



Frae Blackford's summit wad I gaze  
 Ower hills an' valleys, glens an' braes,  
 The sun in ae unbroken blaze

Lichtin' the Forth,  
 And crowning Edin wi' bricht rays,  
 Queen o' the North.

Those beauteous scenes are ne'er forgot,  
 They licht with joy life's chequer'd lot,  
 And Braid's sweet burnie, glen, an' grot,  
 And Blackford brae,

Are bless'd by mony a wandering Scot  
 Far, far away.

Then shall a laird whase kindly heart  
 Has ever ta'en the puir man's part,  
 Be reckon'd like some mean upstart,  
 O' saulless stature,

Wha sells, as at an auction mart,  
 The face o' nature ?

Though bairns may pu', when yap or drouthy,  
 A neep or bean, to taste their mouthy,  
 Losh, man ! their hames are no sae couthy

As your bien Ha' ;  
 Though puir folks' bairns are unco toothie,  
 Their feeding 's sma'.





These distant Fifan hills behold,  
 Their summits rayed in burning gold,  
 While floating o'er the western wold  
     In robes of grey,  
 Night's clouds and shadows, wan an' cold,  
     Fleet far away.

Noo dark Dunedin looms in sicht,  
 Each spire and turret glancin' bricht,  
 And towerin' pile, and rocky hicht,  
     And Castle grey,  
 Are baskin' in the joyous licht  
     O' infant day.

And noo the morning's rare perfume  
 Is freshen'd by the heath and broom,  
 While every thistle waves its plume  
     In patriot pride,  
 And whins adorn wi' gowden bloom  
     The hale hill-side.

Bonaly's flowery braes appear,  
 The burnie's music charms the ear,  
 And while we pree its waters clear,  
     Or tread its valley,  
 Nae rude expulsion need we fear  
     Frae sweet Bonaly.

Bonaly's laird is dear to a',  
His yett stands open to the wa',  
An' oh! he's pleased to get a ca'  
                    Frae rich or poor ;  
Nae hungry bairnie wins awa'  
                    Frae Cockburn's door.

Then, high and low, your voices raise,  
And sound aloud Bonaly's praise,  
Wha, while he lo'es his heather braes  
                    An' brattlin' rills,  
Invites the warld to come an' gaze  
                    Frae Pentland Hills.

## BONNIE BONALY.

BONNIE Bonaly's wee fairy-led stream  
 Murmurs and sobs like a child in a dream ;  
 Falling where silver light gleams on its breast,  
 Gliding through nooks where the dark shadows rest,  
 Flooding with music its own tiny valley,  
 Dances in gladness the stream o' Bonaly.

Proudly Bonaly's grey-browed Castle towers,  
 Bounded by mountains, and bedded in flowers ;  
 Here hangs the blue bell, and there waves the broom ;  
 Nurtured by art, rarest garden sweets bloom.  
 Heather and thyme scent the breezes that dally,  
 Playing amang the green knolls o' Bonaly.

Pentland's high hills raise their heather-crowned crest,  
 Peerless Edina expands her white breast,  
 Beauty and grandeur are blent in the scene,  
 Bonnie Bonaly lies smiling between.  
 Nature and art, like fair twins, wander gaily ;  
 Friendship and Love dwell in bonnie Bonaly.



Ye birdies, churmin' canty lays,  
 Ye lammies, bleatin' ower the braes,  
 Ye bairnies, wand'rin', gatherin' slaes  
                     By my wee burn,  
 Weel may ye stand in dumb amaze,  
                     Weel may ye mourn.

Nae ferlie gin ye mak your mane  
 For your dear lord and lover gane ;  
 Nae ferlie gin I sing a strain  
                     O' dolefu' sadness,  
 For him wha filled my hail domain  
                     Wi' joyous gladness.

Nae mair that voice, whase tones sae clear,  
 Like heaven's ain music charmed the ear,  
 Shall offer genial welcomes here  
                     To low and hie ;  
 For Nature's worshippers were dear  
                     To him and me.

Now closed that ee whase glances bricht  
 Shed kindness like the morning licht ;  
 And powerless now that arm of micht,  
                     Oppression's foe,  
 That, bared for freedom, truth, and richt,  
                     Laid tyrants low.

