an' vrichts—  
Fa hed the job in hand,  
Were boordit roon about amon' 's,  
An' soudert wi' us gran'.  
'A set o' hairy, harmless chiels,'  
My mither eest to say,  
'Aye ready for the sport at nicht,  
An' for their wark by day.'  
The tane wad tell a funny tale,  
The tither sing a sang,  
An' fyles at Allan's owre a gill  
An evenin' wisna lang.  
Fleet flew the days, an' merry nichts ;  
The tail o' hairst cam' roon ;  
The riggin' steed upo' the kirk,  
The timmer fleer wis doon.  
Losh, sic a splendid dancin' fleer !  
Sae smooth, sae lang, sae braid !  
The thoct flashed through ilk gazer's min',  
An' wadna rest unsaid.  
At first we only hintit it  
In whispers to oor joes ;  
It spread till reverend grannies felt  
A twinklin' i' their toes.  
O were the minister fae hame,  
Or faur he cudna hear,  
A hunner pairs o' nim'le feet  
Sud trip that walie fleer !  
But wae's my hairt, the manse wis close,  
Sae close to the kirkyard,  
That fae the kirk in seelent nicht  
A whisper micht be heard.

Na, na, we needna think upon 't,  
 A chance we wadna get  
 Upo' that walie, temptin' floor  
 A dancin' fit to set.  
 Fan last, faur least expectit, cam'  
 To us a helpin' han',  
 Fae fa but just fae Robbie Reid,  
 The minister's nain man?  
 For Robbie an' the minister  
 Hed neither o' them wives,  
 An' they hed been like heft an' blade  
 The feck o' baith their lives.  
 Fan Robbie first cam' to the manse,  
 Then Geordie, but a bairn,  
 Wis aften danced on Robbie's knee.  
 An' nursed wi' kin' concern.  
 Fan George a stoodent cam' fae toon,  
 Forfochen wi' his buiks,  
 'Twis Robbie Reid fa got him wan's,  
 An' buskit's trootin' huiks.  
 Fan George becam' the minister,  
 An' Robbie Reid the man,  
 Then Robbie took the minister  
 An' pairis' baith in han'.  
 The pairis', minister, an' glebe.  
 He tentit day an' nicht,  
 An' in his nain opinion kept  
 'The hale hypothec richt.'  
 An' 'twis the minister himsel'  
 That sairest taxed his skeel,  
 'He 'll sit,' quo' Robbie, 'at his buiks  
 Until he's rael unweel :



An' fan he gangs faur buiks are sell't,  
He aye brings hame a box,  
An' then I scarce can get him oot  
To catecheese his folks.  
He's sae neglectfu' o' his health,  
That, scholar though he be,  
Ye wadna hae 'im lang the fore  
Gin it were no for me.'  
Noo, fan the kirk wis in repair,  
The minister thocht weel  
To gie his non-intrusion faes  
A lick o' learned skeel.  
'Tis no for me to criticeese  
The product o' his brain,  
But in a saxpence pamphlet he  
Showed up their errors plain.  
Five hunner prentit samples o't  
Made nae a little steer,  
The el'ers gat a copy each,  
An' read it far an' near.  
The paper folks fa prentit it  
Declared that it was gran',  
'An abler champion hedna taen  
The Moderate cause in han';'  
He'd rattled blows upon his foes  
Like show'rs o' winter hail,  
Nor for attack ae single chink  
Hed left in a' his mail.'  
An' nae a non-intrusion birk  
Durst ventur' a reply,  
But took the wiser coorse, to 'jook,  
An' lat the jaw gang by.'

Fat wye they wan abeen the blow  
 Is mair than I can tell,  
 For troth the sair recoil upset  
 The minister himsel'.  
 Ye may be sure fan Robbie Reid  
 Observed his maister's case,  
 He wisna slow to speak his min'  
 Afore his maister's face.  
 'Deed, sir, quo' he, 'ye 're far fae weel,  
 That buik has worn ye oot ;  
 Yer legs hae grown like windle-straes,  
 Yer face as fyte's a cloot.  
 'Deed, sir, ye maun gyang to the sea—  
 At onyrate fae hame—  
 We'll dee without ye for a month,  
 Or else it were a shame.  
 The pairis' sall be luikit till,  
 We'se try an' keep it richt,  
 An' nae ae non-intrusion gled  
 Sall ventur' to alicht.  
 As for oor folks about the manse  
 Ye needna fash yer head ;  
 For ilka nicht I'se gether them,  
 An' hae a chapter read.  
 An' gi'e them o' the Sunday nichts  
 A mou'fu' o' a prayer,  
 For till the craps are sattlt up,  
 I daurna promise mair.'  
 An' so the minister agreed  
 To gyang a month awa ;  
 An' like a glint o' mornin' licht  
 The welcome tidin's flaw.

**Part the Second.**

Like wil'fire ran the welcome news,  
But only the selec'  
Were warnt anent the dancin' ploy,  
An' bid be circumspec'.  
For though the shepherd wis awa,  
We kent that Robbie Reid  
Wad mair intently watch the flock,  
An' bark on triflin' need.  
But Robbie hed a failin', sirs—  
Fat mortal man is free?—  
Which micht be turned to oor account,  
An' wis, as ye sall see.  
Amo' the joiners wis a chiel,  
They ca'd him Willie Ogg,  
There wisna, amo' a' the lot,  
A smairter, droller dog.  
He gaed a-coortin' to the manse,  
A deemie, Effie Dean,  
An' he'd contrived, o' Robbie Reid,  
To mak' an unco frien'.  
For aft at Allan's i' the late  
They drank a cosy gill,  
An' fan' the lawin' cam' to pay,  
The paymaister wis Bill.  
'Twis nae that honest Robbie Reid  
Wad drink awa his senses,  
Or sit in public-hooses lang,  
At ither folk's expenses.

But jist ae gill, or maybe twa—  
 Nae mair, upo' my oath—  
 He likeit weel, an' better still  
 Fan he cud drink for noth'.  
 This weakness Willie hed observed,  
 An' made it serve his job  
 Sae weel, that he cud Robbie drive  
 As Robbie drave 'the cob.'  
 The nicht the minister left hame  
 The trusty cronies met,  
 An' aifter Robbie hed described  
 The minister's ootset,  
 Quo' Willie, 'Robbie, ring the bell,  
 An' I will pay oor shot,  
 For we've a deal o' work' on han',  
 An' therefore I maun trot.'  
 Fat's a' yer hurry, Willie, man?'  
 Quo' Robbie wi' a smirk;  
 Quo' Willie musingly, 'Ye see,  
 We're gaen to soun' the kirk.'  
 'To soun' the kirk? Fat sorra's that?'  
 Spier't Robbie, sair perplext,  
 Fauron his waggish neeper thus  
 Enlarged upon his text:  
 'Ah, weel, fan we prepare the seats,  
 Afore we lay them doon,  
 We tak' the pitch throughout the kirk,  
 An' rectifée the soun'.  
 The human voice oor "cork" believes  
 The only sicker test,  
 An' we hae yet to single oot  
 An' fix upo' the best.

We wadna fash the minister,  
Because he wisna weel,  
Besides, to ask for ooter help  
Wad argue want o' skeel ;  
An' that oor foreman wadna like,  
He's soun'it kirks himsel' ;  
He has an ear as gleg's the tod's,  
His voice is like a bell.  
The gamut o' the human voice  
Nane better kens than he,  
He says it rins fae A to Z,  
Instead o' A to G.  
He means to mak' a buik upon 't,  
Fanever he has time ;  
I've seen a sample o' the work,  
An' think it's really prime.  
This week he says we maun decide  
Upon a soun'in' choir,  
An' fifty voices at the least  
Is fat we will require.  
Fae fifteen up to thirty-five  
The human voice is best,  
As skeely men hae ascertained  
By mony a clever test.  
An' so o' lads an' lasses roun'  
We'll need a score o' pairs,  
To len' their voices for a nicht,  
An' oors alang wi' theirs.  
Though sometimes fan a kirk wis new,  
Or in a muckle toon,  
I've kent us hae a hunner pairs  
To rectifee the soun'.

A hunner pairs fae set o' sun  
 Till mornin' dappled grey ;  
 For aye the job tak's place at nicht,—  
 It winna work by day.  
 An', ' added Willie, undisturbed  
 By conscientious qualms,  
 ' We try the pitch by ither means .  
 Than singin' hymns an' psalms :  
 By means that some micht think profane,  
 An' some declare absurd ;  
 But these are secrets o' the trade,  
 An' need the joiner-word.'  
 In wide-mou'd wunner Robbie sat,  
 While Willie swall't his head ;  
 Nor did he ventur' ae remark  
 Fan Willie's say wis said ;  
 But ere they pairtit promise gae,  
 To keep the maitter dark.  
 For Willie said, ' The like o' us,  
 Engaged aboot the wark,  
 Are boun' to tak' a solemn oath,  
 That ne'er to man nor maid  
 Sall we say ocht to jeoparddeese  
 The secrets o' the trade.  
 An' Robbie, man, I've tell't ye mair  
 Nor fat I sud hae deen,  
 Because I've come to reckon ye  
 A maist especial frien'.'  
 Fan Willie tell't us fat hed passed,  
 We thocht his plans wad work ;  
 An' mony a lauch took we aboot  
 ' The sounin' o' the kirk.'

We made a secret o' the nicht  
On which we were to meet,  
An' never breathed that we wad soun'  
The kirk wi' dancin' feet.  
At last arrangements were complete ;  
The fatefu' evenin' cam',  
An' Willie Ogg gat Robbie Reid  
To Allan's to a dram ;  
An fyles he egged him on to speak,  
An' ither fyles to drink,  
Till Robbie first began to glower  
An' neist began to blink ;  
An' than wi' drunken gravity  
O' step, an' speech, an' face,  
He staggered oot an' hame to bed,  
For fear o' waur disgrace.  
While slumbered Robbie o' the manse,  
Forgetfu' an' forgot,  
His fellow-servants donned their brows  
An' joined oor merry lot.  
Baith Effie Dean an' Janet Thow,  
As soon 's the coast was clear,  
Anent their pairtners i' the kirk  
Were timmerin' up the flier.  
That walie flier ! A better ne'er  
For sic a splore wis laid !  
That flier wis fifty feet in length  
By sax-an'-thirty braid !  
While fae the forebriest o' the laft  
Faur noo the seats were doon,  
Three bows fae well-accordit strings  
Drew nae uncertain soun'.

As for the dancers—ye may guess  
 They werena sweir nor slow  
 To beat the tunefu' measures oot  
 Wi' nim'le heel an' toe ;  
 For ruddy health an' soople limbs  
 An' hairts an' speerits licht,  
 An' love an' bravity combined  
 To gloriffee the nicht.  
 O days o' health ! O hopes o' youth !  
 O powers o' love ! how ye  
 Uplift the load o' human care  
 An' gar the minutes flee !  
 'Twis twal' o'clock, 'twis ane o'clock,  
 'Twis near the chap o' twa,  
 Fan, on a sudden, at the door,  
 A weel-kent face we saw.  
 Then legs uplifted, paraleezed  
 In middle air remained,  
 An' feet upo' the fleer were there  
 By leaden fetters chained.  
 The blithesome blink o' beauty's e'e  
 Becam' a stony stare,  
 An' sank in silence on the strings  
 'The merry lads o' Ayr.'  
 That face, it wis the minister's,  
 An' ne'er sin' I wis born  
 Hae I encountered sic a luik  
 O' sorra, wrath, an' scorn.  
 Wis it the minister indeed,  
 Or wis it but his ghaist,  
 Enraged to see the kirk profaned,  
 An' pairis' folks disgraced ?



O cud the worthy man be dead,  
And noo—strange tale o' fear,  
His ghaist, because o' oor misdeed,  
In livin' shape appear ?  
Short time hed we to speculat'  
On superhuman sights,  
Afore the voice o' Willie Ogg  
Cried, ' Men, pit oot the lichts !'  
Nor swifter does the stormy clood  
Drive owre the siller meen,  
Than Willie's order was obeyed,  
An' darkness ruled the scene.  
And whether man or ghaist had come  
To frown on oor exploit,  
Be seer we didna stop to speir,  
Nor ane on ane did wyte.  
The vera lasses for themsel's  
Were left at first to shift,  
Deil tak' the hinmost, aff we flaw  
As faist as legs cud lift.  
O sic a scene !—I'll leave my frien',  
The clever painter birk,  
To mak' a pictur' o't, an' ca 't  
'The scalin' o' the kirk.'  
Ye'll speir fat wye the minister  
Cam' hame at sic a time,  
To catch us at a ploy to him  
But little short o' crime ?  
Aweel, he hed been socht to preach  
For some ane i' the toon,  
An' wantit will or else convene  
To write a sermon doon ;

An' chancin' on a neeper's gig  
 To leave him at the gate,  
 To fetch a sermon he hed come,  
 An' landed i' the late.  
 Ye'll maybe spier fat vengeance fell  
 On oor unhaly heads,  
 An' gin we lap the pairis' boun's  
 To sleep in peacefu' beds?  
 Vexed to hae vexed the minister  
 Were we, ye needna doot,  
 An' scared eneuch lest he sud come  
 To fin' the fauters oot ;  
 But yet we kent he hed been dazed,  
 Wis far fae gleg o' sicht,  
 An' got but just a glimmer o' 's  
 Afore he tint the licht ;  
 An' gin we oor partic'lar names  
 Cud fae his Reverence hide,  
 The general wallop o' his tongue  
 We cheerfully wad bide.  
 But glaid eneuch am I to say  
 It wis oor lucky lot  
 To fa' without mishanter mair  
 Into the aul' jog-trot.  
 Faur we hed feared a lion fierce,  
 We fand a peacefu' lam'.  
 The minister his sermon took,  
 An' gaed the gaet he cam.  
 For wechty reasons o' his nain  
 He leet the maitter drap,  
 An' closely we oor counsel kept,  
 We fowk o' Bobbintap.

### MEERIE'S CHRISTENING.

WILLIE MASSIE i' the Meerton  
Fairmer twenty years had been,  
Fifteen siminers had been mairrit  
Till a kibble cantie quean ;  
Yet nae bairn had ever blest them,  
Muckle to their joint regret,  
Till upo' their saxteenth winter  
Hope wi' full fruition met.  
Then within their cleanly kitchen  
Rocked a cradle sure enough,  
Owre an heir, a comely callant,  
Blithely Willie Massie leuch.  
Mary Massie owre her little 'n  
Hang as gin her hairt wad birst,  
Swelled by that mysterious gladness  
Mithers feel anent their first.  
Sic a bonnie winsome little 'n  
Surely never smiled on earth  
Sin' the day that ither Mary  
Ga'e her cherub infant birth.  
Mary wrapped it in affection,  
Loaded it wi' gowden hopes,  
Oh, her mitherly devotion  
Beggars metaphors an' tropes !

*Meerie's Christening.*

Roon the steadin' Willie fichert,  
 Makin' needless errands in,  
 Half a yokin' fae that little 'n  
     Half-an-hour could hardly win.  
 Nicht an' morn he kent it growin',  
     Luikin' up wi' brichter e'e ;  
 ' Certain sure wis he that little 'n  
     Mair nor ither folks' must be.  
 Stievely he himsel' wis stridin'  
     Up the stubborn steeps o' time,  
 Yet he saw their summits nearin',  
     Kent that he had reached his prime.  
 Doonward he wad soon be creepin',  
     Yet, supported by his son,  
 He a second lease o' Meerton,  
     Nigh a third, nicht live to run.  
 They wad drain the Laichs o' Cattle,  
     Trench the hichts o' Craggy Faul,  
 Feed wi' yird faur soil was sandy,  
     Warm wi' lime faur stiff an' caul'.  
 They wad big a better steadin',  
     Newer-fashioned hoose forbye,  
 Rear superior breeds o' beastial,  
     Poultry, piggery, sheep, an' kye.  
 They wad tak' the langest prices  
     For their tatties, hay, an' grain,  
 Cattle shows, an' ploughin' matches  
     Aye sud see them haud their ain.'  
 Doon, an' farther doon the future,  
     Meerie pushed his fancied schemes,  
 While the laddie, central figure,  
     Steed in a' his waukin' dreams.

Mary hed her speculations,  
Different maybe fae her man's,  
While unconscious in her bosom  
Lay the subject o' their plans.  
But in this they were united,  
That the chrisnin' o' their heir,  
As befitted sic a treasure,  
Ought to be a gran' affair.  
'Willie,' they wad ca' 'im 'Willie,'  
'Fa cud hae a better claim,'  
Said the mither, 'than the father  
To our only infant's name?'  
Name, an' day, an' date o' chrisnin'  
Duly fixed atween the twa,  
Guests were numerously invited,  
Near at hand, an' far awa.'  
Then were stoury trousers dusted,  
Worn and fashionless renewed,  
Eidently for wives an' lasses  
Mantie-mackers shaped an' shewed.  
Oot an' in about the Meerton  
Preparations werena slack;  
Never there were han's sae busy  
Sin' the Meerton wis a tack.  
Twenty things about the steadin'  
Hed to undergang repair;  
For the hoose, a hunner cetims  
Needed Meerie's special care.  
Beef an' mutton baith were wantit,  
Geese an' turkeys, ducks an' hens,  
Nae to mention foreign dainties,  
Ill to get in Scottish glens.

*Meerie's Christening.*

Liquor cudna be forgotten,  
 Whisky wis the staple drink,  
 Single run for drams, for toddy  
 Double stuffs to gar ye wink !  
 Saw ye e'er in sunny August  
 Bees to bloomin' heather byke ?  
 Swarmed upo' the day appointed  
 Guests to Meerie's chirsnin like.  
 Saw ye ever bees a-castin'  
 Buzz an' byke aboot their queen ?—  
 Sae roon Meerie's little 'n gossips  
 Buzzin', bykin' nicht be seen.  
 ' Fat a thrivin' bairn !' cries Nelly,  
 ' Fat an airm, an' fat a leg !'  
 ' O foo like his father !' Eppie ;  
 ' O foo like his mither !' Meg.  
 Ilka ane cud notice something  
 Wunnerfu' about the bairn ;  
 Ane wad gie't a single unco,  
 Ithers load it wi' a cairn.  
 ' Wheesht ! the minister is comin'.  
 Here the gossips sattled doon,  
 Just as swarms o' bees will saddle  
 Gin ye gar the girdle soun' ;  
 Ben the minister comes smilin',  
 Speers for this ane an' for that ;  
 Mak's o' weather, corn, an' cattle,  
 Subjects for a general chat.  
 By an' by his sacred duty  
 Is performed midst pious awe.  
 Screamin' in its mither's oxter  
 Then the bairn is borne awa'.

*Meerie's Christening.*

71

Meerie fills the whisky-glasses—  
Meerie's glasses are na shams—  
Bids his guests a hearty welcome,  
Bids them a' 'tak' oot their drams,'  
Shortly denner wad be ready  
Laid within the corn laft,  
Carefully made clean an' cosy,  
Free fae either damp or draught.  
Gin there fell in coorse o' natur'  
Mony little 'ns till his lot,  
He wad hae to big a dwallin'  
Fit for chirsnsins an' fat not.  
Here there follow jokes an' laughter  
Rough an' ready in their kin',  
But for that the better suited  
To impress the rustic min'.  
Happiness, like summer sunshine,  
Lichtit up the hale concern,  
When the mither blithely entered  
Fae the beddin' o' her bairn ;  
Then a servant whispers something ;  
Meerie cries : ' The dinner 's ready :  
Gentlemen, luik oot for pairtners,  
Ilka ane lead oot a leddy.  
Minister, as ye've ta'en Mary,  
I'll tak' charge o' Mrs. Black,  
Lead the wye an' lat' the nim'le  
Set example to the slack.'  
Quietly mairrit men an' matrons  
Followed suit in couthie pairs,  
While a tail o' lads an' lasses  
Clam in bourachs up the stairs,

*Meerie's Christening.*

Lauchin', jokin', jostlin' ither,  
 Just as youths an' maidens do  
 When the maids are ripe for courtin',  
 Youths are fain but shy to woo.  
 Roon' the tables youths an' elders  
 Fand themselves in fittin' place,  
 When the minister arisin'  
 Solemnly pronounced the grace.  
 Here it's no the Muse's purpose  
 To describe the gran' *menu*,  
 But there wis in rich abundance  
 Meat an' drink for ilka mou';  
 Beef an' mutton fed on Meerton,  
 Poutry reared by Mary's han',  
 Neeps an' tatties, hale an' chappit,  
 Kail an' cabbage at comman',  
 Ale an' porter, kegs o' whisky,  
 Draps o' brandy too were there.  
 'That's yer denner, sirs,' cried Meerie,  
 'A' lay on an' dinna spare.'  
 A' laid on richt weel contentit,  
 Sparin' neither meat nor drink,  
 For the vievers were perfection,  
 Ilka guest wis boun' to think.  
 Denner passed without mishanter,  
 Though the Muse is boun' to say  
 Forks an' futtles were to hantles  
 Leems nae handlet ilka day;  
 Though she maun confess that Gordie,  
 Warslin' wi' a hen or duik,  
 Didna aye dissect its corpus  
 By the rules o' fashion's buik;



Though she owns that Rob or Johnnie  
Sometimes had the sair mishap  
To let fa' a neep or tattie  
In his Jean or Jessie's lap ;  
Though she maun alloo that Kirkton  
Drieve a chuckie owre the plate,  
Lan'in' her into the oxter  
O' the souter's clother, Kate ;  
Though the wife o' Littlefirlot  
Maistly clawed the souter's croon,  
'Cause he lat a skelp o' gravy  
Licht upon her saitin goon ;—  
Fat were these but sportive trifles,  
Ekes an' aids to further fun ?  
But the waiters clear the tables,  
Toasts an' toddy are begun ;  
See the minister is risin',  
' Fill your glasses, sirs,' cries he,  
' Fill, an' drink to Master Massie,  
Drink, and bumpers let it be ;  
May the child whom we have christened  
Long be spared to kith and kin,  
Tread the sacred paths of duty,  
Shun the devious ways of sin !  
May the sicknesses of childhood  
Pass, or lightly on him lie,  
Serious ills of youth and manhood  
Never come his dwelling nigh !  
May his share of wealth allotted  
Always be the golden mean,  
In his house nor proud profusion,  
Nor yet cringing want be seen ;

*Meerie's Christening.*

Neither prodigal nor miser,  
 May he use with prudent hand  
 Every increase of its bounty  
 Placed by Heaven at his command !  
 May his parents find contentment,  
 Countless blessings in their son,  
 Walk with him the world in gladness  
 Till their earthly course be run !  
 Him may children also honour,  
 Children's children's love attend,  
 While the blessings of a thousand  
 On his hoary head descend !  
 May whate'er is good be granted  
 And the graces now forgot  
 By benignant Heaven be added  
 To adorn and bless his lot !  
 Be this toast, or prayer, or sermon,  
 All will join with me, I think,  
 Now in hearty flowing bumpers,  
 Master Massie's health to drink.'  
 Need I say, the audience, rising,  
 Drank the toast with three times three ?  
 Need I say that thanks were stammered  
 Briefly and with moistened e'e ?  
 Toasts, an' sangs, an' stories followed ;  
 Supper sped the minutes' flicht,  
 Till the tae o' Friday mornin'  
 Pressed the heels o' Fiersday nicht.  
 Late indeed, an' laith to sinder  
 Were the guests at Meerton met,  
 Meerie's chrisnin' with survivors  
 Bides a pleasant time-mark yet.

A' the guests got hame in safety,  
    Though on their respective roads  
Several met fat learned critics  
    Wad entitle ' Episodes.'

Mrs. Milne o' Littlefirlot,  
    Unca vexed about her goon,  
Took an extra drap o' toddy  
    Strivin' to keep sorrow doon ;  
Fand her head begin a-bizzin',  
    Thocht it best to creep awa',  
Weltered hame through bogs an' hillocks  
    Aifter mony a weary fa'.  
Lan'it late, an' sic a figure,  
    Bell, the servant, hardly kent her,  
An' the Muse in a' her wallet  
    Hes na language fit to paint her !

Mr. Tawse, the pairis' teacher,  
    Borrowed Kirkton's shawlt to come ;  
Gaen hame must try a gallop  
    Wi' the grieve o' Tillydrum,  
Clean forgot a kettle corner,  
    Dobbin took it like the win',  
But, alas ! he left the saiddle,  
    Dominie, an' a' ahin'.  
Wichtly Dobbin reached the Kirkton,—  
    But the Dominie, alack !  
Hed to tramp the weary distance  
    Wi' the saiddle on his back.

*Meerid's Christening.*

Waukie, on his cripple shawltie  
 Sleepin' sat at Aikin's Bar,  
 Till Aurora in the welkin  
 Dimmed the hin'most mornin' star.  
 When the Tollman cam' an' shook him,  
 'Oh!' cried Waukie, 'but it's caul'!  
 Wife, ye're keepin' a' the blankets,  
 Or they maun be single-fawl'!  
 'Fan did ye come here?' cried Tollie;  
 'Man,' quo' Waukie, 'here I am,  
 But for gowd I canna tell ye  
 Foo I'm here nor fan I cam'.'

Blenterin bodie Bogenfallow  
 Didna ken his ain courtyard,  
 Thocht it aye the road an' round it  
 Pushed his beastie lang an' hard,  
 Till at length he lost his balance,  
 Tummelt aff into the sty,  
 Snorin' lay amo' the litter  
 Till the sun wis i' the sky,  
 Wis discovered, through his snorin',  
 Just in time to save his skin,  
 For a pair o' hungry porkers  
 Had resolved on brackin' in.

Some aver that Staneyhillocks  
 Tint his sneeshin-mull an' grat;  
 Ithers say that Mains o' Muggarts  
 Beddit in his bran'-new hat;

But the Muse, o' soothfast story,  
Carefully as best comports,  
Toils to free for trustfu' readers  
Sober facts fae gossips' orts.  
How the Muse has wyled an' winnowed,  
Toiled an' moiled to earn yer credit  
Through this hale veracious story  
See an' say when ye hae read it.

## THE LAIRD O' LITTLEFIRLOT'S WOOIN'.

SAID the Laird o' Littlefirlot,  
Sittin' in the twilight gloom,  
Ere the evenin' lamp wis lichted  
In his bien and cosy room,—  
Said the Laird o' Littlefirlot,  
While he sat 'im liefu' lane,  
'Sin my lady mither left me,  
Four-an'-twenty years hev gane,  
Sin' her iron sway wis broken,  
Not a day, a single hoor,  
Hev I bent in weak submission  
To a wilfu' woman's pow'r.  
Yet 'twar pity Littlefirlot,  
Wi' its acres braid an' fair,  
Fan I'm gethered to my fathers,  
Sud descend to female heir,  
'Twis a sair mistak' o' natur',  
Fan the human race began,  
That she left to woman creatures  
To continue noble man ;  
But sin' sic hes been her pleasure,  
We maun just obey her law,  
Or like Mastodons an' Mammoths,  
Be content to wear awa'.

