

## TO EACH OF US

**I**r's up the Loan sae merrily and roond by Niven's  
 Knowe,  
 By Easter Bush and Howgate Toll, the road to  
 Habbie's Howe,  
 Crosshouse, the brig at Flotterstone, and then the  
 burn sae clear,  
 Hoo often hae we gane the road we'll gang nae mair,  
 my dear !  
 Summers and winters by are gane, but aye the hills  
 are fair,  
 The years leave ilka grace on them that hae stripped  
 us sae bare.  
 The laverock's lilt is still as loud, the heather blooms  
 as brave  
 Upon Carnethy where it looks eastwards upon your  
 grave.  
 Time breaks us doon, and yet it maks nae differ on  
 the glen ;  
 Ah ! bruckle ware they hae to keep that happiness  
 wad ken !  
 It's hard to thole that nocht should change when a'  
 is changed for me,  
 Since I was blythe and ne'er jaloused what Time  
 wad gar us dree.  
 As weel gae seek in Loganlee the foam frae Peggy's  
 Pule,  
 Or Beltane's buds upon the buss shrouded in snaws  
 o' Yule,

As seek in me the lightsome he'rt I bore in days  
that's gane,  
When you and I wad wander where I noo maun  
gang my lane :  
I gang my lane yet ilk kent place nigh gars me stop  
and turn,  
Till ye come slidderin doon the brae or linkin owre  
the burn.  
Ye winna come ! fast steekit are the dark yetts o'  
the grave,  
As sune wad auld St Katharine's kirk rise up frae  
oot the wave.  
Far fremit lands may ease the grief that sundered  
hearts maun ken,  
Black dule is theirs that lanely tread where dead  
years haunt the glen.

THE MINISTER'S BRIG, GLENCORSE <sup>1</sup>

THEY'VE built a muckle brig o' stane  
 Where langsyne ye wad see  
 The bonnie ford and the wee foot-brig  
 And the burnie swirlin free.

And the wee auld kirk upon the knowe,  
 Sae close shut roond wi' trees,  
 Ye micht gae by yet never it spy,  
 Stands roofless to the breeze.

<sup>1</sup> See R. L. Stevenson's *Vailima Letters*—letter to S. R. Crockett.

An ash-tree grows where the pulpit stood,  
It speaks a text as clear  
As ever auld Torrance himsel wad read,  
“ We’ve nae abidin here.”

There’s but the graves are aye the same ;  
A changeless sleep in Christ  
Is theirs whom mourners hither bore  
Frae Howgate or the Tryst.

The graves change not, nor yet the hills—  
Carnethy is the same,  
Caerketton, Turnhouse, Allermuir,  
Dear hills where Stevenson came.

He bade who loved him come and stand  
Where the road gaed thro’ the burn,  
And there God’s grace might grant his face  
To see if souls return.

The burn is bridged ; but who can bridge,  
From where life’s pathway ends,  
The dark, unforded stream that rolls  
’Tween us and our dead friends ?

Dear R.L.S., I rede you bide  
Beside the South Sea faem,  
For but the green hills and the graves  
Are here as when ye came !

A JACOBITE PRISONER IN EDINBURGH<sup>1</sup>

THERE'S the hills o' Fife and the pier o'  
Leith

And the Law abune Dundee,  
And a' the breadth o' broad Strathmore  
Atween my love and me.

My love dwells in Glenisla,  
Where never again I'll gae  
Linkin owre the Forter haughs  
Or doon the Folda brae.

Oh, wae be to you, Airlie,  
That ever I followed you,  
A soldier lad wi' the white cockad  
Upon my bonnet blue!

When I was in Glenisla,  
Oh, little did I care  
For Holyrood or Windsor,  
Or who was monarch there!

King George's soldiers hold me  
A prisoner to-night,  
To-morrow at the break of day  
I'll bid farewell to light.

My mother in Glenisla  
Will watch for me in vain,  
And Mary Ogilvie and me  
Will never tryst again.

<sup>1</sup> Three lines of the first stanza are from a ballad-fragment my mother had heard in her youth.

They'll bind my eyes at daybreak  
Before the castle wall,  
But Glenisla, green Glenisla,  
I'll see until I fall !

## OWRE THE LYON

As I gaed owre the braes o' Weem  
 The summer day was dyin,  
 The sun ahint Schiehallion's tap  
 Was glintin on the Lyon.

The mune, like a wee silver boat,  
 Owre Drummond Hill was lyin,  
 And, just as gay, its marrow lay  
 Reflected in the Lyon.

But when I came to Comrie Ford  
 I thocht nae mair o' eyein  
 The sun or mune or ocht abune  
 But the boat-lass by the Lyon.

Her bright hair had the sunbeams' sheen  
 Owre hairst-fields swiftly flyin,  
 Her eyes were as the quiet depths  
 O' lammer pools in Lyon.

The mune slipped in ahint a cloud,  
 She kent 'twas nae use tryin  
 To look sae bonnie as the lass  
 That rowed me owre the Lyon.

A stoond gaed thro' me to the he'rt,  
I scarce could keep frae cryin,  
“ Oh, stint your oars, and let us float  
For ever on the Lyon ! ”

But *thoir dbomb pog* was all I knew,  
Ye'll no hear me denyin  
That Eden's speech was Gaelic, and  
That Eden's up Glenlyon.

Nae laird in a' Breadalbane's bounds  
Wi' me could e'er be vyin,  
Did my life pass wi' the sweet lass  
That rowed me owre the Lyon.