

APPENDIX.¹

THE LAST WISH.

William Lindsay Alexander, D.D., a minister of the Scottish Congregational Church; born at Edinburgh, August 24, 1808. In 1854 he was appointed professor of theology to his denomination in Scotland, and in 1870 was chosen one of the Old Testament Revision Company. Dr. Alexander is the author of *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical*, *Christ and Christianity*, *Life of Dr. Wardlaw*, &c.

No more, no more of the cares of time!
Speak to me now of that happy clime,
Where the ear never lists to the sufferer's
moan,

And sorrow and care are all unknown:
Now when my pulse beats faint and slow,
And my moments are numbered here below,
With thy soft, sweet voice, my sister, tell
Of that land where my spirit longs to dwell.

Oh! yes, let me hear of its blissful bowers,
And its trees of life, and its fadeless flowers;
Of its crystal streets, and its radiant throng,
With their harps of gold, and their endless
song;

Of its glorious palms and its raiment white,
And its streamlets all lucid with living light;
And its emerald plains, where the ransomed
stray,
'Mid the bloom and the bliss of a changeless
day.

And tell me of those who are resting there,
Far from sorrow and free from care—
The loved of my soul, who passed away
In the roscate bloom of their early day;
Oh! are they not bending around me now,
Light in each eye and joy on each brow,
Waiting until my spirit fly,
To herald me home to my rest on high?

Thus, thus, sweet sister, let me hear
Thy loved voice fall on my listening ear,
Like the murmur of streams in that happy grove
That circles the home of our early love;

And so let my spirit calmly rise,
From the loved upon earth, to the blest in the
skies,
And lose the sweet tones I have loved so long,
In the glorious burst of the heavenly song.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

John Anderson, D.D., minister of the parish of Kinnoull; born at Newburgh in Fifeshire. He is the author of two poetical volumes entitled *The Pleasures of Home* and *The Legend of G. G. G. G.*, and a contributor to the periodicals of the day.

'Mid the hot desert, where the pilgrim pines
For the cool shadow and the streamlet clear,
Seeking his weary way to Zion's shrines,
A fountain murmurs comfort in his ear.

Stern winter seals not up that source of bliss,
The eastern sunbeam never drinks it dry;
Fresh flowers and greenest grass its waters kiss,
And whispering palms defend it from the sky.

There men of every clime refreshment seek;
All sins and sorrows meet securely there:
These waves have kiss'd remorse's haggard cheek,
And smoothed the wrinkles on the brow of care.

The lip of passion there hath quenched its flame,
While pale contrition sadly hung its head;
That fount hath mirror'd back the blush of shame,
And wash'd the savage hand, with murder red!

Sinner, for thee a purer fountain flows,
To soothe the sorrowful, to help the weak;
To wash the reddest crimes, like spotless snows
That gleam on Lebanon's untrodden peak.

Come, men of every clime and every care,
Behold the words upon that fountain's brink—
"If any sigh in sin, to me repair;
Or thirst in sorrow, come to me and drink!"

The word of God is that unfailing fount,
Life is the desert where its waters flow;
Drink, if you hope to win the holy mount,
Where Zion's shrines in light eternal glow.

¹The dates of birth being in some cases uncertain, the names of the authors in the Appendix have been arranged, not chronologically, but in alphabetical order.
—ED.

UNGRATEFUL NANNIE.

Charles Hamilton, Lord Binning, eldest son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington; born in 1696, died at Naples in 1732. This was a popular song during the early part of last century, and may be quoted as a favourable specimen of the fashionable pastoral which then prevailed. Allan Cunningham says:—"It is a curious song, and may be preserved as the failure of an experiment to inflict conventional wit and the smartness and conceit of a town life on country pursuits and rural manners."

Did ever swain a nymph adore
As I ungrateful Nannie do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?
Was ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears; but she
Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nannie call'd, did Robin stay,
Or linger when she bade me run?
She only had a word to say,
And all she ask'd was quickly done.
I always thought on her; but she
Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
When did her heifers ever fast,
If Robin in his yard had hay?
Though to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her.

If Nannie ever lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two.
Did not her lambs in safety sleep
Within my folds in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nannie still is cold to me.

When'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
The ripest fruit was kept for Nan:
Oh, how these hands that drown'd her bees
Were stung! I'll ne'er forget the pain:
Sweet were the combs as sweet could be;
But Nannie ne'er look'd sweet on me.

If Nannie to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home;
Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear her sacks; but she
Could never bear the sight o' me.

To Nannie's poultry oats I gave;
I'm sure they always had the best;

Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peas at least.
Her little pigeons kiss; but she
Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nannie woo?
And Nannie still on Robin frown?
Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do
If Nannie does not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.

MY MAMMY.

Walter Graham Blackie, Ph. D., F.R.G.S., born in Glasgow, 1816. Educated privately, and at the university of his native city. Whilst studying in Germany he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Jena. He has written several songs and translations of poetry and prose; but his principal work is the *Imperial Gazetteer*, a Dictionary of General Geography, on which he was engaged about ten years.

Ilk ane now-a-days brags awa' 'bout his dear,
And praises her ripe lips and bright een sae clear;
But neither the ripe lip nor bonnie blue e'e
Can compare wi' the blink o' my mammy to me.

A hairn in her bosom I lay a' the night,
When there, neither bogles nor ghaists could me
fright;
When yamm'rin', she hushed me to sleep on her
knee:
O! wha e'er can ecompare wi' my mammy to me!

Fu' aft in her face I ha'e look'd up fu' faim,
While fondly she elasp'd me and croon'd some
auld strain,
And aften the saut tear wad start to my e'e:
They were waesome, the sangs o' my mammy, to
me.

O! yes, I ha'e grat for the twa bonnie weans
The wee robins cover'd wi' leaves wi' sie pains:
And still, like a sunbeam that glints o'er the sea,
The auld sangs o' my mammy return back to me.

When sickness o'cream' me, she watch'd late and
air,
If open'd my dull e'e I aye saw her there;
When roses my pale cheeks o'erspread, Mythe
was she—
O! wha'er was sae kind as my mammy to me!

Lang, lang I'll remember the days that are gane,
Since first I could lisp mam' and toddle my lane;
Though sair I be toss'd upon life's troubled sea,
Yet my heart will aye cling wi' affection to thee.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

In the Roxburgh Ballads this song is signed "the words of Burne the Violer," supposed to be Nicol Burne, a wandering minstrel of the seventeenth century. Although little more than a string of names of places dear to the author, it is so full of melody and tender mournful simplicity that it has been for two centuries dear to the hearts of the old minstrel's countrymen in the south of Scotland, and has long kept its place in collections of Scottish song.

When Phoebus bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neeth,
He makes all nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick'neeth;
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams, the silver streams
Of Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
And frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth;
Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
Casts off her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres' sel',
In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan, playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds, him attending,
Do here resort, their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending.
With cur and kent, upon the bent,
Sing to the sun, Good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

A house there stands on Leader side,
Surmounting my deserving,
With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
Like Daedalus' contriving:
Men passing by do often cry,
In sooth it hath no marrow;
It stands as fair on Leader side,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, who lists to ride,
Will hear the mavis singing;
Into St. Leonard's banks she bides,
Sweet birks her head owerhinging.
The lint-white loud, and Progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth ower the lea,
With nimble wing she sporteth;
But rows she'll flee far from the tree
Where Philomel resorteth:

By break of day the lark can say,
I'll bid you a good morrow;
I'll stretch my wing, and mounting, sing
O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-wa's, and Wooden-cleuch,
The East and Wester Mainuses,
The wood of Lauder's fair enuch,
The corns are good in the Blainslies:
There aits are fine, and sold by kind,
'That if ye search all thorough
Mearns, Buchan, Marr, nane better are
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn-mill Bog, and Whitslaid Shaws,
The fearful hare she haungeth;
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,
And Chapel Wood frequenteth:
Yet, when she irks, to Kaidslie Birks,
She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet Leader Haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear
Than hounds and beagles crying?
The started hare rins hard wi' fear,
Upon her speed relying:
But yet her strength it fails at length;
Nae biolding can she borrow,
In Sorrowless-fields, Clackmae, or Hags;
And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
With sight and scent pursue her;
Till, ah, her pith begins to flag;
Nae cunning can rescue her:
Ower dub and dyke, ower sheuch and syke,
She'll rin the fields all thorough,
Till, fail'd, she fa's in Leader Haughs,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erlington and Cowdenknowes,
Where Humes had anes commanding;
And Drygrange, with the milk-white yowes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:
The bird that flees through Redpath trees
And Gladwood banks ilk morrow,
May chaunt and sing sweet Leader Haughs
And bonnie bowms of Yarrow.

But minstrel Burne cannot assuage
His grief, while life endureth,
To see the changes of his age,
Which fleeting time procureth:
For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where blythe folk kend nae sorrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader side,
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.

SWEET JESSIE O' THE DELL.

William Cameron, born in parish of Dunipace, Stirlingshire, Dec. 3, 1801. He was for some time school-master at Armadale near Bathgate, and afterwards removed to Glasgow. He is the author of some popular songs, which have been set to excellent music. In 1874 Mr. Cameron was presented with a purse of one hundred guineas by his numerous friends and admirers.

O bright the beaming queen o' night
 Shines in yon flow'ry vale,
 And softly sheds her silver light
 O'er mountain, path, and dale.
 Short is the way, when light's the heart
 That's bound in love's soft spell;
 Sae I'll awa' to Armadale,
 To Jessie o' the Dell,
 To Jessie o' the Dell,
 Sweet Jessie o' the Dell,
 The bonnie lass o' Armadale,
 Sweet Jessie o' the Dell.

We've pu'd the primrose on the braes
 Beside my Jessie's cot,
 We've gather'd nuts, we've gather'd slaes,
 In that sweet rural spot.
 The wee short hours danced merrily,
 Like lambkins on the fell;
 As if they join'd in joy wi' me
 And Jessie o' the Dell.

There's nane to me wi' her can vie,
 I'll love her till I dee;
 For she's sae sweet and bonnie aye,
 And kind as kind can be.
 This night in mutual kind embrace,
 Oh, wha our joys may tell;
 Then I'll awa' to Armadale,
 To Jessie o' the Dell.

WILLIE MILL'S BURN.

Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, a poetess in humble life; born Feb. 11, 1804, in the parish of Tunnadice, Forfarshire; now resident at Lochee, Dundee. She is entirely self-taught, and has found song a true solace in a life marked by no common afflictions. The following simple description of the wanderings of a Scottish burn—in its way quite equal, says a critic, to Tennyson's "Brook"—is from her volume entitled *Songs of my Pilgrimage*, published in 1876, and very favourably noticed by the press.

Roll away, you shining rill,
 Offspring of a heath-clad hill,
 Through the moors and mossy bogs,
 Turn the mills and fill the cogs.

Roll among your sunny braes,
 'Mid hazel buds and blooming slaes;
 Where the housewife's linens bleach
 By the bits of silver beach.

Roll away through moss and moor,
 Where the rains in torrents pour;
 Then the crowflower's gentle bell
 Floats upon your muddy swell.

Mountain thyme and heather grow,
 Bending o'er your gleesome flow;
 Moorland trout, in rainbow sheen,
 In your amber floods are seen.

O! little rill with many a crook,
 Twisting onward to the brook;
 Singing in your motion ever,
 Making haste to join the river.

You with trailing fragments play,
 Flowing on your watery way;
 To wimple, dimple, day and night,
 O'er your bed of pebbles bright.

Precious are you, laughing thing,
 Onward still you sing and ring;
 Gushing, rushing, clear and cold,
 You are better far than gold.

You wash the braes in winter time;
 Up the banks your wavelets climb;
 Rocking, in their beds so deep,
 All the finny tribes to sleep.

Charming rill, the water elves
 Rest upon your tiny shelves;
 With shining scale and flashing fin,
 Merrily pop they out and in.

Where clinging cresses tightly clasp
 Reeds and roots within their grasp,
 Are palaces of elf-kings, where
 They may feast on regal fare:

Then doffing boots and spurs of gold,
 When the day is getting old
 To the hidden nooks they creep,
 Safe and happily to sleep.

At the dawn starts many a fin,
 Leaping light in loch and linn,
 Underneath the swinging rooks
 Where their bread is in the brooks.

Dancing down the rushy glen,
 Flowing on through field and fen,
 Piping to the clouds and stars,
 Overleaping rocky bars.

Sighing 'mong the sand and stones,
In the meadows green it moans;
Murmuring in silent shades,
Whistling through the forest glades.

