

## THE FEEDING SHOWER.

THE feeding shower comes brattlin' doun,  
 The south wind sughs wi' kindly soun',  
 The auld trees shake their leafy pows,  
 Young glossy locks dance round their brows,  
 And leaf and blade, and weed and flower,  
 A' joyous drink the feeding shower.

The misty clud creeps ower the hill,  
 And mak's each rut a gurglin' rill,  
 And tips wi' gowd each auld whin cowe,  
 And gaurs the heath wi' purple glow,  
 And sterile rocks, grey, bleak, and dour,  
 Grow verdant wi' the feeding shower.

The ewes and lambs a' bleat and brouse,  
 The kye and couts a' dream and drouse,  
 'Mang grass wha's deep rich velvet green  
 Is glist a' owre wi' silver sheen,  
 And birdies churm in ilka bower,  
 A welcome to the feeding shower.

The soil, a' gizen'd sair before,  
 Is filled wi' moisture to the core ;  
 Ducks daidlin' in the dubs are seen,  
 The cawin' corbies crowd the green,  
 Their beaks are sharp when rain-cluds lower,—  
 They batten in the feeding shower.

Furth frae their stalks the ears o' grain  
 Peep sleely, lapping up the rain,  
 Ilk gowan opes its crimson mou,  
 And nods, and winks, till droukit fou,  
 And butter-cups are whomled ower,  
 Brim-laden wi' the feeding shower.

The drowsy sun as dozed wi' sleep,  
 Doun through the lift begins to peep,  
 And, slantin' wide in glist'nin' streams,  
 The light on bright new verdure gleams,  
 And Nature, grateful, owns His power  
 Wha sends the genial feeding shower.

## ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,  
 An' bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm an' tranquil mind,  
 Though press'd an' hemm'd on every side, hae faith an' ye'll  
     win through,  
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crost in love, as whiles, nae doubt,  
     ye've been,  
 Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your  
     een,  
 Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store for you,  
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and cludless sky  
 Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parch'd and dry,  
 The genial night wi' balmy breath gaur's verdure spring  
     anew,  
 An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.



Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine, we should feel ower proud  
an' hie,

An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's ee,  
Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or  
hoo,

But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

## THE DAWN OF MORN.

MORNING breaks! my soul, awake!  
 Light gleams on the rippling lake;  
 Rocky heights are tipt with gold,  
 Day's eye peeps o'er heath and wold;  
 Shadows deep dissolve in grey,  
 Stern old darkness dies away;  
 Mind is fill'd with thought new-born,  
 Gender'd by the dawn of morn.

Flowers ope their dew-charged eyes,  
 Larks ascend and wake the skies;  
 Hens are cackling, cocks are crowing,  
 Sheep are bleating, cattle lowing,  
 Collies barking, horses neighing,  
 Pigeons crooing, donkeys braying,  
 Birds in holly, brake, and thorn,  
 Hail with song the dawn of morn.

Labour's daily feats begin,  
Loud and louder swells the din ;  
Blacksmiths' hammers clashing ring,  
High their flails the threshers swing ;  
Crash on crash the woodman's stroke  
Falls on reeling pine and oak,  
While low voices 'mong the corn  
Whisper love at dawn of morn.

Ploughmen urge their sturdy steeds  
Through the deep green velvet meads,  
Follow'd close by fat old crows,  
Chuckling o'er their feast jocose ;  
Housewives poke their smouldering fires,  
Milkmaids clatter in their byres,  
While afar the hunter's horn  
Shrilly hails the dawn of morn.

Nimble feet begin to patter,  
Lisping tongues begin to chatter,  
Screaming, pouting, plouting, plashing,  
Tell of tiny elfins washing ;  
Clattering spoons, and seething pot,  
Speak of breakfast steaming hot,  
Grateful to the labour-worn,  
Bringing strength with dawn of morn.



Now a lull steals o'er the scene,  
All is silent, all serene,  
Each aside his bonnet lays,  
While the "saint and father" prays;  
Hearts are humbled, knees are bent,  
Heaven is thank'd for mercies sent :  
Such the scenes thy homes adorn,  
Scotland dear, at dawn of morn.

## THE LAST LAIRD O' THE MINT.

AULD Willie Nairn, the last Laird o' the Mint,  
 Had an auld-farrant pow, wi' auld-farrant thoughts in't;  
 There ne'er was before sic a body in print,  
 As auld Willie Nairn, the last Laird o' the Mint;  
     Sae list and ye'll find ye hae muckle to learn,  
     An' ye'd still be but childer to auld Willie Nairn.