Woman's wiles I've aye ootwitted,  
Still hev bidden Hymen pass,  
Yet afore that Littlefirlot  
Sall devolve upon a lass,  
I sall even gyang a-courtin',  
Even fa' on bended knee,  
An' beseech an 'oman creature  
Littlefirlot's wife to be !  
True it is, I'm nae a chucken ;  
Sixty summers I hev seen  
Sin' the worl' displayed its fairlies  
To my openin' infant een ;  
True it is, that sixty winters  
May hev blanched an' thinned my croon,  
That I'm something barrel-briestit,  
Nearly sixty inches roon ;  
Yet I'm herty, hale, an' ruddy,  
Clear o' e'e an' firm o' fit,  
Own'd at market, mill, an' smiddy,  
Glib o' tongue an' gleg o' wit.  
An' the acres ! ay, the acres !  
They're the magnets that will draw !  
Lat alane my bankit siller,  
Lat alane this bonnie ha',  
Faur's the doo, for here 's the doocot ?  
Faur's the bird, for here 's the nest,  
By mysel' an' forebears biggit,  
Feathered fair for love or rest ?  
Weel, I think I ken a thicket  
Faur a canty cushie coos ;  
Fat were wrang sud Littlefirlot  
Gyang an' speir her pairin' views ?

Ere anither nicht sall Dobbin  
 Bear me to my doo's abode,  
 "Wings o' Love" I dar'na mention,  
 They wad brak 'neath sic a load.'

THE LAIRD'S OOTSET.

Mornin' dawned on Littlefirlot,  
 Just as mornin' dawned elsewhere,  
 Ev'n the Laird o' Littlefirlot  
 Hed nae private sun an' air,  
 Gat nae special wind an' weather  
 For his courtin' tour prepared,  
 But siclike as cottar bodies  
 Though he was the cottars' laird ;  
 An' he thocht the sun wis shabby  
 Nae to send a special ray  
 Doon on him an' Littlefirlot  
 Upon sic a special day ;  
 But the air wis damp an' dismal,  
 Murky clouds the sky owrecastr,  
 Bodin' to his min' that sunshine  
 Fae his social state had pass'd.  
 Sure the stormy sky abeen 'im  
 Boded forth the stormy life  
 That awaited Littlefirlot,  
 Sud he tak' 'imsel' a wife.  
 Yet fatever cares domestic  
 Dread discomforts nicht ensue,  
 Littlefirlot to his purpose  
 Wad adhere, like tenpence glue ;



'Twas a duty to his forebears  
That their acres sudna pass,  
Gin it lay in Littlefirlot  
Till a smatchet o' a lass.  
Sternly therefore Littlefirlot  
Rade to matrimonial doom  
While his hert within his bosom,  
Sortit weel wi' Nature's gloom.  
Saxteen stanes, apairt fae gearin',  
Sat the Laird upon his beast ;  
On his pow an ample beaver,  
Cost a guinea at the least,  
While a fingerin' worsset gravet,  
Carried comfort round his throat,  
Shelter baith fae caul' an' cravin'  
Lay within his ridin' coat,  
Happin' half the buckskin breeches  
Owre his ample hurdies drawn,  
Half the beets o' Spanish leather  
Risin' owre his ample brawn.  
On his heels were spurs o' siller,  
In his han' a ridin' whup,  
Underneath him sturdy Dobbin  
Bravely answered each 'Gee up !'  
Sae bedeckt, an' sae in spirit  
Sharin' Nature's autumn gloom,  
Rade the Laird o' Littlefirlot  
Forth to matrimonial doom.

## THE LAIRD'S DESTINATION AND RECEPTION.

Cushie Dell aside the Deveron,  
 Though unkent to modern fame,  
 Ance ga'e bield to twa sweet spinsters—  
 Mary Meston was their name.  
 Mary Meston wis the auntie,  
 Mary Meston wis the niece,  
 Ane the ither did resemble  
 Close as shillin' florin-piece,  
 Fan the shillin' bears the impress  
 Newly stampit in the Mint,  
 But through tear an' wear the florin  
 Hes its early lustre tint.  
 Time had somewhat worn the elder,  
 Somewhat dimmed her virgin gloss,  
 Yet at teas and evenin' parties  
 Folks were often at a loss  
 To distinguish niece fae auntie,  
 Though the first wis twenty-three ;  
 An' the second?—well, the second  
 Forty an' a bit micht be.  
 Some averred that 'Aul' Miss Meston'—  
 Fa can hinner gossips' clack,  
 Or the names that spitefu' limmers  
 Will ca' folks ahin' their back?—  
 Some averred Miss Meston painted,  
 Some averred Miss Meston dyed,  
 Some averred Miss Meston padded,  
 Ithers sware the gossips lied.

'Twis a cheery even temper,  
'Twis a life of ease an' fouth  
That preserved the elder spinster  
In the comeliness o' youth.'  
Yet though charms o' purse an' person  
Were the portion o' the twain,  
On the gimmer hillock nathless  
Did the elder still remain.  
Rather say, remained secluded  
In her bien an' cosy howe,  
Watchin' owre anither's lammie  
Fan she sud 'a' been a yowe ;  
Micht in coorse o' chance an' nature  
Hae hed lammies o' her ain,  
Hed it been her will and pleasure,  
For, to put the matter plain,  
Often wad the elder spinster  
Gie her frien's to understand  
That there wis na want o' merchan's  
Eager for her hert an' han' ;  
That she chose to tarry single  
For her brether's orphan bairn,  
Or for ither ample reasons  
Which were only her concern.  
Yet I own that noo Miss Meston  
In her secret hert began  
Plottin', schemin', an' contrivin'  
How to huik a proper man.  
'I maun mairry ! I maun mairry !'  
Said the spinster till hersel',  
'Gin anither likely suitor  
Come the wye o' Cushie Dell.

Sud my brither's lassie mairry,  
 Which she's verra like to do—  
 Weel, the lanely life afore me  
 Is aneuch to gar me grue !  
 I maun dee my verra utmost  
 To gar wooers come the gait,  
 I maun mairry ! I maun mairry !  
 Ere my day is oot o' date.'  
 Here the spinster's cogitations  
 Came abruptly till a close,  
 For her servan' 'oman, Eppie,  
 Poppit in her freckled nose,  
 Sayin', ' Mistress, there's a stranger'—  
 An' the mistress raised her head—  
 ' There's a man 'at wants Miss Mary :  
 Sall ye see 'im in 'er stead ?  
 Or sall I rin oot an' seek 'er ?  
 I cud get 'er in a crack ;  
 She gaed oot to tak' an airin',  
 An' she hesna yet come back.'  
 ' Far's the man, or fat's he wantin' ?'  
 ' Weel, he didna tell me that,  
 But he's buskit like a gentle,  
 An' his shawlt is sleek an' fat.  
 I believe his spurs are siller,  
 An' his stirrups are the same ;  
 I jalouse he is a wooer,  
 But he didna gie his name.'  
 ' Smooth yer huddery head a kennin',  
 Gie yer bruikie face a dicht ;  
 In yer Sunday menner, Eppie,  
 Tell the gentleman to licht.

Run an' luik for Robbie Tamson,  
Bid 'im come as fest 's he 's able,  
Lat 'im tak' the horse an' haud 'im,  
Or else pit 'im i' the stable.  
Beg the gentleman to enter,  
To the parlour shaw the road ;  
I 'll be wi' 'im in a jiffy,  
Fan I get mysel' made snod.'  
Up the stair the mistress hurried ;  
An' to speak the truth' I 'm boun'—  
Twenty years a younger 'oman  
In appearance she cam' doon.  
There are mysteries aboot women  
Never solved by poet's skill,  
Which hae baffled human science,  
An' belike for ever will.  
I hev seen a haggard damsel,  
Slinkin' till her secret boower,  
Burstin' oot a bloomin' Hebe  
In the coorse o' half an hour ;  
I hev kent o' wrinkled matrons  
By manipulators clever  
Ta'en in han' an' renovated,  
An' made 'beautiful for ever.'  
I hev kent—but wherefore linger  
Owre the mysteries o' a sex  
Gifted baith to please an' tease us,  
Witch an' win, or plague an' vex?—  
In the parlour sat Miss Meston,  
Bloomin' like a twenty-three,  
While the Laird o' Littlefirlot  
(For the visitor wis he)

Sat an' gazed upo' the spinster,  
 To his een sae fair an' young,  
 Glow'rd in awe an' admiration  
 Scarcely fit to wag a tongue.

## LITTLEFIRLOT'S DECLARATION.

' Miss,' at last said Littlefirlot,  
 ' Ye will maybe think it queer  
 That a man in my position  
 Comes without forespeakers here !  
 I'm the Laird o' Littlefirlot,  
 Dootless ye hae heard o' me,  
 An' my errand—weel, my errand  
 Is yer bonnie sel' to see.  
 I hed heard o' fair Miss Meston,  
 I hed heard o' Cushie Dell,  
 But the magic o' yer beauty  
 Has come owre me like a spell.  
 This, I ken, is far fae reg'lar,  
 I sud first hae seen yer aunt ;  
 But as I drew near yer dwallin',  
 Mair an' mair my hert did dunt,  
 An' I fund I cudna dally,  
 Wis compelled to seek yersel',  
 Noo the glamour o' yer beauty  
 Hes come owre me like a spell.'  
 Here the bashfu', timid spinster  
 Turn'd her face towards the wa',  
 Hirslin back intil a corner,  
 Faur the sunlight wis bit sma'.

' I hae ne'er,' pursued her wooer,  
' Courtit 'oman a' my life ;  
But in you I see a leddy  
Fit for Littlefirlot's wife.  
I hev siller, I hev acres,  
I've a weel-appointed house,  
An' ye'll fin' upon inquiry,  
I'm a man correct an' douce.  
Dinna say a word at present,  
Tak' an ook to think, or mair,  
Gin it's "imphim" Littlefirlot  
Sall mak' a' the rest his care.  
I've been ca'd an " 'oman-hater,"  
Sic a name is noo unfair,  
Ye've convertit me, Miss Meston,  
I'm *your lover* evermair.'  
Thus the Laird o' Littlefirlot  
Poured his newsprung passion out,  
While its object, in her corner,  
Sat in tremblin' fear an' dout.  
Hitherto the Laird had sitten  
Singly in an elbow-chair,  
While the breadth o' a' the chaumer  
Intervened atween the pair.  
Noo he raise, an' wad a' stumpit  
Owre aside the spinster's seat,  
An', perhaps, in his devotion,  
Knelt an' pleaded at her feet ;  
But she startit, wi' her napkin  
Pressed to lovely nose an' een,  
Cryin', ' Mercy ! sir, hae mercy !  
Else ye'll overpooer me clean !

*The Laird o' Littlefirlot's Wooin'.*

Yer proposal does me honour,  
 Muckle honour, I confess,  
 But its suddenness hes plunged me  
 Into verra deep distress.  
 'I'm confeesed, my head is soomin',  
 I hev scarcely strength to speak ;  
 Let me think, consult, consider,  
 Gie an answer in a week.  
 Come again, but nae in daylight,  
 Lest the neepers mak' remark,  
 I'll be courtit like my neepers ;  
 Come an' see me aifter dark.'

## THE UPSHOT.

Said the Laird o' Littlefirlot  
 As he rade fae Cushie Dell—  
 'I'm a buikit man, as surely  
 As the sexton rings the bell.  
 I'm a huikit man as surely  
 As the day succeeds the nicht,  
 Gin I ever read the meanin'  
 O' a human creature richt.  
 Though I kin the hert o' woman  
 Is a chapter hard to spell,  
 An' her min's a constant riddle  
 Which she canna read hersel' ;  
 Yet this minute I'm as certain,  
 As I'm certain o' my life,  
 That Miss Meston hes determined  
 To be Littlefirlot's wife.'



Weeks the Laird o' Littlefirlot  
Gaed a-courtin' aifter dark ;  
Likit weel to gyang a-courtin',  
Like a youthfu' rustic spark,  
Wad repeat an' keep repeatin'  
As he cam' fae Cushie Dell,  
' Weel, the glamour o' her beauty  
Hes come owre me like a spell !'  
But the sweetest joys o' mortals  
Are nae lang afore they pall,  
' Since the trail of Eden's serpent  
Left its slime above them all,'  
As declared the bard o' Erin,  
The renownèd 'Thomas Moore ;  
An' the joys o' evenin' woin'  
Hev their drawbacks at threescore.  
So the Laird o' Littlefirlot  
Brocht his courtin' till an en',  
Enterin' into lawfu' wedlock,  
Foo an' faur I dinna ken,  
For the pair gaed south thegither,  
An' reports anew were rife  
Ere they came to Littlefirlot,  
Recognised as man an' wife.  
Nor can I explain completely  
Wile, disguise, an' artifice,  
Which got ' Auntie Meston ' courtit,  
Buikit, mairrit for her niece.  
But 'tis certain Littlefirlot  
Notit foo his pairtner aged,  
Made inquiries an' discoveries  
Blacker luiked an' mair enraged ;

*The Laird o' Littlefirlot's Wooin.*

Sware that he wad loup the country ;  
 That he stampit an' he banned,  
 That he sware he hed been juggled,  
 Cheated, swindled, an' trapanned,  
 That the woman he hed wedded  
 Hung her head an' said, ' It's true,  
 But I did it, Littlefirlot,  
 Did it a' for love o' you,'  
 That the pair hed gall an' wormwud  
 Mingled in their honeymoon  
 Till the Laird gae owre rampagin',  
 Booed his head an' sattlet doon,  
 Took his wife intil his bosom,  
 Though it never cam' to pass  
 That she tribbled him to dandle  
 Infant lad or infant lass ;  
 An' the Laird wad aften mutter  
 As he stumt aboot his place—  
 ' Ay, there's aye some disappointment  
 Fan a woman's in the case.'  
 An' fan Littlefirlot sickened,  
 Took the bed, an' wear awa',  
 'Twas a niece, an ancient spinster,  
 Heir'd the acres an' the ha'.  
 An' the lan's o' Littlefirlot  
 Passed fae Littlefirlot's line,  
 An' the name o' Littlefirlot  
 Hes been changed or tint sinsyne.

## THE COOPER'S WEDDIN' :

OR

A GLIMPSE O' AULD LANG SYNE ON  
'BONNIE DEESIDE.'

Part I.

Not far frae where the windin' Dee  
Pursues his seaward course,  
Noo murmurin' saftly to his banks,  
Noo ravin' loud an' hoarse  
Against the granite rocks which strive  
To bar his silver floods,  
And force them o'er the cultured meads,  
Or 'mangst the borderin' woods.  
Not far frae this same stream, o' streams  
The very pick an' wale,  
Resided ance an honest man,  
The hero o' my tale ;  
The very time, the very place,  
We 'll leave unsung, unsaid,  
Enough to say, our worthy frien'  
A cooper was to trade.  
As Cooper Geordie he was kent  
Through a' the country roun',  
For bowies, buckets, cogs, an' tubs,  
A man o' much renown.

*The Cooper's Weddin'.*

Lang years a bachelor he lived,  
 Unloved by womankind ;  
 Nor e'er had woman's witchery moved  
 His calm and steadfast mind.  
 He gaed to markets an' to rousps,  
 To raffles, balls, an' teas ;  
 He joked an' flirted wi' the queans,  
 But aye wi' twas an' threes ;  
 He joked wi' a', was named to nane,  
 He was so sly an' douce,  
 Until a sonsie pawkie quean  
 Cam' hame to keep his house.  
 An' weel an' clean, I wat, she kept  
 The cooper's but an' ben,  
 An' made the cooper feel himsel'  
 The cosiest o' men.  
 Baith late an' early, hame an' forth,  
 She played sae weel her part,  
 That lang afore the cooper wist  
 She'd stown awa his heart.  
 The cooper didna sich an' grain—  
 A man o' deeds was he ;  
 He straightway popped the question thus—  
 ' Jess, will you marry me ?  
 I'm nae a man o' mony words,  
 I'm ready, blunt, an' plain ;  
 Ye ken my hauddin' an' mysel',  
 Mak' it an' me yer ain.'  
 Full forty summers Jess had seen,  
 An' didna slight the match ;  
 For birds wi' nests sae snugly lined  
 Were shy an' ill to catch.

She heard the cooper tell his tale,  
An' didna seek to hide  
That it wad fill her heart wi' joy  
To be the cooper's bride.  
Wi' short debate the day was set ;  
Fast spread the news, I ween,  
An' gossips to discuss the match  
In dozens did convene.  
Twa ancient dames, wha'd set their caps,  
To catch the man o' timmer,  
' Were wae to see sae douce a chiel'  
Bewitched wi' sic a limmer.  
Weel had they marked her impudence,  
An' watched her plot an' plan,  
Till she had risen frae whole gudewife  
To mair than half gudeman ;  
Had they demeaned themsel's like her,  
Wi' modesty sae lax,  
They might have had a score o' men  
Ere they were twenty-sax.  
But nane had ever heard their names  
When scandal's tongue was busy,  
Nor ever ane could liken them  
To sic a forward hizzy.'  
While waggit thus the gossips' tongues,  
The cooper and his jo,  
Wha thought the ceaseless wheels o' Time  
Had never moved sae slow,  
Resolved to mak' a noble feast  
To grace the weddin' day,  
An' gather to partake the same,  
Their frien's along the brae.

*The Cooper's Weddin'.*

A week afore the weddin' day  
 The guests were duly sought,  
 The weddin' beef was spoken for  
 An' fouth o' whisky bought.  
 The cooper's weddin' formed the crack  
 O' lasses, wives, an' men,  
 An' Expectation lickt her lips,  
 An' snapt her fingers fain ;  
 Dame Vanity frae morn till nicht  
 Tript east an' west the brae,  
 To say what ilka ane should wear  
 Upo' the weddin' day ;  
 Now turnin' up her nose at this,  
 An' sneerin' now at that,  
 Condemnin' here a threadbare coat,  
 An' there a napless hat ;  
 Now ca'in the wife's best Sunday mutch  
 A vulgar-lookin' clout,  
 Poo-poin' coats turn'd upside down,  
 An' gowns turn'd inside out,  
 An' tellin' Jenny gin she thought  
 To win the heart o' Jock,  
 She must na grudge her penny fee  
 To buy a marriage frock.  
 The mantiemaker nicht an' day  
 Kept drivin' at her seam,  
 Unequal to her tasks although  
 Her fingers flew like steam.  
 The merchant sold his dearest cloths  
 For marriage coats an' breeches,  
 An' Master Snip to shorten time  
 Was forced to lengthen stitches ;

Nae better days he ever knew  
Since first he crossed his legs,  
His shears snapt purse's strings in twa,  
His goose laid golden eggs.  
But churlish Time strode on an' on  
Wi' stalwart step an' steady,  
Nor deign'd to speir at man or maid  
If a' the brows were ready.  
And now the marriage morn arrived,  
An' Phoebus fair arose,  
An' rubb'd the slumber from his eyes  
An' blew his jolly nose ;  
An' first he cast a ruefu' glance  
Upon his lumbering team,  
Then earthwards turn'd a watery eye,  
And, sighing, thought of steam,  
But when he gave his steeds the rein,  
And saw their laggard pace,  
In wrath he flung a dusky cloud  
Afore his blushing face ;  
To match the engine's lightning speed,  
He plied the whip in vain,  
And tears came trickling from his eyes,  
And mortals called them rain.  
Now while the sullen god o' day  
Those envious tears was sheddin',  
Our lads an' lasses, wives an' men,  
Were buskin' for the weddin',  
Sair vexed to hear the patterin' rain,  
An' think the bride was greetin',  
But sairer vexed perchance to think  
Their brows might get a weetin'.

*The Cooper's Weddin'.*

But ere the minister took gait  
 To join the joyfu' pair,  
 Fair Phœbus dried his watery een,  
 An' smoothed his yellow hair ;  
 Good-humour stole across his face,  
 He dash'd the clouds away,  
 An' threw his most bewitching gleam  
 To dry the dreepin' brae.

## Part II.

The weddin' guests cam' swarmin' in  
 Like busy bees in simmer,  
 While duly greets them at the door  
 The joyfu' man o' timmer.  
 To paint the glorious scene within,  
 O would that I were able !  
 But for a picture o' my case  
 You must reverse the fable.  
 Would you conceive the power required,  
 An' judge how far I'm wantin',  
 Just picture to yoursel's a mouse  
 In labour wi' a mountain !  
 O had ye but beheld the bride,  
 Her braw merino gown,  
 Her mutch, the very ribbons cost  
 The cooper half-a-crown !  
 O had ye seen the bridegroom's coat,  
 The merchant gae his oath  
 'Twas only to the 'Quality'  
 He ever sold sic cloth !



His sark, a present frae the bride,  
The very pick o' cotton,  
Wi' linen wristbands, neck, and breast,  
Nane finer could be gotten.  
His vest—the breasts had cost a crown !—  
Was elegance itsel',  
His flashin' breeks o' worsted cord  
Cost three-an'-sax the ell !  
Oh, had ye seen the junts o' beef,  
The waly whangs o' mutton,  
The hens, and ducks, an' whisky-kegs,  
Enough to sate a glutton !  
But now the minister 's arrived,  
An' now the knot is tied,  
Now down the weddin' guests are set  
To roasted, boiled, an' fried.  
Aroun' the cooper's board they sat,  
A goodly sicht in troth,  
Some tuggin' teuchly at the beef,  
Some cuttyin' up the broth.  
A few made use o' knives an' forks,  
Wha wished to pass for 'swells ;'  
But most made fingers pass for forks,  
Made knives o' teeth an' nails.  
The bride declared the broth 'owre fresh,'  
An' so, to men' the faut,  
Raxed out her finger an' her thoom  
To help hersel' to saut ;  
But sorrow tak' her 'bishop sleeve,'  
It played her sic a shavie,  
Knocked o'er a sauce-pot in her lap,  
And splashed her a' wi' gravy.

*The Cooper's Weddin'.*

The cooper fell to carve a fowl,  
But, what was most unlucky,  
Afore that day he'd seldom tried  
The carvin' o' a chucky.  
An' first he vainly tries the legs,  
An' then he tries the wings,  
Then past the carvin' knife an' fork  
In desperat mood he flings,  
Tucks up the wristbands o' his sark,  
In 's neives alternate spits,  
Then seizin' chucky by the ribs,  
He tore her into bits.  
About the mangled limbs were passed  
Till a' had got a pairt,  
An' most began to lick their thooms,  
Declarin' they were 'ser't.'  
The cooper bade them a' 'lay on,'  
An' hoped the fare was 'fittin','  
Whereon the weddin' guests declared  
Their 'very sides were splittin'.  
The table cleared, at either end  
Twa reamin' bowls o' toddy  
Were brewed, an' ladled roun' an' roun',  
A sowl to ilka body ;  
An' then the happy pair were pledged  
By a' their happy frien's,  
Wi' three times, an' three besides  
For 'luck and thumping weans.'  
An' ither toasts were duly drunk  
In bumpers deep an' strang,  
Proposed in speeches short and blunt,  
But cheered till rafters rang.

For orators wha said their says  
    Wi' coughs an' 'hems' an' 'haws,  
Atoned for lack of eloquence  
    By vigorous 'hip! hurrahs!'  
Till maids began to nudge their joes,  
    Wi' mony a wistfu' glance,  
An' hint the barn was prepared  
    For those wha wished to dance.  
Then to the barn a' repaired,  
    Resolved to shak' their heels,  
An' try the mettle o' their limbs  
    In jigs and Highland reels.  
Aloft upon a barrel-head  
    The fiddler sat fu' vogie  
An' screwed his fiddle to the pitch  
    To gi'e them 'Gird the cogie.'  
The reels began wi' a gude smack,  
    An' ended wi' anither,  
The tailor kissed the maidens baith,  
    The cooper kissed their mither;  
The souter nimbly crossed the floor  
    An' ga'e the bride a smack,  
The blacksmith kissed the souter's lass  
    Afore he could get back.  
Most met the lads wi' ready mou's,  
    And never gae a thraw,  
Altho', instead o' ae bit smirk,  
    They happened to get twa;  
But Kitty Primsey cuist her head,  
    Because, forsooth, she'd been  
A lady's maid, or some high post  
    Sic like in Aberdeen.

*The Cooper's Weddin'.*

' 'Twas no' for her to court an' kiss  
Wi' joskin' man or boy,  
Her silken gown was far owre fine  
To match wi' corduroy.'  
But Willie Winton seized her waist,  
An' ga'e her sic a smack,  
The very buttons frae their holes  
Were started by the crack.  
An' aye the ither stoup gaed roun',  
And dancers flew the faster,  
An' mony ane got broken skins,  
Yet never spoke o' plaster  
But cracked their thooms, an' threw their legs  
As nimbly roun' the floor,  
As if instead o' pairs apiece,  
They each had half a score ;  
Till Fiddler Bob, wha through the nicht,  
Indulged in wauchts fu' deep,  
Soothed by his ain harmonious strain,  
Was maistered sair by sleep ;  
An' Barley-corn, on mischief bent,  
Believin' t' sport fu' prime,  
Ga'e him a fillip on the pate,  
That knocked him out o' time,  
An' frae the barrel where he sat  
He fell wi' sic a clash,  
The fiddle 'twixt him an' the floor  
Was fairly crushed to smash !  
They raised the fallen fiddler up,  
An' dowie was his case,  
I scarce know which had fared the worse,  
His fiddle or his face.

*The Cooper's Weddin'.*

101

Some spak' o' whisky to the wounds,  
An' some o' stickin'-plaster :  
While some were courtin' i' the nooks  
Unmoved by the disaster ;  
But Cooper Geordie fetched a bag,  
Its length was Scotch ells twa,  
An' made them tuck the fiddler in 't,  
An' bed him i' the straw.  
Then helter-skelter to the house,  
The guests to supper thrang ;  
But there my sober, decent Muse  
Refuses back to gang ;  
Nae farther will the modest maid  
Pursue the cooper's weddin',  
But bids the curtain drap an' hide  
The supper an' the beddin'.

## DOON BELLSCAVIE.

*' Haud weel, Jean, an' sit weel, Davie,  
For I'm gae doon the back o' Bellscavie.'*

OLD RHYME.