Tumbling, rumbling, on it wheels,
Into lovers' corners reels;
With a hearty fireless will
Onward bounds the busy rill.

Flash and flow where roses throng,
Where birds lengthen out their song;
Pipe you time into their ears,
As you shed your crystal tears.

Leap and run and gaily dance;
Bright the sunbeams on you glance;
Dashing down through dale and dingle,
Till you with the salt sea mingle.

ANNIE LAURIE.

These two tender verses were written about the close of the seventeenth century by William Douglas of Fingland, in Kirkcubrightshire. The fair lady, however, was deaf to his passionate appeal, preferring Alexander Fergusson of Craigclearoch, to whom she was eventually married. Though Douglas was refused by Annie he did not pine away in single blessedness, but made a runaway marriage with Miss Elizabeth Clerk of Glenboig in Galloway, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. He was one of the best swordsmen of his time, and his son Archibald rose to the rank of lieutenant-general in the British army. We give below an anonymous and more popular version of this lyric, which is known and sung in all quarters of the globe.¹

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew!
Where I and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true,
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

¹ Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift—
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—

She's baekit like a peacock,
She's breisted like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel might span;
Her waist ye weel might span,
And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

THE MAID OF ISLAY.

William Dunbar, D.D., born at Dumfries in 1789; died Dec. 6, 1861. He was parish minister of Apple-garth in Dumfriesshire for upwards of fifty years. His popular song "The Maid of Islay," has by mistake been ascribed to Joseph Train.

Rising o'er the heaving billow,
Evening gilds the ocean's swell,
While with thee, on grassy pillow,
Solitude! I love to dwell.
Lonely to the sea-breeze blowing,
Oft I chaunt my love-love strain,
To the streamlet sweetly flowing,
Murmur oft a lover's pain.

'Twas for her, the maid of Islay,
Time flew o'er me winged with joy;
'Twas for her, the cheering smile aye
Beamed with rapture in my eye.
Not the tempest raving round me,
Lightning's flash or thunder's roll,
Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
While her image filled my soul.

Farewell days of purest pleasure,
Long your loss my heart shall mourn!
Farewell, hours of bliss the measure,
Bliss that never can return.
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
On the past with sadness pond'ring,
Hope's fair visions charm no more.

That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

OIL, DINNA ASK ME.

John Dunlop, born at Carmyle, Lanarkshire November, 1755; died October, 1820. He began life as a merchant in Glasgow, and rose to be lord provost of that city. Dr. Rogers states that Mr. Dunlop left behind him four manuscript volumes of poetry, containing many compositions worthy of being presented to the public.

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;
Troth, I daurna tell;
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;
Ask it o' yersel.

O! dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true:
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,
And bonnier lasses see,
O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And O, I'm sure, my heart would break,
Gin ye'd prove false to me.

HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

Hon. Andrew Erskine, author of "Town Eclogues" and other pieces. He was acquainted with Burns, who said "Mr. Erskine's verses are all pretty, but his 'Lone Vale' is divine." He died in 1793.

How sweet this lone vale, and how sacred to feeling

You nightingale's notes in sweet melody melt;
Oblivion of woe o'er the mind gently stealing,
A pause from keen anguish a moment is felt,
The moon's yellow light o'er the still lake is sleeping,

Ah! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb,
Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping,

And the sweets of the vale are o'ershadow'd
with gloom.

O WEEL MAY THE BOATIE ROW.

John Ewen, born at Montrose in 1741; died in Aberdeen, October, 1821. Burns says of this song, "It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to 'There's nae Luck about the House.'"

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed!
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!

O weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
I trow my heart was dowf and wae,
When Jamie gaed awa':
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel!

And when wi' age we are worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,
As we did them before:

Then, weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns' bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed!

THE TWA LAIRDS OF LESMAHAGOW.

A TALE.

Robert Galloway, a native of Stirling. He was the author of a volume bearing the following title: "Poems, Epistles, and Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect. To which are added a brief Account of the Revolution in 1688, and a Narrative of the Rebellion in 1745-46, continued to the death of Prince Charles in 1788. By Robert Galloway. Glasgow: Printed by W. Bell for the Author: 1788."

Ye batchelors wha lo'e a chapin,
And marry'd men that stand by pap-in;
Ye wha wad rather hear a droll
Than mak in neighbour's name a hole,
Gi'e ear until I tell a tale,
That may syne down a cap o' ale;
My nighbour John, wha sells a gill,
And is nae huckster o' his mill,
He tauld it me, and ca'd it true,
And as I gat, I gie't to you.

In Lesmahagow lived twa lairds,
Baith had a house, and baith kail-yards;
Under ae roof was baith their dwallin',
And only sep'rate by a hallan:
Ae mailin' baith they had between them,
And nae wad suffer'd to chagrin them;
Ane held the pleugh, the other ca'w'd it,
Meanwhile 'twas baith their horse that draw'd it;
Joseph was marry'd, Robin single,
And ev'ry man burnt his ain ingle;
Their stocks were equal, but the wife,
And she did comfort Joseph's life.

Seven years did pass without a word
That cou'd the least offence afford;
The wife was happy, men did toil,
In short, the wark ran smooth as oil:
Joseph did think himsel' respectet,
And never in the least neglectet,
While Jenns still thought hersel' at ease
Because she cou'd her Joseph please;
And Robin was right weel content
Because nae wife made him repent.

Ae Martinmas, when stacks were happet,
And the meal kist was bienly stappet,
Nae seant o' gear, nor fash't wi' weans,
The twa lairds took a jaunt for anee
To Hamilton, to sell their barley,
And wi' the ale to try a parley.
They did their bus'ness, saw the fair,

And it was neither late nor air,
Whan they did try the road for hame,
Up through the muir, they war na lame.

Whan they had fairly left the town,
The ale began to warn their crown:
For ale, my friends, can mak us kind,
And bring forgotten things to mind;
Can gi'e advice whar nae is wanted,
And finish deeds wad ne'er been granted.

JOSEPH.

Quo' Joseph, now, for he was auldest,
And pith o' maut had made him bauldest,
We lang ha'e toil'd and won together,
And mickle done by ane anither:
Whan first ye play'd the stock and horn,
To keep the kye frae 'mang the corn,
Before ye learn'd to dance a reel,
I thought you aye a canny eliel,
And fit to lead a happy life;
I therefore wad advise a wife.

ROBIN.

A wife! begh man, ye're farther seen
Into that tale, for I am green;
What pleasure matrimony brings
To counterbalance a' its stings,
To pay for a' their plaids and gowns,
To dress them out wi' queans in towns,
To hide their faults and keep their tid,
And, whan they're ill, to ca' them gude.

JOSEPH.

Now, Robin, this I'll no admit,
Sae sair against my shins to hit:
Women were for our use created;
Whan life is wersh they help to saut it,
To gi'e advice whan things are kittle,
And aftentimes to try our mettle.

ROBIN.

A' that is true, as ye ha'e tauld it,
And I ha'e neither bann'd nor scauldet;
And then, wha can be sure of keeping
These happy helps frae aften weeping
For things they want, nor can they get it,
Nor do they mind how ill they'd set it.
They'll wish for men, and whan they get them,
They'll wish them dead gif they but pet them;
And whan they're widows, then they'll marry.
A month they'll scarcely wish to tarry:
Accept the first good match they meet,
Though e'er so soon or indiscreet.

JOSEPH.

Stap, Robin, shure ye're wrang in part,
For Jenns at hame, my ain sweetheart,
Wad ne'er forget me, nor yet marry,
But ten lang years I'm sure she'd tarry;

So dinna think sac aften wrang,
Or else on you I'll ride the stang.

ROBIN.

Now, Joseph, shure ye're no your laue,
Or else for you I'd mak a mane;
But Jenns is just like ith'er fo'k,
And, if ye'll help to try a joke,
I'll prove this night what I ha'e said,
Or else a hunder marks be paid.

JOSEPH.

What is the joke, gif aue may spier it,
And there's my hand in part I'll bear it;
But my gudewife, I'm shure, wad keep
Lang towmonth's twa, at least, to weep.

ROBIN.

We're near han' hame; now feign ye've
fainted,
And that ye're dead I'll ha'e it painted;
And for your wife, I winna steer her,
Wi' hand nor fit, nor ought come near her;
But for yoursel', ye dar na stir,
Nae mair than if a lo' of fir:
And for the outcome o' the story,
Just trust it to your ni'bour tory.

Joseph lay stiff on Robin's back,
Then wi' his fit he ga'e a crack.
Wha's there? cries Jenns—Quo' Robin, Me:
But be nae fear'd at what ye see:
She open'd doors, and in he went,
And then the wife made this lament—
Ah! wae is me! is Joseph dead!
The man that brought me daily bread;
Whar shall I lay my lonely head?
Whist! hand your peace, quo' ennuin' Robin,
Or do you mean to bring a mob in;
The man is gone, he is at peace;
Some time, we're shure, 'twill be our case.

Quo' Janet, Shure, I'll ne'er forget him!
For ev'rything he did it set him:
No man, I'm shure, can fill his place,
For I'm resol'd 'twill be the case.

Quo' Robin, Mak nae aiths, I pray,
Nor do you think, when that you say;
Dinna ye ken I ha'f the mailin',
And our twa ha'ves wad mak a hale ane:
What do we ken of ane anither,
But that us twa may join together?
Were Joseph decently interred,
I do insist to be preferr'd.

Quo' Janet, smoothing up her looks,
I never read through mony books;
But as I live, and am a sinner,
I wadna been the first beginner;
Soon as I saw that he was dead,

That very thought came in my head;
So there's my hand, I've nae objection,
Whan I think on your ea'm reflection.

The charm is o'er, the wager's won,
Rise, Joseph, break the supper soon,
And learn a lesson frae this joke,
Nae woman's patience to provoke.

Joseph rose up, the wife was glad,
But yet thought shame of what was said.
Quo' Joseph, Never mind, my dear,
Of what you said, or I did hear:
Baek frae this date to Abigail,
I see that women are on trial;
They keep the grip while they are able.—
And here I choose to end the fable.

OWER THE MUIR.

Jean Glover, born at Kilmarnock in 1758; died at Litterkenny, Ireland, in 1801. The world is indebted for the preservation of Jean's song to Robert Burns, who took it down from her singing. There is another set of the song, written by Stewart Lewis, who claimed priority for his verses.

Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle,
Among the bonnie bloomin' heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.
Ower the muir among the heather,
Ower the muir among the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.

Says I, My dear, where is thy hame?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?
Says she, I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed among the bloomin' heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunnie was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Among the bonnie bloomin' heather.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne
I could nae think on ony ith'er:
By sea and sky! she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass among the heather.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon; born in 1743, died in 1827. Burns was "charmed" with this song. Other versions of it by William Reid and Lady Nairne are given at p. 402 and 432, vol. i. Dr. R. Chambers, in speaking of the duke's version, remarks that it does not

refer to any "miss connected with the ancient city, but a metaphorical allusion to the faded love-favours of an aged nobleman, who, in spite of years, was presuming to pay his addresses to a young lady."

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Stra'bogie,
Gin I ha'e but a bonnie lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie.
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid daylight;
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillions the French excel,
John Bull loves country dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well,
Mynheer an allemande prances;
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesome's they dance wondrous light,
But twasome's ding a' out o' sight,
Dane'd to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners weel,
Wale each a blythesome rogie;
I'll tak' this lassie to mysel',
She looks sae keen and vogie:
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring;
The country fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie;
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun ha'e their come-again
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a while and tak' a rest,
And tittle out a cogie.
Come now, my lads, and tak' your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass
In wishing health to ev'ry lass,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

TURNIMSPIKE.

Dougald Graham, the Glasgow bellman; born near Stirling in 1724; died July 20, 1779. In addition to this song, which, according to Sir Walter Scott, was sufficient of itself to "entitle its author to immortality," Graham wrote numerous ballads, songs, and stories, also a metrical history of the rebellion of 1745.

Hersell pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
And many alterations seen
Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
Fa a dra, diddle, diddle dee, &c.

First when she to te Lawlands came
Nainsell was driving cows, man,
There was na laws about him's nerse,
About te precks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear te philabeg,
Te plaid prick'd on her shouder;
Te gude claymore hung py her pelt;
Her pistol sharged with powder.

But for whereas these cursed precks,
Wherewith her legs pe lockit;
Ohon that ere she saw the day!
For a' her houghs pe prockit.

Everything in te Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration;
Te sodger dwell at our door cheek,
And tat pe great vexation.

