

A LOVE WREATH.

COME, my charmer, list thy praise ;
 Thou hast woke my slumb'ring lyre ;
 Thou hast wreathed my head with bays,
 Thou hast lit my soul with fire :
 Come, then, all my thoughts inspire,
 With thy beauty and thy love,
 And let virtuous fond desire
 Coming down from heaven above,
 Flower this wreath I weave for thee
 With bright buds of purity.

Sweeter thou than morning fair,
 Gentler than the pale moonbeam,
 Softer than the summer air,
 Purer than the silver stream ;
 Holy as an infant's dream,

Are thy thoughts that heavenward rise ;
 Piercing as the lightning's gleam
 Is the lustre of thine eyes ;
 Wit and purity combine
 In each thought and glance of thine.

Hark ! the lark in glory floats,
 Piping forth his matin lay ;
 Thrush and linnet mingle notes,
 Music swells from every spray ;
 But if thou shouldst chance to stray
 'Mong the woodlands glistening green,
 And one little note essay,
 All the feather'd choir are seen
 Listening mute to that sweet tone,
 Fondly deeming it their own.

To the sweet Forget-me-not
 Bends the Blue-bell on its stem,
 Fearful lest they be forgot,
 When thou smiling passest them ;
 But each little fairy gem
 Blooming bell, and glassy cup,
 Sparkles like a diadem,
 Drinking all thy glances up ;
 Brightening all the flowery lea
 With reflected light from thee.

Mark the blushing heather bloom,
Bright on mountain, moor, and lea,
Load the air with rich perfume,
And with sweets the honey-bee ;
Listen to the melody
Of the shepherd's native strains,
Now in sadness, now in glee,
Swelling over Scotia's plains ;
All are sweet, and dear to me,
Emblems, Nature's child, of thee.

THE PEARLY BROW.

“ OH! whaur gat ye that pearly brow,
 An’ whaur gat ye that rosy mou’,
 An’ whaur gat ye thae een sae blue,
 That play sic pranks wi’ mine, jo?”

“ The ne’er a pearl there’s on my brow,
 The ne’er a rose blaws on my mou’,
 My een ye canna ken their hue,
 They ne’er were raised to thine, jo.”

“ Ae glance, ae sparkling glance was mine,
 An’ Hope has dwalt wi’ me sinsyne;
 Then let these stars in mercy shine
 On him wha worships thee, jo.”

“ Seek stars in heaven, for there they shine,
 Gae worship at some haly shrine,
 Pay homage to some saint divine,
 Ye maunna worship me, jo.”

" But I maun love, and loving seek
 Like love frae thee, sae pure and meek ;
 Then dinna that fair bosom steek
 'Gainst ane wha loves but thee, jo."
 The lassie blush'd, she couldna speak,
 Deep crimson roses flush'd her cheek,
 While wi' a silent sidelang keek,
 She shower'd love's light on me, jo.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

THE wifie wha sits by her gudeman's knee,
An' keeks in his face wi' her slee black ee ;
Losh ! how the bodie will startle and stare,
Gin she see in his pow the first grey hair.

Ere the leaves o' the forest hae fa'en or hae dow'd,
When the fields are a' wimplin' an' wavin' in gowd ;
Losh ! how the farmer will shiver an' quake,
Gin he see at his feet the first snaw-flake.

When fortune is couthie, an' freens are a' leal,
An' wifie an' weanies are canty an' weel,
Ah ! how ye feel gin Death maks his first ca',
An' taks e'en your youngest bit tottum awa !

The early grey hair, an' the early snaw-flake,
May weel mak us cower, an' may weel mak us quake ;

But oh ! when the young bud is reft frae the tree,
The auld leafless trunk sune maun wither an' dee.

In stern auld December, in smiling young May,
We see Nature changing, we mark her decay ;
But the first hint to manhood o' eild's chilly care,
Is the icicle look o' the first grey hair.

THE OUTCAST.

I STRAY along the lanely knowe,
 I cour aneath the birken bough,
 Till gloamin' fa's ower muir an' lea,
 An' a' grows mirk an' eer' like me.

But mirker cluds maun wrap his breast,
 To whom this trusting heart was prest,
 Thus to forget the solemn vow
 He plighted 'neath that birken bough.

I canna sigh, I canna weep,
 I dream o' death's unbroken sleep ;
 Gin ae wee tear wad fill my ee,
 'Twere mercy's blessed dew to me.

Yet if an outcast dare to pray
 To Thee wha art the orphan's stay,
 Oh, lay not to the spoiler's part,
 His broken vows, my broken heart !