FAE Clochmaben the hairvest meen  
Threw doon her licht wi' siller sheen,  
While near the Dee a comely pair  
Thegither met aneath Bakebare.  
A bonnie lass, a bloomin' youth,  
Intent to pass fae north to south,  
By ford, or garth, gin sic might be,  
For brigs were scarcer then on Dee.  
Nae strangers fan they met, I ween,  
Thegither they had aften been,  
An' dainty Davie hed a pairt  
In gentle Jeannie's tender hairt.  
Quo' he to her, ' My bonnie lass,  
Thegither owre the Dee we 'll pass,  
An' yonder, by the water-side,  
I spy a shawlt that we sall ride ;  
A cantie shawlt, as black 's a crow,  
An' stoot aneugh to cairry twa.  
Gie me yer garters, I 'll tak' mine,  
An' wi' them mak' a halter fine.'  
Sae said, sae deen, an' like a lam'  
The shawltie steed fan Davie cam ,

An' sae wis haltered in a crack  
And Jeannie lifted on its back.  
Then, luck be praised ! a rantree stick  
Was quickly cut fae coppice thick,  
Ere Davie i' the foremost seat  
Was grip't by airms o' Jeannie sweet.  
'Noo haud me sicker, Jeannie, dear,  
This gallant beastie—never fear—  
Alang the garth I'll safely guide  
An' lan' ye on the ither side.'  
The beastie here the water took  
An' plodded owre wi' sober look  
Until it reached the middle stream,  
When oot it cried wi' eldritch scream—  
'Noo, Jeannie, haud yer firmest grip,  
An' dainty Davie dinna slip ;  
For pots are deep an' swirls are strang,  
An doon Bellscavie I maun gang !'  
An' here he fae the garth hed sprung,  
But Davie plied his rantree rung,  
An' Jeannie hed by sage advice  
Her garters decked wi' scarlet dice,  
Thus Davie cud the kelpie guide,  
Wi' mony a wallop on his hide,  
An' though he ettled to get free,  
Or droon his riders i' the Dee,  
Yet a' his cantrip tricks were dung  
By scarlet thread an' rantree rung,  
Which will he nill he gar't him bear  
Dry-shod to lan' the loving pair.  
When baith lap aff upo' the san',  
Richt weel content to fit the lan',

*Doon Bellscavie.*

Quo' Davie—' Kelpie, mony thanks ;  
Ye 'se noo get leave to play yer pranks.'  
Wi' that he set the kelpie free,  
Wha cast his carcase o' the Dee,  
An' mony an awesome shape he took,  
An' raired until the forests shook,  
An' meen an' starns aneath the clouds,  
As frichtened rabbits 'mangst the woods,  
When Gamie an' his dogs appear,  
Do hide their heads in sudden fear.  
So gaed the kelpie doon Bellscavie,  
While glowered astonished Jean an' Davie ;  
' O never, Davie,' Jeannie cried,  
' Sin' I wis born, wis I sae flyed !  
The kelpie 's gien me sic a scare,  
I doot I 'll ne'er bite bannock mair.'  
' Hoot, Jeannie, lassie, haud yer tongue,  
The kelpie we this nicht hae dung,  
An' mony a lauch ye 'll live to tak',  
That, ridin' on the kelpie's back,  
I gar'd him cairry you an' me  
Dry-shod an' scatheless owre the Dee.  
An' as for me, I tell ye plain,  
Just as we crossed, I 'd cross again,  
An' circled roon wi' Jeannie's arms,  
Believe the kelpie's back hed charms.'



SISTER HELEN :

*AN AUGUST REMINISCENCE.*

IT was in the month of August—  
How the seasons wing their flight !  
I am fifty summers older  
Since that fateful August night.  
'Twas in August, I remember,  
When beneath our birchen tree  
Played my little sister Helen  
With myself, a child as she,  
Played the while our busy mother  
Plied her ceaseless toils within,  
Glad, so we remained contented,  
To escape our childish din ;  
But as day advanced the mountains  
Crowned their crests with fleecy mist,  
And the murky clouds descended  
Till their rims the forests kissed.  
Then my little sister Helen  
Laid her hand upon her brow,  
'Take me in, I pray thee, brother,  
I am tired of playing now.  
Take me in and bid my mother  
Lay me down upon my bed :  
There is something, oh, so painful,  
Shooting through and through my head !'

*Sister Helen.*

I remember how we laid her  
On her bed as she desired,  
Thinking she was only sleepy,  
Slightly chilled, or extra tired.  
But she tossed, and moaned, and shivered,  
Seized as by a sudden blight ;  
Paled and flushed, grew sick and sicker,  
Till we listened with affright  
To her heavy laboured breathings,  
Saw her lips with fever baked,  
Saw the last spasmodic struggle  
When she slept and never waked.  
I remember weeping sorely  
When her infant spirit fled,  
Though I comprehended little  
What was meant by ' She is dead !'  
I remember how my mother  
Sobbed as if her heart would break,  
And my father tried to cheer her,  
Looking cheerful for her sake.  
I remember how the joiner  
Brought a strangely-fashioned chest,  
And they laid my sister in it,  
All in snowy garments drest :  
How the neighbours round assembled,  
Stood with sombre clothes and looks,  
Listening to the solemn parson,  
With their faces on their books ;  
How they bore away my sister,  
And her mortal parts, they said,  
By our buried brother Thomas,  
Near the Parish Church were laid ;

But they said her soul had risen  
To a beautiful abode,  
Whither I, if I were worthy,  
Should ascend to her and God.  
I remember how I pondered,  
Mingling fancies up with facts ;  
But of this convinced and certain,  
That unrighteous words and acts  
Still would drive me far and farther  
From communion with the good  
In the Here or the Hereafter,  
Howsoever matters stood.  
Fifty summers since have drifted,  
Bearing on their ceaseless tide  
Human pleasures, human sorrows,  
Good and evil side by side.  
Bearing every mortal onward,  
Over life's inconstant seas,  
Me by tempests oftener beaten  
Than impelled by favouring breeze ;  
And yet fiercer tempests threaten  
As I near the final West,  
Wilder waters surge between me  
And the haven of my rest.  
But through all my chequered fortunes  
I have trusted in a Power  
That has guarded and will guard me  
Whatsoever tempests lour.

A FEUGHSIDE FAIRY TALE.

BETTY MASON.

BETTY MASON, a romancer,  
Little waur than Watty Scott,  
Nursed my infant years, an' told me  
Tales I hinna yet forgot.  
Fairies, witches, deils, an' kelpies,  
Played their pranks in Betty's tale,  
Ghaists wad stalk, an' brownies frolic,  
Ca' the kirn, an' wield the flail.  
Gruesome giants captured beauties  
Fair as simmer's openin' rose ;  
Ugly dwarfs an' ancient warlocks,  
Princes fix'd in stone repose ;  
Gallants handsome as Apollo  
Set imprisoned damsels free ;  
Snappin' chains like rotten lingans,  
Garrin' doors in flinders flee ;  
Routin' armies single-handed,  
Slashin' heads o' dragons aff ;

Scatterin' foes o' a' description,  
Just as win' wad scatter cawf.

Roon her knees ae winter evenin',  
Joseph, Nellie, an' mysel',  
Pressin', cried in chorus, 'Betty,  
Hae ye anything to tell?'  
'Onything to tell?' quoth Betty,  
'Little 'ns, naething new, I doot.'  
'Betty, ripe the story wallet!'  
'Betty, turn it inside oot!'  
'Betty, tell 's the wye the fairies  
Pinched an' proddit Duncan Deans,  
When they lured 'im to the hollow  
In the lonely "Sheetin' Greens."'  
Such were oor respective orders,  
An', consenting to the last,  
Betty plunged into the story,  
Which the Muse has here recast.  
Betty's language, voice, an' manner  
Minstrel's skill may never seize,  
Nor may auditors like Betty's  
Press a story-teller's knees.  
Watchin' ilka word an' accent  
Drappin' fae the speaker's mou',  
Level stretch an' crookit corner,  
Fain an' faithful to pursue,  
Sat we there that winter evenin',  
Deaf to rain an' rattlin' hail,  
While oor story-teller, Betty,  
Thus rehearsed her fairy tale :—

**The Fairy Tale.**

‘Tailyour Deans, at Haugh o’ Sluie,  
 Hed been workin’ a’ the week,  
 Which was gettin’ near its hin’most,  
 When he drieve his closin’ steek,  
 Drank a glaiss o’ Sluie’s whisky,  
 Bade gude-nicht, an’ trudged awa’ ;  
 Reached Potarch, an’ wad hae passed it,  
 But the wife had bidden ’im ca’.  
 “Min’,” said she to him on Monday,  
 “Min’, luik in as ye come back ;  
 Folks fa hae sae mony little ’ns  
 Aye hae claes to men’ or mak’ !  
 Potty has a coat to alter ;  
 An’ we ’ll hae a bigger job—  
 Winter claes for Rob an’ Willie—  
 Fan we get oor plaiden wob ;  
 But the wyver—drucken bodie !  
 He wad drink his vera sark—  
 While he can get cash or credit,  
 Winna dee a jot o’ wark.”  
 So for bisness, nae for pleasure,  
 Duncan entered Potty’s inn ;  
 Mair for trade than love o’ liquor,  
 Spent a shillin’ o’ his win.  
 Duncan Deans o’ Deeside tailyours  
 Was the vera pick an’ pink ;  
 Seldom three times in a twal’mouth  
 Neepers saw ’im waur o’ drink.

Fan he left Potarch that evenin',  
  Twa' o'clock it micht ha' been,  
Wi' a sicker fit he steppit  
  Owre the Feein' Market Green.  
Fan he crossed the burn o' Cattie,  
  Passed the fairm o' Tullentech,  
Clam' a mile o' brae, or near it,  
  Then he did begin to pech.  
Then he did begin to stagger,  
  But it wisna' wi' the drink ;  
An uncommon dwaum cam' owre 'im—  
  Fat it wis he cudna think.  
A' at ance his head grew dizzy,  
  Hert gaed thumpin' like a flail,  
Legs aneath 'im turned as dwaible  
  As an autumn salmon's tail.  
Fae the beaten road he stauered,  
  Utter darkness closed 'im roon' ;  
Lichtless, doited, dazed he wan'er't,  
  Missed a fit, an' tummelt doon.  
Whether he had swoon't or sleepit,  
  Whether lang or short he lay  
Till he neist had sense o' bein',  
  Duncan Deans cud never say ;  
But o' this he wis as certain  
  As that day succeeds to nicht,  
That upon his waukin' vision  
  Burst a strange, unearthly licht.  
Never—an' he tell't the story  
  While he lived to whip the cat—  
Cud his tongue describe fat fairlies  
  Met his e'en fan up he sat.

*A Feughside Fairy Tale.*

Owre 'im curved a dome o' sapphire,  
 Hung wi lamps o' gowden sheen ;  
 Underneath 'im stretched a carpet,  
 Velvet-soft an' emerald green ;  
 Precious stanes an' sparklin' crystals  
 Walled his ample palace roon' ;  
 Little folks, in green apparel,  
 Thronged it wi' melodious soun' ;  
 Pigmy lords an' pigmy ladies  
 Strutted through the spacious ha',  
 Or on rose an' lilac couches  
 Sat an chattered roon' the wa'.  
 At the en' remote fae Duncan  
 Sat the fairy king and queen—  
 He o' stern an' wrinkled visage,  
 She o' sweet an' smilin' mien.  
 Baith, as weel 's their gaithered subjects,  
 Micht 'a' come frae Lillipoot ;  
 Yet in ilka lim' an' feature  
 Perfect they fae head to foot.  
 Richest gems o' earth an' ocean  
 Glittered on the royal pair.  
 Courtiers roon' them boo't an' scraipit,  
 Robed in splendours maist as fair.  
 Fae his throne the King descended,  
 Fae his throne the pigmy Queen,  
 Music burst fae an orchestra  
 To the tailyour's eyes unseen.  
 Never fell on ears o' mortal  
 Strains sae rich, sae clear, an' sweet ;  
 Never yet to mortal measures  
 Raise and fell sic timous feet.



O sic music ! O sic dancin' !  
Duncan weel cud fit the floor,  
But the deftest human dancin'  
Were a clumsy Bruin here.  
Lang did Duncan glower enraptured,  
Lang he watched the belles and beaux :  
Hoo the latter leered an' smirkit,  
Hoo the former jinkt their joes ;  
An' he cudna dee but notice  
That the men were auld an' staid,  
While the women, young and frisky,  
Wi' their pairtners' frailties played.  
Near 'imsel', an ancient mannie,  
Seemingly a hunner auld,  
Had been linkit wi' a lammie  
Just escapit fae the fauld ;  
An' the pranks the limmer played 'im  
Wad 'a' driven a mortal mad,  
But the carlie, fan bamboozled,  
Merely luikit vext an' sad.  
Noo ahin' a couch or sofa,  
Like a little 'n she wad hide ;  
Noo amang the dancers skimmin',  
Swift as swallow she wad glide.  
Weel, fan Duncan saw a mannie,  
Aulder, grimmer than her ain,  
Jouk ahin' a sofa wi' her,  
Kiss, an' kiss her owre again ;  
While her ain bamboozled bodie,  
Socht her here, an' socht her there—  
Tint the hert an' fell a-greetin',  
Thinkin' sport like this unfair—

*A Feughside Fairy Tale.*

"Luik ahin' the sofa, mannie!"  
 Duncan cried wi' a' his micht;  
 Then a thousand angry glances  
 Pierced 'im like a glint o' light.  
 He was seized, an' pinched, an' proddit  
 By a hunner hands at ance;  
 Shak'n, showdit, thrashed, an' thumpit,  
 Till he thocht his vera banes  
 Crackit, crummelt into powder,  
 Fand his vera blood rin cauld,  
 An' the flesh upon his body,  
 In his banes the marrow crawl'd.  
 "Gweed receive my saul!" cried Duncan,  
 Mair he hedna time to say  
 Ere the fairy palace vanished,  
 An' alane the tailyour lay.  
 Velvet carpet wasna under,  
 Sapphire dome owre Duncan Deans.  
 Bed was his within a hollow  
 Near the weel-kent Sheetin' Greens.  
 Roon 'im brak' an autumn mornin',  
 Hung a drizzlin' weetin' mist,  
 Ilka minute in sic chaumer,  
 Ca'd a nail in Duncan's kist.  
 Drookit, dowie, an' disjaskit,  
 Duncan left his dreepin' lair,  
 Ilka bane within his body,  
 Ilka joint an' sinew sair.  
 Owre the hill he hitch't an' hirplet,  
 Tulzied hame an' wan to bed,  
 Whaur he lay a month or langer,  
 Ere he waxed anither thread.

Neipers said 'twas sair rheumatics  
Laid the tailyour on his back.  
"Naething o' the kin'!" cried Duncan ;  
" 'Tis that cursèd fairy pack,  
Wi' their pinchin' an' their proddin',  
Wha have caused this weary ill ;  
I were noo a corp, for certain,  
Had they got their wicked will.  
But I think I've got a lesson  
Nae to mak' nor meddle mair  
Amang lovers' silly quarrels  
Be they folks or fairy pair."

*Sequel.*

'What became o' Duncan after ?  
Betty, Betty, tell us that.'  
'Duncan Deans got weel an' flourished  
Mony years to " whip the cat,"  
Up an' doon amo' the fairmers  
I' the Howe o' Birse an' Stra'an.  
Noo he's gaen ta join the mony,  
Gaen the road we a' are gyaun.'  
'Tell us faur we're gyaun ?' cried Joseph ;  
Answered Betty, 'Till yer beds ;  
Aff at ance, an' on yer pillows  
Lay yer toozy sleepy heads.'

Such was one of Betty's stories,  
Not her longest nor her best ;  
But the story-teller slumbers  
Where the weary are at rest.

*A Feughside Fairy Tale.*

Old and gray are we who listened,  
Nay, are two who then were three ;  
And between us two survivors  
Stretch a thousand leagues o' sea.

LUCKLESS TAM LOWRIE AND THE  
ACCIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.

TAM LOWRIE was a luckless lad  
As ever was born on earth,  
For black misfortune followed him  
Frae the moment o' his birth.

Whenever a fever, croup, or cauld,  
Amang neiper infants cam',  
As sure as fate, in its sairest shape  
It fell upon Lowrie's Tam.

A gangrel he fell frae dikes an' trees,  
Frae gates, frae pailin's, an' stanes ;  
He brak' his nose, his teeth, his knees,  
An' bruised his flesh to the banes.

A laddie at schule his case was waur,  
For, besides his ain mishaps,  
He had aften to thole for ithers' fauts  
The dominie's sairest raps.

A blithesome day it was for Tam  
When he left the schule to herd ;  
But still misfortune followed him  
Like an evil-omened bird.

*Luckless Tam Lowrie and*

The heat wad drive a coo to the moss  
To sink in a watery lair ;  
Or Tam wad sprain an ankle or wrist  
An' hirple hame in despair.

The laddie wadna hae hairmed a flee,  
As gentle he as a lamb,  
But his neiper herds wad disagree  
An' the reddin-straik fa' upon Tam.

Aft did the luckless loon come hame  
Bleedin' an' bruised an' torn,  
An' aft wad his worrit mither exclaim—  
' I wis' ye hed never been born !

' Nae that yer thochts or acts are bad,  
But certain o' this I am,  
There never was mither plagued wi' bairn  
As I hae been plagued wi' Tam !'

Ah me ! but the lot o' luckless Tam  
Was cauldribe, crabbit, an' dour,  
An' Nature hersel' is bricht or dark  
As Fortune is kindly or sour.

Ev'n Frien'ship lookit at Tam askance  
An' Love hed naething to say,  
Till the milk o' kindness in his briest  
Was turned into curds an' whey.

An ugly scowl cam' owre his broo,  
As he walkit the world alane,  
An' muttered, ' I'm surely 'witched or cursed  
Wi' a heavier curse than Cain !'

We've kent o' women that clung to waifs  
Like moss to a granite stane;  
But luckless Tam got the blithesome blinks  
An' the kisses o' love frae nane.

Unblest by love, uncheered by frien's,  
Pursued by a fate severe,  
But yet wi' his quota o' limbs complete  
He entered his thirtieth year.

'Twas then that a bloomin' buxom lass  
To serve in the quarter cam',  
An' lit the lowe o' a quenchless love  
In the lanely hairt o' Tam.

But Nanny Bower was cautious an' wise,  
As weel as fair to behold,  
An' kent that the sweetness o' mairrit life  
Depends nae a little on gold.

She saw that naething prospered wi' Tam,  
That cash in his pocket was scant,  
She weighed him up an' she weighed him doon,  
An' judged he was waur than want.

She thus delivered her mind to Tam,  
At the end o' the auld hay-stack—  
'Na, Tam, I canna buckle wi' you  
Tho' your hairt for my sake sud brak'!

'Na, Tam, I canna be yours, my man,  
An' she wha wad wad be rash,  
Unless you cud somehow fa' on a plan  
To turn mishanters to cash.'

'To turn mishanters to cash,' cried Tam,  
'I'll strive frae this hoor an' forth ;  
Fa kens, I yet may fa' on a plan,  
To gar mishanters hae worth ?'

Tam speedily met wi' a Company,  
Far noted throughout the land,  
That spread its buckler owre such as he,  
An' paid mishanters off-hand.

A policy wasna ill to procure ;  
Ae fa, an' the brak' o' an airm,  
Got Tam a sowl o' siller at ance,  
That set him up in a fairm.

An' Nanny Bower took a second thocht  
When the fairmer a-courtin' cam' ;  
She smiled content when he urged his suit,  
An' agreed to buckle wi' Tam.

The day was set, but was twice deferred,  
For Tam got a pair o' fa's  
That shook him a bit, but found the cash  
To pay for the mairriage brows.

The mairriage cam' off wi' great éclât,  
An' ae triflin' accident  
Which somehow happened to luckless Tam,  
But paid for a twalmonth's rent.

He slipt on a morsel o' orange-peel,  
An' brak' the pan o' his knee ;  
But his foremost words as they raised him up  
Were, ' Another fifty for me !'



The day that his first-born saw the licht  
Was a dowie day to Tam,  
He rode to fetch the medicine at nicht,  
But hame on a shutter he cam' !

It seems his shawlt had shied on the road,  
An' Tam was thrown on his head,  
But kindly niepers gathered him up,  
An' carried him hame for dead.

' Alas !' sighed Nanny, ' he 's killed outright,  
For me a dowie concern ;  
Yet there 's ne'er an ill but micht be waur,  
There 's a thoosand for me an' the bairn.'

Tam lifted his heavy eyes an' groaned,  
' I 'm nae quite finished,' quoth he,  
' But this will be a serious job.  
For oor frien's in the A.A.C. !

' A grave affair, an' a great expense,  
For *they* hae the piper to pay.'  
An' he closed his eyes, an' kept his bed  
For mony a weary day,

While Nanny dandled her dear first-born,  
As canty as wife cud be,  
An' blessed the day when she met wi Tam,  
An' Tam wi' the Companie.

When Tam got better he cannily crept  
To follow his rural toil,  
But soon again 'twas the Company  
Gat his parritch-pot to boil.

*Luckless Tam Lowrie and*

Baith hame an' forth, on water an' land,  
 By cut, collision, an' fa',  
 Tam suffered abridgment aifter that,  
 Till the volume left was sma'.

He lost a foot, an airm, an' a leg,  
 An' fingers by twas an' threes :  
 ' I 'm leavin' you, Nanny, wife,' he said ;  
 ' I 'm leavin' you by degrees.

' But when you 've gathered me bit by bit,  
 To the graves o' my auld forebears :  
 A thoosand pounds in your lap, I think,  
 Will help to lessen your tears.

' An' mair than that, oor laddie Tam  
 Is just anither o' me ;  
 Assure him, wife, an' assure him quick,  
 He 'll thrive in the A.A.C.

' He 'll mair than fill his father's shoes,  
 He 'll triple his father's gains ;  
 So ye maunna mourn for mysel', my love,  
 When ye bury my scant remains.'

There was still a fraction o' Tam in life  
 The last time I passed his door,  
 An' Nanny treasured the morsel left  
 As miser his hoarded store.

She said, as she sat by the ingle-cheek,  
 A buxom an' braw gudewife,  
 That she blessed her man an' the Company  
 For a bien an' cosy life.

*The Accident Assurance Company.*

123

An' their auldest callant, weel assured,  
Was risin' a hopefu' lad,  
Surpassed in the accident line by nane  
Save only his luckless dad.

'To see my man curtailed,' she said,  
'Has vexed my innermost soul ;  
But I gie to the fragments a' the love  
That I e'er bestowed on the whole.

'Twas sair to see the loss o' his limbs  
An' bide the brak' o' his banes ;  
Yet I raither wad lose him bit by bit  
Than pairt wi' him a' at ance.

'But I hope the remnant will be spared  
Lang, lang to the bairns an' me,  
An' a monument to the special worth  
O' oor frien' the A.A.C.'

## THE BROOKES OF SOUTHBROOK HALL :

### *A POEM OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.*

As sudden deluge rolls destruction wide,  
And sinks 'midst ruins when the storms subside,  
So lawless passions devastate the mind,  
And leave their baleful ruin-trace behind ;  
But pure affection, ruled by wise control,  
Can strengthen, cheer, and elevate the soul,  
As streams that from perennial fountains run,  
Pursue their steady course in storm and sun,  
Draw tribute streams, in magnitude expand,  
Delight the eye, and fertilise the land.

How smoothly glide the years of social life,  
Where faithful husband joins with loving wife  
In each vicissitude of changeful fate,  
To heighten joy and bid distress abate ;  
If wealth is theirs to spread its comforts round  
Or wring from dearth what scanty good is found,  
He ever prompt the graver weight to bear,  
She watchful still to ease his load of care,  
In every change, by their domestic hearth,  
Affection smiles to Edenise the earth !

So lived, so loved the Brookes of Southbrook Hall,  
Themselves beloved, themselves revered by all  
Who climb the heights, or roam the valleys sweet  
Where Feugh and Dee in mingling currents meet ;  
The feelings theirs which lasting love inspires—  
Esteem, benevolence, and soft desires.  
One joy they lacked, on earth 'tis ever so,  
Completed bliss we mortals never know ;  
O were this boon—an heir to Southbrook—given  
What earthly gift could they have begged of Heaven ?

But lo, the years, the rapid years had chased  
Till nine times earth her annual orb had traced  
Since Hymen joined the love-enchanted pair,  
Yet smiled at Southbrook Hall no infant heir.  
The tenth year comes, and dawns a joyous morn,  
A boy—bright image of his sire—is born !  
On him unceasing love the parents pour,  
But spending love increase their former store,  
Mysterious joy, we stint thy sweets in vain,  
The more we give the more we still retain !

The seasons sped, young Henry waxed apace ;  
His father's stature, and his mother's grace,  
Her gentle temper, his capacious mind,  
With native virtues in the boy combined  
To render him the joy of great and small,  
His parents' pride, the light of Southbrook Hall.  
Thus waxed the boy, thus reached his thirteenth year,  
When fortune's smiles were changed to frowns austere,  
On Henry's eyes there fell a sudden blight  
Involving all in universal night.

What words can paint the boy's, the parents' grief,  
When medicine's skill brought only pain's relief,  
But failed to bring to blighted orbs the ray  
Disease had banished from their earthly day?  
Yet fond affection cheered the darkened hour  
When boastful science owned her baffled power,  
And, ever constant, led the blinded boy  
To fuller streams of intellectual joy ;  
Thus doth affection blunt the edge of woe,  
Illume the hearth, and gladden life below.

## THE HAPLESS POET'S LAST LAY.

ON the margin of a forest,  
Underneath an autumn sky,  
Far from face of friend or kinsman,  
Lay a Bard with glazing eye.  
In the fertile fields of Fancy  
He had conquered many spoils,  
Yet his fellows unrewarded  
Left his brain-exhausting toils.

He had learning, he had genius,  
He had wisdom, he had wit ;  
Yet for wages-earning labour  
Men had deemed him all unfit.  
Few had begged his fellow-mortals  
More for leave to toil than he,  
But he owned himself a poet,  
And they laughed to scorn his plea.

Till by debts and duns demented,  
Him in pauper livery clad,  
Sick, alike in mind and body,  
Men immured amid the mad.  
When the tardy law released him,  
Blighted both in heart and name,  
Little cared he more for fortune  
Whether good or evil came.

*The Hapless Poet's last Lay.*

Little valued life's existence,  
Though he did not loathe it quite ;  
Nature still her countless beauties  
Freely spread for his delight.  
Far he wandered, much he suffered,  
Ere he passed from earth away,  
On the margin of a forest  
Breathing thus his latest lay :—

' I am dying,' said the Poet ,  
' Dying with the autumn flowers,  
Like the fading leaves around me  
Wane this body's vital powers ;  
But the mind, the soul, the spirit  
Which controls this living *me*,  
When the blood has ceased to circle,  
Whither shall this essence flee ?