Scotland pe turn'd a Ningland now,
The laws pring in te cawdger;
Nainsell wad dirk him for his deeds,
But, oh! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after tat,
Me never saw the like, man,
They mak' a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

And wow she be a ponny road,
Like Loudon corn riggs, man,
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And no preak ithers legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she'll no be sheeper,
For naught but gaun upon the ground,
And they gie her a paper.

They take the horse then py te head,
And there they make him stand, man;
She tell them she had seen the day
They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse,
And pay him what him like, man;
She'll see a shudgement on his toor,
That filthy turnimspike, man.

But she'll awa' ta Highland hills,
Where deil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near te turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

THE WAYWARD WIFE.

Janet Graham, a now forgotten poetess; born near Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, in 1724. Her later years were spent principally in Edinburgh, where she died, April, 1805. Miss Graham composed many other verses, but the following alone escaped from her hand into popularity. An anecdote is told of her in reference to a remark of John, second Lord Hopetoun, who was so much charmed by her graceful movements in the dance that he inquired in what school she was taught. "In my mother's washing tub," she replied; but in after times used to say, "Guid forgie me for saying sae! I was never in a washing-tub in my life."

Alas! my son, you little know
The sorrows which from wedlock flow:
Farewell sweet hours of mirth and ease,
When you have gotten a wife to please.

Your hopes are high, your wisdom small,
Woe has not had you in its thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,
Which makes you sing along the road.

Stay Solway's tide, rule Criffell's wind,
Turn night to day, and cure the blind;
Make apples grow on alder-trees,
But never hope a wife to please.

Whate'er you love she'll mock and scorn,
Weep when you sing, sing when you mourn;
Her nimble tongue and fearless hand
Are ensigns of her high command.

When I, like you, was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she;
Like you, my boast was bold and vain,
That men alone were born to reign.

Great Hercules and Samson too
Were stronger far than I or you,
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the shears.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls;
But nought is found, by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.

O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

Robert Graham of Gartmore; born 1750, died 1797. The song was first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," 1801. Sir Walter Scott at one time supposed it to have been the composition of the great Marquis of Montrose.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed:
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the need.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye,
Shall rue it to his smart.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing—
O tell me how to woo!

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Mrs. Grant of Carron, a single-song poetess; born in 1745, died about 1814. This exceedingly popular song has been sometimes erroneously attributed to Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan. Both Burns and Allan Cunningham admired and praised it. The former said on one occasion, after listening to the song, "Dinna let him despair that way, let Johnnie sing this," and he at once repeated the following additional stanza:—

"But Roy's years are three times mine,
I'm sure his days can no be monie;
And when that he is dead and gane,
She may repent and tak' her Johnnie."

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine;
She said she lo'ed me best of onie;
But ah! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

O, she was a cantie quean,
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

'T WAS SUMMER TIDE.

John Grieve, born at Dunfermline in 1781, died in Edinburgh in 1836. He was the author of several popular songs, and will long be remembered as the generous friend of the Ettrick Shepherd, who dedicated his "Mador of the Moor" to him, and also introduced him as one of the competing minstrels in the "Queen's Wake."

'Twas summer tide; the cushat sang
 His am'rous roundelay;
 And dews, like cluster'd diamonds, hang
 On flower and leafy spray.
 The coverlet of gloaming gray
 On everything was seen,
 When lads and lasses took their way
 To Polwarth on the green.

The spirit-moving dance went on,
 And harmless revelry
 Of young hearts all in unison,
 Wi' love's soft witcherie;
 Their hall the open-daisied lea,
 While frae the welkin sheen
 The moon shone brightly on the glee
 At Polwarth on the green.

Dark een and raven curls were there,
 And cheeks of rosy hue,
 And finer forms, without compare,
 Than pencil ever drew;
 But aye, wi' een of bonnie blue,
 A' hearts confess'd the queen,
 And pride of grace and beauty too,
 At Polwarth on the green.

The miser hoards his golden store,
 And kings dominion gain;
 While others in the battle's roar
 For honour's trifles strain.
 Away, such pleasures! false and vain;
 Far dearer mine have been,
 Among the lowly rural train,
 At Polwarth on the green.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

Attributed to George Halket, an Aberdeenshire schoolmaster, who died in 1756. He was a great Jacobite, and wrote various songs in support of his party, one of the best known of which is "Whirry Whigs, awa', man."

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, that delved in the
 yard,

Wha play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma';
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'.
 He said, Think na lang lassie tho' I gang awa';
 He said, Think na lang lassie tho' I gang awa';
 For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Tho' Sandy has ousan, has gear, and has kye;
 A house and a hadden, and siller forbye:
 Yet I'd tak' mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd ha'e him, wi' the houses and land.
 He said, Think nae lang, &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor:
 Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
 They're nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
 He said, Think nae lang, &c.

I sit on my ereptic, I spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
 He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
 And gied me the hauf o't when he gade awa'.
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa'.
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
 The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

MUCKLE-MOU'ED MEG.

G. Buchanan Hall.

Lived a knight in tower,
 Tweedside nigh,
 Gripsome, greedy, dour;
 Reivers drave his kic.
 Knight's lads were nigh,
 Caught a squire sae free,
 Harled him aff to tower,—
 "Hangit sall he be?"
 Auld knight says, "Aye!
 Hangit let him be."

Gudewife she spake ower,
 "Ill mought ye be,
 Hang a lad like that,
 Us wi' dochters three!

Gar him marry Meg,
 Meikle-mouthed she be;
 Better wared on her,
 Than tuckit up to tree."
 Auld knicht says, "Aye,
 Gif he and she agree."

Young squire was dour,
 Winsome lad was he,
 Nae meikle-mou's for him—
 Trailed him aff to tree.
 Meg she glinted ower,
 The tear was in her e'e,
 Squire melteth—"Meg, Ich swear
 Ye sall not murn for me."
 Auld knicht says, "Aye?
 Gar tak him doon frae tree."

Then passed they into bower,
 Bride and maidens three;
 Kindred marching a',
 And meikle revelry;
 Trumpets loud did blaw,
 Clarions on lie,
 Rang the rair on Tweed
 Of their minstrelsy.
 Auld knicht sang aye,
 "Merry let us be."

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, author of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," and various other volumes; born 1758, died 1816. "My ain Fireside" has shared the plague of popularity, numerous versions of it having appeared since the time of its author.

I ha'e seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
 Mang lords and fine ladies a' cover'd wi' brows;
 At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
 Where the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled
 my een;

But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied,
 As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain
 fireside.

Ane's mair, gude be thankit, round my ain heart-
 some ingle,

Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
 Nae forns to compel me to seem wae or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm
 sad.

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;

Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
 There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain
 fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cozy hearthstane,
 My heart louns sae light I searce ken't for my ain;
 Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
 Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the
 night.

I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
 And mark saft affection giint fond frae ilk e'e;
 Nae fleetehings o' flattery, nae boastings of pride,
 'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain
 fireside.

FAITH AND HOPE.

Lady Flora Hastings, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Hastings, born in Edinburgh, February 11, 1806; died July 5, 1839. A volume of her poems, edited by her sister the late Marchioness of Bute, was published in 1841.

O thou, who for our fallen race
 Didst lay thy crown of glory by;
 And quit thy heavenly dwelling-place,
 To clothe thee in mortality.

By whom our vesture of decay,
 Its frailty and its pains, were worn;
 Who, sinless, of our sinful clay
 The burden and the griefs hast borne.

Who, stainless, bore our guilty doom;
 Upon the cross to save us bled;
 And who, triumphant from the tomb,
 Captivity hast captive led;

O teach thy ransom'd ones to know
 Thy love who diedst to set them free;
 And bid their torpid spirits glow
 With love which centres all in thee.

And come, triumphant victim, come,
 In the brightness of thy holy love:
 And make this earth, our purchased home,
 The image of thy courts above.

Dimly, O Lord, our feeble eyes
 The dawning rays of glory see;
 But brightly shall the morning rise,
 Which bids creation bend to thee.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and shed
 Thy beams of searching light abroad,

That earth may know (her darkness fled)
Her King in thee, incarnate God!

And oh, while yet thy merey speaks,
So may the words of love prevail,
That when the morn of judgment breaks,
Many may thine appearing hail!

WHEN AUTUMN COMES.

Robert Hogg, a nephew of the Etrick Shepherd, born in parish of Stobo, Peeblesshire, Dec. 2, 1799; died in 1824. He was educated for the ministry, but abandoned that intention, and became press-reader with the Messrs. Ballantyne of Edinburgh. He afterwards acted as literary assistant to John Gibson Lockhart, and as amanuensis to Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Hogg contributed largely to the press both in poetry and prose. His songs and ballads have never been published in a collected form; they are to be found scattered among the periodicals of the day, and some remain in manuscript.

When autumn comes, an' heather bells
Bloom bonnie ower yon moorland fells,
An' corn that waves on lowland dales
Is yellow ripe appearing;

Bonnie lassie, will ye gang
Shear wi' me the hale day lang;
An' love will mak' us eithly bang
The weary toil o' shearing?

An' if the lasses should envy,
Or say we love, then you an' I
Will pass ilk ither slyly by,
As if we werna caring.

But aye I wi' my heuk will whang
The thistles, if in prickles strang
Your bonnie milk-white hands they wrang,
When we gang to the shearing.

An' aye we'll hand our rig afore,
An' ply to hae the shearing o'er,
Synce you will soon forget you bore
Your neighbours' jibes and jeering.

For then, my lassie, we'll be wed,
When we hae proof o' ither had,
An' nae mair need to mind what's said
When we're thegither shearing.

PERISH THE LOVE.

Lord Francis Jeffrey, the eminent jurist and still more distinguished critic; born at Edinburgh, October 23, 1773; died January 26, 1850. The first of the two

following pieces (both hitherto unpublished) was addressed in 1795 to Miss Mary Grant, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, and was written apparently for the purpose of reconciling her feelings to the advice and anticipations contained in some verses sent to her the year previous. The second piece was written in the same year, and was addressed to his cousin Miss Margaret Loudoun. These pieces may not be considered of great poetical merit, but they are interesting as mementoes of the author's early years.

Perish the love that deadens young desire,
And ever curs'd be that ungentle hand
That aims to damp the fond enthusiast's fire,
Or disenchant the scenes of fairy laud.

And if my hands with such disastrous aim
Have hurt, sweet maid, thy gentle, timid breast,
That careless hand no better doom shall claim,
Which has so ill my pensive soul express.

For, O! believe that my admiring mind
Melted in love while it foretold decay,
And bending o'er the fairy scenes, repined
To think how soon their sweets would pass
away.

And sure my sighs their fading should havestay'd,
Not hasted on the doom at which I grieved,
Since ever as I blessed their charms I pray'd
To have my fond foreboding fears deceived.

The tears of pity, whose romantic shower
Falls on the short-lived lily's opening breast,
May kill perchance the soft and tender flower;
But meant not, sure, its vernal bloom to waste.

Therefore, blest child! let thy soft hand again
Awake thy deep and wildly sounding shell,
And tune once more that rude romantic strain,
Whose soothing pow'r my bosom knows so well!

Nor fear, sweet innocence, that e'er the muse
Can lead thy steps from virtue's paths astray;
In flowery vales of indolence amuse,
Or check thy course in duty's rugged way.

The fire that kindles in the poet's strain,
And that which glows in virtue's ardent breast,
From the same hallow'd source at first were
drawn,
And still each other's energy assist.

As loveliest shines the landscape whose survey,
With scenes of humble joy, enchants the sight,
And beauty triumphs with the widest sway,
When health and innocence their charms unite;

So from the breast where sovereign reigns the
love
Of virtue most the poet's fancies play;
As sainted spirits ever hymn above,
And angels tune their golden harps for ay.

Ask of thyself, when from thy melting heart
 Flow'd in sweet melody thy simple lay,
 Was any virtue so severe as start
 Indignant from the lovely tones away?

No—raptur'd with the heavenly sounds that
 glowed
 With tenfold ardour in thy spotless breast,
 And blessed the magic song that kindling flow'd,
 With all their fire and purity possess.

Amid the calm of closing eve retired,
 I see thee sit, and in thy sainted frame
 I read the motions of thy soul inspired
 By pensive genius and young virtue's flame.

Thy soft heart burns with love to humankind,
 Thy sweet eyes gleam with pity's dewy light,
 There forth proceeds the simple song refined,
 Sublimed by virtue to celestial height.

Yet O! beware—and here my song again
 Resumes its boding, do not urge the flame
 Beyond where pleasure prompts the happy strain,
 In hopes to win the high rewards of fame.

Sweet is its dawning ray when half display'd,
 First on our startled, timid eyes it falls,
 And gilds with checkered light the lovely shade,
 Where blooming childhood yet delighted dwells.