IT'S A LANG LANE THAT HASNA A TURNIN'.

“GANG on, man, gang on, man, why should you tyne hope,
 The road is weel trodden, then why wad ye stop?
 See, hie on the hill a bricht beacon is burnin'—
 It's a lang lane that hasna a turnin'.”

“I wad fain reach the tap, I wad fain climb the brae,
 But scowling misfortune stands barrin' my way:
 I canna weel thole siccan frownin' an' spurnin'—
 It's a lang road, an' hasna a turnin'.”

“Toot, lassocks, ye ken, are whiles gey hard to win,
 They frown an' say no, when they 're only in fun:
 The best stibble butter taks langest o' churnin'—
 It's a lang road that hasna a turnin'.”

“I canna walk weel, for the road's strewn wi' briers,
 I canna see weel, for my ee's dim wi' tears:
 I canna stand out, I am weary sojournin'—
 It's a lang road, and hasna a turnin'.”

“ Be brave, persevere, though your hopes may be sma’,
 Be brave, an’ misfortune afore ye shall fa’ :
 Fairday dawns mair bright, after dark nights o’ mournin’—
 It’s a lang road that hasna a turnin’.”

On, on, wends the pilgrim, with hope-kindled breast,
 Nor stays he, till high on the mountain’s proud crest,
 He ferlies what kept him sae lang sittin’ girnin’—
 It’s a lang road that hasna a turnin’.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

A VOICE from the dead must have warbled the strain
 Which raises old times thus in vision again ;
 And friends who were waiting the dread trumpet's blast,
 Have left their cold graves at this Voice from the past.

The melody swells—'tis the voice of gone years,
 Now kindling to rapture—now melting to tears ;
 And age's drear sky with dark sorrows o'ercast,
 Is lit by youth's sun, by this Voice from the past.

Gay visions surround me—I feel me a boy,
 My mother's pale face flushes crimson with joy ;
 I kiss her—I press her—sweet vision, oh last !
 Or waft me to heaven on this Voice from the past.

The melody fades, hark ! it mounts far on high,
 A seraph is singing a lay of the sky,
 To lead up the soul when the frame's sinking fast—
 'Twas thine, O my mother ! this lay of the past.

LINTON LAURIE.

I TINT my heart ae morn in May,
 When burdies sang on ilka tree,
 When dew-draps hung on ilka spray,
 And lammies played on ilka lea :
 O Linton Laurie, Linton Laurie,
 Aye sae fond ye trowed to be,
 I never wist sae bricht a morn
 Sae dark a nicht wad bring to me !

O Linton's words sae saftly fell,
 Sae slee the glamour o' his ee,
 That I hae never been mysel'
 Sin' e'er he spak and keek't to me :
 O Linton Laurie, Linton Laurie,
 Come, dear Laurie, back to me ;
 And siccan love I bear to you,
 E'en your forgettin' will forgi'e !

His absence I'll nae langer bear,
My grief I canna langer dree,
I'll gang a thousand miles an' mair,
My Laurie's manly form to see.
O Linton Laurie, Linton Laurie,
Gin ye'll come to Logan Lea,
I'll mak ye Laird o' Logan Ha',
And I your loving wife will be.

THE GLOAMIN' HOUR.

THE wee freckled cluds ower the blue lift are roamin',
 The waves ripple light ower the sea,
 And the pearly mantle o' dark grey gloamin'
 Fa's silkenly saft around me ;
 And wow but my heart dances boundin' and licht,
 And my bosom beats blythesome and cheery,
 When I see the black locks o' the pawky-ee'd nicht,
 That sae kindly hap me an' my dearie.

Your birdies an' bardies may warble and sing,
 And praise the bricht glories o' day,
 But lovers, true lovers, can do nae sic thing,
 For they weary till daylight's away ;
 Then in the lone glen, whaur there's naething to start,
 Oh, 'tis sweet when there's naebody near ye,
 An' naething is heard but the beat o' your heart,
 Echoed back by the heart o' your dearie.

O love! thou canst licht up the darkness o' nicht,
 Thou canst brichten the mirkest hour ;
 And the heaven o' bliss, in a stown modest kiss,
 Brings sunshine when dark shadows lower.
 Then let him wha complains o' life's troubles and pains,
 And feels himsel' dowie an' eerie,
 Gae doun the lane glen, and let naebody ken
 But himsel' an' his ain lovin' dearie !

THE TRYSTING TREE.

