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THE  
POETICAL - WORKS

OF

JOHN STRUTHERS,

WITH AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Make me to understand the way of thy precepts; so shall I talk of thy  
wondrous works.—*Holy Scriptures.*

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THE  
WINTER DAY.



*S. J. ... August*

## THE WINTER DAY.

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### Morning.

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#### I.

ALTHOUGH not now the lofty Lark,  
Rising 'tween the light and dark,  
Wildly warbling through the skies,  
Call the ruddy Morn to rise,  
    With her tresses bathed in dew;  
Grey clouds, thin, around her wreathing,  
Fragrance on the light winds breathing,  
    Nature's glories to renew:  
Still, 'tis sweet her wilds to tread,  
Though their breathing bloom is fled.

#### II.

Now, t' escape the pain of thinking,  
From the wintry tempest shrinking,  
    'Mid the city's smoke and noise,  
Fickle fashion's sickly race,  
Happiness may vainly chase,  
    Amid fantastic joys.

Still, the roaring winds, to me,  
Wake more melting melody;  
Still, to hear the bubbling fountain,  
Or round, and round the snow-clad mountain,  
Strong, with health-strung step, to measure,  
Yields me a diviner pleasure.

## III.

Why, by vanity beguil'd,  
Did I the crook and plaid resign?  
Whence, far from these delights exiled,  
In crowded alley dark I dwyn.  
Ah! my countrymen, beware,  
Nor, in delusive vision led,  
Rush, blind, into the gilded snare,  
By artful fraud or folly spread.  
Hark! from out that pitchy cloud,  
What warning notes are breath'd aloud,  
"Preserve your simple manners, simple homes,  
Nor here seek tortures and untimely tombs."

## IV.

Thou, whose wild and wayward power  
Darken'st sorrow's darkest hour,  
And on the scene of pleasure won,  
Givest softer tints to glow,  
Than ever stars or moon or sun,  
Single, or blending all in one,  
Pour'd on the earth below,  
Fancy, in light, my steps attend,  
While o'er the wilds I stray,  
Playful, 'mong native scenes to spend,  
Once more a Winter Day.

## V.

Still, with caution, shy retiring,  
Let me shun the roof aspiring,  
Where th' outlandish villain vile,  
Clept Improvement, keeps his council,  
And array'd in tawdry tinsel,  
Mocks the sterling of our Isle.  
There, himself on foppery pluming,  
Every foolish air assuming,  
Let him sit with, side by side,  
Bloated luxury and pride.  
Wide though it be his prond dominion,  
With him we want no communion.

## VI.

But behind that towering hill,  
Seated by a brawling rill,  
Its humble head a mansion rears,  
The simple work of other years,  
Ere turgid taste had gain'd the power  
The hardy peasant's cup to sour;  
Or coward pride, and dastard shame,  
Had taught him to deny the name  
Of happiness to "Hame content,"  
Or lives with God in comfort spent.  
And this, allennarly, because  
Found under thack and divet wa's.

## VII.

Unscorch'd by Dissipation's fires,  
Beyond the reach of fashion's ray,

Peaceful, sons succeeding sires,  
 There have ages roll'd away.  
 Lion-like with savage roar,  
 No gruff mastiff guards the door;  
 Unsuspicious, here, may all come,  
 Certain of a kindly welcome,  
 And in close cōcord sure to see  
 Contentment, truth, and piety.

## VIII.

The martial cock, with clarion shrill,  
 Has oft and loudly hail'd the day,  
 When, shivering, o'er the peat-stack hill  
 The good man comes with locks of grey,  
 Eager from heavenly signs to draw  
 Confirmed frost or coming thaw.  
 The moon gleams pale upon the hill,  
 And all around as yet is still,  
 Save when the light winds purling blow  
 Along the smooth ridg'd wreaths of snow,  
 Or, lonely, when the owl afar  
 Wails doleful from the sounding scaur,  
 Or shrill, by fits upon the ear,  
 The mountain stream shrieks wildly drear.

## IX.

To Him who stretch'd abroad the skies,  
 Who gives these rolling orbs to burn,  
 Whence, day and night successive rise,  
 And Seasons ever new return—  
 On faith's elastic pinions borne,  
 His soul ascends, imploring grace,  
 To keep, on every rising morn,  
 His feet in life's bewildering race.

For, feeble in himself, he knows,  
Encompass'd round with deadly foes,  
    Prompt t' improve the passing hour,  
Should Heaven the aids of grace deny,  
He, stretch'd at length, would surely lie,  
    The victim of their power.

## X.

Thus, on Providence reposing,  
    Hope bursts vigorous into play,  
Yea, on death's dark shadows closing,  
    He can look without dismay,  
Certain, that behind them bright,  
Radiant rises, cloth'd in light,  
    Glory's never ending day.  
Thus too, he is, with conscience clear,  
Prepared needful cares to bear,  
    Not as a soul-depressing toil;  
Nor kindling yet in Mammon's strife,  
Which dims the head, imbitters life,  
    And damps the heart the while;  
But, thus he stores up useful wealth,  
Enjoys the ruddy glow of health,  
    And humour's easy smile.

## XI.

And first the kine demand his care,—  
Expectant of their morning fare,  
They now awake the hollow low,  
By turns repeated deep and slow;  
His well known step, too, Bawsie hears,  
And neighing perks his eager ears,  
    And scrapes the flinty stone;

And round and round with liberal heart,  
 But frugal hand, the proper part,  
     He deals to every one.  
 Then forth he fares with placid smile,  
 To join, and cheer his people's toil.

## XII.

Before the barn-door seated, Tray,  
     Barks at the echoes rising shrill,  
 Or shrubs that, hoar, in huge array,  
     Seem moving o'er the bending hill.  
 From kailyard green, her thoroughfare  
     In watches of the night,  
 Brown, thro' the snow, the timid Hare,  
     Hirpling seeks the broomy height;  
 While, light of foot, the Partridge brood,  
 Eager in quest of needful food,  
 In lengthen'd line, are, cow'ring, led  
 Beneath the hedge-row's hoary shade.  
 And, far amidst the shaggy heath,  
     With frequent cry, the Gorcock springs,  
 Scatt'ring, on the morning's breath,  
     The frozen drift, with birring wings;  
 And o'er the marsh's lonely bounds  
 The wild Duck's rushing clang resounds.

## XIII.

At hand, the Cock, with martial stride,  
 Leads round the shed his family wide,  
 Defiance crowing to the morn,  
 Or chuckling o'er the barley-corn,  
 Which oft he lifts, and drops, to prove,  
 Among his dames, his gen'rous love.