But, ah! if, won by this deceitful blaze,
 Thou leav'st the shade yon shining ridge to
 gain,

Whence from afar the streaming glory plays,
 What long, long toils and weary ways remain!

Th' imperious glare will hurt thy modest eye,
 And beam oppressive on thy giddy head,
 While tainted blasts from envious rivalry
 Shall oft thy steep ascending path invade.

Thus baffled, harassed, injured, and afraid,
 How shalt thou pour those rude romantic lays
 That flow'd before as careless pleasure bade,
 And pleased the more because they sought
 not praise?

Ah, me! that lay the voice of joy no more
 Ambition's rules to method shall restrain,
 And these wild airs that won our hearts before,
 Shall never soothe our mindful ears again!

Like native music heard on foreign hills,
 Deep on my heart thy melting numbers fall;
 My pensive breast with sad remembrance fill,
 And many a simple childish joy recall.

Such as thou art, when in her first essay
 Impatient fancy lifts the tow'ring strain,
 Such was I once—and as I read thy lay,
 I fondly seem to be so once again.

At every note a clearer lustre steals
 O'er the dim landscape of my early days,
 Till full restor'd my faithful bosom feels
 Its youthful pleasures in thy simple lays.

Again I seem to tread the enchanted grove,
 Where first the muse enflamed my youthful
 breast,
 And bend again before that dawn of love,
 Whose pure mild rays my trembling soul pos-
 sessed.

But, ah! my stream of life that sweetly rose
 In these delightful scenes, and long while
 stray'd
 Thro' temperate vales, now dark and troubled
 flows,
 Or stagnates idly in the joyless shade.

From troublous scenes of care, and toil, and noise,
 And painful bustling in ambition's ways,
 Scarcely even this hour I steal, with hurried voice,
 Sweet maid, to thank thee for thy lavish praise.

My grateful thanks, blest harmonist, receive,
 For much thy song has soothed my pensive
 breast,
 And howso'er my hand have err'd, believe
 That still my heart that gentle song has blest.

WHILE YET MY BREAST.

While yet my breast with fond remembrance
 burns
 Of all the joys that late with thee I knew,
 My vacant fancy pensively returns
 At thy command their image to review.

As western clouds that on some summit drear
 Lean their loose breasts, and drink the purple
 beams
 Which the sun pours through the still summer air,
 Just as he sinks amid the ocean's streams.

Their towering piles are bright with golden dyes,
 Their fleecy folds embalm'd with many a stain,
 And tho' the sun have left the darksome skies,
 Their glittering skirts his gathered light retain.

So tho' my sun behind the western hills
 Has long since sunk from my sad eyes away,
 Yet still my breast its treasure'd lustre fills,
 Nor in my heart the secret fires decay.

The sweet reflected light of memory
 Yet gilds those lovely forms with tenderest
 beams,
 Which still enchant my fond regretful eye,
 And cheat my fancy with delightful dreams.

But thee, sweet maid, the loving scenes surround,
Whose pale remembrance warms my lonely
heart;

And near thee still those lovely forms are found,
From which my lingering feet were forced to
part.

O long-loved scenes! O objects long adored!
Could I so soon have bade you all adieu,
Had not remembrance faithfully restored
Your shadow'd beauties to my soften'd view.

Yes, fond remembrance oft on you shall dwell,
Tho' I, perhaps, am quite forgotten there,
And oft my heart with warm emotion swell,
Tho' no soft heart that warm emotion share.

With fond regret my melting soul reviews
The simple scenes which cheered its happy
morn,

When, waked with love and innocence, my muse
Amid the roses of the spring was born.

There too, accomplished maid, my wandering
eyes
Saw beauty dawning in thine infant cheek,
Saw day by day some riper charm arise,
And softer meaning in each dimple speak.

With what delight I saw thy beauties rise
Like vernal buds, that thro' the glittering dew
Slow bursting show their soft and tender dyes,
And opening kindle in the enchanting view.

With what delight even now returns my mind
To those blest days that flew so fast away,
As if it hoped in memory to find
The living image of those scenes so gay.

As one who wanders sadly by the roar
Of some broad stream whose public waters glow
With swarming keels from many a distant shore,
Feels from his heart his blood enlightened flow;

When far behind that sordid scene he leaves,
And winding upwards sees the peaceful groves,
Low bending o'er the clear sequester'd stream,
And grotts and shadows that his fancy loves:

So as I backward cast my weary eye,
Along the stream of time with bursting tears,
These lovely vales of childhood I espy,
Tho' which unstained it flowed in other years.

And there, where memory most delights to dwell,
The sweetest scene of all her pilgrimage;
Thine infant graces open to foretell
The higher beauties of thy riper age!

O lovely child, whose pure accomplished frame
Is as the shrine of innocence, whose breast
Suspicion never chilled, whose cheek dark shame
Has never flushed—nor care thine eyes deprest.

Hope not for greater happiness—the days
Of future years may see thee yet possess
Of greater beauty or of wisdom's praise,
But not more lovely—No! nor half so blest!

And yet forgive the muse whose pensive gloom
Has stained the brightness of a soul so gay,
And chilled awhile thy youth's unfolding bloom,
With the dull maxims of the serious lay.

Believe that fancy's sportive shadows fly
Where true affection lifts her solemn strain;
And rarely frolic in her pensive eye
The playful shapes that grace the muse's strain.

Nor will I mix the monitory strain,
To thee whose soul is pure as those mild airs
That fanned the flowers in Eden, which in vain
My praise would reach, but trembles as it dares.

And now, farewell, sweet maid! my artless band
For thee a rude unseemly wreath has twined,
And in obedience to thy dear command
The glaring tints of flattery declined.

And I believe that not with idle show,
To please thine eyes, or win delusive praise
For courtly sounds, thus negligently flow
From my full heart these harsh unpolished lays.

The only merit of my simple lines
Is that their author felt the scenes he drew;
And all reward he steadfastly declines,
But that you hold his painting to be true.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED WIFE.

Ellen Johnston, the "Factory Girl," born in Hamilton, Lanarkshire, where her father worked as a mason. She became well known throughout Scotland by her poetical effusions, which appeared in several of the weekly newspapers. Along with Janet Hamilton the Coatbridge postess, she received a gift of £50 from the royal bounty fund. A volume of her "Poems and Songs" was published in 1869, containing some pieces of considerable merit. Miss Johnston was unfortunate in life, and latterly became an inmate of the Barony poorhouse, Glasgow, where she died in 1873, at an early age. Rev. George Gilfillan says:—"Her rhymes are highly creditable to her heart and head too: they are written always with fluency, and often with sweetness."

Thou art gone, my loved and loving,
Thou hast vanished from this earth
Like an angel spirit moving
Through the glory of its worth.
Though each coming morrow bringeth
Dark shadows o'er my doom,

Thy hallow'd memory flingeth .
A sunshine o'er my gloom.

Thou sleep'st thy dreamless slumber
In the gloomy vale of death,
My sighs thou canst not number,
For still'st thy balmy breath
That oft came stealing o'er me,
And made my heart rejoice;
When care-clouds lowered before me,
Thou dispelled them with thy voice.

The sun awakes in gladness,
And hails the dark blue sea;
But he cannot cheer my sadness,
Nor bring each joy to me.
His golden crest is blazing
On sweet Clutha's silvery wave,
Whilst sadly I am gazing
On my Mary's silent grave.

In fancy I behold thee
Still blooming in thy pride,
As when first I did enfold thee,
My lovely chosen bride,
When I led thee from the altar
In the happy long-ago,
With love that ne'er did falter,
Still the same in joy or woe.

All in vain now I deplore thee,
And heave the burning sigh,
For I never can restore thee
From thy home beyond the sky.
I know thou'rt there, my Mary,
Thy spirit beckons me,
And bids me not to tarry,
But haste and come to thee.

When my last sad task is ended
In this world of busy strife:
When my dust with thine is blended,
My dear, beloved wife;
The world shall tell my story
When death this form enfolds
In literary glory,
Where my name was long enrolled.

Fare-thee-well, my gentle Mary,
I'll see thy form no more
Glide past me like a fairy
Of dreamland's sunny shore.
When life's silver links are riven,
Oh may we meet on high,
In the bright realms of Heaven,
Beyond the starry sky,
Where love can never die.

ANNAN'S WINDING STREAM.

Stuart Lewis, born in Ecclesfechan, Dumfriesshire, about 1756; died Sept. 22, 1818. He was the author of a small volume entitled "The African Slave, with other Poems and Songs." He led a strangely chequered life, and for many years before his death was a wanderer over the country, partly supporting himself by the sale of his poems, but mainly dependent on the casual assistance of the benevolent.

On Annan's banks, in life's gay morn,
I tuned "my wood-notes wild;"
I sung of flocks and flow'ry plains,
Like nature's simple child.
Some talked of wealth—I heard of fame,
But thought 'twas all a dream,
For dear I loved a village maid
By Annan's winding stream.

The dew-bespangled blushing rose,
The garden's joy and pride,
Was ne'er so fragrant nor so fair
As her I wish'd my bride.
The sparkling radiance of her eye
Was bright as Phœbus' beam;
Each grace adorn'd my village maid
By Annan's winding stream.

But war's shrill clarion fiercely blew—
The sound alarm'd mine ear;
My country's wrongs call'd for redress—
Could I my aid forbear?
No; soon, in warlike garb array'd,
With arms that bright did gleam,
I sigh'd, and left my village maid
By Annan's winding stream.

Perhaps blest peace may soon return,
With all her smiling train;
For Britain's conquests still proclaim
Her sovereign of the main.
Whene'er that wish'd event appears,
I'll hail the auspicious gleam,
And haste to clasp my village maid
Near Annan's winding stream.

NEIL GOW'S FAREWELL TO WHISKY.

Mrs. Agnes Lyon, born at Dundee in 1762; died Sept. 14, 1840. She wrote this song at the request of the celebrated Neil Gow, to accompany an air composed by him. Mrs. Lyon bequeathed to a relative four manuscript volumes of her poetry, which have not been published.

You've surely heard of famous Neil,
The man who play'd the fiddle weel;
He was a heartsome merry chiel,
And weel he lo'ed the whisky, O!

For e'er since he wore the tartan hose
 He dearly liket *Athole brose*.¹
 And grievèd was, you may suppose,
 To bid "Farewell to whisky," O!

Alas! says Neil, I'm frail and auld,
 And whiles my hame is unco cauld;
 I think it makes me blythe and bauld,
 A wee drap Highland whisky, O!
 But a' the doctors do agree
 That whisky's no the drink for me;
 I'm fley'd they'll gar me tyne my glee,
 By parting me and whisky, O!

But I should mind on "auld langsyne,"
 How paradise our friends did tyne,
 Because something ran in their mind—
 Forbid—like Highland whisky, O!
 Whilst I can get good wine and ale,
 And find my heart and fingers hale,
 I'll be content, though legs should fail,
 And though forbidden whisky, O!

I'll tak' my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw its strings whilst they can stand,
 And mak' a lamentation grand
 For guid auld Highland whisky, O!
 Oh! all ye powers of music, come,
 For, 'deed, I think I'm mighty glum,
 My fiddle-strings will hardly bum,
 To say "Farewell to whisky," O!

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne, born in Edinburgh, May 21, 1813; became minister of St. Peter's, Dundee, where he died, after a short illness, March 25, 1843. He was the author of various religious poems, and one of the most earnest of modern Scottish preachers.

How pleasant to me thy deep-blue wave,
 O Sea of Galilee!
 For the glorious One, who came to save,
 Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
 Where pine and heather grow;
 But thou hast loveliness far above
 What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle
 Comes down to drink thy tide;
 But He that was pierced to save from hell
 Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
 And palms, in thy soft air,
 But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose
 Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
 Thou calm reposing sea;
 But ah! far more the beautiful feet
 Of Jesus walked o'er there.

These days are past: Bethsaida, where?
 Chorazin, where art thou?
 His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
 The wild reed shades thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
 Was the Saviour's city here?
 Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
 With none to shed a tear?

Ah! would my flock from thee might learn
 How days of grace will flee;
 How all an offered Christ who spurn,
 Shall mourn at last like thee.

And was it beside this very sea
 The new-risen Saviour said
 Three times to Simon, "Lovest thou me?
 My lambs and sheep then feed?"

O Saviour! gone to God's right hand,
 Yet the same Saviour still;
 Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
 And every fragrant hill.

O! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
 Threefold thy love divine,
 That I may feed, till I find my grave,
 Thy flock—both thine and mine.