' Feeble Reason cannot answer ;  
Hope alone on daring wing,  
Far from earth, in seas celestial  
Finds the lands of ceaseless spring :  
Where the summer never scorches,  
Where the winters never freeze,  
Where an odour as of Eden  
Balms the ever-grateful breeze.

' Where the flowers for ever blossom,  
Where the fruits for ever glow ;  
Where the birds in cadence warble,  
Where the streams in music flow.



*The Hapless Poet's last Lay.*

129

Where the limbs are never languid,  
Where the heart is never sore,  
Where the pangs of cold and hunger  
Can afflict the flesh no more.

'I am weary,' said the Poet,  
'I have suffered life so long,  
Seen so much of man's injustice  
Borne so much of human wrong :  
Let me sleep, and never waken  
Where such evils have abode.'—  
So he slept, and so his spirit  
From the earth returned to God.



SONGS.

*' Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt,  
Der in den Zweigen wohnt ;  
Das Lied das aus der Kehle dringt,  
Ist Lohn, der reichlich lohnet.'*

GOETHE.

## MY MITHER TONGUE !

(GIVEN AT A BURNS ANNIVERSARY DINNER IN SHEFFIELD.)

My mither tongue ! owre seldom heard,  
Your accents thrill me through ;  
Ye gar my heart loup to my lips,  
My very een rin fu' ;  
Ye waft me back to blither times,  
To days when I was young,  
When love an' hope baith spak' in thee,  
My couthie mither tongue !

My mither tongue ! my infant cares  
Were soothed to rest in thee ;  
' John Anderson ' an' ' Duncan Gray '  
Hae aften closed my e'e ;  
An' ' Bonnie Doon,' or ' Auld Lang Syne,'  
Aboon my cradle sung,  
Hae made me dream that angel choirs  
Used aye my mither tongue.

My mither tongue ! a bairn at schule  
In English buiks I read ;  
An' warsled sair wi' English facts  
To pang my laddie head.

*My Mither Tongue !*

But when my heart was big wi' wae,  
 Or lowin' love upsprung ;  
 My feelin's aye gushed out in thee,  
 My couthie mither tongue !

My mither tongue ! how aft hae I  
 My very meals forgot,  
 While porin' o'er the wizard page  
 O' Ramsay, Burns, or Scott !  
 On ' Tam o' Shanter's ' midnight ride,  
 Or Hornbook's pranks I've hung ;  
 Rehearsed wi' matchless power in thee,  
 My couthie mither tongue !

My mither tongue ! I daurna name  
 The loves o' bygone years ;  
 It ill becomes a bearded man  
 To blin' his een wi' tears.  
 I daurna name the welcomes warm  
 That roun' my heart hae clung,  
 The sad fareweels expressed in thee,  
 My couthie mither tongue !

I daurna conjure up the spots  
 Where cheerfu' childhood played,  
 The broomy knowes, the fairy howes  
 Where hopefu' manhood strayed.  
 I daurna name departed frien's,  
 Whase hands my hands hae wrung,  
 An' poured their latest blessin's out  
 In thee, my mither tongue !

*My Mither Tongue !*

135

My mither tongue ! some ca' ye rude,  
An' some hae wished ye dead ;  
Ye winna dee, ye canna dee,  
Sae lang as Burns is read ;  
An' that will be while warl's rin roun',  
An' suns in space are hung ;  
While wisdom, wit, an' music live,  
Ye'll live, my mither tongue !

My mither tongue ! ye'll haud the grip  
While words hae power to teach,  
While human feelin's link themsel's  
To blithe or dowie speech ;—  
While hopes an' fears, an' joys an' griefs,  
While loves are said or sung,  
Ye'll haud the grip in spite o' a',  
My couthie mither tongue !—  
Till suns grow cauld, an' Natur's sel'  
Creeps feckless o'er a rung,  
Ye winna dee, ye canna dee,  
Dear Scotia's magic tongue !

## THE LAND O' CAKES.

(GIVEN AT A SOCIAL GATHERING OF SCOTCHMEN IN ENGLAND,  
IN CONNECTION WITH THE TOAST, 'THE LAND O' CAKES.')

AIR — ' *O' a' the airts,* ' etc.

OWRE a' the lands aroun' the earth  
Where Fortune casts our lot,  
There smiles to us frae out the North  
A memory-charmèd spot—  
O Scotia, fairest land o' a' !  
Sweet hame where we were born !  
On you there fell an' still maun fa'  
The blithest blinks o' morn.

An' aye your name bids mountains rise,  
An' burnies wimple doon ;  
To fairy glen the fancy flies  
Or bonnie burgh's toon.  
Again we roam where Tweed, or Tay,  
Where Clyde, or silver Dee,  
Or drumly Don, or swirlin' Spey  
Winds towards the parent sea.

Your name's a spell to conjure back  
The lang-departed years,  
Afore our feet had trod the track  
Adoon the 'vale o' tears.'



It bids departed frien's return,  
An' linger by our side,  
A warmer love within us burn  
For kindred severed wide.

It wafts us back to early days  
An' hames for ever sweet ;  
We sit on gow'ny simmer braes,  
Or sport along the street ;  
The young, the gay, our pleasures share,  
A' gowden are the hours ;  
The hopefu' past appears ance mair,  
When earth was strewn wi' flowers.

Awa', ye dreams o' fancy bred !  
Awa', delusive flights !  
Around us here this night are spread  
Earth's real, earth's chief delights.  
Here patriot love and friendship shine,  
An' plenty crowns the board ;  
What further could their feasts divine  
To fabled gods afford ?

An' sparkles here a nectar rare  
Olympus never knew,  
A draught distilled in northern air,  
Auld Scotia's mountain dew ;  
Despondent care before it flies,  
Ilk gladsome feeling wakes,  
Our sangs ring out, our bumpers rise,  
Our toast, ' The Land o' Cakes !'

## ROBERT BURNS.

(GIVEN AT A DINNER IN HONOUR OF THE BIRTH OF OUR  
GREAT NATIONAL BARD.)

AIR—' *A man 's a man for a' that.*'

Is there for Scotland's ploughman bard  
That hangs his head, an' a' that?  
We spurn the coof from our regard  
Wi' scorn, contempt, an' a' that!  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
His senseless pride, an' a' that;  
Beyond his ken this wale o' men,  
This prince o' bards, an' a' that.

What though he sometimes made a slip  
In sliddery paths, an' a' that,  
Or raised the beaker to his lip  
A kennin' aft', an' a' that?  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
In spite o' fauts, an' a' that,  
A bard was he by Heaven's decree,  
Wha bravely sang, for a' that.

A poet he that rose sublime,  
In song, an' ode, an' a' that,  
O'er a' wha wriggle into rhyme,  
An' pithless blank, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their scansion, feet, an' a' that ;  
An' sapless rules weel conned at schules  
An' colleges, an' a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a bard,  
Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that ;  
Though critics' praise be his reward,  
An' public pay, an' a' that ;  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
His pictured page, an' a' that,  
Although his name is 'puffed' to fame,  
'Twill die wi' him, for a' that.

Let schoolmen pang their pates wi' Greek  
An' Latin roots, an' a' that,  
To mak' a bard they needna seek,—  
Aboon their power is a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
'Tis Nature's self, an' a' that,  
That lends the fire to strike the lyre,  
Like Robert Burns, for a' that !

His common sense, his tender heart,  
His piercing ken, an' a' that,  
Were far beyond the pith o' art—  
Were gifts frae Heaven, an' a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
His wisdom, wit, an' a' that,  
Will live as lang as Scottish sang  
Is dear to Scots for a' that !

## MORAYLAND.

AIR—' *There's nae luck aboot the hoose.*'

WE 'LL sing a sang o' Morayland,  
 We want nae better theme,  
 Nor ask we aid o' foreign Muse  
 Frae Grecian fount or stream ;  
 The name o' Morayland 's a power  
 Aboon your fabled ' Nine,'  
 It warms the heart, an' fills the head  
 Wi' mem'ries o' lang syne.

*Chorus*—For there 's nae land like Morayland,  
 There is nae land ava,  
 Nor kinder hearts than Moray hearts  
 Around the warl' a'.

We dinna lichtly Southern lands,  
 Nor Southern faith an' truth,  
 But aye the nearest to our hearts  
 Are scenes an' frien's o' youth ;  
 An' when we meet a ' Moray loon,'  
 An' grasp his friendly hand,  
 We 're back thegither bairns at school,  
 In bonnie Morayland.

*Chorus*—For there 's nae land like Morayland, *etc.*

Amid the budding woods o' spring  
The cowslips sweet we pu',  
While round us trill the throstle's notes  
Or am'rous cushats coo.  
We climb together side by side  
The scented heather braes,  
Where bees collect their gowden loads  
An' simmer lambkin plays.

*Chorus*—For there's nae land like Morayland, *etc.*

We catch the trout in siller streams,  
We gather berries ripe,  
Or sit upon the mossy bank  
An' hear the curlew pipe ;  
Or mingle round the cheery hearth  
When wintry tempests blaw,  
An' picture how when day returns  
We'll build our huts o' snaw.

*Chorus*—For there's nae land like Morayland, *etc.*

Or better yet, wi' flying feet  
We thread the mazy dance,  
Return the pressure o' a hand  
Or meet an answering glance ;  
Or—remnant best to mortals left  
Frae Eden's parted bliss,—  
We mingle lips an' hearts an' sighs  
In love's first raptured kiss.

*Chorus*—For there's nae land like Morayland, *etc.*

*Back, back to Morayland.*

Gae bring a stoup o' Milton Duff,  
 Glen Lossie, or Glen Grant,  
 The nectar o' our native North—  
 What mair cud mortals want?  
 Gae bring a stoup o' 'Mountain Dew,'  
 The best that hands can draw,  
 We'll drain it dry to Morayland  
 Though morning cock sud craw.

*Chorus*—For there's nae land like Morayland, *etc.*

---

BACK, BACK TO MORAYLAND.

(SUGGESTED BY THE LETTER OF AN EMIGRANT AT ONE OF  
 THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD-DIGGINGS TO HIS FRIENDS  
 IN MORAYSHIRE.)

BACK, back to Morayland,  
 O'er the blue sea,  
 Far from this hated strand,  
 O let me flee!  
 Back where the smile of love  
 Sweetened my toil,  
 Like the sweet sun above,  
 Gladdening the soil.

Down in the sparry caves,  
 Sleep, tempest, sleep;  
 Over the laughing waves  
 Sweep, my bark, sweep.

*Back, back to Morayland.*

143

Swift as the swallow's flight,  
Home let us flee ;  
There, there are eyes of light  
Watching for me.

Here doubt and danger reign  
Wedded to fear,  
Back to my home again,  
Morayland dear !  
Pride of my native North,  
Brave land of old,  
Where every heart is worth  
Mountains of gold.

Back, back to Morayland,  
O'er the blue sea,  
Far from this hated strand,  
O let me flee !  
Swift as the swallow's flight,  
Back to the isle  
Where love and truth unite  
Hearts without guile.

FAIR FA' THE GUIDWIVES O' LHANBRYD.<sup>1</sup>

Fair fa' the guidwives o' Lhanbryd,  
 The comely guidwives o' Lhanbryd :  
     Nane fairer indeed  
     Frae Pentland to Tweed ;  
 Nane better in Scotland sae wide, wide,  
 Nane better in Scotland sae wide.

Fair fa' the guidwives o' Lhanbryd,  
 The cheery guidwives o' Lhanbryd :  
     Gin Fortune look sour,  
     Just gang for an hour  
 An' plant yoursel' doon by their side, side,  
 Just plant yoursel' doon by their side.

Fair fa' the guidwives o' Lhanbryd,  
 The couthie guidwives o' Lhanbryd :  
     They keep for their ain  
     A blithe but an' ben,  
 An' blithely for strangers provide, 'vide,  
 An' blithely for strangers provide.

<sup>1</sup> Lhanbryd is one of the Lowland parishes of Morayshire, and famed for its hospitality, even in that hospitable county.



Fair fa' the guidwives o' Lhanbryd,  
The sonsie guidwives o' Lhanbryd :  
The man wha'd misca' 'em  
Deserves—an' sae fa' him—  
A cudgel to wallop his hide, hide,  
A cudgel to wallop his hide.

---

ELGIN TOON.

OH, Elgin toon is brawly kenn'd  
To ilka Moray loon,  
Wha thinks it ance, o' a' the warl',  
The biggest, bonniest toon ;

An' though there may be bigger toons,  
An' toons wi' braider streets,  
I ken o' nane whar social frien'  
Wi' frien' sae kindly meets ;

I ken o' nane wi' lasses fair,  
As some that I could name,  
Wha claim our kintra for their ain,  
An' Elgin for their hame.

Our auld Cathedral's dear to me,  
An' fair is Ladyhill,  
An' aft I've strayed on Lossie banks,  
Till evenin' dews were chill.

*The old grey Tower.*

I like to tread our hummin' streets,  
 When market days are thrang,  
 I like to see our buskit fair,  
 When simmer days are lang ;

But what mak's Elgin dear to me,  
 O'er ilka ither toon,  
 I meet my darling lassie there,  
 When simmer suns gae doon ;

I meet her 'neath the gloamin' star,  
 When daily toil is o'er ;  
 An' think, to watch the mantlin' blush  
 That tells me o' my power,

Or slyly pree her cherry lip,  
 Can match the bliss aboon ;  
 An' that's what warms my heart to think  
 O' bonny Elgin Toon.

---

**THE OLD GREY TOWER.<sup>1</sup>**

THE old grey Tower, the old grey Tower,  
 Methinks I see it rise,  
 The grassy slope around its base,  
 Above, the summer skies ;

<sup>1</sup> The ancient Tower of Coxton stands in the parish of Lhanbryd, overlooking the railway running from Aberdeen to Inverness and the Far North.

The white-walled cottage standing near,  
The children all at play,  
The great brown dog that shares their sport  
And gambols blithe as they.

The brave old Tower, the strong old Tower,  
It rears its head sublime,  
Unbent beneath the weight of age,  
Unscathed by wasting time.  
It tells me not of tyrant might  
Nor fettered captives' tears ;  
It mingles with my dreams of home  
And thoughts of early years.

'Tis wrought in all the golden dreams  
That hopeful Fancy weaves  
Its name is written sibyl-like  
On all her mystic leaves ;  
And 'neath her spell I see again,  
In Beauty's noontide hour,  
My dark-eyed love awaiting me  
Beside the old grey Tower.

The brave old Tower, the dear old Tower,  
Where'er my feet may roam,  
Its massive walls and vaulted roof  
Will rise with dreams of home ;  
And gentle tones and looks of love  
Come back in all their power  
To knit my heart with silken bands  
To Coxton's old grey Tower.

## THE ELGIN ATTORNEY.

TUNE—' *Old Dan Tucker.*'

THE Elgin Attorney, he 's no fool,  
 His head is clear and his temper 's cool,  
 And he can pick or patch a flaw  
 And clear the knottiest points of law—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 Who knows law like the Elgin Attorney ?

The Attorney is up to every trick—  
 At catching a client none so quick ;  
 And he can hunt a debtor down,  
 And drain his purse of the last half-crown—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 Down with your dust to the Elgin Attorney !

No *desperate debt's* beyond his reach,  
 He sticks to insolvents like a leech,  
 They may duck, and dodge, and wriggle, and cry ;  
 But he holds them fast, and sucks them dry—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 No dodger dodges the Elgin Attorney !

No panel fears the judge's face  
If once the Attorney backs his case,  
For Justice opens *both* her eyes  
As soon's she hears the Attorney rise—

Crying, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
No bar nor bench can match the Attorney !

He'll clearly prove that wrong is right,  
That blue is black, and black is white,  
He'll hocus judge and jury too  
To bring a client safely through—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
You can't chop law with the Elgin Attorney !

The Elgin Attorney's a man of parts ;  
The ladies call him king of hearts,  
And vow that none knows half so well  
How to court or cut a swell—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
What youth's so smart as the Elgin Attorney ?

The Elgin ladies all declare  
There's none so smart or half so fair,  
Altho' the Attorney's wont to scoff,  
And talk of a club to keep them off—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
You can't *all* wed the Elgin Attorney !

When press of business drives him West,  
 At Forres he's an honoured guest ;  
 Through street and lane the cry runs rife—  
 ' The Attorney's here as large as life—

Hip, hip, hurrah for the Elgin Attorney !  
 Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 Off caps and hats to the Elgin Attorney !'

The maids of Banff have heard his fame,  
 He's set their tender hearts aflame ;  
 And now they cry to every beau,  
 ' You like the Elgin Attorney ?' ' No !'

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 You're all eclipsed by the Elgin Attorney !

At Dufftown he's in high repute,  
 And there they say when folks dispute,  
 ' Just wait till the Elgin Attorney come,  
 He'll talk a score such wranglers dumb'—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 You won't outwit the Elgin Attorney !

The other week at Pluscarden,  
 He quite *extinguished* all the men,  
 And smote the heart of country queans,  
 As Samson smote the Philistines—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !  
 No ass hath a jaw like the Elgin Attorney !

But where's the bard of modern days  
That's fit to sing the Attorney's praise?  
Old Homer's self had been at fault,  
And therefore I must call a halt—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney!  
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney!  
Unequaled stands the Elgin Attorney.

---

DROWNED AT THE FORD:

*A BALLAD FOR THE DOG-DAYS.*

THE lady looked over her castle wall;  
    Low winds, low.  
The frost and the snow were over all;  
    Snow, deep snow.

She looked far into the wildering night;  
    Low winds, low.  
Leaning her chin on her hand so white;  
    Snow, deep snow.

She looked far into the night, and sighed;  
    Low winds, low.  
'Why does he tarry so long?' she cried;  
    Snow, deep snow.

*Drowned at the Ford.*

The lady looked out for her absent lord ;  
    Low winds, low.  
He had to cross the moor and the ford ;  
    Snow, deep snow.

The moon went down, and the stars grew dim ;  
    Low winds, low.  
Aurora hung on the mountain's rim ;  
    Snow, deep snow.

But still the lady watched for her lord ;  
    Low winds, low.  
He crossed the moor, but never the ford ;  
    Snow, deep snow.

The ice was thick at the river's brink ;  
    Low winds, low,  
Who could have dreamt that a man could sink ?  
    Woe, deep woe.

The ice was thin at the middle stream ;  
    Low winds, low.  
The moon in clouds had hidden her beam ;  
    Woe, deep woe.

The moon had hidden her face so pale ;  
    Low winds, low.  
A splash arose and a drowning wail ;  
    Woe, deep woe !



CHRISTMAS SONG.

Good morn, old Father Christmas !  
We 're glad to see you here,  
For when you come we always look  
For mirth and pleasant cheer ;  
You bring us geese and turkeys,  
And good roast-beef to eat,  
Plum-puddings, pies, and oranges,  
And many another treat.

We love to see your burly form,  
No matter how you 're drest ;  
But when you wear your snowy suit  
'Tis then we like you best.  
You always have a comely face,  
But never seem so fair  
As when you come with frozen beard  
And ice-entangled hair.

But come with frost, or come with thaw,  
It matters little which,  
If you with peace and plenty come  
You 're dear to poor and rich ;  
And eyes are lit with brighter sheen,  
And hearts with warmer glow,  
In presence of your holly leaves  
And magic mistletoe.

*Christmas Carol.*

Speed on, old Father Christmas !  
With love to great and small,  
With balm to every aching heart  
Where'er your footsteps fall.  
Give guileless merriment to youth,  
And smooth the wrinkled brow,  
Till all exclaim, ' We 've loved you much,  
But ne'er so much as now.'

---

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HARK ! the merry Christmas Waits  
Singing at the outer gates !  
Nearer, clearer, at the door,  
Now their voices blend and soar,  
Pealing forth the glad refrain—  
' Peace on earth, good-will to men !'  
' Peace on earth, good-will to men !'

Loud the joyful notes arise,  
Floating up to starry skies ;  
Young and old in union meet  
Raise on high the anthem sweet ;  
Let us join the glad refrain—  
' Peace on earth, good-will to men !'

‘Peace on earth!’—ah, would that we  
Peace in every land might see—  
Peoples wage a single strife—  
Which shall rise to noblest life,  
Pealing wide the glad refrain—  
‘Peace on earth, good-will to men!’

‘Peace on earth!’—the radiant morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born,  
Then a milder faith began,  
Dawned a brighter day for man,  
Sang the herald angels then—  
‘Peace on earth, good-will to men!’

‘Peace!’—when man to man is just,  
Sword and scimitar shall rust,  
Cease the deadly cannon’s roar,  
Battle-fields be seen no more,  
Nations join the glad refrain—  
‘Peace on earth, good-will to men!’

‘Peace’ in all our tribes and climes!  
Then the merry Christmas chimes  
Round and round the globe shall peal,  
Chimes of universal weal,  
All upraise the glad refrain—  
‘Peace on earth, good-will to men!’

**HURRAH FOR CHRISTMAS !**

HURRAH ! the Christmas times are here,  
The times of mirth and dainty cheer,  
    The evenings which allow,  
From laughing matron, struggling miss,  
To snatch the half-reluctant kiss  
    Beneath the mistletoe bough.

Hurrah ! the merry school-boy troops,  
And girls in joyous chattering groups,  
    Partake the sweets of home.  
The hated task neglected lies  
No straining now of aching eyes  
    Above the dog-eared tome.

Hurrah ! the sternest brow unbends,  
Amidst the radiant, happy friends  
    Around the Christmas board,  
Where Plenty pours her copious horn,  
And Joy, of Peace and Plenty born,  
    Presides the smiling lord.

Hurrah ! the Christmas times are here,  
The gayest times of all the year,  
    The times of feast and song.

Let joy and kindness rule the hour,  
Their gentle sway with all your power  
Support, extend, prolong.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! the Christmas times are here,  
The times of mirth and dainty cheer,  
The gayest times of all the year,  
The times of feast and song.

---

OH TO BE YOUNG AGAIN!

OUT on the flowery meadow,  
Down by the chattering brook,  
Reading a fairy legend  
Out of a pictured book ;  
Weeping over the princess—  
Deeming her story true—  
Raging over the giants,  
Blessing the prince who slew.

Watching the tiny troutlets  
Catching their airy prize ;  
Stringing a daisy chaplet,  
Chasing the butterflies ;  
Hunting the mystic land-rail  
Over the grassy slope ;  
Hunting, but baffled ever,  
Just as I 've been by hope.

*Can this be Love ?*

Creeping under the hedges,  
 Climbing up on the walls,  
 Little heeding the scratches,  
 Seldom hurt by the falls ;  
 Watching the sturdy reapers  
 Smiting the golden grain ;  
 Out in the glowing sunshine,  
 Out in the gushing rain :  
 Oh to rub out my wrinkles !  
 Oh to be young again !

---

 CAN THIS BE LOVE?
*A BALLAD.*

WHAT ails my heart to flutter so,  
 Whene'er I meet his eye ?  
 Why shakes my voice, or sinks so low,  
 Whenever he draws nigh ?  
 What ever makes the world so bright  
 When he is near and gay,  
 But wear the sable hue of night  
 When he is far away ?

When I am drinking in his words,  
 How swift the wingèd hours !  
 How musical the songs of birds !  
 How sweet the scented flowers !

A glamour hangs on all below,  
A glory floats above :  
I wonder why it should be so—  
Can this—can this be love ?  
Ah, surely this is love !

---

THE NIGHT WINDS SPEAK IN THE OLD,  
OLD TONE.

*A BALLAD.*

WE met by the old kirk-stile at eve,  
For, though I was often, often forbid,  
I came to the trysting by true love's leave,  
And we met at the old kirk-stile, we did.

They said he was poor, I nurtured in wealth,  
But his love was a priceless mine to me,  
And his manly daring and ruddy health  
Were better than titles and pedigree.

But he sailed away to a foreign land  
To conquer a fortune fitting his bride ;  
And he never returned to claim my hand,  
For his ship went under, not over, the tide.

And I come to the old kirk-stile at eve,  
 And sit by myself on the mossy stone ;  
 I have ceased to hope, I have ceased to grieve,  
 But the night winds speak in the old, old tone.

---

WE HAVE THE WORLD BEFORE US.

BE mine to chant a merry stave  
 And yours to join in chorus ;  
 For why should we be dull and grave ?  
 We have the world before us.

Why should we mourn departed joys  
 Which time can ne'er restore us ?  
 Why mix our mirth with sad alloys ?  
 We have the world before us.

Be Fortune sterner than she's been  
 Since nurse in swaddlings bore us—  
 Shall we succumb beneath her spleen ?  
 We have the world before us.

Let scornful beauties toss the head,  
 And hint they don't adore us ;  
 As fair as they are yet unwed—  
 We have the world before us.

We know that time's unwearied foot  
 With silent steps steals o'er us,  
 That hollow hearts and guileful arts  
 Are in the world before us.



But shall we thence for ills to come  
Like silly fools deplore us,  
And add our griefs to swell the sum  
Of those that are before us ?

Let honour be our polar star,  
With virtue's banner o'er us,  
And scarce will future evils mar  
The joys that are before us.

To those who don't admire our song,  
To all who won't *encore* us,  
We say—The world is broad and long,  
Its favours are before us.

---

MARITIMA, THE OCEAN CHILD.

*A BALLAD.*

Thus spoke the Captain of our ship,  
Becalmed a-near the Line,  
'I'll tell you how so fair a girl  
Has linked her lot to mine :

'We saved her off a sinking wreck,  
When winds and waves were wild,  
And "Maritima" was the name  
We gave the ocean child.

*Maritima, the Ocean Child.*

' She was a gentle tiny thing,  
But beautiful to see,  
And never seemed so happy as  
When prattling on my knee.

' She learnt to run about the ship,  
And grew the sailors' pride,  
But never seemed so happy as  
When tripping by my side.

' She grew a tall and comely lass,  
With soft and sunny hair,  
And eyes that looked into my heart,  
So full of love they were.

' But people said 'twas very wrong,  
And I was ill at ease,  
That she, a girl, with bearded men  
Should sail the stormy seas.

' I knew the sailors loved her all,  
And yet I had my fears ;  
But when I moved that we should part,  
She shed a sea of tears.

“ Then be my wedded wife !” I cried ;  
She raised her head and smiled,  
And still she is my heart's delight,  
My darling ocean child !'

THE TRYSTING.

O MEET me at eve in the valley,  
Beneath the grey church on the hill ;  
I 'll wait at the end of the alley  
That leads to the old ruined mill.

O come, for there 's something I 'm dying  
With burning desire to impart ;  
A something which long has been lying  
Just ready to burst from my heart.

O come, and I 'll whisper it only,  
I 'll whisper it low in your ear ;  
Moreover, the valley is lonely,  
And so you 'll have nothing to fear.

O come when the zephyrs are wending  
Their odorous way through the grove,  
While Sol in departure is blending  
His gold with the azure above.

