

## A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

TINY Posy, bright and fair,  
Badge of friendship's tender care,  
Pledge of kind and gentle heart,  
Gems of nature, set by art ;  
Smiling group of lovely flowers,  
From Bonaly's fairy bowers ;  
Types of youth and purity,  
Oh, the joy ye bring to me !

Rose, come blush a deeper red,  
Sweet carnation, raise thy head,  
Slender harebell, nod and shake,  
Lily, bend thy leaves to slake,  
Mignonette and pansy fair,  
With your fragrance scent the air,  
While my thoughts in fancy roam  
To your dear romantic home.

Memory conjures up the scene,  
Holy, beauteous, and serene ;

Mountain streamlet glist'ning clear,  
 Gurgles sweetly in mine ear ;  
 Warbling bird and humming bee  
 Fill with music flower and lea ;  
 Grassy banks with flowers besprent  
 Woo repose and calm content.

Bright parterres of flowers are seen,  
 Pathways lead through foliage green,  
 On to nature lone and still,  
 Furzy brae and heathy hill :  
 Fair Edina woos the eye,  
 Pentland's summits rise on high ;  
 Grandeur, grace, and beauty reign,  
 O'er Bonaly's fair domain.

## A FAREWELL TO A SUMMER HOME.

FARE thee well, dear sunny spot,  
Rustic yard, and homely cot,  
Where, afar from strife and noise,  
Screened from busy tongues and eyes,  
I was wont to plod and toil,  
Turning o'er the rich red soil,  
Checking every weed at birth,  
Feeding still the grateful earth.  
Every morn and evening spent,  
Gaining health and sweet content—  
Fare thee well!—yet, ere we part,  
Let me tell how trig thou wert.

Beds of flowers blooming fair,  
Fresh with fragrance balm'd the air,  
While all deftly dressed and drilled,  
Our kale-yard was densely filled—

With potatoes, peas, and beans,  
 Cabbage, turnips, leeks, and greens,  
 And our thriving berry bushes,  
 Brought us scores of minstrel thrushes ;  
 Who, as hailing fellow-bard,  
 Gathered round me on the sward,  
 And with " frater feeling strong,"  
 Paid their supper with a song.

Then our children romped in play  
 Out of doors the livelong day,  
 Free in dress, and free of care,  
 Tanned with sun and flushed with air ;  
 While among the half-clad elves  
 Their mamma fled like themselves,  
 Through the fields, and through the trees.  
 Off they buzzed like swarming bees,  
 Screaming, romping, laughing, racing,  
 Pouting, panting, daffing, chasing,  
 Till, aroused, their sage papa,  
 Ran and swelled the loud guffaw.

Merry neighbours, ancient trees,  
 Sang to every passing breeze,  
 And in happy unison  
 Danced to music of their own ;  
 Shading lawns and trellised bowers,  
 Bounding Merchiston's grey towers,

Home of Napier, who of yore  
 Founded logarithmic lore.  
 Still around the hoary pile  
 Learning plays with rosy smile,  
 Merchiston knows no decay,  
 Twined with wreaths of Gibson's bay.

Far around in gold and green  
 Lothians' waving fields were seen ;  
 Sunny villas, nestling prest,  
 On Corstorphine's shaggy breast,  
 While Craiglockhart's foliaged brow  
 Gave Braid's whins a richer glow,  
 And around Carnethy's peak  
 Sunbeams played at hide and seek.  
 Gleaming in the cold clear north  
 Rolled the broad majestic Forth,  
 And the Lomonds' capt in blue,  
 Kissed the clouds and closed the view.

Not far off, nor yet too near,  
 Dear Edina was more dear,  
 Through the trees I wont to peep  
 At her rugged castled steep,  
 At her spires, and towers, and domes,  
 Hoary fanes, and happy homes,

Till with patriot ardour fired,  
And with filial love inspired,  
I invoked Heaven's blessings down  
On my own, my native town,  
As I now invoke on thee,  
Happy home, to mine and me.

## THE PLOUGHING-MATCH.

LET those who seek for festal sport  
To ball and banquet-hall resort ;  
Let those who in the city choke,  
Remain to doze, 'mid haze and smoke,  
While we escape the Babel mass,  
And to the free fresh country pass.  
What though, 'mid early winter, now  
The snow-flakes clothe each naked bough,  
Though dark-brown fields are powder'd o'er  
With gleaming stars of silver hoar,  
Though cold east winds bite fierce and chill,  
And howling sweep around the hill,—  
Though infant ice, to curlers dear,  
Begin to creep o'er waters clear,—  
Though frost hath steel'd the wheel-track'd road,  
It cannot yet have pierced the clod ;  
Then, on ! this day's the last we'll catch  
To hold our annual ploughing-match.