The Ducks too, by the kindling ray  
Arous'd, come forth to meet the day,  
And by the streamlet's frozen shore  
Waddling, each cranny keen explore;  
Then, all at once, with clam'rous cry,  
And clumsy wing, they tempt the sky;  
But chain'd, by native weight, below,  
They, quacking, flounder in the snow.

## XIV.

Blythe, thro' the snow, the children leap,  
With bosoms buoyant, full of glee,  
Or, wond'ring, view the hoar-frost deep,  
Encrusting shrub, and tow'r, and tree—  
And, pain'd at heart, they mark, forlorn,  
The birds chirp, owrie, from the thorn,  
Where, as they flit, with feeble wing,  
The falling ice-drops, rattling, ring;  
And kind, by each his crumbs of bread  
In proper place are careful spread,  
Round which assemble, bold,  
The Linty sweet, the pride of Spring,  
The Shilfa' bright, with silver wing,  
The Mavis with his glowing breast,  
That emulates the dawning east,  
And Merle with beak of gold.  
Embrac'd in Pity's gen'rous glow,  
Yea, even the Pyet and rav'nous Crow,  
Their bounty freely share;  
The herried nest, the unroof'd cot,  
With all their ruthless deeds forgot,  
When helpless thus exposed to care.

## XV.

For social disposition fam'd,  
By piercing cold and hunger tam'd,  
December's minstrel clear,  
The little Redbreast ventures ben,  
To shun, beneath the hands of men,  
The rigours of the year:  
In silent admiration, all  
Welcome the stranger to the hall;  
As statue fix'd, each holds his breath,  
And all is hush'd, and still as death;  
While unobserv'd Grimalkin lies,  
The wild fire flashing from her eyes,  
Her steady shoulders bending low,  
Her pois'd tail wav'ring to and fro,  
Extended half her greedy jaws,  
And half unsheath'd her murd'rous claws;  
With tail erect, and drooping wings,  
He, heedless, hops along the floor,  
When forth the grisly savage springs,  
And, crush'd, he falls her prey secure:  
The family raise the vengeful roar,  
But to her den the miscreant flies,  
Where, purring, stern, she scorns their pow'r,  
And, crashing, grinds her hapless prize.

## XVI.

At length, upon their morning toils,  
The hour of breakfast, grateful, smiles,  
With golden grain is heap'd the floor,  
And straw in plenty piled secure,  
The thrasher's peaceful spoils.

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The stable duties too, are done,  
The steeds dress'd careful, one by one,  
Smooth as the raven's wing;  
And as they are but bare of feet,  
And glaz'd the road, one icy sheet,  
Water is brought them, what is meet,  
Pure from the flowing spring.

## XVII.

The stall, the crib, supply'd with care,  
To the warm fireside all repair,  
With stomach keen, but smiling face,  
Where the plain meal, receiv'd with Grace,  
And Thanks return'd, from bosoms true,  
Nerves strong the arm, and lights the head,  
Again, in time and order due,  
Labour or pastime to pursue,  
As Providence may lead.

## THE WINTER DAY.

~~~~~  
Noon.  
~~~~~

I.

THE sun, erewhile, in dusky red,  
Peering o'er Dychmont's hoary head,  
His rising glory now enshrouds  
Behind a bank of deepening clouds ;  
And all the air, of late so chill,  
Is mild, and calm, and strangely still.  
While from yon mountain's side, so high,  
It, blunted, comes the shepherd's cry,  
And cottage smoke, upon the view,  
In spiral clouds upwreathing blue,  
Ascending but a few degrees,  
Falls slowly back upon the trees ;  
All indicating, put together,  
A certain, sudden, change of weather.

II.

All this is seen with deep regret.  
But, seeing that the day's been set,  
And neighbours are already met,  
Content their parts to play ;

It is by one and all agreed  
 They with their purpose should proceed,  
 The end be what it may.  
 This point concluded, on the loan,  
 Each seizes up his curling stone,  
 And seeks the meadow's frozen bounds  
 Where high the voice of mirth resounds.

## III.

'Tis softening still; and now the trees,  
 Divested of their hoary cleeding,  
 Wave, dowie, to the gentle breeze,  
 From chambers of the soft south gliding.  
 And here and there, as forth they go,  
 Rendering the prospect doubly drear,  
 Rugged, uprising through the snow,  
 Shaggy the hillock tops appear.  
 Water, or wither'd herbs to find,  
 Owrie the outlaying heifer strays,  
 Snuffs idly up the passing wind,  
 Or stares with broad and stupid gaze,  
 As to the fowler's flashing roar,  
 Quivers the quagmire's slippery shore.

## IV.

Arrested on the glassy lake,  
 Or fluttering, in the tangled brake,  
 Among the plashy springs,  
 The shivering tenants of the sky,  
 Av'rice, or Pleasure's victims lie,  
 With gore-bespotted wings.  
 And arm'd with club, th' unfeeling clown,  
 With anxious search stalks up and down,

Intent to murder, in her lair,  
The snow-bewilder'd, starving hare.  
While, o'er the lonely mountain side,  
The village truant wandering wide,  
Spreads, artful, out his wavy gins,  
For Linnet, cowering in the whins.

## V.

How long, O man, beneath thy reign,  
Shall wounded nature groan,  
But still to listless ears complain,  
And stubborn hearts of stone,  
Thyself the subject, poor, of pain,  
Why thus industrious to destroy?  
Why art thou o'er the victim slain,  
Exulting with ferocious joy?  
With thee the creatures mourn severe,  
The rigours of the changeful year,  
Nor hillock green, nor leafy bower,  
To screen them from the driving shower,  
In shelter of the drifted heap,  
The long, long night they, shivering, sleep,  
And, poor, at morning's dreary rise,  
Lone, by the beaten pathway side,  
The transient grain that chance supplies,  
All their industry can provide.  
Such ills, in balance duly weigh'd,  
Might well to reason's eye appear,  
Without thy persecution's aid,  
Enough for living thing to bear.

## VI.

Thy bosom heav'd with wild desires,  
And burning with unhallow'd fires,

Pursuing Passion's mad career,  
In vain would Pity woo thy ear!

But didst thou never once inquire,  
Whence, deep, Creation's groans arose?

Whence Summer's sultry beam of fire,  
Or, frigid Winter's deadly throes?  
Did ne'er, in more than thunder given,  
That most tremendous word from Heaven,  
"The ground is cursed for thy sake,"  
Make thy tough nerves of brass to shake?