Ah ! weel I mind his laddie days,  
 When Brougham an' he first clamb my braes,  
 And poet Graham\* sang Sabbath lays  
                                   In my wee glen ;  
 How high and pure their young thoughts raise ;  
                                   How far their ken.

And when the bairns rose round his knee,  
 Oh ! what a hame o' harmless glee  
 My banks and braes were wont to be ;  
                                   Even Eden's sel'  
 Could scarce compare in joy wi' me  
                                   Ere Adam fell.

The Spring may clothe my leafy bowers,  
 The Summer deck my banks wi' flowers,  
 But sorrow wraps my grey-brow'd towers  
                                   In mournfu' weed,  
 Death's shadow ower me darkly lowers—  
                                   My lover's dead !

\* Bonaly was a favourite resort of Graham, the author of "The Sabbath," with whom Cockburn, Brougham, and others were wont to visit it in boyhood.

“ SWEET MAUD O’ WOODHOUSELEE.”

WHAUR gowden whin adorns the hill,  
     An’ hawthorn blossoms scent the vale,  
 Whaur, by the gurglin’ mountain rill,  
     Grow bell sae blue an’ primrose pale ;  
 Yestreen I wandered a’ my lane,  
     Doun by Glencorse and Woodhouselee,  
 And I’ll be there this night again,  
     Glencorse’s Shepherd Queen to see.  
     O blythe, blythe, an’ merry is she,  
         Licht o’ heart an’ bricht o’ ee ;  
     But, Sandy, lad, ye’ve tint sweet Maud,  
         She’s plichted heart an’ hand to me.

I met her on a sunny knowe,  
     Her face shone like the glowing west,  
 And by her side a fleecy ewe,  
     Wi’ twa pet lammies at its breast.  
 I kenn’d that ye were far awa,  
     An’ modestly I raised my ee,  
 Syne on my pipe began to blaw,  
     And sune she lent her ear to me.  
     Blythe, &c.

I hinted o' your auld grey pow,  
 And sang your sang; "Te hee!" quo' she  
 "He tells na how, outower the knowe,  
 I laid him backflaught on the lea;  
 Nor how his braw brown wig flew aff,  
 Nor how I stood wi' head ajee,  
 Till my auld faither, wi' a laugh,  
 Cried, 'Come nae mair to Woodhouselee.'"  
 Blythe, &c.

Sae send nae mair sic lays o' luve,  
 In hope a Pentland lass to gain,  
 But daunder down to Kelvin Grove,  
 There's routh o' lassies fair an' fain.  
 And gin again ye'll venture east,  
 The caller mountain air to pree,  
 We'll hae ye at our weddin' feast;  
 Ye'll aiblins stand best man to me.  
 Blythe, &c.

## THE SUNNY KNOWEHEAD.

YON sunny knowehead, clad wi' bonnie wild flowers,  
 Alas! fills my een now wi' sad streaming showers,  
     Since my heart's fair floweret is withered an' dead,  
 That graced wi' its beauty yon sunny knowehead.

At turn o' the loanin', deep shaded in green,  
 At fa' o' the gloamin' how gleg grew my een;  
     An' oh! wi' what rapture I quickened my speed,  
 When blest wi' a glance o' that sunny knowehead.

The e'enin' sun gleamed through the gowd freckled trees,  
 The breeze kiss'd the flowers, and the flowers balm'd the breeze,  
     While glidin' alang wi' a saft noiseless tread,  
 To kiss my sweet flower on yon sunny knowehead.

The cauld winter cam, an' the knowehead grew bare,  
 My flower was the first that my fond ee missed there;  
     Now simmer will life gie to flowerets ance dead,  
 But nae mair my heart-flower shall gem yon knowehead.

## THE EMIGRANT HIGHLANDER'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, glens and flowing rivers,  
Dark brown moors and mountains blue,  
Heath-clad cots and broomy valleys,  
Scenes of youth and love, adieu !  
Doomed to wander, doomed to sorrow,  
All I love I leave with you.

O'er the grave that wraps my father  
Oft I've shed the silent tear,  
But the parting wi' my mother,  
My lorn heart can never bear.  
Oh ! our home was pure and holy,  
Oh ! our love was all sincere.