O come, as I ever have found you,  
With smiles on your beautiful lips,  
As if Fate had scattered around you  
A gladness that nought could eclipse.

O come, and I 'll whisper my story,  
I 'll whisper it low in your ear ;  
O come, like a spirit of glory  
Descended to bless and to cheer.

## SONG OF THE RAILWAY GUARD.

'ALL right ! All right !'  
Away and away  
Through the beamless night  
Or the sunlit day,  
I and my iron steed  
On our iron pathway speed.

Like the rushing wind,  
Like the lightning's flash,  
Like a glance of the mind,  
Untiring we dash  
Through the haunts of men,  
Through the lonely glen,

O'er meadow and stream  
Where the lambkins bleat,  
Where the eagles scream  
In the summer's heat,  
In the winter's snow,  
Whether the breezes sleep or blow ;

Bearing the commerce of every clime,  
Onward we go at a pace sublime,  
Outspeeding all save the foot of Time.

A SPRING SONG.

I.

SURLY Winter is soft'ning his reign,  
Blossoms are whit'ning down in the lane,  
    Bees through the arbours are humming.  
Over the mountains, over the main,  
Over the valleys, over the plain,  
    The beautiful Spring is coming,  
    Is coming, is coming,  
    The beautiful Spring is coming.

II.

Eyes that are dimmed by misfortune's tear,  
Limbs that have shivered in winter sere,  
    Hearts that are wearily aching,  
Brighter, blither, and better of cheer,  
Now may ye be, for balmy and clear  
    The beautiful Spring is breaking ;  
Deep in the forest, and wide on the mere,  
    The beautiful Spring is breaking,  
    Is breaking, is breaking.

---

A SUMMER SONG.

THE beautiful Summer hath come from the south,  
And verdure and fragrance are blown from his mouth,  
The hills are empurpled, the valleys below  
In leafage and blossoms are gardens aglow.

The streamlets are rippling in music along,  
 The forests are vocal with love-speaking song,  
 And all on the ocean, on earth, and in air,  
 Are rapture and radiance unspeakably fair.

Oh beautiful Summer ! why art thou so sweet,  
 Or why dost thou leave us with footsteps so fleet ?  
 Ah Summer ! sweet Summer ! the young and the grey  
 Would love thee for ever if thou wouldst but stay.

---

A WINTER SONG.

THE leaves have fallen from the trees ;  
 The fields are bleak and bare ;  
 The birds of song have crossed the seas  
 In quest of summer air.  
 Ah ! happy, happy birds to flee  
 And leave this wintry world to me !

This wintry world of wind and rain,  
 Of hail, and sleet, and snow,  
 Of storms careering o'er the main,  
 And threat'ning all below ;  
 Ah ! happy, happy birds to flee  
 And leave this wintry world to me !

But pile the coals up in the grate,  
 And set the lights ablaze,

For griefs indulged but darken fate,  
And mar our nights and days ;  
Let feathered songsters come or flee,  
What signifies their flight to me ?

Ho ! heap the dainties on the board,  
And pour the sparkling wine,  
Let Mirth preside, the jocund lord,  
And Beauty's smile be mine :  
Let feathered songsters come or flee,  
Within my heart shall summer be,  
Bright summer be, sweet summer be,  
Within my heart shall summer be.

---

KATE NICHOLSON.

KATE NICHOLSON ! Kate Nicholson !  
I saw ye only ance,  
But in my memory ye hae run  
For ever, ever since ;  
Your sunny face an' laughin' een  
• My simple heart ensnared,  
An' ye hae been its rulin' queen  
Where'er my feet hae fared.

' Kate Nicholson ! Kate Nicholson !'  
I murmur nicht an' day ;  
But I hae fortune still to win  
An' doubtful is the fray ;

*Boys' Holiday Song.*

As listening for the melody  
That fainter poured from bush and tree ;  
For fast the sun in cloudless blue  
Towards the purpling mountains drew.

Though still his gleams on grove and glade,  
And rippling waters softly played,  
And all around appeared so fair,  
I felt that Paradise was there.

And gazing on the blissful scene,  
The golden waves, the forest green,  
On her who sat myself beside,  
Transported with delight I cried—

'O fairest, dearest maid, be mine,  
For ever let our lives entwine,'  
And met the sweetest of replies—  
The love-light from my Mary's eyes.

---

BOYS' HOLIDAY SONG.

WE'LL make our voices chime  
To greet the merry time ;  
And we a joyful song will raise  
To hail the happy holidays ;  
    The days, the days  
Of merry pranks and plays.



*Boys' Holiday Song.*

171

The holidays are here,  
The gayest of the year ;  
The pretty, pretty flow'rets spring,  
The butterflies are on the wing ;  
                    With song, with song  
The fields and forests ring.

From mountain and from vale  
Sweet odours scent the gale ;  
The earth is gay with golden light ;  
But ah ! too rapid is the flight  
                    Of days, of days  
So beautiful and bright.

Away, ye musty books,  
Go, sleep in dusky nooks !  
We hear our merry comrades call ;  
We 're off with wickets, bats, and ball ;  
                    No work, no work,  
But merry play for all.

We 'll make our voices chime  
To greet the merry time ;  
And we a joyful song will raise  
To hail the happy holidays ;  
                    The days, the days  
Of merry pranks and plays.

## AULD DUNCAN.

*A BALLAD.*

AULD DUNCAN was stiff an' rheumatic,  
 A martyr to spasms and pains ;  
 His bluid was sae chill an' phlegmatic,  
 It scarcely wad crawl through his veins.

In winter he shivered, an' toastit  
 His shins by the side o' the fire ;  
 In simmer he hirpled an' hostit,  
 An' death was his only desire.

His wife, wi' his grainin' sae weary,  
 Was fain to have seen him awa' ;  
 But wasna it dowie an' eerie?—  
 Hersel' was the first gat the ca'.

Then Duncan's rheumatics forsook him,  
 His pains an' his aches took their flicht ;  
 To market an' kirk he betook him,  
 Fu' gleg o' baith hearin' an' sicht.

He jokit, he leer'd, an' he smirkit,  
 The hearts o' the fair to engage ;  
 Ere sax months he'd marrit an' kirkit  
 A hizzy o' half his ain age !

The limmer ! ah, sair she tormentit  
 An' worrit the auld body's life,  
 Till hourly he grat an' lamentit  
 The loss o' his ancient guidwife.

THE WILLING MAIDEN.

Gin Johnny come na here for love,  
I've little skeel o' men,  
But gin his love will marriage move  
I dinna, dinna ken.

I never seem to ken or care  
Hoo aft he come or gang,  
Tho' twenty times an' twenty mair  
He's come an' sitten lang.

An' tho' he's aye sae mim an' douce,  
Yet I can brawly see  
That but the house, an' ben the house,  
He herds me wi' his e'e.

An' tho' they say I'm hard o' heart,  
He wadna find it sae,  
For gin he likes to say the word  
I winna answer nae.

He's nae a man o' muckle gear,  
But I hae heard it said,  
Wi' health an' strength we needna fear  
To win our daily bread.

An' tho' our path at times nicht be  
Beset wi' vexin' care,  
Gin Johnny tak' the yoke wi' me,  
I'll try to pu' my share.

## I DAURNA COME COURTIN' THEE.

I CANNA come courtin' thee, Mary,  
 I daurna come courtin' thee,  
 For your father would frown  
 And your mither look down  
 In high disdain upon me, Mary—  
 In high disdain upon me.

Ye ken 'at I loe ye weel, Mary,  
 For lang I hae lo'ed ye weel :  
 An affection so true  
 As I cherish for you,  
 But hearts like mine ever feel, Mary —  
 The ardent only can feel.

But beauty and wealth are thine, Mary—  
 Ay, beauty and wealth are thine,  
 While the hope-blighting curse  
 Of an ill-plenished purse  
 Is doomed by the fates to be mine, Mary—  
 Still doomed by the fates to be mine.

Yet I never found fault with fate, Mary—  
 I patiently bowed to my fate ;  
 Ever willing to toil  
 Like a serf of the soil,  
 I drudged both early and late, Mary—  
 Aye drudged both early and late.

But e'er since I met with thee, Mary,  
Displeas'd with the Fates' decree,  
Do I murmur and whine  
That a fortune's not mine,  
To make me a match for thee, Mary—  
To make me a match for thee.

I cheerily followed the plough, Mary,  
Once whistling followed the plough ;  
Now I heartlessly sigh,  
With the tear in my eye,  
And it's all, all drudgery now, Mary—  
It's all, all drudgery now.

---

THE BONNIE LASS O' KIRKWALL.

O WERE ye e'er in Kirkwall toon,  
Or did ye chance to see  
A lassie there wi' raven hair,  
An' brichtly glancin' e'e ?  
I canna tell you o' her house ;  
I dinna ken her name ;  
But this I ken, her pawkie een  
Has set my heart on flame.

For I've been south, an' I've been north,  
But never yet have seen  
Anither face sae fu' o' grace,  
An' twa sic witchin' een.

*The Child and the Bird.*

The lasses o' the sunny south,  
 They're bonnie an' they're braw ;  
 But the bonnie lass o' Kirkwall toon,  
 In truth she dings them a'.

Were I a man o' gowd an' gear,  
 As I'm a man o' nane,  
 I'd lay my treasures at her feet,  
 An' ask her for my ain.  
 Or would she leave her island home,  
 An' share my humble cot,  
 There's nae a king in Christendom  
 I'd envy for his lot.

I dinna ken my lassie's house ;  
 I ken nae where to speir ;  
 But I would gang a hundred miles  
 Through winter's storms to see her.  
 An' gin ye be in Kirkwall toon,  
 An' thereabout should see  
 The bonniest lass that e'er ye saw,  
 Be sure it's nane but she.

---

 THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

## CHILD.

LITTLE bird, little bird, up on the spray,  
 Joining thy voice to the voices of May,  
 Art thou not a-weary all the day long  
 Straining thy wee throat and pouring thy song ?

Little bird, little bird, evening is near,  
Come into my chamber and rest without fear.

BIRD.

Little child, little child, all the long day  
Do not thy tiny feet patter and play,  
Up and down, out and in, never at rest,  
Till sleep fold thy fingers upon thy wee breast ?  
Little child, little child, song is to me  
As needful, as joyful, as play is to thee.

DUET.

Child and bird, child and bird, over us fleet  
Sunny hours, golden hours, hours ever sweet,  
While earth is in blossom, and life is in spring,  
And light-hearted laughter and merry songs ring.

CHILD.

Little bird, little bird, were it not well  
Thou shouldst consent in my chamber to dwell ?  
Storm could not frighten here, hawk could not take,  
And well would I feed thee with sugar and cake ;  
Little bird, little bird, shelter thee here  
And never know hunger, danger, nor fear.

BIRD.

Little child, little child, dost thou not know  
How the years come, and the glad spirits go ?  
Soon may the joyance thou woo'st me to share  
Change for thyself into sorrow and care.  
Sport in thy chamber, sweet child, whilst thou may,  
I'll warble my ditties up here on the spray.

M

## DUET.

Child in the chamber, and bird in the tree,  
 Each will have cares, will have sorrows to dree.  
 Droop the wing, cease to sing, never more play.  
 Ah ! these are gloomy thoughts, chase them away  
 Gloomy thoughts, gloomy thoughts, chase them aw

---

 THE INVITATION.

Noo surly Winter's ta'en the gate  
 Oot owre the hills an' far awa' ;  
 The flowers are springin' ear' an' late,  
 An' saft the wastlin' breezes blaw.

The Feugh is wimplin' through the woods  
 To mingle fortunes with the Dee ;  
 The Dee is rollin' doon his floods  
 To join the smilin' simmer sea.

The laverock frae the welkin clear  
 Flings tender ditties to his love,  
 An' croodlin' in the thicket near  
 I hear the amorous cushat-dove.

Come, Lizzie, leave your household cares,  
 We'll seize the raptures at oor han',  
 An' wander forth like ither pairs,  
 The blithest pair in a' the lan'.



I WINNA TAK' HIM.

MY sister says that I sud tak' him  
For sake o' sic a hame ;  
But yet, though a' my kin sud back him,  
I winna bear his name.

For weel I ken, wi' a' his gear,  
He's nae the man for me ;  
The reason why ye needna speir,  
When Willie mine may be.

My Willie, stamp't frae Nature's mint,  
Has honour on his broo ;  
Wi' Willie I wad be content  
In barer hame than noo.

My sister needna deave me mair,  
Her choice I maun decline ;  
The frowns o' a' my kin I'll dare  
Wi' Willie's hand in mine.

---

MY LIZZIE'S CHARMS.

THE snaws may fa', the rains may pour,  
Aboon my cottage riggin',  
The win's aroun' the chimney roar,  
Until they rock the biggin'.

But what care I for tempests' din?  
 I'll spin my cheerie jingle,  
 While peace an' love are baith within  
 Beside my cosy ingle.

Afar frae camps an' war's alarms,  
 Frae courts an' courtly duties,  
 I'll sing my Lizzie's artless charms  
 Aboon a' titled beauties.

Her sparklin' een, her gracefu' mien,  
 Gar ilka ane adore her,  
 There's nae a princess, nae a queen,  
 That I would place afore her.

The best amang the guid is she,  
 The bonniest o' the bonnie;  
 My Lizzie's love is a' for me;  
 I lo'e her best o' ony.

O Fortune, I hae found ye still  
 A thrawn an' niggard hizzie;  
 But haud or gi'e whate'er ye will,  
 Sin' ye hae gi'en me Lizzie.

---

THE AE KISS.

THE night, as I cam' doon the glen,  
 I met wi' cousin Jane;  
 She ga'e me kisses nine or ten,  
 Though ye wad gi'e but ane.

An' kisses sweet I wat they were,  
An' sweetly were they gi'en,  
Yet nae sae sweet 's the ae kiss  
Ye ga'e to me yestreen.  
The ae kiss, the ae kiss,  
Nae half sae sweet 's the ae kiss  
Ye ga'e to me yestreen.

Her hair is like the flossy flax,  
Her broo like drifted snaw,  
Her roguish een were surely gi'en  
For stealin' hearts awa'.  
An' redder, riper lips than hers  
I'm sure were never seen,  
Yet wae betide the ae kiss  
Ye ga'e to me yestreen !  
The ae kiss, the ae kiss,  
Oh wae betide the ae kiss  
Ye ga'e to me yestreen !

I cudna think her half sae fair  
As what she used to seem,  
When she was daily a' my thocht,  
An' nichtly in my dream.  
I cudna feel the blinks o' bliss  
That glinted frae her een  
For thinkin' on the ae kiss  
Ye ga'e to me yestreen.  
The ae kiss, the ae kiss,  
A glamour sure was in the kiss  
Ye ga'e to me yestreen.

## THE TROUBADOUR.

*A DUET.*

## LADY.

TROUBADOUR, troubadour, whither along ?  
 Cold is the world to thee nathless thy song.  
 Nigh shoeless thy feet are, thy raiment is bare,  
 Thy face hath a tale in 't of travail and care.  
 Why, why wilt thou wander in hardship and pain,  
 Spending life's summer in toil without gain ?

## TROUBADOUR.

Lady fair, lady fair, fain would I stay,  
 But a voice in the distance reproves my delay,  
 'Tis less than a voice—'tis a whisper, a tone,  
 A far-fading echo that summons me on,  
 It charms me, allures me ; I yield to its spell,  
 And go where it guides me—farewell, and farewell !

## DUET.

Sweet spirit of poesy, strange magic of song,  
 Inspiring the weak, and subduing the strong,  
 Your glamour steals o'er us, we yield to its spell,  
 Though whence comes its potence no mortal can tell  
 Yet woe to the minstrel, though prized be his strain,  
 His portion 'mid mankind is hardship and pain.

LOVE SONG—THE DEAR LITTLE YES.

I.

O LOVE, with the flaxen hair  
    And eyes of supernal blue !  
O love, with the face so fair,  
    The heart so tender and true,  
    In the thralldom of care,  
    In the gloom of despair,  
I conjure thine image to view,  
    And my heart becomes light,  
    And I rise in the might  
Of a vigour all hopeful and new.

II.

O love, whose song is the bird's  
    Chanting its matins in May !  
O love, whose simplest words  
    Are sweeter than minstrel's lay !  
    The shadows that fall  
    On my life like a pall,  
Each, all, would be brightened away  
    If thou wouldest but bless  
    With the dear little YES,  
Which would make thee my darling for aye,  
Mine own cherished darling for aye !

## THE ANGEL BIRD.

O BONNIE bird ! O bonnie bird !  
 I wis' I kent yer sang,  
 Methinks it tells whaur Jamie is,  
 An' hoo he bides sae lang.

'Tis weary months an' weary years  
 Sin' Jamie gae'd to sea—  
 O bonnie bird ! O bonnie bird !  
 What keeps my love frae me ?

Methinks ye are an angel sent  
 Frae some far distant pairt  
 To ease me o' the dowie grief  
 That wears awa' my hairt.

Ye're nae a bird o' Scotia's breed ;  
 Yer like I never saw,  
 I never heard sae sweet a voice  
 Sin' Jamie gaed awa'.

Ye're nae a bird o' earthly race,  
 Yer feathers are sae fair,  
 Ye maun hae come frae Paradise,  
 Sent down by Jamie there.

I ken my Jamie maun be drowned,  
 For it cud never be  
 That ony other han' than death's  
 Cud haud him back frae me.

O bonnie bird! O angel bird!  
When ye return aboon,  
To Jamie there the message bear,  
That I shall join him soon.

O bonnie bird! O angel bird!  
Yer sang, sae heavenly sweet,  
Wad ance hae filled my een wi' tears,  
But noo I canna greet.

---

THE MERMAN'S SONG.

CRIED a voice frae the depths o' the deep blue sea—  
'Come doon, darlin' lassie, come doon here to me!  
I'll mak' ye a hame in a bricht sparry cave,  
Whaur breakers ne'er thunder, whaur winds never rave,  
For I ken o' a grotto, the fairest, whaur lies  
The spoils of a myriad of argosies,  
Whaur jewels o' the sea, an' jewels o' the lan'  
Are waitin' to shine on your lily-white han'.  
Diamonds an' rubies an' pearls sae fair  
Shall glow on yer bosom and gleam in yer hair,  
An' nane shall be deckit nor dawtit as ye  
In oor hame 'neath the depths o' the deep blue sea.  
Come doon, darlin' lassie, come under the waves,  
An' be bride to a merman 'midst bricht sparry caves.'

THE ROBINS—A CHILD'S SONG.

THE robins came to our door,  
To our door, to our door,  
The robins came to our door  
When snow was on the ground.

We broke a crust of stale bread,  
Of stale bread, of stale bread,  
We broke a crust of stale bread  
And strewed the crumbs around.

The robins came and pecked them up,  
Pecked them up, pecked them up,  
The robins came and pecked them up,  
With chirps of cheerful sound.

And always when the robins come,  
The robins come, the robins come,  
And always when the robins come,  
Another crust is found.

---

O NEVER SIGH THOUGH FRIENDS FORGET.

*Fortizza dell' anima.*

O NEVER sigh though friends forget,  
And fickle love forsake you,  
Though frowning Fortune hourly strive  
How wretched she can make you.



The drearest night gives place to day,  
The storm to sunny weather,  
When mountains change their sunny vests  
For robes of blooming heather.

So ne'er give up the reins to grief,  
Nor think your ills unending,  
For, when your fortune's reached its worst,  
It must begin amending.

The man that groans beneath the weight  
Of every ill that tries us,  
Is like the pithless reed that bends  
'Neath every breeze that rises.

The man who meets with mind serene  
The ills our lot attending,  
Is like the sturdy mountain oak  
That braves the blast unbending.

He finds the bleakest wastes of life  
Have something still to charm him ;  
He plucks the rose and skips the thorns,  
Defying fate to harm him.

---

SONG TO ARABELLA.

ARABELLA, I 'm in dreamland,  
And you are by my side ;  
Above our heads the raptured hours  
Like wingèd moments glide.

*A Youth sat Dreaming by a Brook.*

We roam alone through leafy wood,  
 We sit by flowery stream,  
 Whose ripples in the summer sun  
 Like silver spangles gleam.

I feel the pressure of your hand,  
 Your eyes respond to mine ;  
 Your tongue keeps weaving bands of love  
 Life's years can ne'er entwine.

I would not wake to earnest life,  
 And miss you from my side,  
 But let my life, if these are dreams,  
 In dreams for ever glide.

## A YOUTH SAT DREAMING BY A BROOK.

*A BALLAD.*

BESIDE his idle line and hook,  
 While yet the sun shone clearly,  
 A youth sat dreaming by a brook  
 Of her he loved most dearly.

'My heart, my heart is caught,' he cried,  
 'No troutlet ever surer !  
 Ah ! would that Annette were my bride,  
 None fairer is or purer.'

A face was mirrored on the stream,  
 A smile full oft denied him ;  
 He started from his waking dream,  
 Sweet Annette stood beside him.

O boon of Love ! beneath the skies  
Man's best since being moved him ;  
Young Edwin gazed in Annette's eyes,  
And knew that Annette loved him.

---

‘AH ! HOW WILL THEY GREET US?’

‘ Our regiment had been long absent ; home communications had become fewer and fewer—in fact, with some of the officers and many of the men, had ceased for years ; and as we neared the harbour, and saw crowds of our countrymen and countrywomen waiting our arrival on the pier, the agony of anxiety became maddening.’—*An Officer's description of his return from India.*

O'ER billows careering,  
The port we are nearing,  
Where friends are appearing,  
All eager to meet us.  
With tidings to gladden,  
With tidings to sadden,  
With tidings to madden—  
Ah ! how will they greet us ?

Our bosoms are swelling,  
With feelings up-welling,  
With thoughts there's no quelling,  
With hopes which may cheat us.  
Now hoping, now fearing,  
O'er billows careering,  
Our friends we are nearing—  
Ah ! how will they greet us ?

## JOHNNY, MAN, I'M WANTIN' SILLER.

I'm nae a man to mak' complaint  
 At ilka turn o' wind an' weather,  
 Wi' worldly life I'm weel content  
 Though it's nae faultless a'thegether ;  
 My very wife—an' mair's the shame  
 There are sae mony marrows till her—  
 Has ae bit faut I'm wae to name—  
 Her cry is aye, ' I'm wantin' siller.'

*Chorus*—The constant sang where'er I gang  
 Is, ' Johnny, man, I'm wantin' siller ;'  
 The constant sang where'er I gang  
 Is, ' Johnny, man, I'm wantin' siller.'

I hinna prospered weel in trade,  
 An aye the times are gettin' harder,  
 Wi' profits sma' an' sma'er made  
 While mou's grow mair to toom the larde  
 But still my Katie's cry's the same,  
 Or maybe sharper whiles an' shriller,  
 Her constant cry when I come hame  
 Is, ' Johnny, man, I'm wantin' siller.'

*Chorus*—The constant sang where'er I gang, *etc.*

I hae a thrivin' brither Tam,  
 At fifty years an' three he's single ;  
 But yet for his, though poor I am  
 I wadna change my canty ingle ;

For Katie has a couthie wye  
That won my hairt an' knits it till her,  
In spite o' that dementin' cry  
O' ' Johnny, man, I 'm wantin' siller.'

*Chorus*—The constant sang where'er I gang, *etc.*

I lo'e my wife, I lo'e my bairns ;  
Gin Fortune wad but use me better  
I 'd buy them bonnie things in cairns  
An' nane hae power to ca' me debtor ;  
But plague on Fortune ! a' my life  
I 've found in her a sair ill-willer,  
An' ithers noo as weel 's my wife  
Cry, ' Johnny, man, I 'm wantin' siller.'

*Chorus*—The constant sang where'er I gang, *etc.*

But I 've a frien' o' genius rare  
Wha has a clever scheme to patent  
For keepin' wives an' bairns on air  
Or something in the air that 's latent ;  
Gin it succeed, nae mair I 'll dread  
To meet the souter or the miller,  
Nor yet will Katie craze my head  
Wi' ' Johnny, man, I 'm wantin' siller.'

*Chorus*—The constant sang where'er I gang, *etc.*

*A Gipsy Chorus.*

## A GIPSY CHORUS.

FROM place to place we gaily roam,  
 We make and sell our wares,  
 And always find a fitting home  
 Unvexed by Fashion's cares.  
 The gay Bohemian life we lead  
 Is hearty, hale, and free,  
 Howe'er gentility may plead  
 Its non-gentility.

They call us idlers, cheats, and tramps,  
 But we their scorn defy  
 So long as we can pitch our camps  
 Beneath a rural sky.  
 The gay Bohemian life we lead  
 Is hearty, hale, and free,  
 Howe'er gentility may plead  
 Its non-gentility.

The leafy woods, the verdant grass,  
 The rough-and-ready cheer,  
 The sturdy lad, the winsome lass,  
 To gipsy hearts are dear.  
 The gay Bohemian life we lead  
 Is hearty, hale, and free,  
 Although gentility may plead  
 Its non-gentility.

We envy neither pope nor king,  
We let the world go by,  
And laugh, and quaff, and dance, and sing,  
Beneath the sunny sky.  
The gay Bohemian life we lead  
Is hearty, hale, and free,  
Howe'er gentility may plead  
Its non-gentility.

---

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

WHEN Britain into being rose,  
Her Maker stamped her free,  
And gave to guard from grasping foes  
A zone of girdling sea.  
Her daughters, formed in Beauty's mould,  
Were dow'ed with matchless charms,  
Her sons, the boldest of the bold,  
No equals found in arms.

We Britons still our birthright prize,  
And unimpaired retain,  
Beneath whatever change of skies,  
Whatever change of reign.  
And where oppression rears his head,  
Or base submission cowers,  
Our name evokes the tyrant's dread,  
The slave's resistive powers.

*The Glittering Eye.*

Our fathers proved Britannia's might  
 O'er mild and torrid zone,  
 Undaunted guardians of the right,  
 A brother's as their own.  
 The glorious cause which they upheld,  
 That cause uphold will we  
 Till stern oppression shall be quelled  
 On every land and sea.

Yea, by the memories of our sires,  
 Who died on field or flood  
 In Freedom's cause with equal fires,  
 We stand as they have stood.  
 The friends of liberty and truth,  
 With willing heart and hands,  
 To-day, as in our island's youth,  
 Each free-born Briton stands.

---

 THE GLITTERING EYE.

I 'LL tell you how she jilted me,  
 The story is not long,  
 And then the less to weary you,  
 I 'll tell my woes in song.  
 For like the ' Ancient Mariner,'  
 The stranger I assail,  
 And hold him with my glittering eye  
 Till he hath heard my tale.

We met, we loved, we plighted vows,  
 We parted both in tears,



We wrote in strains of burning love  
Our plans, our hopes and fears ;  
For, like an ardent lovier,  
Her heart I did assail,  
And held her with my glittering eye  
Till I had told my tale.