Long have our ploughmen been intent  
Preparing for this great event,

For twelve long months away have pass'd  
 Since parish ploughing-match was last,  
 And now, from youth to manhood grown,  
 Aspirants new for fame press on.  
 Each wears his garb of homely plaidin',  
 Spun by his own, his plighted maiden,  
 Who thinks her gift must have a charm  
 To fire his heart and nerve his arm,  
 And fondly hopes his triumph may  
 Haste on their happy bridal-day.

And now yon ample field behold!  
 Refresh'd by rest, the deep rich mould  
 Shall soon, by art impell'd, again  
 Yield generous crops of golden grain.  
 In phalanx ranged along the field  
 Are fourscore men of stalwart build,  
 Their hearts and limbs with vigour braced,  
 Their heads with broad blue bonnets graced,  
 Their massive steeds are champing seen,  
 Their temper'd ploughshares glisten keen;  
 When, lo! the starting signal flies,  
 And "High! gee, wo!" each ploughman cries.  
 Now, "Hup!" they're off,—God speed them all!  
 The game they play nor mean nor small,  
 Godlike in art, as well as aim,  
 Such feats give Science proudest fame,

To raise rich grain where heath had grown,  
To grow two sheaves instead of one.

Now mark the work, how deftly done,  
The ploughman, horse, and plough seem one ;  
And straight as arrow from a bow,  
Moves on each well-directed plough ;  
The old lea ground, pierced to the core,  
Is turn'd in ridges gently o'er,  
And joys to feel the sun again,  
That, gleaming o'er the crisping plain,  
Makes plough and harness gleam more bright,  
And clears the ploughman's falcon sight,  
And by his rays tests each straight ridge,  
As he were sole appointed judge.

The short-lived day hath nighly gone,  
The sturdy ploughmen's task is done ;  
Athwart the field the judges pace,  
With care and skill to mete and trace  
The depth and width of ridge and fur :  
No fault they pass, no flaw they slur,  
Acute each judge, severe each test ;  
The prize is gained—Tam Ker ploughs best.

Eager the victor's name to hear,  
Farmers and ploughmen gather near ;

While Ædie Gray, in homely speech,  
Regrets there 's not a prize for each,  
And while he cheers those who have lost,  
He warns the winner not to boast ;  
But Tam's broad brow and sparkling eye  
Defy successful rivalry.

Hail! humble patriotic band,  
Enriching thus your native land,  
Compelling sterile muirs to yield  
The trophies of the harvest field,  
And crowning lofty mountain-tops  
With generous and luxuriant crops.  
Though humble labour be your lot,  
Though by the rich and great forgot,  
Though man, whose heart should grateful glow,  
May not his benefactors know,  
Your trophies gird Earth's ample brow,  
And God will ever speed the plough.

## THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

'Tis the charming month of July,  
When one's thoughts become unruly,  
Swelt'ring in the breathless town,  
Chain'd to desk or counter down,  
Sighing for the balmy breeze,  
Dreaming of the leafy trees,  
Gurgling stream and shady dell,  
Rose and lily, cup and bell,  
Broomy glen and heathy hill,  
Nature tranquil, lone, and still;—  
All before the fancy rise  
In such dear attractive guise,  
That, by wives and children kiss'd,  
We no longer can resist;  
Let the world wag as it may,  
We must have one joyous day.

Now we mount our roomy car,  
Noisy merry group we are;

Uncles, aunts, mammas, and pa's,  
 Boys in ducks, and girls in gauze,  
 Faces broader far than long,  
 Voices screaming joke and song;  
 Neighing steeds, with steel-clad feet,  
 Dash along the ringing street,  
 Whirling wheel and cracking whip,  
 "High! yo, yo!" and "High! yo, hup!"  
 Off we fly, fleet, fleet as wind,  
 Now we leave the town behind,  
 Now inhale the bracing air,  
 Onward to the village fair,  
 Ploughman's race, and whipman's play;  
 Jocund, joyous holiday!

On through hedgerows bright with bloom,  
 Spreading far their sweet perfume;  
 On through clachans, where a score  
 Urchins burst from every door,  
 Ducklings quack and chickens chick,  
 Wondering gossips gather thick;  
 Onward headlong, fearless, dash,  
 Let us raise the country clash,  
 Dash up height, and roll down steep,  
 Laugh at ruts and ravines deep.  
 Ringing through the welkin clear,  
 Drums and trumpets meet the ear,

Horse and foot the road hath cramm'd,  
Now our lagging wheels get jamm'd,  
Now the happy scene we near,  
See the village spire appear.