THE trysting tree, the trysting tree,
 O dear that gnarly trunk to me !
 My saul hath been in heaven hie
 When wooing 'neath the trysting tree.

The birds lay silent in their nests,
 The flowers lay faulded on the lea,
 An' a' was still, save our twa breasts,
 Warm throbbing 'neath the trysting tree.

We sigh'd, we blush'd, but a' was hush'd,
 For no ae word to spare had we ;
 But ae chaste kiss spak o' our bliss,
 Aneath the dear auld trysting tree.

We made nae tryst, we changed nae vows,
 But, aye when daylight closed his ee,
 We somehow met aneath the boughs
 O' that auld kindly trysting tree.

But grief an' time hae wrought sad wark
Upon that dear auld tree an' me;
The light that lit my soul is dark,
The leaves hae left the trysting tree.

The trysting tree, the trysting tree,
Though dear its twisted trunk to me,
It wrings my heart, and droons my ee,
To gaze upon that trysting tree.

THE LADY OF DEAN.

THERE'S sadness and sorrow, there's wailing and woe,
Lone breasts are heaving, and silent tears flow ;
Autumn hath gone, and cold winter blows keen—
Faded and dead is the Lady of Dean.

Oh ! woe for the aged, and woe for the poor,
That angel brings joy to their dwellings no more ;
The orphan's bright tear-drops that glisten'd like sheen,
Were made pearls of joy by the Lady of Dean.

Her voice was attuned the sad mourner to cheer,
Her step fell like music on age's dull ear ;
So humble her spirit, so gentle her mien,
The poorest claim'd kin with the Lady of Dean.

When living all deem'd her an angel of light,—
Now dead, all believe her a star shining bright ;

If Mercy's sweet angel on earth e'er was seen,
She lived, and she died, in the Lady of Dean.

Pale Death shrinks aghast from the deed he hath done,
All twined with sad yew is the wreath he hath won ;
The meek winter flower gems the turf growing green,
That covers the grave of the Lady of Dean !

WEE BOO PEEP.

WEE Boo Peep, he lies rowin' on the floor,
 Rum tumblin' up an' doun, dorty an' dour ;
 Sour as a sourack, and round as a neep,
 A queer wirly warly is our Boo Peep.

Wee Boo Peep, he dances and he sings,
 He laughs and he skirls till the hale house rings ;
 His fair wee face whiles is black as a sweep,
 But warm are the lips aye o' Wee Boo Peep.

Wee Boo Peep, he chuckles and he leers,
 His een glist wi' glee, or glammerit wi' tears ;
 He craws like a cock, he baas like a sheep,
 Ye canna tell what's up wi' Wee Boo Peep.

Wee Boo Peep, gin ye ettle him to check,
 He'll clamber your knee, an' he'll cling round your neck,
 He'll gaur your mou' smack with sae couthie a cheep,
 Ye canna speak a harsh word to Wee Boo Peep.

Wee Boo Peep, he is slippery as an eel,
Gleg as a wummle, and fleet as a wheel ;
He rows down the brae, he rins up the steep,
Here, there, everywhere, is Wee Boo Peep.

Wee Boo Peep, his banes maun whiles be sair,
Fa'in' aff stools, or tumblin' down the stair ;
But whaur is the heicht whaur he winna creep ?
He'll ride on the riggin' yet, Wee Boo Peep.

THE PENTLAND HILLS.

HAIL, ancient friends! with ardour fain
I come to tread your heath again,
To climb each crag and flowery brae,
To muse where living streamlets play,
To gaze upon the changing skies
That flood your heights with orient dyes,
To dream, while lonely Nature stills
Each breath, each sound, on Pentland Hills.

Yet whence those sounds that stir my soul,
Those liquid tones that trembling roll?
Sweet as the skylark's matin song
On May's young breath they float along.
They tell of bleating lambs and sheep,
Of brawling torrents foaming deep;
They murmur of melodious rills,
Hark! 'tis the voice of Pentland Hills.

Those airy tones that lightly float,
Seem bursting from the linnets' throat ;
Anon, afar the shy cuckoo
Soothes with his strain the lone curlew ;
The grasshopper, with elfin drum,
Beats time unto the wild bee's hum ;
And, with a low sweet music, fills
Each fairy nook of Pentland Hills.

But lo ! the cadence louder swells—
The chimes of fair Edina's bells,
Far in the distance, wake the ear ;
Anon they burst in fulness near,
And o'er grey crag and valley green,
Each tiny leaf is dancing seen,
And every streamlet gurgling trills
In joy amid the Pentland Hills.