I thought her heart was all my own—  
A trusting, doting fool ;  
But when she knew how poor I was,  
Her love began to cool ;  
Now, like the ' Ancient Mariner,'  
The stranger I assail,  
And hold him with my glittering eye  
Till he hath heard my tale.

Another suitor sought her hand,  
With future not so dim,  
' Struck ile ' had he in foreign parts,  
And so she married him ;  
For, like an ardent lovier,  
Her heart he did assail,  
And held her with his glittering eye  
Till she had heard his tale.

A splendid ' breach of promise case '  
In mine my lawyer saw ;  
A farthing damages I got,  
And paid my costs at law ;  
Now like the ' Ancient Mariner,'  
The stranger I assail,  
And hold him with my glittering eye  
Till he hath heard my tale.

## AN EXILE'S SONG.

FAR, far in foreign lands  
Fated to roam,  
Friends who have pressed my hands,  
Loved me at home,  
Friends have forgot my face,  
Hold me as dead ;  
In my first dwelling-place,  
Stranger feet tread.

Oft do I sit in dreams  
Where the woods wave,  
Oft in the crystal streams  
Lips and brow lave.  
Must I in dreams alone  
Roam at sweet will,  
As in long years ago,  
Valley and hill ?

Early loves ne'er forgot,  
Early friends, hail !  
Meet we or meet we not,  
Till the pulse fail ;  
Ye must remain with me,  
Go where I go,  
Graven on memory  
Through weal and woe.

THE LUCKLESS LOVE O' TAILYOUR TAM.

THERE wons a miller near the Dee,  
Wha has a dochter Nancy,  
Wha has a something in her e'e  
That surely is unchancy.

I dinna ken when wise King James  
O' Britain swayed the sceptre,  
But water-pot or lowin' flames  
Frae mischief wad hae kept her.

But as it is she's witched a chiel,  
The tailyour at the Murtle,  
Till white his face as ony meal  
That e'er was steered by spurtle.

He's dwinin,' deein' for her sake,  
And yet she winna hae 'im,  
Altho' a lad o' comely make,  
And evil nane can say 'im.

The heartless jade she sees him fade  
Aneath a hopeless passion ;  
She scorns his suit, although 'tis made  
Upon the newest fashion.

Alas ! in thae degenerate days,  
We dinna burn our witches,  
Else I sud cure the tailyour's craze,  
An' free him frae his stitches.

## THE FARMER'S WOON':

*A DEESIDE SANG.*

THERE wanned a farmer near the Dee,  
 A wealthy wily carle, O,  
 A bonnie lassie met his e'e,  
 Somewhere about Inchmarlo.  
 'My cantie quean,' the farmer cried,  
 'I'm seeking for a marrow;  
 And if ye will but be my bride,  
 Ye'se trail my easy harrow.'  
 'Good man,' quoth she, 'that canna be;  
 I'm promised to the weaver,  
 The house is sought, the ring is bought;  
 I maunna turn deceiver.  
 My lad is poor, but I'm content  
 To be his wedded dearie,  
 He'll win our bread and pay our rent,  
 While true love keeps us cheery.'  
 'A struggling, starving wabster's wife!'  
 Exclaimed the wily farmer;  
 'With me how different were your life!'—  
 He knew the way to charm her—  
 'I've horse, and kye, and sheep forbye,  
 I've pigs and poultry plenty;  
 You'd share my best, at pleasure drest  
 In silks and satins dainty.'  
 'In silks and satins!' cried the maid,  
 In dress a true believer;  
 'O kind gudeman, I'm sore afraid  
 I'll have to jilt the weaver!'

And thus, the farmer's suit prevails,  
Alas ! within the warl', O,  
Wealth wins the prize and true love fails  
Elsewhere than at Inchmarlo.

---

THE NAGGLETONS.

LOVE often flies oot at the window  
As Poortith comes in at the door,  
An' leaves unca little ahin' too  
That brichtened existence afore.

John mairrit his Effie at twenty,  
An' had a gudewife unsurpassed,  
For Fortune had blessed them wi' plenty,  
An' smoothly the sunny years passed.

But first came a loss wi' a brither,  
An' neist in the brak' o' a bank,  
His penny an' Effie's thegither  
Were equally swallowed an' sank.

An' sober sin' syne is their dinner,  
Their supper fu' aft but a bite ;  
An' John thinks that Effie's the sinner,  
While Effie gies John a' the wyte.

As age wi' his ailments advances  
They nagget ilk ither doon hill,  
Oppressed by mistaks an mischances,  
Whase remedy baffles their skill.

*Never meet Troubles half-way.*

For Love flew awa' through the window  
 As Poortith cam' in at the door,  
 An' oh ! there's richt little ahin' noo  
 To brichten their lot at threescore.

For the hardships o' Fortune are doubled  
 Alike in number an' weight,  
 Gin ane, when the ither is troubled,  
 But adds to the worry an' fret.

While burdens seem fewer an' lichter,  
 An' smoother an' shorter the brae,  
 An' threatfulest skies become brichter  
 When Love is the guide o' the way.

---

 NEVER MEET TROUBLES HALF-WAY.

AROUND us is raging the battle of life,  
 We all must take part in the fray,  
 And some must be posted where buffets are rife,  
 But never meet troubles half-way,  
 Half-way, half-way,  
 O never meet troubles half-way.

Our Captain hath wisely allotted to each  
 His station, his strength, and his day,  
 Set one in the trenches, and one in the breach,  
 And wherefore meet troubles half-way,  
 Half-way, half-way?  
 O never meet troubles half-way.

Ye tell me the weakest must go to the wall ;  
The adage I dare to gainsay ;  
The weakest may stand and the strongest may fall  
So never meet troubles half-way,  
Half-way, half-way,  
O never meet troubles half-way.

Look hopefully forward, not ruefully back,  
Unquelled by despair or dismay ;  
The strongest are those for defence or attack  
That never meet troubles half-way,  
Half-way, half-way.  
O never meet troubles half-way.

---

AULD SCOTLAND YET !

*(Composed on the heights above Rouen.)*

AULD Scotland yet ! auld Scotland yet !  
Though bigger lands there be,  
Thy beauties I can ne'er forget,  
Far less can lightly thee.  
There's nae a land aneath the sun—  
An' nane do I despise—  
A warmer love frae me can win  
Or mair delight mine eyes.

My Fatherland !—My Mitherland !—  
There's nae a term in speech  
Will shape itsel' at my command  
My love for thee to reach—

Auld Scotland yet ! auld Scotland yet !  
 Whatever lands I see,  
 Within my benmost bosom set  
 Owre a' thou bear'st the gree.

---

THE LAST SONG OF THE SEASON.

DAME NATURE has changed her many-hued gown,  
 For a sad-looking vestment of yellow and brown ;  
 Scarce a flower that bespangled her dress can be found,  
 They're deep in her wardrobe that's under the ground ;  
 I'm sorry she thought that it did not become her,  
 That beautiful garb which she wore through the summer ;  
 But ladies, you know, have ever a passion  
 To keep at the heels of the little god Fashion,  
 And in this town of ours I hear there's a rumour,  
 That Nature intends to come out *à la Bloomer*,  
 And I won't be surprised, nor either ought you,  
 When Spring comes to find the prediction prove true ;  
 But let her put on any garb that she may,  
 I can't like her less than I like her to-day ;  
 Oh, her looks and her humour don't suit me at all,  
 She's as dull as a lady fagged out at a ball.  
 Not a voice in the woods, nor a song from the sky,  
 All sullen, and silent ! so also shall I ;  
 Lest you should complain, with a shadow of reason,  
 Of the dulness of this, MY LAST SONG OF THE SEASON.



TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES

FROM

GERMAN, FRENCH, ITALIAN, LATIN,  
AND GREEK.



## THE WAY TO PARADISE.

*(From the German of Vogl.)*

‘WHAT seeks the child so often  
This hospital before ?  
Why comes she always weeping  
And knocking at the door ?’

‘I pray thee let me enter,  
I seek my mother dear ;  
Two weary months are ended  
Since she was carried here.’

‘Thou hapless little maiden,  
I pity thee full sore ;  
Yet thou wilt find thy mother,  
Ah ! never, never more ;

‘For know, the cold earth o’er her  
A week ago was placed.’  
So spake the aged porter,  
And shut the door in haste.

Yet long before the portal  
The weeping infant stays,  
As if the porter’s answer  
No sense to her conveys.

*The Way to Paradise.*

At length in silent sorrow  
Returns she to the dame,  
Who tends her as a mother  
Since God her own did claim.

But early on the morrow  
Returns she as before ;  
With tiny hands keeps knocking,  
And will not leave the door.

'Oh porter ! naughty porter !  
Do let me in, I pray ;  
At home I cannot tarry,  
When mother is away !'

Then answers her the porter,—  
'Poor child ! in vain your cries,  
Your mother, gone from mortals,  
Now lives in Paradise !'

He shuts, and now the infant,  
Alone with her despair,  
Of Paradise stands thinking,  
And how she may get there.

Then forth with feet uncovered,  
And thin and scanty dress,  
Along the stony pathway  
She speeds in sore distress.

And meekly asks each passer  
Where'er her journey lies,  
'O tell me, I beseech thee,  
The way to Paradise !'

But none can tell her truly  
Where that dear place may be :  
So always speeding onward  
And further on goes she.

When night, with gloomy horrors,  
Around her grimly falls,  
She sinks with hands enfolded  
And on her Maker calls.

And 'neath the sheaves of harvest  
Reclines the wearied one,  
Till bright the fields are shining  
Beneath the morning sun.

Then up again, and onward,  
And further on she hies,  
Imploring of each passer  
The way to Paradise.

The sympathising people  
Bewail her sad pursuit ;  
And many a kindly mother  
Presents her bread and fruit.

So wanders always further  
The child from place to place,  
Until her feet with walking  
Are in an evil case.

Her hair is sorely tangled,  
Her cheeks are sunk and pale,  
Her garments dank and draggled  
Around her cling and trail.

*The Way to Paradise.*

Thus fourteen days have drifted  
With Time's incessant tide,  
Since from her father's cottage  
The infant wandered wide.

And now (grown more dejected,  
And weak and weaker still,  
Her tiny feet refusing  
To aid her eager will)

Against the vaulted welkin  
She sees a convent rise,  
Its gilded spires are sparkling  
Beneath the morning skies.

And thither creeping slowly,  
Half dead with toil and cold,  
To knock for aid and counsel  
The drooping child makes bold.

And quickly at the summons  
A sister hastens near,  
And asks, ' Poor little infant,  
What errand brings thee here ?'

' Alas ! I've lost my mother,  
She's gone to Paradise,  
Nor yet can I discover  
Where that dear dwelling lies.'

' Poor hapless, hapless orphan !'  
The kindly sister says,  
And straight within the convent  
The wondering child conveys.

And quivering with emotion,  
With aspect strange and wild,  
Down sinks to death exhausted  
The dying angel-child.

And all the nuns come running,  
Each eager to be chief  
In bringing healing medicines  
And yielding her relief.

And pressing closely round her  
They stand with tearful eyes.  
But lo! the child hath found it—  
The way to Paradise!

---

KING ENZIO'S DEATH.

*(From the German of B. F. W. Zimmermann.)*

ENZIO, or Hensius, was an illegitimate son of Frederick II., of the German dynasty of Hohenstaufen. He greatly aided his father in his unsuccessful attempts to overthrow the Papal power, and was honoured with the royal title on account of his valour, his fine talents, and marvellous personal beauty. Beaten by the Bolognese in the battle of Fossalta, 1249, he was taken prisoner, and kept at Bologna in confinement more or less close, according to the turn of events, till his death, which happened twenty-two years after. He is described as of an extremely cheerful and hopeful disposition, and very fond of poetry and music, as he is portrayed in the ballad.

MESSENGER.

KING ENZIO, so beautiful,  
With hair like burnished gold,  
With eyes as blue as azure heaven,  
Caged eagle, proud and bold,

*King Enzo's Death.*

The waves of the Reno echo  
 Thy free and joyous strain ;  
 In prison and in bondage,  
 Breaks not thy heart in twain ?

KING ENZIO.

In prison and in bondage  
 Stay joy and hope with me,  
 For chains may fetter the body,  
 But the soul, the soul is free.  
 Still laughs the sun in the welkin,  
 The stars still glitter on high ;  
 My father holds crown and kingdom ;  
 My hour of freedom is nigh.

MESSENGER.

O King, O King so beautiful,  
 Fling joy and hope in the sea !  
 No more the sun in the welkin,  
 The golden sun laughs he.  
 Let all the sources of sorrow  
 With blood-red currents be fed,  
 Nor hope for help from thy father ;  
 The Kaiser, the Kaiser is dead !

KING ENZIO.

And hath my father fallen ?  
 Is the mighty Frederick dead ?  
 Then God o'er me and the empire  
 His hand in pity spread.  
 For ten long months my sorrow  
 No gleam of joy shall know ;  
 For ten long months my raiment  
 Be the sable robes of woe.



I'll teach the birds to warble  
My griefs instead of their own ;  
The waves shall listen, and utter  
My verse in their mournful moan ;  
But again the spring shall come hither,  
And songs of gladness revive ;  
The stars still brighten the azure,—  
My brothers for me are alive.

MESSENGER.

O King, O King so beautiful,  
Fling joy and hope in the sea !  
The stars have fallen from the azure,  
Their brightness ceases to be.  
Thy brothers have perished in battle,  
In the hot and bloody fight,  
And thou art the only ruin  
Of thy house's royal might.

KING ENZIO.

Have the stars fallen from the welkin,  
The stars so fiery and fair ?  
With dust I'll spatter my raiment,  
With ashes this golden hair.  
As son laments for his mother,  
For her young the nightingale ;  
I, with tears of blood, shall my kindred  
And the fall of my house bewail.

But yet the meadows shall echo  
The song of the gladsome bird ;  
And yet, to gladden my prison,  
Shall the voice of joy be heard.

*King Enzo's Death.*

My father hath risen to glory,  
 My brothers are in the tomb ;  
 But friend, and harp, and true love  
 Are left to lessen my gloom.

Two suns, the eyes of my true love,  
 Beam on my prison wall,  
 I bask in their heavenly splendour,  
 And my cell is a royal hall.  
 The wit of my friend by the wine-cup  
 Brightens the fleeting hours ;  
 The harp resounds, and the landscape  
 Is radiant with blooming flowers.

MESSENGER.

O King, O King so beautiful,  
 Fling joy and hope in the sea !  
 No more can your true love dazzle ;  
 In the silent grave is she.  
 And he, thy jovial comrade,  
 Thy faithful friend, is dead ;  
 This very night on the scaffold  
 His blood for thee was shed.

KING ENZIO.

And has my heart's love perished,  
 And bled for me the true ?  
 Well might this heart be broken,  
 This heart by grief in two.  
 Of father, brothers, true love,  
 Of friend by death bereft,  
 Thou, harp, art all the solace  
 An evil fate hath left ;

And I'll tune thee to such wailings,  
That the sun in cloud shall keep,  
That the moon and the stars shall darken,  
And the rose and the lily weep.  
And still as I weave into numbers  
The songs of the years gone by,  
The loved and the lost shall listen,  
And hover in spirit nigh.

The olden songs and gleeful  
The golden bridge shall be  
To carry my pale love over  
With her warm, true heart to me.  
The olden songs and gleeful,  
Like joy-bells' sweetest chime,  
Shall call from his grave my comrade,  
And the olden jovial time !

MESSENGER.

O King, O King so beautiful,  
Fling joy and hope in the sea !  
These walls no more shall echo  
The clang of thy minstrelsy.  
Thy harp, the soul of joyance,  
Thy foes have sworn to break,  
That thou within thy prison  
Yet loner moan mayst make.

KING ENZIO.

And must my harp be broken ?  
Then joy and pain farewell !  
You've crushed my heart within me,  
Ring out my funeral knell.

*The Wives of Weinsberg.*

Heart, harp, in music swan-like  
 Breathe out your latest sighs ;  
 Fair earth, adieu for ever,  
 The last of the Staufens dies !

---

 THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

*(From the German of Chamisso.)*

IN the wars between Conrad III. (1138-1152), the first King of the celebrated Hohenstaufen dynasty, and Henry the Proud, the little town of Weinsberg, in the modern kingdom of Würtemberg, was besieged by Conrad's troops, and it was then that the event celebrated in the following ballad is said to have taken place. In a church at Weinsberg a painting may still be seen representing the women trudging out at the port with their husbands, lovers, fathers, and brothers on their backs.

THE first great Hohenstaufen,  
 The brave King Conrad, lay  
 With horse and foot at Weinsberg  
 For many an irksome day.  
 Without, the Guelfs were vanquished,  
 Within, the rest held out,  
 Defended by the valour  
 Of burghers firm and stout.

But hunger came, stern hunger,  
 In war the sharpest thorn,  
 And they who sued for mercy  
 Then met the sting of scorn :

' Here many a noble hero  
By caitiff hands lies low,  
But now your gates must open,  
Your blood for theirs shall flow.'

Then came the women weeping—  
' Alas ! that this must be ;  
But grant us safe departure,  
Our hands from blood are free.'  
Then fell the hero's anger,  
And pity filled his breast,  
To see the unoffending  
By anguish so distressed.

' I grant the wives of Weinsberg  
Permission to go forth,  
And each may bear the treasure  
She deems of highest worth.  
Each woman with her burden  
Shall find a peaceful way ;  
A King the word hath spoken—  
The King shall none gainsay !'

And when the early morning  
Next streaked the east with white,  
The camp of the besiegers  
Beheld a mirthful sight.  
Then opened softly, softly,  
The rampart's guarded gate,  
And lo ! a line of women  
Pressed through its issue strait ;

*The Wives of Weinsberg.*

Each loaded with her husband,  
Or man of highest worth,  
Her brother, sire, or true love,  
The women staggered forth.  
'Ha! stop the cunning women,'  
Cried many an angry foe;  
'Why this,' cried out the Chancellor,  
'Was never meant, I trow.'

But when the King had heard it,  
He laughed in merry mood—  
'If that was not my meaning,  
They've made the meaning good:  
I've spoken what I've spoken,  
A King's word fast and true;  
No wise, no crafty Chancellor,  
Shall change or misconstrue.'

Thus sacred and unsullied  
Remained the golden crown,  
And still survives the legend  
Through ages handed down.  
Eleven hundred and forty,  
As I have heard them tell,  
The year in which, at Weinsberg,  
These same events befell,—  
What time true love and duty  
Went sweetly hand in hand,  
And the word of a King was holy  
In the German Fatherland.

THE LION'S BRIDE.

*(From the German of Chamisso.)*

WITH myrtle decked, in bridal gems arrayed,  
The warder's daughter, beauteous, rosy maid,  
Tripped daintily within the lion's cage,  
For at her feet the lion tamed his rage.

The mighty brute, to others fierce and wild,  
With her was ever tractable and mild ;  
And now the tender maid, exempt from fears,  
Caressed him gently midst regretful tears.

' We were, in days for ever passed away,  
As child with child, companions in our play ;  
Each love for each, each joy in each had we,  
In childhood now remote from you and me.

' By thee protected, tranquil was my bed,  
My head upon thy shaggy kingly head ;  
I waxed apace, nor longer dost thou find  
In me the child, with childhood's simple mind.

' My strong, my faithful, honest beast, right fain  
To stay with thee would I turn child again ;  
But I must follow hence, for bliss or ban,  
To stranger lands, the fated stranger man :

'It pleased him to behold, and find me fair :  
He wooed, and won, 'tis past, and lo ! my hair,  
My good companion, wears the wreath for him,  
Though thus regretful tears mine eyes bedim.

'Dost comprehend? Art wroth at what I tell?  
I am prepared, be tranquil thou as well.  
He comes whom I must follow, nor must grieve ;  
Mine ancient friend, my parting kiss receive.'

And as the maiden stooped and kissed the brute,  
The cage was shaken by a coming foot ;  
The lion spied the youth beside the grate,  
The bride too, saw, and trembled all too late.

For swift the lion bounded to the door,  
Lashed up his wrath, and uttered roar on roar :  
She coaxed, commanded, threatened, all in vain,  
Nor threats could move nor blandishments re-  
strain.

Without, a tumult rose of rage and fear.  
'Ho !' cried the youth, 'quick ; quick, a weapon  
here !  
I'll shoot him down ! my aim is good and true.'  
More loud and fierce the lion's fury grew.

The hapless bride the issue dared essay ;  
The brute transformed rushed blindly on his prey ;  
That form so fair so brief a space before,  
Lay mangled, bloody, lifeless, on the floor.



And as he licked the precious blood, the brute  
Sank down beside the corse, his ragings mute,  
And thus lay sunk, in gloomy grief and smart,  
Until the fatal bullet pierced his heart.

---

THE FIDDLER.

*(From the German of Sallet.)*

A FIDDLER roamed from land to land  
His minstrel skill to show,  
And with a deft and cunning hand  
He knew to wield the bow.

His strains were strong, his strains were sweet,  
Were manifold in tone ;  
They stirred the heart, the frame complete,  
Through marrow and through bone.

The music swelled, the minstrel peered  
Within his deepest mind ;—  
'The finest strain that e'er I heard  
Nowhere herein I find.

'My aged father played it me,  
When I was yet a child ;  
Transported by its melody,  
I trembled, wept, and smiled.

'I've thought my best, and played my best,  
But thought and played in vain ;  
And never more shall I have rest  
Till I can play that strain.'

*The Fiddler.*

He speaks, he plays another tone,  
    'Tis sweet, 'tis strong, 'tis grand ;  
It thrills through marrow and through bone ;  
    The bow drops from his hand.

' Ah, wretched flourish ! sheer disgrace !  
    Shall this be nicknamed play ?'  
He thrusts the fiddle in its case,  
    And wildly bursts away.

He wanders here, he wanders there,  
    He ceases now to roam ;  
His hand is heavy, grey his hair,  
    A cell becomes his home.

Yet, haunted by that melody,  
    He cries in his despair—  
' O blessed God, give rest to me,  
    A man of hoary hair !'

One morn a boy he taught to play  
    Beheld him in a dream ;  
He softly smiled as tranced he lay  
    In morning's fairest beam.

He wakes again, and murmurs low,  
    ' Thanks, Ruler of the skies,  
That Thou hast deigned my sire to show  
    Before my living eyes.

' All glorious in my dream he seemed,  
    Majestically fair ;  
Around his ample shoulders streamed  
    His flowing silver hair.

' He played the wondrous melody  
Which I have sought in vain.  
Haste ! bring the fiddle, boy, to me,  
Methinks I hold the strain !'

He seized the bow, and poured a flood  
Of melody so rare,  
That every sound which stirs the blood  
Seemed born and blended there.

The aged hand unwearied plies,  
On roll the tuneful streams,  
From out the aged minstrel's eyes  
A holy light out-gleams.

Entranced by strains so strangely sweet,  
The minstrel's boy draws near,  
And listens at the master's feet  
In wonder, joy, and fear.

The music dies, the bow doth drop  
The fiddler's final stave,  
His hand and heart together stop ;  
But even in eternal rest  
He clasps the fiddle to his breast ;—  
Thus lay him in his grave.

## SOLOMON AND THE SOWER.

*(From the German of Rückert.)*

IN open air King Solomon  
 Made in a field his royal throne,  
 And there he saw a sower stride,  
 Scattering the corn on either side.

‘What dost thou there?’ inquired the King,  
 ‘No harvest from this field can spring;  
 Give o’er the foolish task, I pray,  
 Thou dost but fling the seed away!’

His rising arm the sower dropt,  
 A moment thoughtful, doubtful stopt,  
 Then lustily resumed his trade,  
 While to the Sage he answer made:—

‘Of land this field is all my share,  
 This have I ploughed and tilled with care;  
 What after-thought my arm should stop?  
 From me the seed, from God the crop.’

## THE FALSE SQUIRE.

*(From the German.)*

O’ER the sleeping world the silent moon  
 Her bountiful silver strowed,  
 As an errant Knight and his serving-squire  
 To the bridge on the Swartzstrom rode.

All heedlessly rode the gallant Knight ;  
For what had a Knight to fear?  
When the traitorous squire stole up behind,  
And pierced his lord with a spear.

He thrust him through with a spear, and sank  
His corse in the deepest wave,—  
' Now I shall be master of master's wealth,  
And his charger ride,' said the knave.  
And the false knave donned the true Knight's  
arms—  
His hauberk, helmet, and sword,  
Then swung himself in the true Knight's seat,—  
And gave his charger the word.

The stream was deep, and the bridge was steep,  
But the middle arch was neared.  
Did the good steed miss the true Knight's hand,  
That he backed, and plunged, and reared?  
The false squire tried the steed to guide,  
By spur, by bridle, and blow ;  
Yet he backed for all, to the low-side wall,  
And over the bridge they go !

The deep dark wave the charger and knave  
Engulf with a sullen splash ;  
And the ripples wide upon either side  
The pebbles a moment dash.  
Then over the dead the river sped,  
On his wonted seaward way ;  
But master and knave alike shall his wave  
Give up to the judgment day.

## THE TWO KINGS AT ORKADAL.

*(From the German of Geibel.)*

Two kings were feasting at Orkadal ;  
 The torches gleamed in the pillared hall ;  
 The harpers played, and the wine was poured,  
 But sullenly sat the kings at the board.  
 'Give me the maiden !' the one king cries,  
 'With her snowy brow and her bright blue eyes.'  
 Cries the second king with flashing scorn,  
 'She is mine, and shall remain—I've sworn !'  
 Between them passed no angrier word,  
 But each arose and unsheathed his sword.  
 Together they strode from the glittering hall,  
 The snow lay deep by the castle wall.  
 On the landscape round the torches flashed,  
 Through the silent night the good swords clashed,  
 And sadness fell upon Orkadal,  
 Two kings lay dead in the pillared hall.

## THE KING AND THE MILLER.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, it may be stated, built the Palace of Sans Soudi—or Careless Content—in the years 1745-47, and the windmill which the 'intractable' miller refused to give up to the Emperor still belongs to the miller's descendants.

THERE lived a miller free from care  
 Within his little mill ;  
 'Click clack,' in weather foul or fair  
 The mill kept grinding still.

It pleased his Lord the King to rear  
A castle by its side ;  
But for the mill the view were clear  
O'er town and country wide.

The Monarch bade the miller gold—  
' Sell me thy little cot—  
And build a better than the old ;  
Thyself shalt choose the spot.'

' My mill suffices my desire,  
I'll leave it to mine heir,  
It bears the blessing of my sire,  
I'll die no other where.'

The King said yea, the miller nay,  
The prince his patience lost :  
' The land is mine, thou shalt give way,  
A king must not be crost.'