Gazing on the humble shieling,  
List'ning to the gurgling rill,  
Watching every cloudy shadow  
Fleeting o'er the silent hill ;  
Oh ! how blest were I for ever  
Thus to linger dreaming still.

Round Benvoirlich's summit hoary  
    Wailing voices sadly swell,  
While the soft wind o'er the waters  
    Faintly murmurs, Fare-thee-well!  
Oh! my path, how dark and lonely,  
    Oh! my anguish, who can tell!

## SAFT IS THE BLINK O' THINE EE, LASSIE.

OH, saft is the blink o' thine ee, lassie,  
Saft is the blink o' thine ee ;  
An' a bonny wee sun glimmers in its blue orb  
As kindly it glints upon me.

The ringlets that twine round thy brow, lassie,  
Are gowden as gowden may be ;  
Like the wee curly cluds that play round the sun  
When he's just gaun to drap in the sea.

Thou hast a bonny wee mou', lassie,  
As sweet as a body may pree ;  
An' fondly I'll pree that wee hinny mou',  
E'en tho' thou shouldst frown upon me.

Thou hast a lily white hand, lassie,  
As fair as a body may see ;

An' saft is the touch o' that wee genty hand,  
At eve when thou partest wi' me.

Thy thoughts are sae haly and pure, lassie,  
Thy heart is sae kind an' sae free ;  
My bosom is flooded wi' sunshine an' joy,  
Wi' ilka blythe blink o' thine ee.

## OH, WHAT IS THIS THAT RACKS MY BREAST?

OH, what is this that racks my breast,  
 And fleys my peace o' mind awa',  
 An' maks me tyne my nightly rest,  
 An' weary for the mornin' daw?  
 I daunder doun the dowie glen,  
 I linger on the lanely lee,  
 An' in some dark an' eerie den  
 I fain wad lay me doun to dee.

I heave nae sigh, I mak nae mane,  
 I let nae tear bedim my ee,  
 But mix wi' follies light an' vain,  
 To wyle awa' my misery.  
 Few ken the hearts they meet wi' here,  
 Few trow there's grief they canna see,  
 An' e'en the maid I lo'e sae dear,  
 Shall never guess the dool I dree.

'Tis hopeless love an' sad despair,  
Cast by the glamour o' thine ee,  
That cluds my waukrife dreams wi' care,  
And maks the daylight dark to me.  
I canna hope nor ask for mair  
Than ae wee pearly tear frae thee ;  
An' gin thy een hae ane to spare,  
In pity let it fa' for me.

## MUCKLE-MOU'D MEG.

" OH, wha hae ye brought us hame now, my brave lord,  
 Strappit flaught ower his braid saddle-bow?  
 Some bauld Border reiver to feast at our board,  
 An' herry our pantry, I trow.  
 He's buirdly an' stalwart in lith an' in limb;  
 Gin ye were his master in war  
 The field was a saft enough litter for him,  
 Ye needna hae brought him sae far.  
 Then saddle an' munt again, harness an' dunt again,  
 An' when ye gae hunt again, strike higher game."

" Hoot, whisht ye, my dame, for he comes o' gude kin,  
 An' boasts o' a lang pedigree;  
 This night he maun share o' our gude cheer within,  
 At morning's grey dawn he maun dee.  
 He's gallant Wat Scott, heir o' proud Harden Ha',  
 Wha ettled our lands clear to sweep;  
 But now he is snug in auld Elibank's paw,  
 An' shall swing frae our donjon-keep.

Tho' saddle and munt again, harness an' dunt again,  
I'll ne'er when I hunt again strike higher game."

" Is this young Wat Scott? an' wad ye rax his craig,  
When our daughter is fey for a man ?  
Gae, gaur the loun marry our muckle-mou'd Meg,  
Or we'll ne'er get the jaud aff our han' !"  
" Od ! hear our gudewife, she wad fain save your life ;  
Wat Scott, will ye marry or hang ?"  
But Meg's muckle mou set young Wat's heart agrue,  
Wha swore to the woodie he'd gang.  
Ne'er saddle nor munt again, harness nor dunt again,  
Wat ne'er shall hunt again, ne'er see his hame.