ISABELLE: A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

Alexander Macduff of Bonhard, Perthshire; died in 1866, aged forty-nine. He studied at Edinburgh University, and was distinguished for proficiency in mathematics and the physical sciences. Mr. Macduff chose the profession of a writer to the signet. His business talents were combined with many other accomplishments, and his acquaintance with general literature was very considerable. The following lines (extracted among others from a manuscript volume found at his death, and which have been transcribed by his brother the Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D., in his "Gates of Praise"), will testify that he possessed some share of the poetic gift. Shortly before his premature removal from a life of influence and usefulness, Mr. Macduff was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

An aged man, with tresses gray,
 Whose eyes bespoke familiar tears,

¹ A mixture of whisky and honey, of which the poor violinist was somewhat too fond.—ED.

With trembling lips poured forth this lay
To sympathizing ears:—

“Oh! many a sweet beguiles the bee
In gay Provence’s lovely bowers,
And roses garland many a tree
Entwined with fragrant flowers.

In light festoons, the clustering vine
O’ercanopies the sylvan glade,
And countless flow’rets gaily shine
Beneath its graceful shade.

The hum of glittering insect wing
Wakes music in these fairy groves,
And nightingales delight to sing,
In silvery notes, their loves!

I’ve seen that land of beauty dressed
In radiant summer’s mantle green,
And oft does pensive memory rest
Upon each witching scene!

But sacred above all the themes,
On which in lonely hours I dwell,
Is she whose image haunts my dreams—
The gentle Isabelle!

Oft had I blessed the path I took
That led me to her cottage door;
Methought it wore a hallowed look
I ne’er had seen before.

The aged father welcomed me
Within his humble, peaceful cot,
And bade his duteous daughter see
My wants were not forgot.

“Oh yes,” she answered, “father dear,
I’ll make a fragrant flowery bed,
And welcome is the stranger here
To rest his weary head.”

Away she tripped, with noiseless tread,
As if some Heavenly Being fair
Had left the regions of the dead
To dwell with mortals there.

I gazed upon the spot, where she
Had nimbly vanished from my sight,
The old man marked my ecstasy
And smiled with fond delight.

“Thou’rt right,” he said, in accents mild—
“Yes, by my troth, thou judgest well,
She is indeed a blessed child
My darling Isabelle!

“She is my sole surviving friend,
All other joys from me are fled;

And she alone is left, to tend
Her aged father’s head:

“The angel of my closing years,
In undeservèd mercy given,
To guide, amid this vale of tears,
My feeble steps—to heaven!”

Oft I recall the guileless joy
In which that summer glided by!
As cloudless as the canopy
Of fair Provence’s sky.

The hour of prayer together spent,
Adoring HIM in accents meet,
When with united hearts we bent
Before the Mercy-seat!

Who can describe the hymn of praise,
Its soft and silvery sweetness tell,
Poured from her lips in holiest lays
As evening shadows fell.

How shall I paint the thornless bliss
In which the fleeting hours went past,
Mid joys—in such a world as this—
Too exquisite to last?

Methinks I see the trembling tear
Which stole from eyes unused to sorrow,
When first I whispered in her ear,
“*We part*—upon the morrow!”

The old man raised his withered head,
And gazed upon the azure sky:
Then—“Fare thee well *awhile*,” he said,
“We yet shall meet—on high!”

“Nay—speak not thus, my father dear,
But *one short year* away”—and then,
“Make promise—thou wilt wander here,
And visit us again.

“Daily I’ll watch thy favourite vine
Put forth its verdant shade of leaves,
And train its tendrils to entwine
And trellis all the eaves.

“Fondly I’ll note, when budding flowers
O’erhang thy favourite window-seat;—
And eager count the passing hours
Until, at length, *we meet!*”

“Oh, quickly speed thee back again!
And now,” she cried, “a fond farewell!
Soon will a year elapse:—till then
Remember Isabelle!”

Even now, methinks, her parting words,
As if prolonged by magic spell,

Still vibrate on my spirit's chords:
 "Remember Isabelle!"

The tedious years at length went past:
 Again I reached a foreign shore:
 With joyful steps, I trode at last
 Provence's soil once more.

I stood upon a vine-clad spot
 O'erhanging yon romantic dell,
 Where stands the lone sequestered cot
 That sheltered Isabelle.

The balmy breath of summer eve
 (Exhaled from many a fragrant flower),
 Seemed to my fancy to receive
 Fresh sweetness in that hour.

With eager steps, I culled a flower,
 And quickly cleared the briery brake,
 "And here," said I, "we'll form a bower
 Beside that fairy lake."

What though the gathering clouds at last
 Were shrouding all the sunset sky,
 And evening's hues were yielding fast
 To the fair moon on high?

I knew the scenes of former days,
 Familiar every nook to me:
 The names of all the friendly fays
 That owned each haunted tree!

Each blooming plant that smiled around,
 Each ivied root—each grassy swell;
 "For oft I've trode the hallowed ground
 With her I loved so well.

"The rose-slip on the churchyard wall
 Has now become a verdant tree,
 The orange-plants are now grown tall,
 Can time have altered *thee*?

"Oh yes," methought, "thine eye will show
 A deeper shade of heavenly blue,
 Thy cheek will have a ruddier glow—
 Tinged with a brighter hue.

"Thy hair in richer tresses shine,
 Thy voice have lost its childish tone;
 But still, thy faithful heart is mine—
 My beautiful! my own!"

I trode the path along the dell,
 Down by the spreading churchyard tree,
 Beneath whose shade my Isabelle
 First pledged her troth to me!

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I passed the holy precincts, where
 Her sainted mother's ashes lay:
 The moonlight cold was shaded there,
 Across my grave-strewn way.

On new-laid turf, with daisies fair,
 The chilly moonbeams gently fell:
 But what! oh!—WHAT *was* *graven there!*
 "REMEMBER ISABELLE!"

ON THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON.

Hugh Buchanan MacPhail, born in Glasgow July 26, 1817. He was brought up and educated at Old Kilpatrick, on the banks of the Clyde; afterwards held various situations throughout the country, and finally settled in his native city. A love attachment in early life first inspired his muse, the fruits of which appeared in a volume entitled *Lyrics: Love, Freedom, and Moody Independence*, published in 1856. Mr. MacPhail is also the author of the *Supremacy of Woman*, and is well known for his advocacy of the rights of the fair sex.

Wail for the dead! the mighty's gone,
 At last by death was forced to yield;
 A brighter star hath never shone
 Upon this world in battle-field.

The conqueror of conquerors he—
 High was the mission to him given—
 Not to enslave, but make man free,
 That was the voice to him from heaven!

As brave have fought, and bled, and died,
 Their country from oppression save,
 And all the tyrant's power defied,
 And welcomed freedom or the grave;

But for his like we look in vain,
 No equal his on history's page—
 The chief of chiefs, the man of men,
 As warrior, statesman, saint, and sage.

Sweet Erin! England cannot claim
 This matchless one, nor Scotia's shore—
 While living an unbounded fame,
 And now, till time shall be no more!

Sleep, warrior, sleep! with Nelson lie,
 Your names will nerve our inmost heart,
 Should e'er renewed the battle cry
 For freedom! and new life impart!

Your names! a spell on field or main,
 Where'er the British flag's unfurled,
 Till universal peace shall reign,
 And war be banished from the world.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

Lieut. John Malcolm, born in the Orkneys, Dec. 30, 1795; died Sept. 1835. He served as a volunteer in the Peninsular war, and was severely wounded at the battle of Toulouse. On leaving the army he took up his residence in Edinburgh, and became a constant contributor of verse and prose to the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, *Literary Journal*, *Constable's Miscellany*, and the *Annals* so common in those days. From 1831 till his death he was editor of the *Edinburgh Observer* newspaper. In 1828 he published *Scenes of War and other Poems*, followed by the *Buccaneer and other Poems*. Lieut. Malcolm was remarkable for his gentle and unassuming manners, and was a very general favourite in the literary circles of Edinburgh.

The knell of night—the chime
Deep, dreamy, and sublime,
Far sounding, like the boom of ocean waves—
Seems unto Fancy's ear
Of the departing year
The farewell, pealing from the place of graves.

There—all that wake shall sleep—
A hundred years shall sweep
Into the land of silence and of shade
All living things that dwell
In this fair day—to swell
The cold pale generations of the dead.

A hundred years shall close
All present joys and woes;
Lay kings and conquerors down, with banners
fur'd—
Earth's pageantry and pride,
And power and glory hide—
And blench the beautiful roses of the world.

All voices now that fill
The sky, shall then be still—
An awful hush succeed the mighty hum—
All sounds of moan and mirth,
Now ringing o'er the earth
In one vast mingled chorus, shall be dumb.

The cloud shall then sit deep
Upon the dreamless sleep
Of all the race of beauty's radiant forms—
The smiles be dimm'd and gone,
And closed the eyes that shone
To light our spirits o'er this land of storms.

And peace shall balm each breast,
And universal rest
This moving scene shall close, and that dark bourn,
Life's final goal, be gain'd,
Its cup of trembling drain'd
By all that now beneath the sun sojourn.

MAGGY MACLANE.

James Mayne, a native of Glasgow, and nephew of the author of "The Siller Gun." He died in 1842, in the island of Trinidad, where he had gone some years previously to edit a newspaper. This admirable song was first published in 1835 in the *Glasgow Journal of General Literature*.

Doon i' the glen by the lown o' the trees,
Lies a wee theeket bield, like a bike for the bees;
But the hinnie there skepp'd—gin ye're no dour
to please—

It's virgin Miss Maggy Maclane!
There's few seek Meg's shed noo, the simmer sun
jookin';
It's aye the dry floor, Meg's—the day e'er sae
drookin'!
But the heather-blabs hing whare the red blude's
been shaken

I' bruilzies for Maggy Maclane!

Doon by Meg's howf-tree the gowk comes to woo;
But the corneraik's aye fley'd at her hallan-door
joo!

An' the redbreast ne'er cheeps but the weird's at
his mou',

For the last o' the roses that's gane!

Nae trystin' at Meg's noo—nae Hallowe'en
rockins!

Nae howtowdie guttlens—nae mart-puddin'
yoekins!

Nae bane i' the blast's teeth blaws snell up Glen-
dockens!

Clean bickers wi' Maggy Maclane!

Meg's auld lyart gutcher swarf'd dead i' the
shawe;

Her bein, fouthy minnie,—she's aff an' awa'!

The gray on her pow but a simmerly snaw!—

The outhy, cosh Widow Maclane!

O titties be tentie! though air i' the day wi' ye,—
Think that the green grass may ae day be hay
wi' ye!—

Think o' the leal minnie—mayna be aye wi' ye!
When sabbin' for Maggy Maclane.

Lallan' joes—Hielan' joes—Meg ance had wale;

Fo'k wi' the siller, and chiefs wi' the tail!

The yaud left the burn to drink out o' Meg's pail:

The sheltie braw kent "the Maclane."

Awa' owre the muir they cam' stottin' an'
stoicherin'!

Tramper an' traveller, a' beakin' an' broicherin'!

Cadgers an' euddy-creels, oigherin'!—hoigherin'!

"The lanlowpers!"—quo' Maggy Maclane.

Cowtes were to fother:—Meg owre the burn flang!
Nowte were to tether:—Meg through the wood
rang!

The widow she kenn'd-na to bless or to bann!

Sie waste o' gude woovers to hain!

Yet, aye at the souter, Meg grumph'd her! an'
grumph'd her!

The loot-shouther'd wabster, she humph'd her!
and humph'd her!

The lamiter tailor, she stump'd her! an' stump'd
her!

Her minnic might groo or grane!

The tailor he likit cockleekie broo;

An' doon he cam' wi' a beek an' a boo:—

Quo' Meg—"We'se sune tak' the clecken aff
you;"—

An' plump i' the burn he's gane!

The widow's cheek reddend'; her heart it play'd
thud! aye;

Her garters she euisit roun' his neck like a wuddie!
She linkit him oot; but wi' wringin' his duddies,

Her weed-ring it's burst in twain!

Wowf was the widow—to haud nor to bing!

The tailor he's aff, an' he's coft a new ring!

The deil squeeze his craig's no wordy the string!—
He's waddlet auld Widow Maclane!

Auld?—an' a bride! Na, ye'd pitied the tea-pat!
O saut were the skadyens! but balm's in Glen-
livat!

The haggis was bockin' oot bluters o' bree-fat,
An' hotch'd to the piper its lane!—

Doon the burnside, i' the lown o' the glen,
Meg reists her bird-lane, i' a but-an'-a-ben:
Steal doon when ye dow,—i' the dearth, gentle-
men,—

Ye'se be awmous to Maggy Maclane!