' I'll not give way.' ' Then force must needs  
Thy stubborn spirit bend.'  
' You err, my sire ; from forceful deeds  
The judges will defend.'

' The judges ?' Ah ! the judges he,  
The King, had placed in power—  
' Thou'rt right, I yield ; thy mill shall be  
As sacred from this hour.'

Since then o'er high and low the same  
Time plies his peaceful wings ;  
Sans Souci is the castle's name,  
And Frederick the King's.

## EVENING.

*(From the German of Rückert.)*

ON yonder mountain steep I stood,  
And saw the sun descend,  
The evening o'er the summer wood  
Its golden net extend.

The clouds of heaven their dews let fall  
Like balm on earthly woes,  
The evening bell rang out to call  
All nature to repose.

'Behold,' said I within my breast,  
'How still creation now!  
Earth's children all prepare for rest,  
So, wearied heart, shouldst thou.

'The flow'rets slowly close their eyes  
With day's expiring beam,  
And softly every wavelet hies  
To join its chosen stream.

'The sylph fatigued hath left the sky,  
And rests beneath a blade;  
Amongst the weeds the dragon-fly  
In dewy sleep is laid.

'The golden beetle, slumber-bound,  
Is couched within a rose,  
The herdsman and the flock have found  
Their places of repose.



'The lark descending from the air  
Hath sought its lowly nest,  
And quiet in their forest lair  
Are stag and roe at rest.

'Whoever calls a hut his own  
Rests 'neath its rustic beams,  
And wanderers in a foreign zone  
Revisit home in dreams.'

---

DAS KIND DER SORGE.

*THE CHILD OF SORROW.*

*(Translated from the German of Herder.)*

ONE day on the banks of a murmuring stream  
Pale Sorrow sat deep in thought ;  
And fingered the earth in her pensive dream,  
Till an image of clay was wrought.

'Now what hast thou there?' cried Jove, drawing  
nigh,

'Pale Goddess of Sorrow, say.'

'An image of clay, great Lord of the Sky,—  
Give life to the creature, I pray.'

'Then live!' cried Jove, and it lived at his word,

'Now mine shall the creature be!'

'Not so,' cried Sorrow, 'but leave it, my lord;  
I beg of thee leave it to me!'

‘ My finger hath formed it out of the clay ;’  
‘ But I endowed it with life.’  
While thus they argued came Tellus that way,  
And added her voice to the strife.

‘ The creature,’ said she, ‘ to me must belong,  
’Twas taken out of my breast.’  
Cried Jove, ‘ Why further discussion prolong ?  
Great Saturn shall set it at rest.’

Said Saturn, chosen to settle the strife,  
‘ This child belongs to you all ;  
Let Jove, because he endowed it with life,  
When it dies inherit its soul.

‘ To you, O Tellus, its body we give,  
For nothing more is your due ;  
And, Sorrow, while it continues to live,  
It shall find a mother in you ;

‘ So long as it breathes you shall not depart  
From the child your finger hath made ;  
Like you, it shall vex and torture its heart  
Till dust to dust it is laid.’

The creature is Man, and Destiny’s urn  
Moved truly to Saturn’s nod ;  
Man lives to Sorrow, and dies to return  
To the bosom of earth and to God.

A WINTER SONG.

*(From the German of Krummacher.)*

AH! wherefore liest thou so still  
Beneath thy covering white and chill,  
    Thou dear Maternal Land?  
Where are thy vernal melodies,  
Thy plumage under summer skies,  
    Thy blooming festive robe so grand?

Undecked thou liest in thy sleep :  
No gamesome lambs, no grazing sheep,  
    Thy fields and mountains bear ;  
Thy little birds are sad and dumb,  
No bees above thy flow'rets hum :  
    Yet thou art ev'n in winter fair.

Thy frozen boughs and glittering sprays,—  
Emit a thousand twinkling rays  
    Bedazzling to the eyes ;  
Who, who has thus prepared thy bed,  
This snowy covering o'er thee spread,  
    And tricked thee thus in winter-guise?

The friendly Father ; who but He,  
This snowy covering wove for thee?  
    He sleeps and slumbers not.  
Do thou thy peaceful slumber take,  
The Father bids the weary wake  
    In fresher strength to brighter lot.

*The Play of the Strings.*

To thee the painful throes of spring  
 A new and vivid youth shall bring,  
     Life wonderful and fair ;  
 His Breath already hovers near,  
 And soon, O Earth, shalt thou appear  
     With blooming garlands in thy hair.

## THE PLAY OF THE STRINGS.

*(From the German of Herder.)*

IN the following poem the minstrel is represented as being struck by the play of his own strings, and indulging in various questionings as to the real cause of their harmonious utterances. At last the Spirit of Harmony stands out and answers him. And the minstrel hushes his song in rapt admiration.

## MINSTREL.

WHAT sings in you, ye chorded lyre ?  
 What animates your tone ?  
 Dost thou, O plaintive nightingale,  
 An absent mate bemoan ?

Dost breathe in music to my heart  
 Thy melancholy tale ?  
 Perchance its latest notes die out  
 In this soft silver wail.

What speaks in you, ye chorded lyre ?  
 What sings within your shell ?  
 Are these thine echoes, sportive love,  
 Which rise in dulcet swell ?

Thou dear delusion of the heart,  
Sweet lip-alluring toy,  
Hast seized the strings to sigh farewell,  
Thou fickle, fleeting joy ?

It speaks in stronger, clearer notes,  
It penetrates my heart ;  
Its magic touches wake anew  
The long-forgotten smart !

Thou tremblest in my frame, O soul !  
Art thou thyself a lyre  
Within some spirit's cunning hands,  
Which thrill the quivering wire ?

It hovers on the sounding string,  
It murmurs in mine ears !  
The Soul of harmony stands forth  
The Spirit of the spheres !

SPIRIT.

Lo ! here am I, the essence pent  
Within the hollow shell ;  
In every tone which strikes your ear,  
Or thrills your heart, I dwell.

I am the echo of the rocks,  
The low, sweet plaintive wail,  
Which warbles from the slender throat  
Of yonder nightingale.

In notes of woe I stir your heart,  
To pity or to love,  
I vibrate in your songs of praise,  
And waft your prayers above.

*Hope.*

I tune the world, and tone with tone  
 The diapason rolls ;  
 In one unceasing choral stream,  
 Souls mingling blend with souls.

Your heart within your bosom thrills  
 Responsive to the strain,  
 And feels of grief the subtile joy ;  
 Of joy the subtile pain.

## MINSTREL.

Cease, song of mine ! I hear the song  
 Of all creation peal ;  
 The power which linketh soul to soul  
 Leads heart with heart to feel.

In mystic feeling we are one,  
 The same in every zone,  
 Wide echoes from the Godhead blent  
 In one harmonious tone.

## HOPE.

*(From the German of Geibel.)*

LET blust'ring Winter hurl his blast  
 'Neath suns that light us dimly,  
 His snow and ice around us cast  
 While frowning on us grimly ;  
 We know that Spring will come again,  
 To banish Winter's tyrant reign.

Let mist before the morning sun,  
A dense, impervious curtain,  
O'er plains extend and mountains dun,  
But yet we know for certain  
That bright the solar ray shall glow,  
Diffusing warmth and joy below.

Blow on, ye tempests, blow with might !  
Your rage shall not alarm me,  
There's one approaching overnight,  
Whose milder sway shall charm me ;  
The Spring draws near on velvet feet,  
To scatter round me odours sweet.

Then shall the slumb'ring earth awake,  
To verdant life up-springing,  
And, while from every bush and brake  
Harmonious mirth is ringing,  
Shall greet the sunny skies above  
In ecstasies of joy and love.

Her hair with garlands she shall twine,  
Bedeck herself with roses,  
And ears of corn therewith combine,  
Whose husk the grain uncloses ;  
While all her streams shall flow as clear  
As if their fount were pleasure's tear.

Heart, let it freeze, as freeze it may,  
Be thou content, unshaken,  
For man shall break a brighter day,  
New joys within him waken.

A day of flowered and gemmed attire,  
A great May-day for earth entire !

Though fears and terrors stalk abroad,  
Though earth like hell should darken,  
Undaunted place thy trust in God,  
To no misgivings hearken,  
For after Winter's gloomy reign  
Shall vernal glories deck the plain.

---

THE MOSS ROSE.

*(From the German.)*

THE Angel who watches the birth of the flowers,  
Who shields them in tempests and feeds them  
with dew,  
O'ercome by the heat of the sun's hottest hours,  
Reclined in the shade which a grateful rose threw.

Refreshed by repose, by the perfume enchanted  
Which the Queen of the Flowers so lavishly shed ;  
' If aught to complete thy attractions is wanted,  
Just name it, and have it, my Fairest,' he said.

' Then grant me, my guardian,' the rose-tree en-  
treated,  
' Yet another attraction to heighten my grace.'  
The moss was the gift, and her beauty completed,  
She stood forth the Queen of her beautiful race.



THE BROOKLET.

*(From the German of Goethe.)*

LITTLE silvery, sparkling river,  
Flowing on and on for ever,  
    On your brink  
    I stand and think,  
Stand and think, and fain would know  
Whence you come and whither go.

‘Out from rocky caverns deep  
Gush I down the sombre steep,  
Glide I on through moss and flowers,  
Grassy meads, and elfin bowers.  
While friendly skies within me glass  
Their azure image as I pass.

‘On with childlike joy I go,  
Caring little where I flow.  
He who called me from the stone  
Leaves me not to flow alone ;  
He who did my stream provide.  
He, I think, will be my guide.’

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH ;  
OR, THE POET'S PORTION.

*(From the German of Schiller.)*

'RECEIVE the earth !' cried Zeus to Man,  
From off his airy hill ;  
'Receive it in eternal fief,  
Divide it as ye will ;  
And live in peace and friendship true,  
As brother mortals ought to do.'

Then ran whoever hands possessed,  
Alert to seize a share,  
Till all was clutched, and held, and owned  
Beneath the vital air.  
The farmer seized the golden grain,  
The squire the chase on hill and plain.

The merchant grasped what stores could hold,  
The abbot claimed the wine ;  
'Ha !' cried the king with pride elate,  
'The tithe of all is mine !'  
He barred the bridge where rivers roll :  
On all the highways levied toll.

The last of men, and long behind,  
The pensive bard drew nigh ;  
And, lo ! the universal world,  
Where'er he turned his eye,

Was all apportioned, bounded, named,  
No single portion left unclaimed.

‘ Woe ! woe to me ! shall I of all—  
Thy well-belovèd son—  
While others freely share thy gifts,  
Shall I of all have none ?’  
Thus rose the poet’s cry, while prone  
He flung himself at Zeus’s throne.

‘ If thou hast lingered, son,’ said Zeus,  
‘ Within the Land of Dreams,  
Am I to blame, if others seized  
The forests, fields, and streams ?  
Where wert thou when the world was given ?’  
‘ O Zeus ! beside thyself in heaven.—

‘ Mine eyes upon thy visage hung,  
And eagerly mine ears  
Within thy radiant presence drank  
The music of the spheres.  
Great Father, chide the spirit not  
Which earth for heaven and thee forgot !’

Cried Zeus, perplexed, ‘ Alas ! my son,  
The earth is mine no more ;  
Bequeathed alike the fruits, the chase,  
The mart, and trader’s store ;  
But here with me and gods divine,  
Come when thou wilt—a place is thine.’

## MOTHER-TONGUE.

*(From the German of Schenkendorf.)*

O MOTHER-TONGUE ! O sounds of cheer !  
 For ever welcome, deeply dear,  
 First language to my ear addressed,  
     Sweet words of love and sterling worth,  
 The first my infant tongue expressed,  
     Thou ringest in me ever forth !

Ah ! how my lonely heart is pained,  
 When I 'midst strangers am constrained  
 To use a language not mine own ;  
     A tongue my tongue can ill repeat !  
 Strange words to early love unknown,  
     For friendly greeting all unmeet.

O wonderful and beauteous speech,  
 How clear my subtlest thoughts to teach !  
 For ever deep'ning in my soul  
     In vocal riches, vocal might !  
 'Tis as my father's voice did call  
     From out the grave's sepulchral night.

Ring, ring, harmonious forth and forth,  
 O hero language, tongue of worth !  
 Rise ! rise from out the grave's profound,  
     Forgotten song of long ago !  
 In Holy Writ anew be found,  
     That every heart in thee may glow.

God's breezes blow on every clime  
 We range ; we change with place and time ;

But I will pray, my thanks will speak ;  
Or, if my heart with love be fraught,  
Will vent for blissful feelings seek  
In that dear tongue my mother taught.

\*O Scotia ! land of Burns and Scott,  
Land in my wanderings ne'er forgot ;  
Dear land whose language first was mine,  
Whose songs were o'er my cradle sung,  
Cold, cold in death must I recline  
Ere I shall cease to love thy tongue.

---

LONGING.

*(From the German of Schiller.)*

FROM this valley chill and cheerless,  
By the grey mist densely prest,  
Could I find an issue, peerless,  
Raptured joy would fill my breast.

Beautiful hills are in the distance,  
Blooming in eternal light ;  
O for wings from this existence  
There to soar in pinioned flight !

Harmonies I hear outringing,  
Tones that woo to calm retreats ;  
And the breezes thence are bringing  
Odours fraught with soothing sweets.

Golden fruits behold I glowing,  
Nodding on the dusky spray ;  
And the flowers which there are blowing  
Ne'er become the winter's prey.

\* The last stanza imitated.

*Prayer during Battle.*

O to sit beside the fountains  
 In the ceaseless sunshine there !  
 O to linger on the mountains  
 'Neath the ever-balmy air !

But a dark and turbid river  
 'Twixt those hills and me doth roll,  
 And I pause and shrink and shiver,  
 For its terrors thrill my soul.

Lo ! a tossing skiff behold I ;  
 Ah, no ferryman is near !  
 Forward, soul ! and venture boldly ;  
 Set and filled the sails appear.

Since the gods no pledge will spare thee,  
 Trust and dare, nor trembling stand ;  
 Save a wonder, nought can bear thee  
 To the beauteous Wonderland.

---

 PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

*(From the German of Körner.)*

THE German poet Körner was born in 1778, and fell fighting the French, near Leipzig, in 1812. His patriotic pieces did much to fire the courage of the Germans, and won for him the title of 'The German Tyrtæus.' The 'Prayer during battle' was found on Körner's person immediately after his death.

FATHER, I cry to Thee !  
 Roaring, the cannons with vapours surround me,  
 Rushing, their lightnings and missives astound me ;  
 Leader of Battles, I cry to thee !  
 Father, O lead thou me !

Father, O lead thou me !  
Lead me to victory, to death if Thou wilt ;  
Thine if Thou sparest me, thine if Thou killest ;  
O Lord, as Thou wilt, so lead Thou me !  
God, I acknowledge Thee !

God, I acknowledge thee !  
As in the rustle of autumn leaves falling,  
So in the tempest of battle appalling ;  
Fountain of Grace, I acknowledge Thee !  
Father, O bless Thou me !

Father, O bless Thou me !  
Life into Thy hands I freely deliver ;  
Thou canst resume it, for Thou wert the Giver ;  
For life or for death, O bless thou me !  
Father, still praise I Thee !

Father, still praise I Thee !  
We, in no strife for earth's goods are contending ;  
Rights, the most sacred our swords are defending ;  
But, vanquished or victor, praise I Thee !  
Great God, receive Thou me !

Great God, receive Thou me !  
When thunders of death mine ears are assailing ;  
Veins flowing open, and life's current failing ;  
God shall my trust, shall my safety be !  
Father, I cry to Thee !

## THE BIRD AND THE FOWLER.

*(An Allegory from the German paraphrased and explained for  
Youthful Readers.)*

A BIRD at early morning  
Amid the forest sang,  
And full, and free, and fearless  
Its joyful ditty rang ;  
But lo ! a crafty fowler  
Crept stealthily along,  
Bird-limed a twig, and captured  
That feathered child of song.  
Now wherefore silent, songster,  
That trilled as sweet a lay  
As ever voice uplifted  
To greet the rising day ?

Made answer thus the songster,  
With drooping tail and wing—  
' I sang, for I was joyful  
Amid the woods of spring.  
I sang, for all around me  
And all within was fair,  
The skies were bright above me,  
All fragrant earth and air.  
I drank the crystal fountains,  
I feasted 'mid the flowers,  
And flitted as I listed  
From lawns to forest bowers.  
Now I am sad and silent,  
In prisonment severe,



Where sights and sounds of horror  
Inspire unceasing fear.  
No more the forest odours,  
No more the charms of spring,  
Nor love, nor joy, nor freedom  
Incite me now to sing.  
These iron bars confine me,  
Abroad I cannot fly ;  
Within this air I languish,  
I pine, I droop, I die !'

' Now, name to me this songster,'  
So spake the listening child,  
' And name to me the fowler  
Who lured it from the wild.'

Sin is the crafty fowler,  
And many snares has he ;  
The free and joyous songster,  
My child, I find in thee.  
While thou remainest guileless,  
Around thee all is fair,  
The skies all bright above thee,  
All balmy earth and air ;  
But Sin, the fell destroyer,  
Can darken all the life,  
And cage the soul in prison,  
With every evil rife.  
From Sin and Sin's allurements  
Keep thou thy spirit free ;  
Then shall thy life be joyous  
As bird's in forest tree.

## FLOWER ANGELS.

*(INSCRIBED TO ETHEL MAY.)*

THUS—or more delightfully—does the German poet Rückert  
inculcate the love of flowers :—

TINY maiden, dainty maiden,  
Angels are like thee,  
Beautiful, but oh, so airy,  
That thou canst not see,  
Nay, not with thy glance so clear,  
Angel forms that hover near.

Tiny maiden, dainty maiden,  
Wouldst thou like to know  
Where the angels love to shelter  
When with us below ?  
Poets' eyes through mysteries see,  
Therefore I can tell it thee.

Every beauteous, blooming flow'ret  
Is an angel's tent,  
Here he comes when he is weary,  
Here he rests content,  
Till, by spirit-longings driven,  
He must re-ascend to heaven.

Yet he loves his earthly dwelling  
Quite as much as man,  
Beautifies it for his pleasure  
More than mortal can,  
Tricks it out in every part  
With seraphic taste and art.

In the day's meridian splendour,  
On the roof he lies,  
Catching from the golden sunbeams  
All their fairest dyes,  
Then he rests within at ease,  
Painting walls and roof with these.

Bread he bakes him from the pollen,  
Sparkling liquor brews,  
Sweeter than Olympic nectar,  
From the honey dews.  
Never human host could be  
Skilled in housely arts as he.

Dearly, too, each tiny flow'ret  
Loves its angel guest.  
Mourns him, nor behind can linger  
When he quits her breast,  
But as petals droop and die,  
Mounts in perfume to the sky.

Tiny maiden, dainty maiden  
Always cherish flowers,  
So shalt thou have friendly angels  
Watching all thine hours,

*Flower Angels.*

Always tending thee with love  
Wheresoe'er thy feet may rove.

Underneath thy chamber window  
Plant a pretty flower,  
Carefully the evil passions  
Then will shun thy bower.  
For where an angel hath his home  
Evil thoughts can never come.

Cull a nosegay from the meadow,  
Or the gay parterre ;  
Place it on thy gentle bosom  
Ere thou forthward fare,  
Then shalt thou again come in  
With thy soul unsoiled with sin.

Water thou the tender lily  
When Aurora shines,  
Thou shalt be as lily spotless  
When the day declines.  
Roses near thy couch will keep  
Angels nigh to watch thy sleep.

Wouldst thou still have angels chasing  
Every form of dread—  
Angels weaving blissful fancies  
Round thy sleeping head?  
Wouldst thou still desire to see  
Evil from thy presence flee,  
Sinless pleasures fill thine hours?  
Dainty maiden, cherish flowers.

THE ANGEL BROTHERS SLEEP AND  
DEATH.

*(From the German.)*

WHEN man, expelled from Eden's bowers,  
Exchanged his bliss for toilsome hours,  
    To mitigate  
    His sad estate,  
To soothe his toils, his care, and pain,  
Benignant Heaven sent angels twain.

The first was Sleep, sent down to close  
Our languid eyes in sweet repose,  
    Our limbs bestrew  
    With balmy dew,  
And raise each sleeper up at length  
With hopes revived and freshened strength.

The second angel's name was Death—  
A name pronounced with bated breath  
    And whitened face  
    By Adam's race ;  
And yet to Death did Heaven assign  
A task than Sleep's not less benign.

Arrived on earth the brothers laid  
Them down beneath a yew-tree's shade,  
    Till darkness fell  
    On mount and dell,  
When Sleep arose and went his way,  
Nor came again till dawn of day.

But Death, beneath the yew the while,  
 Gave Sleep returned no greeting smile,  
     No welcome word ;  
     He never stirred,  
 But sat the sheltering boughs below  
 Like one oppressed with heavy woe.

Cried Sleep, ' O brother, why so sad ?  
 Receive my tidings and be glad ;  
     The livelong night  
     I 've spread delight  
 From highest hall to lowest den  
 Midst all the tribes of living men.

' My soul is filled with sweet content,  
 Men blessed me when I came and went ;  
     Such blessings too  
     Await for you  
 Whene'er you on your mission fare—  
 Dismiss at once that face of care.'

Said Death, in solemn tones and slow,  
 ' No, brother Sleep, I tell you no !  
     Me men shall hate  
     And execrate,  
 My visit every mortal man  
 Shall shun, avert while'er he can.

' As much as men shall welcome thee  
 So much shall they my presence flee.  
     No, brother, no !  
     My task below  
 Is not to strengthen, soothe, and cheer,  
 I bring to mortals pain and fear.'

Cried Sleep, ' O brother ! you mistake,  
There be whom mind or body's ache  
Must still endure  
Beyond my cure ;  
Those suffering ones will wait for you  
And give your coming greeting true.

' I own, indeed, when you draw near,  
The wicked shall be seized with fear,  
And strive in vain  
Respite to gain ;  
But to the truly good and wise  
You shall reopen Paradise.'

Then Death, consoled, no more repined,  
But plied the task by Heaven assigned ;  
And hand in hand  
Through every land  
The angel brothers, Death and Sleep,  
Bring grateful rest  
To weary breast  
And hearts that aching vigils keep.

---

THE OLD COUNTRYMAN TO HIS SON.

*(From the German.)*

WALK thou the paths of rectitude  
Unto thy dying day,  
And never swerve a finger-breadth  
From God's appointed way.

Then thou as on a meadow green  
Through mortal life shalt tread,  
And gaze into the eye of Death  
Without a thrill of dread.

Then shall the sickle and the plough  
Light toil to thee afford,  
Then shalt thou by the water-jug  
Sing as if wine were poured.

The wicked man—ah, how unlike !  
He loathes the good and true,  
And yet from all his selfish aims  
What trivial joys ensue !

Him evil passions ever drive,  
By disappointments torn,  
His hand outstretched to pluck the rose,  
But grasps the stinging thorn.

There smiles no beauteous spring for him,  
No fields of golden grain :  
His paths are o'er no verdant meads,  
No daisy-studded plain.

The whispering zephyrs startle him,  
The quivering leaf affrights ;  
A guilty conscience intervenes  
To dash his best delights.

He starts at morn from troubled dreams,  
By languor yet opprest ;  
He looks toward the grave for peace,  
The grave is not his rest.



Then practise truth and rectitude  
Unto thy dying day,  
And never swerve a finger-breadth  
From God's appointed way.

That thou mayst for thyself be glad,  
For others only weep,  
And sink into thy final rest  
As to an infant sleep.

And tears from angel eyes shall fall  
Above thine honoured tomb,  
And summer blossoms, breathing sweets,  
From out those tears shall bloom.

---

FAIRY RIDDLES.

*(From the German.)*

Down in a rocky hollow  
The fairy folks sat by night,  
Making, and guessing gay riddles  
To speed the hours in their flight--  
Wisdom of pleasant jingle  
If it was not golden quite.

And zephyrs creeping through crannies  
Uplifted the fairy locks,  
And, sporting hither and thither,  
Wafted through rifts in the rocks  
To me, a mortal outsider,  
The wit of the fairy folks.

And I made ardent endeavour  
 To catch the quibbles that flew,  
 And out of many succeeded  
 In seizing and fixing a few ;  
 And here with scribbler's presumption  
 I offer my samples to you :—

---

- Q. What gold for mortals the richest  
 Ne'er sparkled in earthly mine ?  
 A. The golden gleams of Aurora  
 Which free for earth's millions shine.  
 Q. Who borrows gold and bestows it  
 As silver silently shed ?  
 A. The moon, the gold of Aurora  
 In silver pours on our head.  
 Q. What breast of breasts is the hardest  
 Whence tears upwelling can flow ?  
 A. The rocky breast of the mountain  
 That weeps to the streams below.  
 Q. What stream fills channels uncounted  
 Yet never had one of its own ?  
 A. The rain fills many a stream-bed  
 But falls from the skies in none.  
 Q. What bridge is the broadest and swiftest  
 On river or streamlet cast ?  
 A. The bridge of ice, which the winter  
 In a single night makes fast.  
 Q. What fount with steadiest motion  
 Urges its echoless flood ?  
 A. The heart in the human bosom  
 Urging its currents of blood.

- Q. Who dresses in colours the gayest  
When sorest perchance he grieves ?
- A. The tree lamenting the Summer  
In Autumn's many-hued leaves.
- Q. Who musters spears by the thousand  
Yet never a war shall see ?
- A. The barbèd brier in the garden  
Or hedging fallow or lea.
- Q. Who dwells in a single chamber  
And sees but little of that ?
- A. The snail that carries his mansion  
In order to enter pat.
- Q. What king is a king so puny  
That his rule were a jest and scorn ?
- A. King Wren<sup>1</sup> that flits on the hedges  
Scarce bending the twigs of the thorn.
- Q. When is the strong by the feeble  
O'ermastered and holden down ?
- A. When earth on the limbs of heroes  
Her dust sepulchral hath strown.
- Q. By whom is the earth o'ermastered  
Who thus o'ermasters the best ?
- A. By the iron in sock and colter  
Which rends and furrows her breast.
- Q. Have steel and iron a master,  
Or lord it resistless these ?
- A. Not so : by fire they are smelted  
And moulded as mortals please.
- Q. And is there a force so potent  
That fire must yield to the same ?
- A. Yes, water is able to conquer  
The rage of the fiercest flame.

<sup>1</sup> German, *Zaunkönig*.