Auld Nanse, an auld maid, kept his house clean an' happy  
 For the body was tidy, though fond o' a drappy;  
 An' aye when the Laird charged the siller-taed cappy,  
 That on state occasions made ca'ers aye nappy,  
     When the bicker gaed round, Nanny aye got a sharin'—  
     There are unca few masters like auld Willie Nairn.

He'd twa muckle tabbies, ane black an' ane white,  
 That purr'd at his side, by the fire, ilka night,  
 And gazed in the ingle wi' sagelike delight,  
 While he ne'er took a meal but they baith gat a bite  
     For baith beast an' bodie aye gat their full sairin'—  
     He could ne'er feed alane, couthy auld Willie Nairn.



He had mony auld queer things, frae far places brought—  
 He had rusty auld swords whilk Ferrara had wrought—  
 He had axes, wi' whilk Bruce an' Wallace had fought—  
 He had auld Roman bauchles, wi' auld bawbees bought ;  
 For aye in the Cowgate, for auld knick-knacks starin',  
 Day after day daunerit auld Willie Nairn.

His snaw-flaiket locks, and his lang pouter'd queue,  
 Commanded assent to ilk word frae his mou' ;  
 Though a leer in his ee, an' a lirk in his broo,  
 Made ye ferlie gin he thought his ain stories true ;  
 But he minded o' Charlie when he'd been a bairn,  
 An' nane had the heart to thraw auld Willie Nairn.

Gin ye speer'd him anent ony auld hoary hoose,  
 He cockit his head heigh, an' set his staff crouse,  
 Syne gazed through his specks, till his heart-springs brak loose,  
 Then, amid tears, in whispers wad scarce wauk a mouse,  
 He tald ye some tale o't, wad make your heart yearn  
 To hear mair sic stories frae auld Willie Nairn.

E'en wee snarling dogs gae a kind yowflin bark,  
 As he dauner't doun closes, baith ourie an' dark ;  
 For he kenn'd ilka doorstane and auld-warld mark,  
 An' e'en amid darkness his love lit a spark ;  
 An' want vainly pleading wi' hearts hard as airn—  
 Was heard an' relievit by auld Willie Nairn.

The laddies ran to him to redd ilka quarrel,  
 An' he souther'd a' up wi' a snap or a farl;  
 While vice that had daur'd to stain virtue's pure laurel,  
 Shrunk cow'd frae the glance o' the stalwart auld carl;  
     For the weak he was wae, wi' the strong he was stern—  
     An' dear, dear was honour to auld Willie Nairn.

O! we'll ne'er see his like again, now's he's awa!  
 There are hunders mair rich, there are thousands mair braw,  
 But he gae a' his gifts, an' they whiles werena sma'  
 Wi' a grace made them lichtly on puir shouthers fa';  
     An' he gae in the dark, when nae rude ee was glarin'—  
     There was deep-hidden feelin' in auld Willie Nairn.

## WIFIE, COME HAME.

WIFIE, come hame,  
 My couthie wee dame !  
 O but ye're far awa,  
 Wifie, come hame !

Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy broo,  
 Come wi' the lown star o' love in thine ee,  
 Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou',  
 A' glist wi' balm, like the dew on the lea,  
 Come wi' the gowd tassels fringin' thy hair,  
 Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,  
 Come wi' thy wee step, and wifie-like air,  
 O quickly come, and shed blessings on me !

Wifie, come hame,  
 My couthie wee dame !  
 O my heart wearies sair,  
 Wifie, come hame !

Come wi' our love pledge, our dear little dawtie,  
 Claspin' my neck round, an' clamb'rin' my knee ;



Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,  
 Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee :  
 O but the house is a cauld hame without ye,  
 Lanely and eerie's the life that I dree ;  
 O come awa', an' I'll dance round about ye,  
 \*Ye'll ne'er again win frae my arms till I dee.

## THE ABSENT FATHER.

“ O ! MITHER, what tak’s my dear faither awa’,  
 When muir and when mountain are heapit wi’ snaw,  
 When thick swirling drift dauds the dead sapless yirth,  
 And a’ thing is drear, but our ain cozie hearth ?”

“ The young hill-side lammies wad dee wi’ the cauld,  
 Wer’t no for your faither, who leads them a-fauld  
 His voice is weel kenn’d by ilk puir mother ewe—  
 He’s saving their lives while he’s toilin’ for you.”

“ Gin e’er I’m man-muckle, and puir faither spared,  
 I’ll mak ye a leddy, and faither a laird ;  
 I’ll brave the dour winter on mountain and lea,  
 And toil for ye baith, wha hae toil’d sae for me.”

“ Come, lay your wee head on your ain minnie’s knee,  
 And gaze in her face, wi’ your ain faither’s ee !

