

## THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

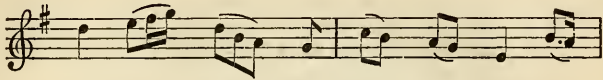
At the time when Crawford and Hamilton were celebrating the fair ladies of Edinburgh under the guise of shepherdesses, a young man from the skirts of the Perthshire Highlands, named David Malloch, occupied the humble position of janitor of the High School. He was afterwards able to push his way to a good education, and a position of some notability in the literary circles of London, under the slightly changed name of David Mallet; and, finally, we find him acting as the editor of Bolingbroke's Works. While living in Edinburgh, he caught the *furor* for pastoral verse which was then and there raging, and produced the following song to a beautiful tune of contemporaneous origin:

The smil - ing morn, the breath - ing spring, In -  
vite the tune - fu' birds to sing; And,

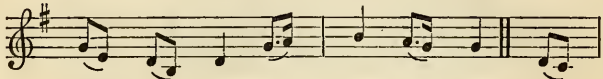
while the Merry-knowes is the name of a particular spot on the farm, it is probable that the song is a native of that Arcadia of Scotland, the Vale of the Tweed.

To readers of fastidious taste, the following might be a more acceptable version of the last stanza:

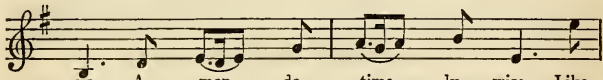
I'm young and stout, my Marion;  
Nane dances like me on the green;  
I could work a haill day, my Marion,  
For ae blink o' your een.  
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,  
And kirtle o' cramasie;  
And, as sune as it is the gloamin',  
I will come west, and see ye.



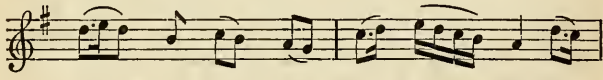
while they war - ble, from the spray, Love



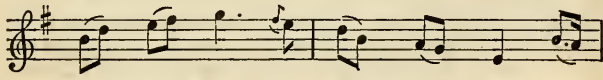
melts the un - i - vers - al lay. Let



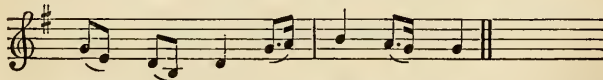
us, A - man - da, time - ly wise, Like



them, im - prove the hour that flies; And



in soft rap - tures waste the day, A-



mong the birks of In - ver - may.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
 Invite the tunefu' birds to sing;  
 And, while they warble from the spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay.  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
 Like them, improve the hour that flies;  
 And in soft raptures waste the day,  
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
And age, life's winter, will appear ;  
At this thy living bloom will fade,  
As that will strip the verdant shade.  
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
The feathered songsters are no more ;  
And when they drop, and we decay,  
Adieu the birks of Invermay !<sup>1</sup>