## VII.

Alas! for sin, destruction vast,  
Rides forth upon the howling blast—  
And 'mid the myriad tribes of life,  
With wild and ever wakeful eyes,  
Rousing the angry sparks of strife,  
Discord, with growing ardour flies,  
Through air, o'er earth, and ocean's flood,  
With garments double-dyed in blood.  
Alas! for sin, this fair green earth—  
These orbs that, joyous, hail'd its birth,  
And glorious, 'midst the waste of days,  
With undiminish'd lustre blaze,  
In one dread moment, big with ire,  
Shall like the lightning's flash expire.

## VIII.

'Tis true, that for thy food were given,  
The creatures, by the grant of heaven,  
Who, to thy melancholy fall,  
Would thus thy wandering thoughts recall,  
And manifest its love divine,  
By giving life to succour thine.

Eat freely then—but ne'er forego  
 The warmth of Pity's pleasing glow,—  
 Reduced by sin, to feed thus low,  
     With tigers of the wood;  
 Be not, like theirs, thy stubborn breast,  
 Debased with cruelty and lust,  
 Insipid, still, to deem the feast,  
     Except the sauce be blood.

## IX.

Frequent, meanwhile the curler's roar  
 Rolls round the meadow's icy shore,  
 As tee-drawn shots the smooth-lead fill,  
 Or ports are wick'd with hair-breadth skill,  
 Or needful guards, are cautious, placed,  
 Or, vile, the lagging hog disgraced.  
 Though boisterous is th' exulting cheer,  
     Spontaneous from the heart it springs,  
 More grateful to the well-tuned ear,  
     Than all the brazen pomp of kings.

## X.

How amiable! here, to see  
 All ranks dissolve in social glee,  
     From beardless youth to hoary age;  
 And from the prating village fool,  
 To him, with birch, made bold to rule  
     The realm of learning sage.  
 Even titled Grandeur flings aside  
 The stiffness of Baronial pride,  
     And to his satisfaction finds,  
 Beyond the precincts of the great,  
 Unfetter'd with the forms of state,  
     That Pleasure sometimes sports with hind.



## XI.

The Pastor, too, by all approv'd,  
For pious word and deed belov'd,  
The mental feast foregoes a while,  
With cheerful friends,—refreshing air,  
His flagging spirits to repair,  
And brace his nerves with healthful toil.  
And rashly, here, let none suppose,  
That RANK its influence thus will lose,  
Or, that respect will less be shown,  
To PIETY for being known.

## XII.

Go thou, who, sordid, hast for bread,  
Array'd thyself in sable weed,  
And basely too, subscribed the Creed—  
Be still, behind thy sullen gate,  
Immured in ceremonious state,  
At falling eve, and rising morn;  
Respect thou canst not borrow thence,  
Though prudence be thy grave pretence,  
It shall not hide thy want of sense,  
Nor save thee from opprobrious scorn.

## XIII.

And thou, in pride's presumptuous glow,  
From human feelings, human woe,  
By noble birth exempt—  
Who hold'st the humble Peasant, coarse,  
As far beneath thy dog or horse,  
An object of contempt.  
Keep distance due—Oh! still beware,  
Of worth too great for thee to share,

Go, in Italia's myrtle groves,  
Strain after lawless, joyless loves—  
There, meet companions kindly seek,  
Where Women act, and Eunuchs squeak,  
And in thy life-debasing course,  
Reap thy indignant country's curse.  
Such Priest, such Nobles Heaven bestows,  
When Mercy's day draws near a close,  
When Vengeance bares her red right hand,  
In wrath, to sink a guilty land;  
And such, through grace vouchsafed divine,  
O Scotia! have been seldom thine.

## XIV.

Not such thy Nobles, when, of old,  
Strangers approach'd thee, rude and bold,  
When th' iron Roman, like a flood,  
Within thy peaceful border stood—  
When o'er thy hills, the wolfish Dane,  
Heap'd high, the mountains of the slain—  
When the base Edward's murderous ire,  
Swept o'er thee thrice, a sea of fire,  
Which left thee nought of wealth or art,  
Save the bare sword, the fearless heart.

## XV.

Not such were then the daring band,  
Who Freedom found with garments torn;  
And, terrible, with bloody hand,  
Relum'd her lamp at Bannockburn.  
Not such thy Priests, when midnight gloom,  
O'er all the realms of Reason lay,  
Who burst the brazen bands of Rome,  
And on thee wondering, pour'd the day;

Nor, such are they, whose ardent zeal,  
    Regardless of the insidious sneer,  
Within thy path, keep burning still,  
    The Lamp of Truth with lustre clear.

## XVI.

High-favour'd Isle! although, in arms,  
A hostile world around thee swarms,  
From the wild Oby's frozen shore,  
To where through awful solitudes,  
Embosom'd deep in boundless woods,  
    Columbian rivers roar.

Yet, unappall'd, and much at ease,  
Thou sitt'st upon thy subject seas,  
Órdain'd, for nations in distress,  
A soothing minister of grace.  
And though, alas! both far and wide,  
O'erspread with idleness and pride,  
Yet, still, for thee, the good and wise,  
Of every land implore the skies;  
While, deep, in dark despondence cast,  
Beneath the desolating blast,  
    They mourn the scene deform;  
Thou art, amidst the gloomy night,  
Seen, far, a lovely star of light,  
    Bright beaming through the storm.

## XVII.

Auspicious is thy honour'd state,  
Thy privilege and duties great,  
    To both direct thine eyes—  
Behold! in supplicating mood,  
Brahma's grim follower, smear'd with blood,  
    Low at thy footstool lies.

Be thine, with truth's prevailing beams,  
To dissipate his dismal dreams,  
And light him to the skies.

## XVIII.

Poor Afric, too, at bosom sick,  
The tear, dark, burning on her cheek,  
Looks up with heart too full to speak.  
She claims not, bold, amidst the breeze,  
With thee the empire of the seas,  
Nor with reproaches, weak and vain,  
Would brand thee for her children slain,  
Or chain'd behind the wave;  
Since just thou hast become at last,  
She kindly would consign the past,  
To dark Oblivion's grave.  
But she would ask, why on her shore,  
Still sounds the base MANSTEALER'S oar?  
Why thou art slack, the balm of peace,  
Into her festering wounds to pour?  
To bid the midnight prowler cease,  
Nor scare her peaceful slumbers more?

## XIX.

From Beth'lem's spring, too, one small sip,  
Would cool her parch'd and quivering lip,  
Would wing her soul with new desires,  
And warm her heart with nobler fires.  
Then might the songs of Zion cheer  
Her lonely hills, her valleys drear,  
Make her wild wastes, where monsters foul  
With carnage clotted nightly howl,  
To clap their hands, and, rapt'rous sing,  
Hossanahs high to Salem's King.