The night settles down—O ! I wish he were here—  
Hush ! is na that Collie's wouff?—maybe they're near !”

The door gets a dirl, and flees back to the wa',—  
’Tis he ! frae his bonnet he dauds aff the snaw :  
“ I’m here ! my sweet son, and my bonnie wee dame !  
Down, Collie !—Be thankfu’ we’re a’ noo at hame.”



## WEE TAMMIE TWENTY.

THERE'S Wee Tammie Twenty, the auld tinkler bodie,  
 Comes here twice a-year wi' his creels and his cuddy,  
 Wi' Nanny his wifie, sae gudgy an' duddy,  
 It's hard to say whilk is the queerest auld bodie.

He works brass an' copper, an' a' siclike mettles,  
 Walds broken brass pans, southers auld copper kettles ;  
 Wi' ilka auld wifie he gossips and tattles,  
 An' ilka young lassie he coaxes an' pettles.

Fou stievely he clouts up auld broken-wind bellows,  
 Or mends, wi' brass clasps, broken-ribbit umbrellas ;  
 Sic sangs he can sing, an' sic stories can tell us,  
 I trow but Wee Tammie's the king o' guid fellows.

Auld Nan's second-sighted, she sees far and clearly,  
 Foretells ilka waddin' a towmond or nearly,  
 Can tell ilka lad the bit lass he lo'es dearly,  
 An' gin the bit lassie lo'es him as sincerely.

She tells ilka auld maid she yet may recover ;  
 She tells ilka gillflirt some slee chield will move her ;  
 Ilk dark black-e'ed beauty she spaes a wild rover,  
 An' ilka blue-e'ed ane, a true-hearted lover.

Ilk wanton young widow she spaes a brave sodger,  
 Ilk thrifty landlady her best-payin' lodger,  
 Ilk fat-leggit henwife an auld dodgin' cadger,  
 An' ilka yillhouse-wife an auld half-pay gauger.

At night they hand furth in auld Watty Macfluster's,  
 Whaur a' the young belles sparkle round them like lustres,  
 An' a' the young beaux gather round them in clusters,  
 An' mony braw waddin's made up at their musters.

Their humph-backit laddie—they ne'er had anither—  
 Could coax like the faither, an' spae like the mither,  
 He'd the craft o' the tane, an' the wit o' the tither,  
 There ne'er was sic mettle e'er souther'd thegither.

He spouted last speeches, and lilit new ballants,  
 He mimick't a' tongues, frae the Hielants or Lawlants,  
 Grew grit wi' the lasses, an' great wi' the callants,  
 An' a' bodie laugh'd at the wee deilie's talents.

But what did the gillie do here the last simmer ?  
 He ran aff wi' Maggy, the young glaikit limmer,

Syne stole a bit pursie to deck out the kimmer,  
 An' was sent ower the seas to the fellin' o' timmer.

Nae mair the puir bodies look hearty and cheerie,  
 For the loss o' their callant they're dowie and eerie ;  
 They canna last lang, for their hearts are sae weary,  
 An' their lang day o' life closes darksome and dreary.



## AULD JANET.

O KEN ye auld Janet's bit hamilt made biggin',  
 The wa's stievely souther'd wi' gude claut an' clay,  
 A slopit wud lum, an' a twisted saugh riggin',  
 An' roof cozy theekit wi' moss-cover'd strae.  
 An auld hollow'd trough-stane, to haud the hen's drink in,  
 Aside her bit seatie stands close by the door;  
 An' thro' her wee winnock at night is seen blinkin',  
 A lowe that will guide ye for miles ower the muir.

Gae round now, an' look at her bonnie bit yardie,  
 Weel fill'd wi' potatoes,—troth Janet fends weel;  
 She shears a' the hairst to a kind neibour lairdie,  
 Wha keeps her bit ark aye weel fill'd wi' aitmeal.  
 On our wee village common her cooie gangs feedin',  
 The ne'er ane says, "Janet, how daur ye do sae?"  
 She works her ain stockings, an' spins her ain cleedin',  
 And keeps hersel' tosh frae the tap to the tae.

'Twad do your heart guid to gang into her hoosie,  
 And see how it's keepit sae toshy and clean ;  
 The dominie paps in, to read her the news aye,  
 She's bright in the mind, tho' she's dim in the een.  
 Her wee bit black cat, an' the dominie's doggie,  
 Sit cuddlin' thegither upon the hearthstane ;  
 The hens cackle in, an' pick out their left coggie,  
 An' ilka dumb thing claims the hoose as its ain.