Lane bauks the virgin—nae white pows now
keekin'

Through key-hole an' eranny; nae cash blade
stan's sleeekin'

His nicherin' naigie, his gaudamous seekin'!

Alack for the days that are gane!

Lame's fa'n the souter!—some steek i' his thie!

The cooper's clean gyte, wi' a hoopin' coughie!

The smith's got sac blin'—wi' a spunk i' his e'e!—
He's tyned glint o' Maggy Maclane!

Meg brake the kirk pew-door—Auld Beukie
leuk'd near-na her!

She dunked her pattie—Young Suckie ne'er
speir'd for her!

But the warst's when the wee mouse leuks out,
wi' a tear to her,

Frae the meal-kist o' Maggy Maclane!

THE COTTAR'S SANG.

Andrew Mercer, born at Selkirk in 1775; died in
Dunfermline, June 11, 1842. He was the intimate

associate of Dr. John Leyden, and Dr. A. Murray
afterwards professor of oriental languages, and contrib-
uted like them various essays in prose and verse
to the *Edinburgh* and *Scots Magazines*. To his liter-
ary pursuits he conjoined a love of art, and devoted
himself to drawing and painting miniatures, but
never attained to great eminence. Mr. Mercer was a
man of gentle and amiable manners and unquestioned
talent. He ultimately settled at Dunfermline, where for
many years he lived by teaching, a id drawing patterns
for the damask manufacturers. He published a history
of Dunfermline and of its celebrated abbey in 1828, and
ten years later a small collection of poems entitled
Summer Months among the Mountains.

The hairst now is owre,

An' the stacks are a' theekit;

The barn-yard is fu',

An' the yett's fairly steekit.

The potatoes are up,

An' are a' snugly pitted;

The crap o' the pair man

For winter fare fitted.

O how happy the hynd

Wha's laid in for the winter,

Wi' his eldin an' meal,

His cow an' bit grunter.

Though he toil a' the day,

Through the cauld sleety weather,

By his ingle at e'en

It's forgot a' thegither.

Syne the bairns are drappin' in

Frae the neist farm-steadins,

To claver owre the news,

Or speak o' new cleadins:

Ilk ane tells his tale,

The day's simple story;

An' the cottar's fireside

Is a' in its glory!

The Joekies and Jennies

Arc joking and jeering,

An' proud o' the brows

They ha'e won at the shearing.

An' courtship is rife,

An' ilk look has a meaning,

As an e'e meets an e'e,

In the edge o' the e'ening.

There's love in ilka lane,

In ilka fine gloamin';

An' bridals there will be

At Martinmas coming.

Their miuds are a' made up,

An' a' thing looks cheerie;

O lang may it last,—

Ilk lad wi' his dearie.

ALWYN: A ROMANCE OF STUDY.

(EXTRACTS.)

James C. Moffat, born in Glencree, Gallowayshire, May 30, 1811; professor of church history in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. Dr. Moffat is the author of a small volume of miscellaneous poems and several volumes of prose. "Alwyn" is a poem in seven cantos, published in New York in 1876. It describes the progress of the mind of a Scottish shepherd boy from its earliest unfoldings: its searchings after truth; the dawning of the true light, and at length its satisfaction and peaceful rest.

Or when the angry winds raved through the glen,
Driving the stormy legions in their wrath,

On some high cliff, far from the abodes of men,
Would he delight to watch the tempest's path,
As it swept on, o'er mountain, lake, and strath,
With all its cloudy train in long array,

And the wild grace which Nature's fury hath,
Till he would long to leave his form of clay,
Rise on the warping winds, and mingle with the
fray.

And heavy drops fall far apart and slow,
Each on the sand a momentary stain:—
The winds leap forth—an ambuscade—and lo!
The forest writhes and tosses as with pain,

The dust is speckled in clouds along the plain;
Again the thunders issue their command,
And freely falls the cool refreshing rain,
Copious but gentle, and with teeming hand
Pours down new stores of life upon the fainting
land.

And then on Plato's bolder wing he rose
To loftier flight and more extensive view,
Where rays of purer intellect disclose
A fairer world, unencircled and new,
And strains of eloquence the air imbue,
The faultless labours of the sacred Nine,

Whose harmonies the willing soul subdue:
How would he dwell upon the graceful line
In dalliance with truth, and reveries divine:

Now playing with a web of gossamer,
To which the breath of zephyr were a shock;
Now soaring giddily to regions where
The golden rays his waxen pinions mock;
Then slowly, surely, as on living rock,
Ascending by the steps of argument,—
Or stooping, some deep secret to unlock
Of thought or passion, while through the extent
Of all his range Delight still followed as he went.

'Tis sometimes well that weeping clouds should
spread
Their gloomy pall across the burning sky.
'Tis sometimes well, with aching heart and head,

That one should see his dearest prospects die.
Full oft the failures which our hopes deny
Are forces of deep verity and right,
A barren confidence to mortify;
To drive the ploughshare, with relentless might,
Through life, and bring its best fertility to light.

To height sublime a stately fabric rose,
Solemn, yet light, and in its grandeur fair,
Where studious art had laboured to dispose
Her ponderous masses with the subtlest care,
That all might seem to rise and none to bear,
In lightly springing arches, to the eye
Like gossamer suspended in mid air,
And lines and spires all pointing to the sky,
As if to guide the soul to its true home on high.

Vast mullioned windows on the assembly threw
A sober light, like the departing ray
Of summer's eve, in many-tinted hue,
Saddening the lively brilliancy of day;
And from the walls stood forth, in long array,
Full many a sculptured form of snowy white,
Like angels hovering on their heavenly way,
And dwelling fondly on the pleasing sight,
Ere back to holier scenes they urge their upward
flight.

Self-humbled Son of God, atoning Lamb,
Who once for men descended from thy throne,
How shall I praise thee, sinful as I am,
All holy as thou art? Through thee alone
Is God to man in love and mercy known.
In thy commands all duty lies enshrined,
From beauty's full perfection hast thou shown
Thyself more fair than form of human kind;
And thou alone hast peace to calm the troubled
mind.

THE FLITTIN' O' AULD AUNTY
GARTLEY.

Alexander G. Murdoch, born in Glasgow, April, 1843. He is by trade a working engineer; and, notwithstanding the disadvantage of a scanty education in youth, has become known to the public as the author of many meritorious Scotch pieces. In 1870 he contributed to the *Weekly Mail* newspaper a humorous poem, "The Brae o' Life," which was followed in rapid succession by others of a similar kind. In 1872 Mr. Murdoch was induced to collect and publish his poetical pieces in a volume entitled *Lilts on the Doric Lyre*, which has received the favourable notice of the Scottish and Canadian press.

Auld Aunty Gartley, rest her banes!
The nicht she slip't awa',
Was chair'd beside oor auld lum-check—
A wreath o' winter snaw;

The Book o' God lay on her knee,
 An' frae the haly Psalms
 She waled a canny verse or twa,
 To soothe her moral qualms:
 It wisna that she feared the blow,
 For in her young days twice't
 She'd been at death's untimely door,
 But lippen'd aye to Christ.
 "An' noo, guid freens, I howp an' trust
 I binna be to blame,
 But, an' the Lord wad hear my prayer,
 I'm wearying for hame."

When just as she had spak the words,
 Oot on the laigh door-stap
 An oorie fit was heard to fa';
 An' syne a solemn chap.
 Owre to the auld door-check I gaed;
 But when the sneek I drew,
 A flowff o' wander'd win' cam' in,
 An' wail'd the hail hoose through,
 An' sowff'd roun' annty's pillow'd heid,
 Syne rumbld up the lum.
 Quo' she, "That weird win' warns me
 My time is near-han' come;
 Yon candle lowe is film'd wi' death,
 An' burns a dredgie flame;
 But, an' it please the Lord, this nicht
 I'd flit, an' e'en gang hame."

Then a' the mair to comfort her,
 An' stey her heartie up,
 We wailed some verse that airted her
 To haud the blessed grup.
 When a' at ance the waukrife cock,
 Oot in the auld kailyard,
 Ere yet the dawn had touch'd the hills,
 Untimeously was heard.
 "Ay, ay," quo' Aunty, "deed I'll come;
 Noo, lay me in my bed,
 The waukit cord o' life wears thin,
 The riddle's near-han' read,
 For when the cock, at twal' o' nicht,
 Erects its scarlet kame,
 Tak' ye nae fear, there's some lane soul
 Gaun to its lang, lang hame."

"Then read me yet anither verse,
 An' snuff the erusie light,
 The death-yirm gathers in my throat,
 An' bleerit grows my sicht;"
 An' as the chap o' twal' was heard,
 Quo' she, "It's maybe wrang,
 But I weary for His coming,
 An' his coming's lang, lang."
 When, sudden, on oor hearts an' ears
 A noise among the delf
 Gard ilk ane east a speerin' e'e
 Up to the binmost shelf.

An' when we turned aboot anee mair,
 To catch her pairtin' sigh,
 The licht o' heaven lay on her face—
 The Lord himsel' stood bye!

THE POET'S GRAVE.

William Nicoll, a younger brother of Robert and a genuine lyric poet. He was buried in the same grave with his gifted brother, in North Leith churchyard. Their mother, now (Feb. 1876) in her eighty eighth year, is living in New Zealand. The subject of these elegiac lines is Robert Nicoll's last resting place.

Is the poet's grave in some lonely spot,
 Is his requiem sung by the wild bird's throat,
 Where the forest flowers are first in bloom,
 Is this the place of the poet's tomb?

Do his bones repose in his native hills,
 Is his spirit soothed by their dashing rills,
 Where the heather waves and the free winds
 come,
 Is this the place of the poet's tomb?

Is his last long sleep made in hallowed mould,
 Where the bones of his fathers rest of old?
 Does the same gray stone record his doom?
 Is this the place of the poet's tomb?

No! alas, bright thoughts of a deathless name
 With o'ermastering power on his spirit came;
 And his childhood's home, and his father's hearth,
 He forsook for the busy haunts of earth!

He had dreamed a dream in the moorland glen,
 Of oppression and pain 'mongst his fellowmen;
 He buckled his helmet with clasps of gold,
 But fell ere half his tale was told.

Nor tree, nor flower o'er his lonely bed,
 Their bright spring tears, or sere leaves shed,
 For 'mid countless graves and a city's gloom,
 Sleeps Nature's child, in a nameless tomb.¹

THE ANNUITY.

George Outram, born at Glasgow, March 25, 1805; died there in 1856. He was called to the bar in 1827; became part proprietor and editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and wrote a number of humorous and satirical verses. A collection of his poems was published by Blackwood & Sons.

I gaed tō spend a week in Fife—
 An unco week it proved to be—

¹ A tablet was afterwards placed over his brother's grave by William Nicoll.—Ed.

For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell:
And—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair enough—
She just was turn'd saxty-three—
I couldna guess'd she'd prove sae tough
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve's a stane—
The limmer's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She's erined awa' to bane and skin;
But that it seems is naught to me.
She's like to live—although she's in
The last stage of tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company:
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here, or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free—
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil may care! the blast gaed by,
And miss'd the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

If there's a sough of cholera,
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she!
She buys up baths, and drugs an' a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she's fever proof:
The pest walk'd o'er her very roof—
She tauld me sae—and then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be;
Nae leech the cure wad undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured!—she handles't like a flail—
It does as weel in bits as hale;

But I'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
Are weel as flesh and banes can be;
She beats the taeds that live in stanes
And fatten in vacuity.
They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her!—expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread
Sma' crime it wad appear to me:
Ca't murder, or ca't homicide,
I'd justify't—and do it tae.
But how to fell a wither'd wife
That's carved out o' the tree o' life!
The timmer limmer daurs the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot; but whar's the mark?
Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her backbane wanders through her sark,
In an unkenn'd cork-serewity.
She's palsified, and shakes her head
Sae fast about, ye scarce can sect:
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity.

She might be drown'd; but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea;
Or hang'd—if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope:
'Twad tak a dreadful' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will puzion do't?—It has been tried.
But be't in hash or fricasee,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' *gout* it hae.
It's needless to assail her doubts:
She gangs by instinet, like the brntes,
And only eats and drinks what suits
Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore and ten perchance may be;
She's ninety-four.—Let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the flood;
She's come o' patriarchal blood:
She's some auld Pagan mummified,
Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalm'd inside and out:
She's sauted to the last degree;

There's pickle in her very snout,
 Sae caper-like and cruety.
 Lot's wife was fresh compared to her:
 They've kyanized the useless kuir (witch);
 She canna decompose—nae mair
 Than her accurs'd annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock,
 As this eternal jaud wears me.
 I could withstand the single shock,
 But not the continuity.
 It's pay me here, and pay me there,
 And pay me, pay me, evermair;
 I'll gang demented wi' despair—
 I'm *charged* for her annuity.¹

¹ At a dinner given by Dr. Robert Chambers in Edinburgh to Outram and a select party of his friends, the following verses were sung in character by Mrs. R. C., after "The Annuity" had been sung by Peter Fraser. The "honest Maurice" mentioned in the last stanza is the late Maurice Lothian of Edinburgh:—

THE ANNUITANT'S ANSWER.