*Fairy Riddles.*

- Q. Hath mighty ocean a master,  
Or equals his strength his size ?
- A. The storm-wind lashes the billows  
Till their howlings reach the skies.
- Q. Than wind and sky what is stronger  
And louder than ocean waves ?
- A. The thunder speaks, and they listen  
And tremble like beaten slaves.
- Q. Is there a courage yet braver  
Than that of the victor Death ?
- A. Yes, his who guileless and trustful  
Can smile as he yields his breath.
- Q. Why doth not the oak bear pumpkins ?  
Such fruitage his boughs would grace.
- A. For fear that when you looked upward  
A pumpkin should fall in your face.
- Q. Why do the fishes keep silence,  
And dumbly glide in their pools ?
- A. Because with language like mortals  
They also might chatter like fools.
- Q. Who listens to all our riddles,  
And comes with an answer fit ?
- A. The poet whose rhyme or reason  
Can equal the querist's wit.

- 
- Q. And why do I finish my riddles ?
- A. Aurora whitens the hill,  
Down at the farm in the valley,  
The bird of the morning crows shrill ;  
The fairy voices are silenced,  
And mine like theirs shall be still.

THE MONKS OF THE ABBEY OF GRABAW,  
IN THE LAND OF USURIE.

*(Expanded from the German.)*

THE monks in the Abbey o' Grabaw,  
In the land o' Usurie,  
Were stouter, sleeker, an' jollier,  
Than it weel seemed monks to be.

For the Abbey stood on the margin  
O' a bonnie wide windin' bay,  
Where fine fat fish were plentier  
Than flowers in a genial May.

An' mair, an' very much stranger,  
To the bay cam' ilka year  
A pair o' the largest sturgeons  
That ocean was kent to rear.

An' ane o' them aye got captured,  
An' the ither ane aye got free,  
But cam' again at his season  
Wi' a brither as big as he.

An' somehoo the captured sturgeon,  
Without either pickle or saut,  
Cam' fresh to the table at Grabaw,  
Till anither sturgeon was caught

An' whether in June or December  
The monks were jolly an' stout,  
For fine fat sturgeon at Grabaw  
Was never kent to run out.

Till it fell on a day in August—  
The year I canna declare—  
There cam' to the waters o' Grabaw  
O' sturgeons a wonderfu' pair.

'Twas said that their backs were braider  
Than the floor o' the Abbey ha',  
An' the flesh on their ribs was thicker  
Than its thickest outer wa'.

'We'll capture them baith,' cried the Abbot,  
'To miss sic spoil were a shame !'  
An' ilka monk in the cloister  
Expressed opinions the same.

An' the Abbot forgot his vespers,  
Nor heeded the matin bell,  
An' wi' whom he held secret counsel  
Was kent to nane save himsel'.

But the Abbot gaed out at sunset,  
An' 'twixt the dark an' the dawn  
The couple o' wonderfu' sturgeons  
Were somehow netted an' drawn.

'Ho ! ho !' laughed the Abbot o' Grabaw,  
'We've captured the wonderfu' pair ;  
We never liked fastin' at Grabaw,  
An' better than ever we'll fare !'

The sturgeon was brought to the table,  
But it neither wad cut nor chew,  
Nae leather was harder or tougher  
That souter e'er sewed upon shoe.

An' a terrible odour o' brunstane  
Exhaled frae the flesh o' the fish,  
Till the hungriest cat in the kitchen  
Wad turn up its nose at the dish.

An' waur, frae the Bay an' its waters  
The whole o' the finny tribe fled,  
An' the Abbot an' monks o' Grabaw  
Were reduced to butterless bread.

An' the legs o' the Abbot dwindled,  
An' shrivelled to windle-straes,  
An' his shoulders, aforetime so sturdy,  
Wad hardly carry his claes.

An' the monks turned maist microscopic,  
Their persons becam' so sma' ;  
When they sat in the sunshine thegither  
They had but ae shadow 'twixt twa.

An' never a nieper to Grabaw  
Extended his sympathie,  
But mony rejoiced in the doonfa'  
O' the monks o' Usurie.

## SATAN OUTWITTED.

*(From the German of Rückert.)*

THE Fiend that reigns in nether gloom  
Can rarely be outwitted,  
Yet him, 'tis said, with this defeat  
His subject fiends have twitted.

The Arabs once had ploughed their fields,  
And stood, prepared to sow them,  
'Ha !' laughed the Fiend, who chanced to pass,  
'A cunning trick I'll show them.

'The clowns shall plough, the clowns shall sow,  
And reap their wheat and barley,  
But I shall bear the grain away  
Without dispute or parley.'

Then to the peasants : 'Half the world,  
Thus half your crops, belongs me,  
And he shall weep in nether gloom  
Through endless time that wrongs me.

'The upper half I'll come to claim,  
And you shall keep the under.'  
'So be it, sire,' replied the clowns,  
In gaping fear and wonder.

'Your highness shall receive your due  
Without regret or wrangle.'  
But lo ! when Satan turned his back,  
They sowed their fields with mangel.



And thus when Satan came again,  
He recognised his blunder ;  
The fading leaves became his share,  
The precious roots were under.

'Next year I claim the under half.'  
The peasants smiled, contented ;  
Again when he put in his claim,  
His choice the Fiend repented.

The Arabs sowed their fields with wheat,  
And, rich reward of trouble,  
They bore away the golden grain  
And left the Fiend the stubble.

'I ne'er was baffled thus !' cried Nick,  
'Since e'er my feet were cloven,  
But still I'll bear the stubble down  
To heat the Stygian oven.'

---

THE LAST POET.

*(From the German of Count Auersperg,  
nom de plume A. Grün.)*

Q. O WHEN will ye tire of singing ?  
Ye poets, tell us how long  
The time till ye shall have ended  
Your old and incessant song ?

Has your teeming horn of plenty  
Not been emptied long ago?  
Have not all your flowers been gathered,  
And your fountains ceased to flow?

A. While the golden car of Phœbus  
Glides on in its azure way,  
And a human face uplifted  
Remains to bask in his ray ;

While the skies by storms are mantled,  
And the forkèd lightnings dart,  
And before their fury trembling  
There throbs but a single heart ;

While after the raging tempest  
There follows the radiant bow,  
And, glad in the peace it heralds,  
A bosom remains to glow ;

While night in the fields of ether  
Shall scatter her starry seed,  
And yet one man in the scripture  
Of the golden scroll shall read ;

While the moon shall walk in silver,  
Or a heart desire and feel ;  
While the balmy forest odours  
On a wearied one shall steal ;

While the rose puts forth its blossom ;  
While the spring revives the earth ;  
While an eye shall beam with kindness  
Or sparkle in roguish mirth ;

While graves with their doleful cypress  
Shall mourn for the griefs they make ;  
While an eye is left for weeping,  
Or a suffering heart can break,

The radiant goddess of Poesy  
Shall wander the world so long,  
With him as her gay attendant  
Whom she consecrates to song.

And singing and ever jubilant,  
Through the old abodes of earth,  
The last of the poets shall die out  
With the last of human birth.

---

THE BATTLE.

*(From the French of Lamartine.)*

THE trumpet hath sounded the summons for war,  
'To arms!' and the echo repeats it afar,  
'To arms!' O'er the plain on a sudden rush forth  
The squadrons more prompt than the winds of the  
north,

At once from all quarters their galloping rings,  
They fold the dense flanks like a pair of dark wings ;  
The courser, held back by an impotent rein,  
Rears high on his haunches while quivers each vein ;  
The thunder yet slumbers, but ominous dread  
Above the vast masses is silently spread :

Not only the tramp of the myriads we hear,  
Who march as a man to the death which is near,  
But the rattling of cars, the neighing of steeds,  
The word of command which from rank to rank speeds,  
Or the flapping of banners which wave to and fro  
Above the encampment of either proud foe,  
Now flaunting aloft as in victory's breath,  
Advancing to glory o'er carnage and death,  
Now hanging at length as if drooping their pride,  
And forming the pall of the legions they guide.

But, lo! in the forefront, with voices of bronze,  
The cannons belch forth till the smitten earth moans,  
The thunder meets thunder, the bolts of death fly,  
Tube answers to tube in fast-flaming reply.  
The bullets are tearing through front and through flanks,  
Each leaving its blood-spattered gap in the ranks;  
Like a tiller who goes and comes without fail,  
With ploughshare incessant upturning the vale,  
The furrows above the fresh furrows are laid  
Till the green of the valley is changed into red,  
Or like the strong mower who heaps upon heaps  
Lays level the harvest with ne'er-ceasing sweeps;  
Thus, thus the bolts fatefully traverse the plain,  
And cover its soil with a harvest of slain.

Here falleth a hero cut down in his flower,  
Superb with an eye flashing pride in his power.  
The crest of his helmet, which sparkles in light,  
Is the mane of a steed as black as the night;  
The sheen of that helmet hath guided the shot  
Which robs him of life, but he feeleth it not,

Like a fagot of steel he rolls on the plain,  
His steed, bounding forward, perceives the loose rein,  
Returns to the spot where his master is lying,  
Bends, sniffs him, hangs o'er him, and weeps on him  
dying.

There falls an old warrior who, born in alarms,  
Had camps for his country, for love had his arms ;  
His colours are all that are dear to his eyes,  
Expiring he follows them with his last sighs.  
Death's shafts through each army at random are sped,  
The thick air is burdened with horror and dread ;  
One perishes wholly, one stretched in the dust,  
A trunk without branches, a poor bleeding bust,  
Beholds the dear limbs where his life-blood hath  
quivered,  
Fly round him in fragments all mangled and shivered ;  
Yet somehow he trails himself on through the mud,  
Still leaving his traces bedabbled with blood ;  
And one who hath scarcely a fragment of life  
In the arms of a friend would flee from the strife ;  
But vainly—they're struck by the same fatal ball,  
Receiving this favour at least in their fall,  
That, clasping each other, they heave their last breath,  
And enter together the valley of death.

Yet vainly the thunderbolts furrow the masses,  
Each leaving its terrible gap where it passes ;  
As swiftly as billows together could flow,  
And fill up the furrow behind the swift prow,  
As swiftly the braves fill the gaps, and again  
Make redder the fight on the heaps of the slain,

Till, wearied of death and a vengeance of chance,  
Both camps with a similar valour advance ;  
They clash, and then phalanxes, torn by the shock,  
Are mingled, and reel in the bloody siroc.

Now squadrons oppressed by the squadrons are rent,  
And arms over head like an archway are blent,  
Shots cross one another, and swords with swords clash,  
The ranks intermingled emit a sole flash.  
Through the torrent of smoke the powder-gleam shines,  
Runs blazing a moment along the hot lines ;  
Then wrapping the whole in its sulphurous breath,  
Conceals from our eyes alike victory and death.  
So rushing, two torrents, in gorges scooped deep,  
Down opposite mountains precipitant leap  
At once, and in volume of similar force,  
To meet in a channel too strait for their course ;  
Surge dashes on surge, wave strikes aside wave,  
Enraged, seeking vantage, they struggle and rave,  
The atmosphere moist with the dash of their froth,  
The desert resounding the voice of their wrath ;  
Within their strait channel, loud, wrathful, and strong,  
Still striving for mastery, they combat along.

The thunder is hushed—hark ! hark ! to the skies,  
From the grief-smitten plain what concerts arise !  
The harp and the clarion, the cymbal's gay voice,  
Commingle, ascending together, rejoice ;  
On the wings of the wind their harmonies flying,  
Are blent with the shrieks and the wails of the dying.  
But lo ! as they echo from valley and hill,  
Our senses all shiver, our heart-blood runs chill ;

For round us the thick air is moved at their blast,  
And we feel as the souls of the dead glided past.

The clouds are dissolving, the sun is revealed,  
And shows the sad carnage which burdens the field ;  
His pale ray is lighting the scene with its beams,  
Disclosing before us the blood-flowing streams,  
The car and the charger, crushed shapeless, and rolled  
'Midst members in fragments, strewn over the mould ;  
The arms and the corpses confusedly spread,  
And banners flung down upon masses of dead.

Now hasten ye hither, friends, spouses, and mothers ;  
Come, reckon your children, your husbands, your  
brothers ;

Come, fight with the vultures which revel above  
For the hopes of your age, the fruits of your love.  
What rivers of tears for your lost ones shall flow !  
What wailings shall rise from your cities in woe !  
Unfortunate mortals, ere earth shall again  
Give birth to as many as cumber the plain,  
By one day of battle stretched mangled and slain !

\*And this is red war, O my sisters, my brothers !  
A scourge more dreadful, more cruel than all others ;  
Selecting our bravest, the flowers of our lands,  
And goading them onwards to Death's bloody hands :  
And leaving our weakest, the weeds of our race,  
To flourish and ripen, and fill the flowers' place ;  
A monster which tramples the weak in the clay,  
And widens the circuit of tyrannous sway.

\* Not in the original.

Go think of it, hoar-headed searchers for truth !  
 Go ponder it, hope-circled beauty and youth !  
 O nations, if ye would but reason aright,  
 I know ye would rise in your grandest of might,  
 And thunder to war, ' Cursed heart-breaker, cease !  
 Henceforth we are vowed to blest joy-bringing peace.'

---

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

*A CALABRIAN SONG.*

THE French poet Lamartine says that the women of Amalfi, in Calabria, sing, in soft melancholy cadence, the following song as they return with their pitchers of water from the fountain :—

AT twelve years of age in the garden I mused,  
 While citrons and almonds their fragrance diffused,  
 And spring, breathing life into winter's dead wreck,  
 Just ruffled the ringlets that fell on my neck ;  
 When a voice in my soul so thrilling was heard,  
 That my being entire by its accents was stirred.  
 It was not the voice of the wind nor the bell,  
 Nor pipe of the shepherd from mountain or dell ;  
 Nor prattle of infant, nor milkmaiden's song ;  
 Nor voice of the forester joyous and strong.

It was you, O my angel ! my guardian divine,  
 It was you whose heart whispered thus early to mine.

Again, in my youth, when our evening was o'er—  
 Our evening of love 'neath the old sycamore—



When my manly betrothed, compelled to depart,  
Left his kiss on my lips and deep love in my heart,  
Again came that whisper, so clear and so sweet.  
It was not his voice, nor his steps in retreat,  
Nor was it the music of lovers who played  
And sang 'neath the lattice their gay serenade.

It was you, O my angel ! my guardian divine,  
It was you whose heart joyed in the joyance of mine.

When yet a young mother, beside my own hearth,  
I sat 'midst our treasures, our dearest on earth,  
While outside the fig-tree that grew by the wall  
To the hands of my children its fruitage let fall,  
A voice vague but tender arose in my breast.  
It was not the bird's to its mate in the nest,  
Nor the babe in the cradle that murmured in sleep,  
Nor the song of the fisher abroad on the deep.

It was you, O my angel ! my guardian divine,  
It was you whose heart mingled its accords with mine.

Now grey are my tresses, I 'm widowed, I 'm old,  
'Midst bushes I shelter myself from the cold,  
Or kindling such fire of the twigs as I may,  
I watch lest the goats or the children should stray ;  
Yet that voice in my bosom, in weal or in ill,  
Communes with me, cheers me, and sings to me still.  
It is not his voice whom I loved, whom I weep—  
Ah, no ! he is hushed in the grave's icy sleep—  
'Tis the voice that I heard in the garden of yore,  
That sang to my heart 'neath the old sycamore,

The voice that rejoiced with me later in life,  
When I smiled a young mother, a loved happy wife.

It is you, O my angel ! my guardian divine,  
Whose heart now is weeping, is weeping with mine.  
It is you, O my angel ! through weal or through ill,  
Who speak to me, cheer me, or weep with me still.

---

KING RENAUD.

THERE are numerous versions of the ballad of King Renaud to be met with in France. The version from which the following translation was made is popular in the Department of Pas de Calais.

HOME from the wars comes King Renaud,  
Pierced with a wound whence life's streams flow ;  
His mother looks from her window high,  
And greets her son with a joyous cry.

' Renaud, Renaud, rejoice !' cried she,  
' Thy wife hath borne a son to thee.'  
' Ah ! neither my wife nor infant boy  
Can bring to my heart one throb of joy.

' Go make for me a bed, I pray,  
With coverings white and cushions grey :  
Make it in secret, and make it well,  
But none the news to my wife must tell.'

Renaud was couched, but ere midnight  
His soul from earth had ta'en its flight.  
The pages weep, and the maidens wail,  
For ne'er had a kinder stepped in mail.

'Oh ! tell me, mother, mother dear,  
Why are the people weeping here ?'  
'Tis all for a gallant steed they grieve  
That died in the stable yester eve.'

'Then tell them, mother, mother dear,  
They need not weep so loudly here,  
For when Renaud from the wars shall come  
He 'll bring as gallant a charger home.

'Oh ! tell me, mother, mother dear,  
What tolling, tolling 'tis I hear ?'  
'The funeral peal of a neighbour king,  
Now three days dead, that the people ring.'

'Oh ! tell me, mother, mother dear,  
What means this knocking, knocking here ?'  
'Tis one of our castles in decay  
They 're building anew for us to-day.'

'Oh ! tell me, mother, mother dear,  
What chanting 'tis that meets mine ear ?'  
'Tis but a procession, nothing more,  
That's passing near to our palace door.'

'O mother, dearest mother, pray,  
What dress shall I put on to-day ?'  
'A woman that's churching should appear  
In weeds of the deepest black, my dear.'

Three workmen in the meadow green  
Cast their eyes on the widowed queen.  
'Is not that lady the wife,' said they,  
'Of the great king buried yesterday?'

'Oh! tell me, dearest mother, pray,  
What is it those good people say?'  
'Go, daughter mine, on your journey go,  
'Tis nothing that you have need to know.'

When to the blessed church they went,  
Their heads in prayer were humbly bent;  
And when the daughter lifted her eyes,  
'Oh, what a beautiful tomb!' she cries.

'Yes, daughter mine, that tomb to thee  
The first of all the group should be:  
For that which I've hid you now must know—  
Beneath it is laid our own Renaud.'

'Hold, mother dear! take thou my keys,  
My new-born's childish griefs appease:  
Dress him in robes befitting his woe;  
For me, I must rest with my own Renaud.'

Then a voice from heaven was heard to say,  
'Go! go to thy new-born child—away!  
Your own Renaud has risen to Me,  
And I am keeping him safe for thee!'

BLACK EYES AND BLUE EYES.

*(Translated from the Italian.)*

A GRAVE dispute did once arise  
Betwixt the dark and azure eyes ;  
Blue said that Black were proud, austere,  
And Black, that Blue were insincere ;  
Alternate each the other slighted,  
In terms like those herein indited :—  
‘ Fie, gloomy Black, sepulchral hue !’  
‘ Fie, fickle, ever-changing Blue !’  
‘ We image in our glance of love  
The azure hue of heaven above.’  
‘ But we in mercy veil the might  
That flashes in our stronger light.’  
‘ Fair Pallas, Juno, both had eyes  
Blue, blue like us, whom you despise !’  
‘ And what care we for these or you ?  
Cytherea’s eyes were black, not blue !’  
Still fiercer had the contest been,  
But youthful Love stepped in between,  
With smiles upon his chubby face,  
And offered to decide the case.  
Then with a grave and learned look,  
The rosy boy his tablets took,  
And noting all the con’s and pro’s  
Betwixt the two bewitching foes,—  
‘ I give,’ cried he, ‘ the foremost prize,  
Nor yet to dark nor azure eyes ;  
Most beauteous those which swiftest dart  
Their loving glances to the heart.’

## HORACE—ODE I. BOOK I.

## TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, offspring of ancestral kings,  
Thou grace and glory of my lyric strings,  
There be whom it enraptures to behold  
Olympic dust around the chariot rolled,  
Whom it uplifts from earth to gods on high  
To round the goal yet graze it as they fly,  
Or snatch from rival wheels the inner space,  
And win the palm, victorious in the race.  
That man, if but the fickle Roman crowd  
To triple honours raise his head, is proud ;  
And this if he have garnered in his store  
Whate'er is swept from Libyan threshing-floor.  
You could not move the rustic, whose desire  
Is but to till the acres of his sire,  
With all the wealth of Attalus to sail,  
A mariner, the sport of every gale,  
And, borne upon a bark of Cyprian tree,  
To cut the waves of the Myrtoan Sea.  
The merchant, fearing winds and waves at strife,  
Extols his urban ease and rural life,  
But soon impatient of a narrow lot,  
Refits his shattered fleet, his fears forgot.  
Ungrudging some the busy day give up,  
To drain at ease the mellowed Massic cup,  
Beneath the arbuté's verdant screen outspread,  
Or stretched beside the sacred fountain's head.

The camp and wars, which trembling mothers fear,  
With mingled pipe and trump, to some are dear.  
Unmindful of his tender spouse at home,  
The hunter under frigid skies will roam,  
If to his faithful dogs the stag is seen,  
Or Massic boar within his toils have been.  
The ivy wreath, for learned foreheads fit,  
Gives me amidst supernal gods to sit.  
The grove, secure from Phœbus' fervent glance,  
The nymphs and satyrs joined in sportive dance,  
Hold me secluded from the vulgar throng ;  
If fair Euterpe modulate my song,  
Or Polyhymnia come at my desire  
Evoking music from the Lesbian lyre ;  
But if Mæcenus would insert my name,  
Amidst the poets known to lyric fame,  
Then I, triumphant over space and time,  
Should strike the lofty stars with crest sublime.

---

THE SHADES OF THE UNBURIED AND  
THE FERRYMAN CHARON.

(*Æneid*, Book vi. 298-330.)

THE ferryman wha plied his trade  
Across th' Infernal peel  
Was far frae comely to the e'e ;  
In fact, a gruesome chiel.

His fiery een stood in his pow,  
His hoary beard was lang ;  
An' frae his shouthers in a rape  
His fu'some mantle hang.

He pushed his coble wi' a pole  
When canvas wadna draw ;  
An' lifeless corpses were the freight  
His craft was used to ca'.  
Though auld, I wat he wasna frail ;  
He was a sturdy carle,—  
As fu' o' sap as ony god  
That rules the upper warl'.

But here the crowds o' scattered ghaists  
Cam' thrangin' to the bank ;  
The mithers, men, and doughty chiels  
Wha'd lost the vital spank ;  
The loons an' lasses never wed,  
An' youths wha erst had been  
Consumed upo' the funeral pyre  
Afore their parents' een.

As mony they as forest leaves  
That, earthward flutterin', drap  
When Autumn's cauld sets in to chill  
An' check the fosterin' sap ;  
Or birds that quit the troubled deep,  
An' flock towards the strand,  
When Winter drives them o'er the sea  
To seek the lyther land.



Each stan's an' pleads to be the first  
To mak' the passage o'er,  
An' raxes out his hands in love  
Toward the further shore.

The surly boatman now tak's ane,  
Now ithers o' the band,  
But drives their eager neibours back  
Frae aff the dreepin' strand.  
Æneas (wha was sair perplexed  
An' fairlied at the steer)  
Says, 'Tell me, Lucky, gif ye please,  
What means this gatherin' here ?

'What seek thae sauls? An' how are some  
Left pleadin' here in vain,  
While ithers, borne across at ance,  
The sair-sought haven gain ?'  
The ancient spæwife briefly thus  
Mak's answer in her turn,  
'Æneas, affspring o' the gods,  
To great Anchises bore,

'These are Cocytus stagnant deeps,  
An' that's the Bog o' Styx,  
By whilk when gods hae sworn, they dread  
Their purpose to unfix.  
Unburied folks compose the thrang  
O' whilk ye mak' remark ;  
The boatman's Charon, boatin' ghaists  
O' those interred his wark.

‘ For nane may cross these eerie banks  
 Nor hoarsely-roarin’ waves,  
 Till friendly hands hae laid their banes  
 To rest in peacefu’ graves ;  
 But roam an’ hover roun’ thae shores  
 A hunner weary years,  
 Afore they sail the welcome loch  
 To join their old compeers.’

---

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας.

THE twain Atrides, brave in war,  
 Wise Cadmus I would sing ;  
 But lo ! whene’er I strike the lyre,  
 ’Tis Love that tones the string.

I late renewed those wanton strings,  
 I wholly changed my lyre,  
 And thought perchance Alcides’ feats  
 Might stronger strains inspire.

Again the strings responded Love ;  
 Then heroes, fare ye well,  
 Let other bards your deeds extol,  
 My lyre of Love must tell.

*Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις.*

To every creature under heaven,  
Hath Nature means of safety given :  
The bull hath horns to push at need ;  
His horny hoofs defend the steed ;  
A foot of speed is given to bear  
From chasing foes the timid hare ;  
Fierce teeth defend the forest king ;  
The bird escapes on soaring wing ;  
The fish that swim the waters wide,  
Within their secret depths can hide ;  
And man to guard himself from harm  
Hath thoughtful front and potent arm ;  
Have others all from woman reft ?  
Hath Nature her defenceless left ?  
No ! Beauty is her spear and shield ;  
To Beauty fire and arms must yield.

*Εἰς Ἑρωτα.*

'Twas when the gloom of middle night  
Had fallen upon the land,  
When Ursa wheels in starry light  
Beside Boötes' Hand,

When all the tribes of men were now  
By weary toil subdued,  
That Cupid, doubling blow on blow,  
Before my portals stood.

'Who comes to break my rest,' I cried,  
    'With unprovoked alarm?'  
''Tis I, a child,' the god replied,  
    'Who cannot do you harm.'

'Unbolt your door, for sad 's my plight ;  
    Across the wintry wold  
I've wandered in the moonless night ;  
    I'm weary, wet, and cold.'

With hasty hand I lit my lamp,  
    Undid the door, and lo !  
A wingèd infant, cold and damp,  
    With quiver and with bow.

Beside the fire with anxious care  
    I placed the youth divine,  
I wrung the water from his hair  
    And chafed his hands in mine.

But when his dripping wings were dried,  
    His shivering body warmed ;  
'Come let us try this bow !' he cried,  
    'How far the string is harmed.'

Then like a gadfly up he flew,  
    And, hovering on the wing,  
He fixed his fatal dart, and drew  
    The shaft-impelling string.

He aimed the shaft, and twanged the string,  
The shaft unerring flew ;  
My blood bedews its feathered wing,  
It pierced my bosom through.

‘ Rejoice !’ he cried, ‘ my bow is sound,  
Resistless still my dart ;  
My host, you ’ll know it by the wound  
That rankles in your heart.’

AU REVOIR.

I.

‘CEASE, cease your song!’ advisers cry;  
Perchance the critics may decry;  
Perchance the Public may refuse  
To buy the products of your Muse,  
And all unread your volumes lie.’  
‘Perchance,’ I answer, with a sigh.

II.

‘Perchance’—and so conclude my lays  
In dull December’s drearest days.  
Yet Hope, sweet Hope, with me remains,  
And smiles upon my latest strains,  
Whilst in my ear she whispers, ‘Bard,  
Your verse shall rise in men’s regard;  
Bid readers but a brief good-bye;  
The clouds are clearing from your sky.’  
—Thus under Hope’s all-potent spell  
I say GOOD-BYE, and not FAREWELL.