Her cozy box-bed, and her weel polish'd awmrie,  
 Wi' massy brass handles a' shining sae braw ;  
 Her shelf-fu' o' pewter, a' glancing like glaumrie,  
 An' braw bawbee pictures nail'd round on the wa'.  
 But that claspit Bible's the chief pride o' Janet,  
 Its wooden brods wrappit in black leather skin ;  
 Her grandfather preached 'mang the mountains upon it,  
 An' that's a' she's left now to brag o' her kin.

Auld Janet's alane, an' she never was married,  
 Though askit by mony, she buckled wi' nane ;  
 Folks say she ance lo'ed, but her love it miscarried,  
 Her joe gaed to sea, she ne'er saw him again.  
 Yet, ah ! her warm breast is a wellspring o' feeling,  
 Her kindness like sunbeams she showers on us a' ;  
 And, oh ! when cauld death to her cottage comes stealing,  
 God help her pair neighbours when Janet's awa'.

## YE MAUNNA SCAITH THE FECKLESS.

“ COME, callants, quit sic cruel sport ; for shame, for shame,  
gi’e ower !

That poor half-witted creatur ye’ve been fechtin’ wi’ this hour,  
What pleasure hae ye seeing him thus lay his bosom bare ?—  
Ye maunna scaith the feckless ! they’re God’s peculiar care.

“ The sma’est things in nature may be feckless as they’re sma’,  
But oh, they tak up little space—there’s room enough for a’ ;  
And this poor witless wanderer, I’m sure ye’d miss him sair—  
Ye maunna scaith the feckless ! they’re God’s peculiar care.

“ There’s some o’ ye may likely hae, at hame, a brither dear,  
Whose wee bit helpless mournfu’ greet, ye canna thole to hear ;  
And is there ane amang ye but your best wi’ him would share ?—  
Ye maunna scaith the feckless ! they’re God’s peculiar care.”

The callants’ een were glist wi’ tears, they gazed on ane anither,  
They felt what they ne’er felt before, “ the feckless was their  
brither !”

They set him on a sunny seat, and straik’d his gowden hair—  
The bairnies felt the feckless was God’s peculiar care.





First pledge o' love, pure bud o' bliss,  
 Young gem o' licht and loveliness,  
 Ae rosy smile, ae balmy kiss

Frae thy wee mou',  
 Floods a' my bosom's deep recess  
 Wi' bliss brim fou.

Thy mither wails the crumpled lace,  
 While I maist smoor thy sweet wee face,  
 An' kiss, an' keek, and fondly trace—

Wi' parent's ee,  
 The blushing bloom, an' witching grace,  
 That daws in thee.

Thy speaking een are thrang revealing  
 Wee keeks o' kindness past concealing ;  
 An' thoughts are through thy noddle stealing

In infant play,  
 Foretelling wit, an' sense, an' feeling,  
 Some future day.

What thrilling pangs gae through my heart  
 When thou gi'es an uncanny start ;  
 For gudesake, dinna greet ! the smart

O' deadly wound  
 Could ne'er to me sic pain impart  
 As that shrill sound.

Thy minnie's startled looks, that yearn  
 To ken what ails her ae wee bairn,—  
 What wylie ways she has to learn  
                     To hush thy fears ;  
 While kissing aff wi' fond concern  
                     Thy glist'nin' tears.

Through a' the sunny daylight hours,  
 While nursing a' thy opening flowers,  
 Her fancy bigs thee mony bowers  
                     A' fair an' green,  
 That keep awa the watery showers  
                     Frae thy wee een.

She tends thee through the lang dark nights  
 Wi' mony kindly wyles and sleights ;  
 Her een wauk up like starry lights  
                     Gin thou but sigh,  
 Syne wi' a hush she lays thy frights,  
                     An' stills thy cry.

There snugly nestling in her breast,  
 Thou cuddles in thy cozy nest ;  
 When thou art to her bosom prest,  
                     Heaven's ee may see  
 An image o' its haly rest  
                     In her an' thee.





## I HAE LOST MY HEART.

I HAE lost my heart, I hae lost my heart,  
 Whaur has the wand'rer flown?  
 I'm sad and wae for the silly wee thing,  
 I wish it be na stown.  
 It's awa' to the lassie blythe an' sweet,  
 Wi' sunlight in her ee,  
 And, oh! gin the wilfu' wee thing ye meet,  
 Gae bring it back to me.

Oh! it's unco sair a lassie to lo'e,  
 Wha's fickle as the wind;  
 An' it's unco sair when ye tyne your heart,  
 Anither no to find:  
 But, oh! it's heaven the lassie to lo'e,  
 Wha gi'es ye love again;  
 Then strive ye to gain a maiden's heart,  
 An' niffer't wi' your ain.