## XX.

Thou hast, indeed, an open hand,  
The heart of fallen foes to glad;  
And the oppress'd, from every land,  
Find shelter in thy peaceful shade!  
But why, afar with brow so stern,  
Is thy sway held with rod of iron?  
Though Heaven, in sov'reignty ador'd,  
Its bounty full on thee hath pour'd,  
An overflowing tide,  
Yea, made thee, deep, like Gideon's fleece,  
Imbibe the precious dews of grace,  
While all the world is dry beside;  
Still, thou may'st recollect the hour,  
That saw thee poorest of the poor.

## XXI.

And such an hour may soon return,  
Should'st thou continue, still, to spurn  
The warning voice, in mercy sent,  
That calls to ponder and repent.  
Thy sky, alas! is overcast,  
Groans, fearful, the surrounding blast,  
While fast beneath thy mournful tear,  
Statesmen and warriors disappear,  
Even under life's meridian sun,  
Torn from their stations, one by one.  
And though thou hast to guard thy fame,  
A STUART, WELLINGTON, and GRAHAM,  
Yet, still, with tears, we must deplore  
The brave, who sleep to wake no more.

## XXII.

At length, dark clouds the sky deform,  
And from the south the blust'ring storm,  
Sweeps o'er the darkening day,  
Slow, round the hill, the cattle come,  
And drench'd, the Curlers make for home,  
Cut short their roaring play:  
And Gamesters, with a merry heart,  
Blythe look, and fair good-day they part.

## XXIII.

The servants, cattle, one by one  
With the Goodman, drive home anon,  
Where in their order, soon they find,  
Safe shelter from the sleet and wind,  
A blazing fire and welcome kind.  
And, warm, anticipating now,  
Beneath the Spring's delightful glow,  
The busy labours of the plough,  
The tackle, with industrious care,  
Is turned out for full repair,  
On which, with diligence and skill,  
They labour, till behind the hill,  
The dark red clouds that sullen low'r,  
Proclaim the approach of evening's hour.

## THE WINTER DAY.

---

### Evening.

---

#### I.

HAIL! Evening hail! thy fading ray,  
Thy pensive shades of sober gray,  
That bound the day's tumultuous span  
Fit emblem of the life of man.  
How sweet, O Eve, thy peaceful hour  
What time the Spring puts forth her power,  
When, from the fragrance-breathing grove,  
Swells the bold note of rapt'rous love.  
How grateful, then, releas'd from toil,  
On moss-grown bank to breathe awhile,  
Lone by the purling stream;  
While, o'er the dark'ning vales below,  
The hills, their giant shadows throw,  
As in the west, the bright sun drops,  
And, fiery, red, the green-tree tops  
Flame in his setting beam.

#### II.

And, sweet! when Summer dews descend,  
In village gambol to unbend,

Or, in the gleam of twilight gray,  
 Beneath the birk trees shade to stray,  
 Or broad elms, in whose gloom profound,  
 The Bat wheels, slow, her drowsy round.

Or where the west winds, balmy, play,  
 Their pinions laden with perfume,

O'er fields of clover flowering, gay,  
 Or waving, dark, the breathing broom;  
 Or, sweeter far than Banda's vales,  
 Or blest Arabia's breathing gales,  
 All lovely, o'er the cultur'd scene,  
 Where blossoms rich the fragrant bean.

## III.

And sweet! when pipes th' autumnal breeze,

Chill, o'er the heath impurpl'd hill,  
 Or, sighing through the rustling trees,  
 Responsive to the tinkling rill;

To see the lake's broad bosom heave,  
 And sparkle to the moon's cold beam,  
 To listen to the rippling wave,

Heard faint, like distant mountain-stream.

Or, on the breezy upland laid,  
 Beneath the whin-bush prickly shade,  
 To see the rising vapours sail,  
 Blue, wreathing, up the distant vale.

## IV.

And now, less splendidly array'd,

Although the landscape harsh appears,  
 And glinting o'er the lonely glade,  
 Thy modest cheek is drenched in tears,



The child of nature still may gaze,  
 And rapture heave his inmost soul,  
 As, groaning, wide the tempest strays—  
     Bends, low, the heavens with threat'ning scowl—  
 Or, cloudless, fir'd with Winter's glance,  
 In lustre, dread, th' immense expanse,  
     Burns vast from pole to pole.

## V.

But chief, O Eve! in cottage warm  
 Is now display'd thy sweetest charm,  
 Where friends in social circle join,  
 And peace and piety combine.  
 Cattle and family hous'd from harm,  
     Each can a while his cares forego,  
 The winds are heard without alarm,  
     While through the breast warm transports glow,  
 And beams Content on every brow.

## VI.

With fuel, high, the hearth is heap'd,  
 And, polish'd, glitter to the blaze,  
 The servers, broad, on shelf still kept,  
     Relics of love and youthful days.  
 Along the hearthstone, bending, low,  
 Beneath the chimney's ruddy glow,  
 Careless, of either thieves or storm,  
 Tray stretches out his hairy form;  
 And on his back, with lofty grace,  
 First stroking down her tabby face,  
 Then sheathing, soft, her harpy claws,  
 And licking smooth her gory jaws,

With tail laid up, and half shut eyes,  
 'Mix'd with the spinning-wheel's deep hum,  
 At ease, her sleep provoking thrum,  
 Grimalkin croodling plies.

## VII.

Around the ring, in copious stream,  
 The tide of conversation flows,  
 Now laughter gilds the lively theme,  
 Now grief a melancholy gleam  
 Upon the subject throws.—  
 For in their varied strain,  
 The note is pitched from grave to gay,  
 And, scarcely shifted, melts away,  
 From gay to grave again.

## VIII.

Meanwhile the children, con them o'er,  
 The exploits of giant-killing Jack,  
 Or, wondering, trace from door to door,  
 John Cheap the Chapman with his pack.  
 Or, of the sad sack-weaver, Slack,  
 With twelve misfortunes on his back,  
 Waking broad humour's deepest tones,  
 They mark the strangely serious moans.  
 Or, while their bosoms gleeful swell,  
 Buchanan's witty pranks they tell;  
 Or, close, their young attentions fix  
 On Lothian Tam's, or Leper's Tricks.  
 Or, far, amidst the merry green wood,  
 They list the bugle's tone,  
 The signal, good, of bold Robin Hood,  
 And fearless little John.