Thick and thicker grows the throng,  
Sweeping like a flood along,  
Horse and filly, cart and car,  
'Gainst each other jolt and jar ;  
Muirland herdsmen onward stalk,  
This day's wonder all their talk,  
Lovers arming onward press,  
Reckless of their tussled dress,  
Bairnies toddle, gaily chattering,  
Housewives hobble, loudly clattering,  
Grey-haired sires move slowly on,  
Dreaming of like days long gone ;  
All the country far and near,  
Old and young are crowding here,  
This is labour's holiday,  
All are blythe and all are gay.

Now we reach the village green,  
Centre of the lively scene,  
Tent and table, cart and stall,  
Furnish tempting fare for all ;  
Gill-stoups clatter, bottles rattle,  
Lovers whisper, gossips tattle ;

Some are singing, some are joking,  
Some are swigging, some are smoking,  
Some are waxing wondrous jolly,  
Some intent on roley-poley,  
Sweet venders, gingebread huxters,  
Pie, and tart, and biscuit baxters,  
Stucco cats, and dogs, and polls,  
Wooden horses, carts, and dolls,  
Toys and dress in great variety,  
Meats and drinks that brave satiety.

Hark ! the sound of trump and drum,  
Now the mounted whipmen come ;  
How their broad-hoofed steeds are prancing,  
How their gilded flags are glancing,  
How their silks and ribbons rustle,  
How thick crowds around them bustle,  
How they start, with stately pace,  
Onward in th' inspiring race,—  
Mighty prize ! a new cart saddle.  
How their horses fling and straddle,  
Heaving divots far on high,  
Shaking hoofs against the sky ;  
Merry shouts the victor cheer,  
See his huge steed bound and rear,  
While he gets his glorious prize  
'Mid a thousand starry eyes.

Putting, wrestling, leaping, running,  
Dancing, fiddling, drinking, funning,  
Boist'rous mirth and jocund song  
Burst spontaneous from the throng ;  
Games are played among your feet,  
Reels are bobbit in the street,  
Every victor feels more glorious,  
Every tent grows more uproarious,  
Still the louder, still the longer,  
Still the weaker, still the stronger,  
Till the night is far gone through,  
And the tent lights glimmer blue,  
When, in aiming for the road,  
Many reeling press the sod,  
And we homeward wheel our way,  
Dreaming of the whipmen's play.

## HARVEST HOME.

HARK ! 'tis the voice of harvest home  
That rings athwart the welkin dome,  
And fields and forests, hills and skies,  
Are clothed in bright autumnal dyes ;  
The gen'rous earth her treasures yields,  
And golden sheaves bestrew the fields,  
And sweeping fleet the rigs along  
The bands of sturdy reapers throng  
Gath'ring in heaps earth's bounteous load,  
Hymning in heart, " All praise to God !"

Hail, happy field ! hail, joyous sight !  
Where manhood strong, and beauty bright,  
Invest with life the laughing plain,  
Each striving foremost place to gain ;  
From group to group the farmer flies  
With cheerful tones and eager eyes,  
He knows that friendly joke or hint  
Works wonders when it's kindly meant,

And sometimes ere the day be past  
They lead the first who lagged the last.

Come now, your sickles nimbly ply,  
Trust not that richly mottled sky,  
For lazy vapours, grey and cold,  
Are creeping o'er the distant wold ;  
Then haste, press on, no time for talk,  
Come bind and fork, come lead and stack,  
That mellow moon yields ample light,  
Come, have your harvest-home to-night,  
Nor leave ungathered on the plain  
One single sheaf of golden grain.

The harvest moon, the harvest moon,  
Praise God for that most grateful boon ;  
From dewy eve till grey-eyed morn  
She scatters gold o'er ripening corn,  
And flickering through the chequered leaves  
She studs with gems the bristly sheaves,  
And cheers the weary reapers on  
Until their timely labour 's done ;  
Then praise Him, morning, eve, and noon,  
Who gives to Earth her harvest moon.

But, see the harvest maiden Queen,  
Borne lightly laughing o'er the green,

With blushing cheek and sparkling eye  
 She waves her treasured prize on high ;  
 Admiring rustics strive in vain  
 Approving smile or glance to gain,  
 For her dear Sandy's coming soon  
 Far o'er the moor, 'neath that bright moon,  
 With her through yellow fields to stray,  
 And fix their happy bridal day.

The fields are swept, the barns are filled,  
 In long straight rows, huge stacks are piled,  
 In graceful forms they rise on high  
 Beneath the farmer's keen grey eye,  
 Who with artistic skill and care  
 Must have them built to taper fair.  
 Old grandame's fowls are clucking heard  
 Rejoicing in the rich barn-yard,  
 And happy groups of peasants come  
 To welcome jocund harvest-home.