My certy! but it sets him weel
 Sae vile a tale to tell o' me;
 I never could suspect the chief
 O' sic disingenuity.
 I'll no be ninety-four for lang,
 My health is far frae being strang,
 And he'll mak' profit, richt or wrang,
 Ye'll see, by this annuity.
 My friends, ye weel can understand
 This world is fu' o' roguery;
 And ane meets folk on ilka hand
 To rug, and rive, and pu' at ye.
 I thought that this same man o' law
 Wad save my siller frae them a',
 And sae I gave the whilliewha
 The note for the annuity.
 He says the bargain lookit fair,
 And sae to him, I'm sure 'twad be;
 I got my hundred pounds a year,
 An' he could well allow it tae.
 And does he think—the deevil's limb—
 Although I lookit auld and grim,
 I was to die to pleasure him,
 And squash my brow annuity.
 The year had scarcely turned its back
 When he was irking to be free—
 A fule the thing to undertak',
 And then sae sune to rue it ye.
 I've never been at peace sin' syne—
 Nae wonder that sae sair I coyne—
 It's jist through terror that I tyne
 My life for my annuity.
 He's twice had pushion in my kail,
 And sax times in my cup o' tea;
 I could unfauld a shocking tale
 O' something in a cruet, tae.
 His arms he ance flang round my neck—
 I thought it was to show resp'ck;

DEAR ISLAY.

Thomas Pattison, a native of Islay, whose early death disappointed the fair promise of high poetic fame. He was the author of "Selections from the Gaelic Bards, Metrically Translated, with Biographical Prefaces and Explanatory Notes, also Original Poems," an svo volume published in 1866.

O Islay! sweet Islay!
 Thou green, grassy Islay!
 Why, why art thou lying
 So far o'er the sea?
 O Islay! dear Islay!
 The daylight is dying,
 And here am I longing,
 And longing for thee!

O Islay! fair Islay!
 Thou dear mother Islay!
 Where my spirit awaking
 First look'd on the day.
 O Islay! dear Islay!
 That link of God's making
 Must last till I wing me
 Away, and away!

Dear Islay! good Islay!
 Thou holy-soil'd Islay!
 My fathers are sleeping
 Beneath thy green sod.
 O Islay! kind Islay!
 Well, well be thou keeping

He only meant to gie a check,
 Not for, but to, the annuity.
 Said ance to me an honest man,
 "Try an insurance company;
 Ye'll find it an effective plan
 Protection to secure to you.
 Ten pounds a year!—ye weel can sparct!—
 Be that wi' Peter Fraser wared;
 His office syne will be a guard
 For you and your annuity."
 I gaed at ance an' spak' to Pat
 O' a five hundred policy,
 And "Faith!" says he, "ye are nae blate;
 I maist could clamahewit ye,
 Wi' that chiel's fingers at the knife,
 What chance hae ye o' length o' life?
 Sae to the door, ye silly wife,
 Wi' you and your annuity."
 The procurator fiscal's now
 The only friend that I can see;
 And it's sma' thing that he can do
 To end this sair ankshiwity.
 But honest Maurice has agreed
 That if the villain does the deed,
 He'll swing at Libberton Wyndhead
 For me and my annuity.

That dear dust awaiting
The great day of God.

Old Islay! God bless thee,
Thou good mother, Islay!
Bless thy wide ocean!
And bless thy sweet lea!
And Islay! dear Islay!
My heart's best emotion,
For ever and ever
Shall centre in thee!

THE FAIRY DANCE.

Mrs. Caroline E. Scott Richardson, born at Forge in Dumfriesshire, Nov. 24, 1777; died there Nov. 9, 1853. She received a liberal education, and was brought up amid the scenes of Border song and story. When young she went out to India, where she married her cousin Gilbert G. Richardson, captain of an East Indian. Early left a widow, Mrs. Richardson returned with her children to Scotland, and devoted herself to their education. In 1828 and again in 1834 she published a volume of poetry, both of which were well received. She also wrote a novel entitled *Adonia*, and numerous tales and essays.

The fairies are dancing—how nimbly they bound!
They flit o'er the grass tops, they touch not the ground;
Their kirtles of green are with diamonds bedight,
All glittering and sparkling beneath the moonlight.

Hark, hark to their music! how silvery and clear—
'Tis surely the flower-bells that ringing I hear;
The lazy-wing'd moth with the grasshopper wakes,
And the field-mouse peeps out, and their revels partakes.

How feately they trip it! how happy are they
Who pass all their moments in frolic and play;
Who rove where they list, without sorrows or cares,
And laugh at the fetters mortality wears!

But where have they vanish'd?—a cloud's o'er
the moon;
I'll lie to the spot—they'll be seen again soon;
I hasten—'tis lighter, and what do I view?—
The fairies were grasses, the diamonds were dew!

And thus do the sparkling illusions of youth
Deceive and allure, and we take them for truth;
Too happy are they who the juggle unshroud
Ere the hint to inspect them be brought by a cloud.

THE TOOM MEAL POCK.

John Robertson, born in Paisley, Nov. 30, 1767; died at Portsmouth in April, 1810. He was well educated, and intended for one of the learned professions; but family misfortune obliged him to become a salesman, and he finally enlisted in the local militia, where he was employed as regimental schoolmaster. Robertson was a man of some ability and scholarship, and with ordinary carefulness might have attained a good position in life; but he became dissipated in his habits, and ended his life by suicide. His verses display considerable merit. In the following song, which has long been popular in the west of Scotland, he half-jocundly describes a time of dull trade in his native town.

Preserve us a'! what shall we do,
Thir dark unhalloved times?
We're surely dreecing penance now
For some most awfu' crimes.
Sedition daurna now appear,
In reality or joke,
For ilka chiel maun mourn wi' me
O' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

When lasses braw gaed out at e'en,
For sport and pastime free,
I seem'd like aye in paradise,
The moments quick did flee.
Like Venuses they a' appeared,
Weel pouthered was their locks,
'Twas easy dune, when at their hame,
Wi' the shaking o' their pocks.
And sing, Oh waes me!

How happy past my former days,
Wi' merry heartsome glee,
When smiling fortune held the cup,
And peace sat on my knee;
Nae wants had I but were supplied,
My heart wi' joy did knock,
When in the neuk I smiling saw
A gaucie weel-fil'd pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

Speak no ae word about reform,
Nor petition parliament,
A wiser scheme I'll now propose,
I'm sure ye'll gi'e consent—
Send up a chiel or twa like me,
As a sample o' the flock,
Whase hollow cheeks will be sure proof
O' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

And should a sicht sae ghastly like,
Wi' rags, and banes, and skin,
Hae' nae impression on yon folks,
But tell ye'll stand ahin:

O what a contrast will ye shaw,
To the glowrin' Lunnon folk,
When in St. James' ye tak' your stand,
Wi' a hingin' toom meal pock!
And sing, Oh waes me!

Then rear your hand, and glowr, and stare,
Before yon hills o' beef,
Tell them ye are frae Scotland come,
For Scotia's relief;
Tell them ye are the vera best,
Wal'd frae the fattest flock,
Then raise your arms, and oh! display
A hingin' toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

Tell them ye're wearied o' the chain
That hauds the state thegither,
For Scotland wishes just to tak'
Gude nicht wi' anc anither.
We canna thole, we canna bide,
This hard unwieldy yoke,
For wark and want but ill agree,
Wi' a hingin' toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

VOICES FROM HEAVEN.

Rev. James G. Small, born in Edinburgh in 1817, and for nearly thirty years minister of the Free Church, Bervie, Kincardineshire. He is the author of several volumes of poems, among others "The Highlands, &c.," which has passed through several editions. He has also produced a prose volume entitled *Restoration and Revival*.

What strains of compassion are heard from above,
Calling sinners to flee to the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the Saviour who speaks from on high—
"Turn, turn, ye poor wanderers, O why will ye die?
Turn, turn, ere ye perish; for judgment is nigh."

What a sweet invitation is heard from above!
Calling children to fly to the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd! how kind is its tone—
"Come, ye young ones, to me, ere life's spring-time be flown;
I will take you, and bless you, and make you mine own."

What accents of comfort are heard from above,
Calling mourners to rest on the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of our tender and faithful High Priest—
"Come to me, ye who labour, with sorrows oppress'd;

Come, and learning of me, your tired soul shall find rest."

What songs of rejoicing are rising above,
From the blest who repose on the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the ransom'd; how joyful the strain—
"Glory, blessing and power to the Lamb that was slain;
For He suffered for us, and with him we shall reign."

WHEN THOU ART NEAR ME.

Lady John Scott Spottiswoode, of Spottiswoode, Berwickshire, widow of Lord John Douglas Scott, brother of the Duke of Buccleuch. Dr. Brown remarks in *Anna Subseiva*, after quoting the song, "Can the gifted author of these lines and of their music not be prevailed on to give them and others to the world, as well as to her friends?"

When thou art near me
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I think, as well I may,
That on this earth there is no one
More blest than I.

But when thou leav'st me,
Doubts and fears arise,
And darkness reigns
Where all before was light.
The sunshine of my soul
Is in those eyes,
And when they leave me
All the world is night.

But when thou art near me
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I feel, as well I may,
That on this earth there dwells not one
So blest as I.

THE BANKS OF DEE.

John Tait, a writer to the signet, and some time judge of the Edinburgh police court; born 1748, died 1817. Mr. Tait in early life wrote many fugitive pieces, which appeared in the periodicals of the day. The following song has been frequently ascribed to John Home, author of the tragedy of "Douglas." It was composed by Tait in 1775, on the occasion of a friend leaving Scotland to join the British forces in America. Hence the allusion to the "proud rebels" in the second stanza, America being then struggling for her independence.

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the wood-pigeon coo'd from the tree;

At the foot of a rock, where the wild rose was
growing,

I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me
ever:

For there first I gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus
mourning,

To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;
And ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring
billows,

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved
willows,

The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore
him,

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch
o'er him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

I HA'E LAID A HERRING IN SAUT.

James Tytler, born at Brechin in 1747; died in Massachusetts, North America, in 1805. Though educated first for the Church, and afterwards for the medical profession, he was mainly employed through life in literary and chemical speculations. He was commonly called *Balloon Tytler*, from having been the first in Scotland who ascended in a fire balloon upon the plan of Montgolfier. Burns describes him as "a mortal who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-grace-of-God and Solomon-the-son-of-David, yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three fourths of Elliot's pompous *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which he composed at half-a-guinea a week!" Mr. Mackay of the Edinburgh theatre used to sing this song with pawkie glee, and was instrumental in rendering it popular.

I ha'e laid a herring in saut,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
I ha'e brew'd a forpet o' mant,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder mair,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a but an' I ha'e a ben,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
I ha'e three chickens an' a fat hen,
An' I canna come only mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tak' me now!
Which ilka day lays me an egg,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a kebbuck upon my shelf,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tak' me now!
I downa eat it a' mysel';
An' I winna come only mair to woo.

GRIZELL COCHRANE; OR, THE DAUGHTER DEAR.¹

Charlotte. Lady Wake, born 1801; second daughter of Crawford Tait, Esq. of Harvieston, Clackmannanshire, and sister of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Her mother was a daughter of Sir Islay Campbell, Bart., Lord-president of the Court of Session, son of the only daughter of John Wallace of Eltershie, lineal descendant of the eldest brother of Sir William Wallace. Miss Charlotte Tait married in 1822 Charles Wake, eldest son of Sir William Wake, Bart. of Courteen Hall, Northamptonshire, formerly of Clevedon, Somersetshire, who succeeded to his father's title and estate in 1846, and died in 1864. Lady Wake informs the Editor that "Grizell Cochrane, or the Daughter Dear," was written when she was only fifteen, to please her father, in whose family (on the mother's side) the circumstances related in the ballad took place.

Frac morning clouds, wi' gladsome ray,
The sun shone bright and cheery;
An' glittered o'er the prison wall,
An' thro' the grate sac dreary.