## IX.

But here is one in deep distress,  
The poor herd boy, now fatherless,  
Stands far apart in musings high,  
The warm tear glistening in his eye,  
That shuns the rude beholder's gaze,  
Careless what merriment they keep,  
The secret sigh is heaving, deep,  
Lost in the view of other days;  
When an indulgent father's praise,  
A mother's soothing smile,  
Was wont, his ardent hopes to raise,  
And soothe his path of toil.  
Now, lonely, far in yonder vale,  
Her cot, his widow'd mother keeps,  
And, solitary, to the gale,  
Her sad bereavement weeps.

## X.

And on the midnight pillow, deep,  
While all his toils are lost in sleep,  
There, oft in Fancy's wakeful power,  
He meets, at gloaming's grateful hour,  
A father, with benignant smile,  
Returning from his daily toil—  
His stately step, afar, he sees,  
And runs to clasp his honour'd knees,  
Where he can breathe his little plaints,  
His hopes, his joys, his woes, his wants;  
And oft that-soothing voice he hears,  
That once could scatter all his fears,

Expatiate, warm, on heavenly truth,  
In the clear tones of health and youth,  
While marches Time, with soundless tread,  
And all are silent as the dead.  
Awake, so strong he grasps the theme,  
That sleep seems life, and life a dream.

## XI.

Even now, he sees him lowly laid,  
Exhausted on his dying bed,  
And ardent, still he seems to clasp  
His death-chill'd hand with maddening grasp;  
Marks the bright gleam that fir'd his eye,  
As to the God of grace on high,  
His helpless offspring he consign'd,  
In faith and patience, meek, resign'd;  
The heavy groan of death he hears,  
And his last word burns in his ears.

## XII.

Little, in such a state of mind,  
Recks he of what is done or told,  
To feats of art his eye is blind,  
To shouts of mirth his heart is cold—  
But, in the book of God to trace,  
The works of nature and of grace,  
Can soothe his many woes;  
He listens, midst th' angelic quire,  
While Bards, seraphic, wake the wire,  
And, with a portion of their fire,  
His flexile bosom glows.

## XIII.

Assuming high the Critic's leer,  
Let no huge Baby sullen frown,  
Nor on the Boy, contemptuous sneer,  
For wisdom that exceeds his own.  
The Book of God is seal'd to none,  
Who to it candidly apply—  
Or, is to all a stumbling-stone,  
Except the Spirit from on high,  
Give truth its keen and cutting edge,  
Shade with his beam the dazzling page,  
And clear the mental eye.  
If this is wanting, cold the Sage  
Remains in truth's meridian blaze;  
If granted, rapture glows in age,  
And babes are taught to warble praise.

## XIV.

With glowing transport he surveys,  
The new-born light, a streamy blaze,  
Break through the gloom profound;  
And, heaving, from the dark abyss,  
The vast creation gradual rise,  
With dazzling splendour crown'd.  
But, chief, attracts his wondering eyes,  
The glorious mount of Paradise,  
Whose breathing forests, branching high,  
Wave their wide arms o'er half the sky,  
And, dimpling, round its verdant sides,  
Life's living stream in silver glides,

O'erhung with wild-flowers waving bold,  
That purple glow, or flame in gold;  
Where, laid at ease, the new-form'd Pair,  
No sigh as yet to load the air,  
With Angel and Archangel join,  
In blest society divine.

## XV.

But like a vision of the night,  
Evanishes the glowing scene,  
The murderer comes, array'd in light,  
A serpent with a Seraph's mien.  
Cold horror creeps through every vein,  
To see the Woman, reckless, foil'd,  
Grasp at the fatal fruit, profane—  
By falsehood smooth, and flattery wild,  
Of life's unbounded lease,  
And innocence and peace,  
And hope itself despoil'd.

## XVI.

Through woodland glooms and grottos brown,  
With hairy copsewood, thick, o'ergrown,  
His eye pursues the guilty Pair,  
Whelm'd in the horrors of despair—  
Yet dreaming, in their new born pride,  
With fig leaves, broad, their shame to hide,  
From Him whose penetrating eye,  
At once illumines earth and sky;  
Who now, not in the whirlwind's breath,  
Nor thunder's voice, denouncing death,

But, mild, amidst the rustling trees,  
Upon the cool refreshing breeze,  
As day declines, approaches nigh,  
Love in his heart and in his eye,  
His ear attentive to their moans,  
And tuned his voice to mercy's tones.

## XVII.

Yet hard! and heavy to be borne—  
The bearded thistle with the thorn,  
O'er every field must wave;  
To eat in anguish is *His* doom,  
While, fearful, on his opening bloom,  
Yawns the insatiate grave.  
And *She*, though promised a seed,  
That, strong, shall bruise the serpent's head,  
And Paradise regain,  
Must in subjection, humbly bow,  
Conceive beneath augmenting woe,  
And bear her fruit with pain.

## XVIII.

Ye, in Love's holy bondage join'd,  
Whose fates together Heaven hath twin'd,  
Why draw ye down this heavy curse  
Upon your heads with double force,  
By vain desires, that wander wide,  
Or arrogant assuming pride?  
Let every thought, repentant turn,  
And fiery passion cease to burn,  
Each, with the nameless balms of love,  
Aiming to soothe the sigh of woe,

The source of which, while here below,  
 No art can e'er remove:  
 Till, led by Him who is indeed,  
 The mighty God, and woman's seed,  
 Pain, tears and sighs for ever gone,  
 Ye, spotless, rise to glory's throne.

## XIX.

Ceases their sport—the wheel's brisk hum—  
 When in some worthy neighbours come,  
 Who, once a-week, make it their care  
 To meet for social praise and prayer.  
 Aside, their plaids, their bonnets laid,  
 And kind inquiries mutual made,  
 While, closing, round the ring extends,  
 The hearth is rous'd with ruddier blaze,  
 And, swelling, high to heaven ascends,  
 Warm, from their hearts, the note of praise.

## XX.

The Scripture page then some one reads—  
 Perhaps of Cain's murderous wrath,  
 Rebekah's foul though well meant deeds,  
 Or Esau plotting Jacob's death.  
 Or how 'lorn Jacob, in his flight  
 To Haran, on a certain place  
 Late after sundown chanc'd to light,  
 And there enjoyed peculiar grace.  
 Stretch'd out on earth, ach'd every bone,  
 Pillow'd his head upon a stone,  
 His canopy the skies;  
 Yet, sweet, the gracious promise given,  
 This is God's house, the gate of heaven!  
 In ecstasy he cries.