The board is heaped with ample cheer,  
 And all are linked in friendship dear,  
 And on one level all are raised,  
 And all are pleased, and all are praised ;  
 Till roused by pipes and fiddles sweet  
 The happy groups start to their feet,  
 And dance, and skip, and cleek, and reel,  
 And bob, and bound, and whirl, and wheel,

Till floors and windows shake and clatter,  
And distance whispers, "What's the matter?"

Hail, rural mirth and rustic glee!  
Hail, honest pure simplicity!  
With lively dance, and joyous song,  
Your jocund merriment prolong;  
And while your bosoms grateful glow  
To Him whose bounties round you flow,  
And while your thoughts are raised to Heaven,  
Be't yours to give as He has given,  
Whose sun and moon illumine yon dome,  
Who gives you gen'rous harvest-home.

## THE FARMER'S SONG.

WHILE some with high aspiring aim  
In lonely silence ponder,  
And some in quest of wealth or fame  
To distant regions wander,—  
Let me, 'mid peace and plenty, glow  
With aspirations warmer,  
And keep the land from want and woe,  
An independent farmer!

Our mountains high, though bleak and cold,  
With ploughing and with sowing,  
Have summits crowned with crops of gold,  
With gold their sides are glowing.  
Such scenes give Britain confidence  
When foreign foes would harm her,  
To rest her hope of sure defence  
Upon her skilful farmer.

The morning breezes fan my cheek,  
While happy hearts surround me;

And native worth and virtue meek  
 Adorn the cots around me.  
 My fields by day, my hearth by night,  
 My children and my charmer,  
 What home can boast such pure delight  
 As mine,—an honest farmer?

Then let us pray, "God speed the plough!"  
 God bless the land we live in;  
 May homesteads rise on every knowe,  
 For worth and skill to thrive in.  
 When plenty loads our country's fields,  
 What shock can e'er alarm her!  
 When He who rules the tempest, shields  
 The honest, skilful farmer!

## LAMENT FOR BURNS.

OH, waesome and weary ! oh, dowie and eerie !

Auld Scotland mourns wi' a heart sad and wae,  
Her ee dimm'd wi' sorrow, frae eenin' to morrow

There's naething can cheer her since Robin 's away.

Her maidens sae peerless, her manhood sae fearless,

Her auld folk and bairnies sae couthy and gay,

Her valleys a' ringin' wi' blythe lasses singin',

Are now dull and lifeless since Robin 's away.

Ilk high misty mountain, and deep foaming fountain,

Ilk lown grassy holmlet and snell heathy brae,

Ilk clear burnie purlin', and dark torrent hurlin',

Are a' sheddin' tears for puir Robin away.

Ilk wee lavrock singin', its way to heaven wingin',

Ilk blackbird and mavis at gloamin' sae grey,

Ilk sweet mountain daisy, oh ! wha now will praise ye,

An' gaur us a' lo'e ye, since Robin 's away.

I trow it's nae ferlie, though baith late and early,

Dull daws the mornin' and dark fa's the day,

For why should lorn nature licht up ae bricht feature,  
 Since her true love Robin is far, far away !  
 Yet why should it grieve us though death did bereave us  
 O' that manly form now mouldering in clay ?  
 The voice o' his spirit, rejoice still we hear it,  
 Its soul-stirring music shall ne'er dee away.

CARLE, NOW THE QUEEN'S COME !

CARLE, now the Queen's come !  
 Carle, now the Queen's come !  
 Thou shalt dance an' I shall sing,  
 Carle, now the Queen's come !

Come, Scotland, raise your mountain crest,  
 Gae bare your brow an' brave the best,  
 Let love and beauty fire your breast,  
     Carle, now the Queen's come !

The ancient Ha's o' Holyrood  
 Hae slumber'd lang in solitude,  
 But now her courts re-echo loud—  
     Carle, now the Queen's come !

She comes in chaste maternal pride,  
 The Princely ALBERT by her side,  
 Then shout through all your valleys wide,  
     Scotland, now your Queen's come !

And clustering round the royal tree  
Are rosebuds bursting fair to see,  
Wha'll bloom among our mountains hie—  
Carle, now the Queen's come!

And mothers watch her mother's ee,  
And raise their toddlin' pets on hie;  
Stand bye, and let the wee things see,  
A mother and a Queen come!

Then hail wi' joy the royal pair,  
Wha's love so pure an' race so fair,  
Shall rule our hearts for ever mair—  
Carle, now the Queen's come!