Yet ah ! these tones, so full, so deep,
Rouse Mem'ry from her dreamy sleep ;
We see the friends of other days,
Who with us trode these broomy braes ;
With pensive air they seem to stray
Along the mountain's summit grey,
And, while remembrance glowing thrills,
In clouds they glide o'er Pentland Hills.

A PENTLAND REMINISCENCE.

DEAR mountains, lured by sunny ray,
 I daunder'd out the other day
 As far as Blackford Hill,
 An' keekit ower wi' anxious ee,
 To see gin ye ance mair were free
 O' Winter's icy chill ;
 But thickly wedged in ilka howe
 I saw the glist'ning snaw,
 An' a' the ringlets o' your pow
 Were pouth'er'd crisp and brow.
 Chill'd by the sicht, I turn'd me roun',
 And sought my couthie hame,
 Resolved to keep the cozie toun
 Till Spring flowers bursting came.

Aye wae frae kind auld freens to part,
 I saunter'd hame wi' heavy heart,
 An' mused sae deep an' lang,
 That visions o' my early days,
 Amang dear Pentland's heathy braes,
 Cam ower me crowdin' thrang.

I mindit o' ae sunny day,
 To mem'ry ever dear,
 When twa toun bairns took truant's play,
 An' to the hills drew near ;
 An' as through bonny Morningside
 Their wee feet patter'd on,
 Each graipt his pouch wi' manly pride,
 An' bought a bawbee scone.

Then on we strode out ower the plain,
 Resolved the highest hill to gain
 The straight and shortest way ;
 An' when we cam the mountains nigh,
 They didna look sae vera high,
 So straught we took the brae.
 But as we clamb frae knowe to knowe,
 A new hill aye up glintit,
 An' aye when we had scaled its brow,
 Another rose ahint it,
 An' aye we took a wee bit rest,
 An' aye we clamb the higher,
 Until we reached Carnethy's crest,
 Wi' cheeks like lowin' fire.

In silent rapture low we knelt ;
 Wi' heavenly beauty awed, we felt

That hill was holy ground ;
 We doff'd our caps, our sunny hair
 Waved wildly in the mountain air,
 We gazed in wonder round,
 For hill and valley, lake and sea,
 Lay stretch'd far out before us,
 An' in the lift, so vast an' hie,
 Bright glory floated o'er us.
 That heavenly scene, that hallow'd hour
 Shall be forgotten never,
 That bound my soul wi' magic power
 To Pentland Hills for ever.

Syne down we lay on that hill-tap,
 We hadna power to move ae stap
 Frae sic a scene away.
 High in the lift the lav'roek sang,
 While we lay stretch'd the bent along,
 An' listen'd till his lay.
 And there, on that lone mountain top,
 When but a duddy callant,
 That lark inspired a kindred hope,
 I yet might weave a ballant.
 And as if sent to stay the thought,
 A milk-white bleating lamb
 Peer'd in my face, as gin it sought
 To meet its wander'd dam.

Sae meek it lookit in my face,
 Syne ran awa wi' friskin' pace,
 Down by a trottin' burn :
 Twa hungry callants left alane,
 What could we do but follow fain,
 We kenn'd na how to turn ;
 At length we reach'd a shepherd's cot,
 Low rising on the brae,
 An' frae the lammie's mistress got
 A feast o' cakes and whey.
 She guess'd that we were truant louns,
 And sair she flate an' bann'd,
 An' tauld us that we rogues frae touns
 Corrupted a' the land.

But while the wifie flate an' gloom'd,
 The tither cake, wi' butter thoom'd,
 She forced us still to eat,
 Till our wee kites were straughtet fou,
 When, wi' our hearties at our mou',
 We felt maist like to greet.
 Then, stalkin' furth, the sturdy dame
 Show'd us our hameward gait,
 And tauld us baith to hasten hame,
 Or we would be ower late.
 Her pet lamb patter'd by her side,
 She saw us ower the brae—

“ There, rin ye roggies hame,” she cried,
“ Your absence causes wae.”

Kind, generous dame ; in manhood’s day,
When struggling hard to gain the way
 To knowledge and to truth,
’Mid mazes lost, o’er oceans driven,
One light resplendent shone from heaven,
 That vision of my youth,
And led me on o’er stormy sea,
 On wild and trackless road,
Until I found my way to Thee,
 Great Nature’s only God.
Led by the Lamb, each trusting soul
 Shall find a home at last ;
And, freed from Error’s dark control,
 Shall smile at dangers past.