## XXI.

Or, of the Prophet, when he stood,  
Dejected, lone, by Jordan's flood,  
"Where is," he cries, "Elijah's God?"  
Elijah's God, behold! is here,  
And Jordan's stream rolls back for fear,  
Leaving the man, thus favour'd high,  
A passage o'er his channel dry.  
Or, what th' Evangelists record,  
Of him who is the prophets' Lord,  
According to th' eternal plan,  
The Almighty God, the Son of Man:  
But, tabernacling here below,  
Heir to all griefs, to every woe.  
O Saviour, glorious, all divine!  
Never were griefs on earth like thine.  
Upon thy sinless person fell,  
The hate of man, the hate of hell,  
And, inconceivable, the load,  
The sin avenging hand of God.  
O! for the Spirit's grace to see  
The weight of sin in that dread tree,  
Th' accursed cross, to which, cancell'd,  
An Elect world's debt bond was nail'd.

## XXII.

How burn their bosoms while they trace,  
The glorious effects of his grace,  
That from the Islands lone,  
And wilds in utmost parts of earth,

Has raised the raptur'd strains of mirth,  
 Even glory to the RIGHTEOUS ONE.  
 And in sweet converse, warm, they run,  
 O'er all God's works of wonder done  
 In this their native land,  
 How, falling truth he hath upheld,  
 Pagan and Popish dreams dispell'd,  
 And wrench'd the tyrant's brand.

## XXIII.

Then, on their knees, they, high, adore,  
 Th' o'erflowing fulness of his love,  
 And, deep, their stubborn hearts deplore,  
 That, treacherous still, incline to rove.  
 And on his vineyard, sapless, dry'd,  
 By withering winds of carnal pride,  
 Or, smother'd underneath the growth  
 Of worldly wisdom, self and sloth,  
 That He would look, and kindly pour  
 His Spirit in refreshing shower,  
 That so it may, afar, be seen,  
 Like Sharon's vale with roses bound—  
 Rich Lebanon, with glory crown'd,  
 Or Carmel's mountain green.

## XXIV.

For all, in lawful rule, who reign;  
 For wailing poverty, and pain,  
 Their supplications rise;  
 And that his all-prevailing word,  
 Would soothe to rest the angry sword;  
 Send meek Religion forth to bless,  
 And sway her olive branch of peace,  
 O'er all beneath the skies.

Then, each for home in time discreet,  
They, kindly, part with farewell sweet.

## XXV.

Compar'd with exercise like this,  
How poor the grovelling earthworm's bliss!  
The idle tavern's wassail roar,  
Or wild, the maudlin Rout's uproar.  
How poor, in histrionic rage,  
Wide, gaping, to besiege the stage,  
Where fancy's apes, in tinsel'd pride,  
All comic, grin with hand on side,  
Or grandeur's fancied port assuming,  
With tragic slap and straddle fuming,  
While Frenzy rends her idiot jaws  
And gloating Folly brays applause.

## XXVI.

But now they hasten to the byre,  
The kine to milk, the horse to feed—  
Which done, before the fading fire,  
Again the simple board is spread—  
And praise is sung, and thanks are paid,  
From grateful hearts for favours past,  
And, still, they trust, God's gracious aid,  
Will smoothe their journey to the last.  
Then to his pillow each retires,  
Where slumbers, bland, of labour born,  
Attend, till scatter'd by the fires,  
And breezy wing of cheerful morn.



## NOTES.

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*Ah! my countrymen, beware,  
Nor, in delusive vision led,  
Rush, blind, into the gilded snare,  
By artful fraud or folly spread.*

Page 4, line 11.

THOUGH it is true, that a great proportion of those who exchange a country, for a town life, do it from necessity, still many do it from mere thoughtlessness, vanity, or ambition. A feverish spirit of discontent has seized upon all conditions of men, and a disgusting cant of improving situations—getting forward in the world, as they emphatically term it, is re-echoed from the palace to the cottage, with selfish and unceasing assiduity.

This detestable spirit, which is nothing but masked covetousness, is, at this moment, exerting an influence in every department, both of church and state, incalculably mischievous; but the limits prescribed to this note, forbid any attempt to trace it beyond the humble characters, for whose benefit the note is intended.

Once infected with this fashionable mania, it is nothing that the person has lived, and has the prospect of living, as his fathers have done, happily, for some preceding generations. No—when he goes occasionally to town, upon a market-day, he sees some one, with whose origin he is well acquainted, and which is, perhaps, lower than his own, wearing the dress, and practising, as he imagines, the airs of a Gentleman—he knows nothing of the filth through which his old companion has waded, nor the degrading humiliations to which he has submitted, in

order to attain his present eminence—has no suspicion that, perhaps, the moon of his prosperity is already on the wane—that a jail expands its jaws to receive him, and a collected cloud is ready to overwhelm him in utter oblivion. Of all this, he has no idea—but he contrasts his appearance with his own, and begins to be ashamed—regrets that he has lost so many months or years doing nothing, and determines to set about doing something immediately. And immediately some thing is done. Under the care of some pretender to arithmetic, he gallops as far as Practice—sells his little patrimony—and at once starts up a merchant, both dashing and consequential.

And what is the result? One such character, perhaps, out of a hundred, escapes the devouring vortex of ruin—struggles through a life of agonizing perplexity, and laments, to his dying day, the moment that ambition had power to estrange his affections from his native fields, and to sour his simple enjoyments.

Nor less to be lamented, is the misfortune of him, who, smit with the appearance of ease, and led astray by the shadow of profit, leaves his rural occupation, to seek employment in some city manufactory, where he earns, perhaps five, and spends six shillings per week, more than he could do in the country. For the companions of his youth, men of simple manners, and industrious habits, he has for associates, fugitives and vagabonds, of all nations and languages. For the early notes of the Thrush, he has the melody of the morning bell; and for the exhilarating song of the Lark, and the cheerful chirrup of the Grasshopper, he has the music of oaths, and the stupifying dunner of a steam-engine, through the day; and for innocent pastime, or profitable conversation, he has an invitation to the alehouse at night.

The wife of his bosom, mewed up in a paltry apartment scarcely capacious enough for a bedstead, wastes her bloom in solitary grief, or, overcome by the misery of her situation, and the example of her neighbours, in drunken dissipation—and his children—if they escape the violence of disease (and it is well for him if they do not) the females—serve to augment the daily increasing groups of street-walkers; and the males are only saved from the hangman, by the unremitting vigilance of the recruiting sergeant.