"Keep up your heart, my father dear,
The morning sun shines sweet and fair"—
"It weel may shine this day, my bairn,
For it maun shine for me nae mair.

¹ The intrepid act of filial devotion which is the subject of this ballad took place in July, 1685. The heroine was a daughter of Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, who was found guilty of high treason for accession to the plot entered into towards the end of Charles II.'s reign, chiefly for the purpose of excluding the Duke of York (James II.) from succeeding to the throne. It was for their alleged connection with the same plot that Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney were executed in 1683; and it was afterwards followed by the rising of Argyle in Scotland.

“ This day the fatal warrant comes,
That takes from me my breath;
But oh! the thought of thee, my dear,
Is sharper far than death.

“ When I maun yield my hoary head
Unto the axeman stern,
They'll lay the rebel in his grave,
But wha will shield his bairn!”

With playful hand she smoothed his hair,
Syne she kissed his forehead gray;

“ My breast shall be thy resting-place,
I ween for mony a day.”

About his neck her lily arm
She threw wi' maiden grace—

“ Be this my father's only bond,
His daughter's fond embrace.

“ An' now farewell, my father dear,
For surely I maun go;
For Heaven has breathed into my heart
To ward the coming blow.”—

She's buckled a horseman's cloak
Atour her slender waist;
She's doffed her maiden robes sae gay,
Her feet in buskins laced.

She's doffed awhile her silken snood,
An' braided back her hair;
An' deeply slouched her warrior cap,
To hide her forehead fair.

She's mounted on a mettled steed,
Her lily hands the pistols bear;
An' wha that met this knight could guess
It was a maiden fair?

An' if she struggled wi' a sob,
Or felt a maiden fear,
She drew a lang, lang breath, an' thought
Upon her father dear.

She's ta'en the road that travellers go,
Her heart prepared for dule and strife;
She's met the postman on his way,
An' he maun stand or yield his life.

“ Now yield to me, ye coward loon,
If ye the morrow's sun wad see;
Good sooth this day shall be thy last
If ye that packet winna gie.”

She's clasped the warrant to her breast,
Nor heeds the craven's stare,
Whose wonder grew that robber bold
Should e'er ha'e form so fair.

She gave her gude steed to the wind,
An' dashed away the tear;
'Twas joy that wet her lovely cheek—
She's saved her father dear!

Frae morning clouds, wi' gladsome ray,
The sun shone bright an' cheery;
An' glittered o'er the prison walls,
An' thro' the grate sae dreary—

But the sunbeam fell on an empty cell,
It held no prisoner gray;
For they've fled o'er the sea to a far countrie
To bide a blyther day.

Oh, bonnie blue hills! tho' shadowed with hills,
Have trust in thy daughters dear;
For Heaven has care for the maiden's prayer,
And blesses the maiden's tear.

OUR MITHER TONGUE.

Andrew Wanless, of Detroit, Michigan; born in Berwickshire, May 25, 1824. He is the author of *Poems and Songs*, second edition, Detroit, 1873.

It's monie a day since first we left
Auld Scotland's rugged hills—
Her heath'ry braes and gow'ny glens,
Her bonnie winding rills.
We lo'ed her in the bygone time,
When life and hope were young.
We lo'e her still, wi' right guid will,
And glory in her tongue!

Can we forget the summer days
Whan we got leave frae schule,
How we gaed birrin' down the braes
To daidle in the pool?
Or to the glen we'd slip awa',
Where hazel clusters hung,
And wake the echoes o' the hills—
Wi' our auld mither tongue.

Can we forget the Jonesome kirk
Where gloomy ivies creep?
Can we forget the auld kirkyard
Where our forefathers sleep?
We'll ne'er forget the glorious land,
Where Scott and Burns sung—
Their sangs are printed on our hearts
In our auld mither tongue.

Auld Scotland! land o' mickle fame!
The land where Wallace trod,
The land where heartfelt praise ascends
Up to the throne of God!

Land where the martyrs sleep in peace,
Where infant freedom sprung,
Where Knox in tones of thunder spoke
In our auld mither tongue!

Now Scotland dinna ye be blate,
'Mang nations crouselow craw,
Your callants are nae donnert sumphs,
Your lasses bang them a'.
The glisks o' heaven will never fade,
That hope around us flung—
When first we breathed the tale o' love
In our auld mither tongue.

O! let us ne'er forget our hame,
Auld Scotland's hills and cairns;
And let us a', where'er we be,
Aye strive "to be guid bairns!"
And when we meet wi' want or age
A-hirpling ower a rung,
We'll tak' their part and cheer their heart
Wi' our auld mither tongue.

THE LOG.¹

Thomas Watson, the Arbroath poet, a painter by trade; born March 10, 1807; died January 26, 1875. In 1851 he published the *Rhymes's Family*, which includes his best-known poem "The Deil in Love," and other pieces of sterling merit. In 1873 Mr. Watson issued a new and enlarged edition of his works, entitled *Homely Pearls at Random Strung*, consisting of poems, songs, and prose sketches.

I was a nursling of untrodden soil;
In dim primeval forest of the West
I grew, and reared aloft my leafy crest,
Remote from men's turmoil.

And when the spring had clad my branches bare,
I waded them in the breeze, all blossom-laden,
And shook my green locks like a gleesome maiden
Whose light heart flouts at care.

And when, impervious to the summer heat,
I gave my shade to worlds of fluttering things
That stirred the air, beneath my brooding wings,
With humming music sweet.

¹ The author explains the origin of this song as follows:—"Changing to be in the workshop of a young friend who was fond of writing verses, he suggested that we should try to string together a few lines on a given subject. I agreed. 'Well, what shall it be?' I inquired. 'There is a log of wood lying on the floor; what say you to that for a subject?' In short, the log was taken up and done for with pens instead of edge-tools."—ED.

Then in my green recesses carolled free
The merry minstrels of the listening woods,
Wearying sweet echo in their solitudes,
With warbling melody.

And silvery threads, by fairy fingers drawn,
At eve on my unbending twigs were hung;
But all unseen, till rich with pearls strung,
And glittering in the dawn.

When the old forest heard the pealing thunder,
And the rent clouds came rushing down amain,
The hunter listened to the pattering rain
My leafy covert under.

Scar autumn came, like Death in fair disguise,
And, as the dying dolphin, changing aye
Her variegated beauty of decay
With tints of many dyes:

And in her withering breath my branches waded,
And every twig its leafy honours shed
In rustling showers, until the ground was clad,
With wreck of summer paved.

Cold winter came! I was a naked tree,
Streaked with the whiteness of his hoary hair,
And wild winds howling through my branches bare,
Like the loud moaning sea.

And thus return the seasons, o'er and o'er,
In endless round, with blossom and decay;
But never more to me, or night or day—
I reckon time no more.

The spoilers came, the ruthless pioneers,
My giant stem, that bent not to the breeze,
Fell by the axe: the crash of falling trees,
Was music to their cars.

They lopped my boughs, and launched me on the river:
With many a lifeless log I floated down,
Through mangled woods, by many a mushroom town,
Leaving my home for ever.

TAK' IT, MAN, TAK' IT.

David Webster, born in Dunblane, Sept. 25, 1787; died January 22, 1837. He was apprenticed to a weaver in Paisley, and continued to work at the loom through a life much chequered by misfortune. In 1835 he published a small volume of poems entitled *Original Scottish Rhymes*. Many of the pieces are marked by keen satire and humour.

When I was a miller in Fife,
Losh! I thought that the sound o' the happer

Said, Tak' hame a wee flow to your wife,
 To help to be brose to your supper.
 Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
 But someway by random it rackit;
 For I liftet twa neivefu' or mair,
 While the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill and the kiln;
 The garland and gear for my cogie!
 And hey for the whiskey and yill,
 That washes the dust frae my craigie!

Although it's been lang in repute,
 For rogues to make rich by deceiving;
 Yet I see that it disna weel suit
 Honest men to begin to the thieving.
 For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,
 O'd, I thought ilka dunt it wad craekit;
 Sae I flang frae my neive what was in't,
 Still the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

A man that's been bred to the plough,
 Might be deav'd wi' its clamorous clapper;
 Yet there's few but would suffer the sough,
 After kenning what's said by the happer.
 I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,
 Saying, Shame, is your conscience no chackit;
 But when I grew dry for a horn,
 It chang'd aye to Tak' it, man, tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

The smugglers whiles cam' wi' their packs,
 'Cause they kent that I liked a bicker,
 Sae I bartered whiles wi' the gowks,
 Gi'ed them grain for a soup o' their liquor.
 I had lang been accustomed to drink,
 And aye when I purposed to quat it,
 That thing wi' its clapertie elink,
 Said aye to me, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

But the warst thing I did in my life—
 Nae doubt but ye'll think I was wrang o't—
 O'd, I tauld a bit bodie in Fife
 A' my tale, and he made a bit sang o't.
 I have aye had a voice a' my days,
 But for singin' I ne'er gat the knack o't;
 Yet I try whyles, just thinking to please
 My frien's here, wi' Tak' it, man, tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

Now miller and a' as I am,
 This far I can see through the matter;
 There's men mair notorious to fame,
 Mair greedy than me o' the mutter.
 For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,
 Or wi' safety, the ha'f we may mak' it,
 Ha'e some speaking happer within,
 That says aye to them, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

KISS THE GOBLET.

John Wright, born in Ayrshire, Sept. 1, 1805; died in Glasgow about 1853. He resided for some years at Cambuslang near Glasgow, and followed the trade of a weaver. In 1824 he issued a poem entitled "The Retrospect," which was well received by the press, and contains many beautiful passages. In 1843 the whole of his poetical pieces were published in one volume. The latter part of Wright's life was clouded by intemperance.

Kiss the goblet, and live! it is sweeter to sip,
 And richer than Beauty's ambrosial lip,
 And fairer than fairyland poets have sung,
 'Tis the nectar of Friendship's mellifluous tongue!
 When clouds o'er the bright sky of young hope
 are driven,
 Fill the bowl, fill it high!—it will waft you to
 heaven!

When Penury shoots his sharp frosts through the
 blood,
 Or Passion would weave us an untimely shroud,—
 When Conscience starts up like a sibilant
 snake,
 And the glory sets darkly that shone to awake—
 A fire and a feeling that must ever thrall,—
 Fill the bowl, fill it high!—'tis the Lethe of all.

When Obloquy pours forth her poisonous breath,
 And saddens our sky with the darkness of
 death,—
 When Friendship's sweet smile is converted f r
 aye
 To the frown of contempt and the glance of dis-
 may;
 Though such clouds lour through life, and our
 ashes o'erhang,
 Fill the bowl, fill it high!—it will soften the pang.

What is life but a load hulled by languor's dull
 chime?
 And love's a shrunk tree in the desert of time.
 And only can blossom and bloom in the glow
 Of spirit that beams on its branches of woe,
 In the tempest all shattered, leaves pallid and
 few;
 Fill the bowl, fill it high!—and its verdure renew.

What allures but false meteors that dance on our
 way?
 Our bosoms, still heaving, can phantoms allay?
 Pursuing, we wander from woe to despair—
 We grasp, and the mockery hath vanished in
 air.
 I have searched—I have found out a balm for the
 breast,
 Fill the bowl, fill it high!—and for ever be blest.

When manhood declines, and the gray hairs of
age
Come to tell that we tread on life's last leaden
stage—
When the lights of the heart all in darkness sub-
side,
And the gray hours no more winged with ecstacy
glide—
When death's semblance rests on the spiritless
frame—
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—and rekindle the flame.

TWEEDSIDE.

Lord Yester, afterwards Marquis of Tweeddale; born 1645, died 1713. The air to this song is very beautiful, and is traditionally ascribed to the unfortunate David Rizzio. Another lyric with the same title appears in page 135 of vol. i.

When Maggy and I were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie,
Nae lintwhite in a' the gay plain,
Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she!
I whistled, I piped, and I sang;
I woo'd, but I cam' nae great speed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell;
My tears did my passion express:
Alas! for I lo'ed her ower weel,
And the women lo'e sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld;
Her pride had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

THE HAPPY LAND.

Andrew Young, formerly head-master of the City School, Edinburgh, and late head English master of Madras College, St. Andrews; author of a volume of University prize poems and other poetical productions. Mr. Young's earliest hymn, "There is a Happy Land," composed in 1838, has been translated into nearly every modern language, though comparatively few are aware that its author is living, and now residing in Edinburgh, in which city he was born early in the present century. In 1876 Mr. Young published a volume entitled *The Scottish Highlands and other Poems*, which was most favourably noticed by the press, and has obtained a large circulation.

There is a happy land
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye!

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand—
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee—
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.