Syne muckle-mou'd Meg press'd in close to his side,  
An' blinkit fu' sleely and kind,  
But aye as Wat glower'd at his braw proffer'd bride,  
He shook like a leaf in the wind.  
" A bride or a gallows, a rope or a wife !"  
The morning dawned sunny and clear—  
Wat boldly strode forward to part wi' his life,  
Till he saw Meggy shedding a tear ;  
Then saddle an' munt again, harness an' dunt again,  
Fain wad Wat hunt again, fain wad be hame.

Meg's tear touched his bosom, the gibbet frowned high,  
An' slowly Wat strode to his doom ;

He gae a glance round wi' a tear in his eye,  
Meg shone like a star through the gloom.  
She rush'd to his arms, they were wed on the spot,  
An' lo'ed ither muckle and lang ;  
Nae bauld border laird had a wife like Wat Scott ;  
'Twas better to marry than hang.  
So saddle an' munt again, harness an' dunt again,  
Elibank hunt again, Wat's snug at hame.

## HE RIDES SICKER WHA NEVER FA'S.

GAE buckle your belt in your ain gude gate,  
 Gae draw your sword in your ain just cause ;  
 But sit ye steeve in your saddle seat,  
 For he rides sicker wha never fa's.  
 Gae gird ye in armour gleamin' bricht,  
 And see that your harness be free frae flaws ;  
 Ye may shaw your skill as a daurin' knight,  
 But he rides sicker wha never fa's.

Then ride ye furth to the battle plain,  
 An' seek for fame whaur the trumpet blaws ;  
 Ye may prove to yersell that match ye've nane ;  
 But he rides sicker wha never fa's.  
 But gin ye're unhorsed by a stronger loon,  
 An' 'mang your girthing lie heads an' thraws,  
 Ye'll aiblins think o' the auld warld croon,  
 That he rides sicker wha never fa's.

THE MAIR THAT YE GIE, AYE THE MAIR  
WILL YE GET.

GAE nourish the feeble, gae shelter the sma',  
Gae succour your freend when his back 's at the wa',  
A gift gi'en in kindness aye brings blessings wi't,  
The mair that ye gie, aye the mair will ye get.

The farmer wha'd see his fields loaded wi' grain,  
His hand in the sawing time maunna restrain ;  
Poor starved nither'd land never gae muckle yet  
The mair that ye gie, aye the mair will ye get.

The stream feeds the forest that shades its clear brow,  
The forest woos rain cluds that flood the stream fu',  
The rain cluds that fa' are wi' balmy dewes met ;  
The mair that ye gie, aye the mair will ye get.

The rich canna use a' that's fa'en to their share,  
The poorest, gin willing, hae something to spare ;  
Then share what ye hae, though an unca wee bit ;  
The mair that ye gie, aye the mair will ye get.

THE MAIR THAT YE WORK, AYE THE MAIR WILL  
YE WIN.

BE eident, be eident, fleet time rushes on ;  
Be eident, be eident, bricht day will be gone ;  
To stand idle by is a profitless sin,  
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

The earth gathers fragrance while nursing the flower,  
The wave waxes stronger while feeding the shower,  
The stream gains in speed, as it sweeps o'er the lin ;  
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

There's nought got by idling, there's nought got for nought,  
Health, wealth, and contentment by labour are bought ;  
In raising yoursel', ye may help up your kin ;  
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

Let every man aim in his art to excel,  
Let every man ettle to fend for himsel',  
Aye nourish ye stern independence within ;  
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

## LET ILKA MAN SIT ON HIS AIN POCK NEUK.

LET ilka man sit on his ain pock neuk,  
 Let ilka laird glour frae his ain door stane,  
 Let ilk misty scribbler read his ain beuk,  
 They'll save themsels trouble, an' ithers pain.

Let ilka man redd, wha seeks for a quarrel,  
 Let ilk pay his lawin', an' count his gain ;  
 Let a'body laugh, an' naebody snarl,  
 They'll save themsels trouble, an' ithers pain.

Let ilka lad wed the lass he lo'es best,  
 Let ilka lass follow her heart when fain,  
 Let ilk try himsel' by his neebour's test,  
 They'll save themsels trouble, an' ithers pain.

An' aye, till the warld be better divided,  
 Let ilk ane depend on himsel' alane,  
 Wi' a' that he wants he'll soon be provided,  
 An' save himsel' trouble, an' ithers pain.