Such is an outline, tamely sketched with the sober pencil of truth, of what thousands of our peasantry have already experienced, and of what is still likely to be the fate of all who follow their steps. Nothing has been stated of the mental anguish, and bodily debility which must necessarily accompany such a progress—nothing of the insufferable arrogance and tyranny of rapacious clerks and overseers, who are all, too, getting forward in the world, and, perhaps, qualifying themselves, by draining the heart's blood of their fellow-men, for being the future benefactors of mankind—nothing of the three-mile-scrolls of debasing regulations, which simple honesty blushes to behold, and reason, unsophisticated, declares, calculated to create these very habits they profess to correct—nothing of these, and a thousand nameless vexations, which, fully and fairly stated, would present a picture of wretchedness, by very many, but little suspected to exist in this prosperous and happy land.

The truth of these remarks, in general, it is presumed, few will be disposed to dispute. But the writer of them will, perhaps, be told, that there are exceptions. Of this, he is well aware, and he would rejoice to find ten exceptions where there may be but one. He believes that the arm of Providence can carry a person through any danger, and that the energies of grace are sufficient for any situation, but this will not excuse any from the exercise of prudent foresight as men, nor of vigilant circumspection as Christians.

*Arrested on the glassy lake,  
Or fluttering in the tangled brake.*

Page 13, Stanza iv.

Some lakes, or particular divisions of lakes, and, especially among the moors, many marshy spots are never frozen. These places, of course, are the general resort of aquatic birds, during the continuance of a hard frost, where they are often closely watched, and fall an easy prey to the subtle arts of the sportsman.

*How long, O man! beneath thy reign,  
Shall wounded nature groan.*

Page 14, line 7.

Among the many depraved propensities of our fallen nature, none is more conspicuous than cruelty, nor upon any of them is the stamp of hell more fully impressed. Under its baleful influence, notwithstanding the correctives of philosophy and religion, with all the refinements of civilization, the whole creation groans, and it is to be feared, will continue so to do, till the fires of doom put an end to the present system of things, and realize the "earnest expectation of the creature," which, we are assured, by an Apostle, "shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

Man's right to kill such animals as are fit for food, is indisputable; and the killing of such as are noxious, he may excuse by necessity. But to convert these antipathies which his sin has excited among the creatures, into sources of amusement, seems utterly incompatible with a due sense of his situation, as a fallen being. With a full impression of the enormous evil of sin, such palpable exhibitions of its effects, instead of pleasurable, one would imagine, could not fail to awaken ideas, painful in the extreme.

As examples of reprehensible amusement, it is scarcely necessary to mention, though they are still very commonly practised, the fighting of dogs and cocks, with the baiting of bears, badgers, and bulls, as they are allowed to be both sinful and contemptible, by all who have any proper idea of true dignity, or who know what sin is. Fashion, too, has happily given them up to the dregs of society, the titled ruffians of high, and the ragged vagabonds of low, life. But it might be worth while to inquire, how far, even, the more respectable and gentlemanly amusement of hunting is compatible with a well-regulated mind, and a spotless morality.

There is certainly no harm in killing the hare, and if there is no other way of doing so, but by running her down, (though the trouble seems rather disproportionate to the object,) it must be submitted to, by all who would eat hares. Those, however, who are in earnest to possess themselves of hares, have a



more sure and expeditious method of doing so—and the warmest admirer of the chase would feel himself insulted by a surmise, that the hare was, to him, any object. Indeed, to say, that ten or twenty men and horses, with fifty or a hundred dogs, were all employed, and the capture of two or three hares, in the course of a day, their sole object, would be a satire, more severe, than either Johnson or Juvenal has uttered, upon the vanity of human pursuits. Amusement is the professed, and I believe the real object, of such expeditions. And to assert, that a gentleman of liberal education, and independent fortune, cannot be amused, without the confused yelping of an hundred beagles, and beholding the agonies of an extremely timid and feeble animal, exerting every instinct bestowed upon it by the Creator, for the preservation of its life, against the united efforts of men, horses, and dogs, would be harsher, than anything that ever dropt from the uncourtly lips of the surly Diogenes. And the question remains all the while undetermined. Did the Creator endow one part of the creation with a love of life the most ardent, and feelings the most acute, merely, that another part thereof might be amused, by seeing them exercised? To speak of the expense incurred by the maintenance of a hundred dogs for such a trivial purpose, or to calculate how many poor children it might clothe and educate, or how many labourers it would furnish with useful employment, and comfortable subsistence, might, in the writer of this, be censured as impertinent; but he cannot help thinking, that to a rational and benevolent mind, so employed, it would afford ten times the satisfaction.

*As tee-drawn shots the smooth lead fill,  
Or ports are wick'd with hairbreadth-skill,*

Page 16, Stanza ix.

SUCH of my readers as are acquainted with the game of curling, it is hoped, will pardon the following explanation of these lines, for the sake of such as are not.

The tee is a small hole made in the ice, and is the mark for which the players aim. A tee-drawn shot is one laid down as near the tee as possible, without any regard to what has been played before, or what may be played after it. To wick

a port, is when a number of stones already surround the tee, to play for the corner of some particular stone, which is pointed out to the person who is to play, and by touching upon which his stone receives an impulse in an oblique direction, which, if the force is skilfully apportioned to the distance, often saves the game, when it would otherwise be lost. A guard is a stone laid down before another, to prevent the next player, on the opposite side, from driving it away. The hog-score is a zig-zag line, drawn at a certain distance behind the tee, and serves the same purpose with the distance post, upon a race course. If a stone lies behind it, it is a hog, and thrown off the ice, and consequently, useless for that lead.

*But she would ask, why, on her shore,  
Yet sounds the base Manstealer's oar?*

Page 20, Stanza xviii.

It is heart-rending to reflect, that after all that has been done to abolish that system of robbery and murder, which has for so many ages been 'a merciless scourge to Africa, and a disgrace to the civilized world, it still continues to counteract every scheme of improvement, devised for that unhappy portion of the globe. "It has been discovered," say the Directors of the African Institution, "that in defiance of all the penalties imposed by act of parliament, vessels under foreign flags, have been fitted out in the ports of Liverpool and London, for the purpose of carrying slaves from the coast of Africa, to the Spanish and Portuguese settlements in America, and that several adventures of this description have actually been completed."

Strange, that in a Christian country, such infamous proceedings should be dignified with the name of trade, and the bloody assassins who conduct it, allowed to walk openly among men, bearing the honourable appellation of merchants! Strange; that in England, a man shall expiate the theft of a paltry half-crown on a gallows, but in Africa, may carry off the half, or the whole of a kingdom, only subject to penalties, which may be eluded by the subterfuges too common to trade. It has, however, of late, been declared felony, and ought certainly to be capitally punished. "He that stealeth a man, and selleth

him, or if he be found in his hand, shall surely be put to death," is the command of God, and is embodied in that very code, from which the abettors of that horrid commerce have attempted to support it.

*But in the Book of God to trace,  
The works of nature and of grace,*

Page 28, Stanza xii.

THE adaptation of the Scriptures to all nations, ages, and conditions of men, is a recommendation not the least powerful, and a proof of their Divine origin not the least important.

Notwithstanding, however, of this singular quality, which distinguishes the Scriptures from all other books, there have not been wanting some in every age, who, upon various grounds, have resisted their free use, and unfettered circulation. Even in this age of free inquiry, there are to be met, not a few, who think the Bible a very improper book for children. And I once heard a Teacher of some celebrity, declare, the greatest crime committed in his whole life, to be the suffering, in compliance with common usage, the Bible to be used in his school by children, who had no proper idea of its sublime contents. This idea is at first sight somewhat specious, but more narrowly examined, is neither more nor less than the old doctrine of the Church of Rome, who, because there are in the Scriptures "things hard to be understood, which they that are unstable wrest," locks them up in a dead language, and threatens with the pains of hell, any who shall dare to take the book, and to open the seal she has presumptuously imposed upon it.

The Divine Dictator of the Scriptures, however, may surely be allowed to be the best judge of what is most likely to make them useful, and He declares it to be patient and perpetual perusal. "These words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." And so far from any apprehension of their being profaned by the utmost publicity, it is added, "And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy

house, and on thy gates.”\* Indeed, the Scriptures seem calculated for children, above all other books. There is a living energy in the matter, and a Divine simplicity in the manner, that wins attention, and forces itself irresistibly to the heart. And after all the cant, by which the enemies of Revelation have disgraced their own, and insulted the understandings of others, it may be affirmed, without danger of refutation, that the great lines of Revelation are more level to ALL capacities, than any thing they have proposed to substitute in its place.

What is there in the account of the creation, of the fall of man, the history of the Patriarchs, and of the church, yea, in the “great mystery of godliness, GOD made manifest in the flesh,” as far as they come within the province of mere understanding, that renders them more difficult of apprehension, than tales of giants, and monsters, and fairies, and genii, of which children are, almost universally, fond to excess? And I appeal to the saint of God, who, from a child, has known the Scriptures, if looking back upon the days of infant enjoyment, when the candle of Divine illumination first brightened the page, and faith in the fervours of new-born love, ushered him into the chamber of Divine communion, if he does not often pour the melancholy, but fervent ejaculation, “O that it were with me as in months past, when the candle of the Lord shined upon mine head, and when by his light I walked through darkness.”

There is, indeed, reason to suspect that the lukewarmness that so fearfully characterises the present day, originates in neglect of the Scriptures—particular passages are studied, and torn, and distorted, to serve the purposes of passion, of prejudice, and of party. But as the standard of our thoughts, the regulator of our affections, and the rule of our lives, how little do we regard it! May we henceforth, as new born babes, receive with meekness, the ingrafted word, which is able to save our souls!

\* Deut. vi. 7—9.

# DYCHMONT.

1836.

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How glory I in thee, O native land,  
Well pleas'd in all thy rivers and thy hills.

*Albania, a Poem*

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TO

THE MOST NOBLE

WILLIAM ALEXANDER ANTHONY ARCHIBALD,

MARQUIS OF DOUGLAS AND CLYDESDALE.

MY LORD,

YOUR prospective propriety in the principal, and in many of the subordinate localities of the following poem; the interest you may consequently be supposed to feel in some of its delineations, with the influence you must necessarily exercise upon most, if not all the subjects it embraces, appear to me to point you out as the only person to whom it could with propriety be inscribed.

Allow me then, my Lord, most respectfully to place it under the protection of your noble name; not with the servile sycophancy of the rhyming suppliant, who has framed his lay, to flatter the vanity, to foster the prejudices, it may be to eulogise the follies, of his patron, but with the straight forward simplicity of an honest Scotsman, who, thinking for himself, has written to the dictates of his own judgment, and who, in giving to superior worth and exalted rank all due honour, is at the same time solicitous for the preservation of his own.

My Lord, the aspect of our times is in the highest degree ominous. The elements of disorganization have

been industriously disseminated, extensively diffused, and are at this moment in a state of high fermentation. To preserve for ourselves and for our posterity those peculiar privileges we have attained, will require the cordial co-operation of all ranks in society; in the upper more especially, great firmness of purpose, profound wisdom, exemplary prudence, and conciliating moderation. Possessing pre-eminent rank, the vigour of ardent youth, with the high stimulus of a line of ancestry the most chivalrous in Europe, you cannot think it strange that the eyes of your country are turned full upon you, as among the most favoured and the most influential of her sons. That her unconquerable spirit may be yours—that He who is king of nations may be to you for a spirit of judgment when you sit in judgment, and for strength should you be called to turn the battle to the gate; and that you may transmit, unimpaired, your name and honours to your sons, and your sons to their sons to the latest posterity, is, my Lord, the prayer of

Your Lordship's

Obedient Servant,

JOHN STRUTHERS.

GLASGOW, Jan. 6, 1836.



## DYCHMONT.

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### CANTO I.

DYCHMONT! a weary length of years,  
Perplex'd with care, bedimm'd with tears,  
Has pass'd, since I, in Nature's joy,  
A poor, untutor'd, aimless boy,  
With tentless step was wont to roam  
Thy labyrinths of waving broom,  
To pore upon thy brawling springs  
With endless wild imaginings,  
Or on thy hoary top to lie,  
And see it stretch'd from sky to sky,  
Its hills so rude, its vales so bland,  
My dearly lov'd, my native land!

From me I may not, must not say,  
What these long years have borne away.  
What ardent toils they have made void,  
What harvests of rich hope destroy'd;  
What blooms immortal they have shorn,  
What tender ties most rudely torn,  
Were long to tell, both sad and true,  
Yet neither rare, alas! nor new.

What though these years my raven hair  
Have blanch'd; and toil, and ceaseless care,  
And sorrow's fires, consuming slow,  
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow;

Why should I droop with childish fears,  
 Or whine for sympathetic tears?  
 'Tis but, as earth and heaven assure me,  
 The lot of all who've gone before me;  
 And shall, despite of young men's laughter,  
 Be that of all who follow after.

Nay, even on thee, these years so stern,  
 Thee, Nature's everlasting bairn,  
 Have, in their sweep of chance and change,  
 Accomplish'd transformations strange.

Fired with the wealth-amassing rage,  
 Which moulds the spirit of our age,  
 And, by this spirit's impulse moving,  
 Strong in his purpose of improving,  
 Thy gay possessor, in his scheming,  
 Most fondly fell at length a dreaming,  
 That, were thy broomy shag but shorn,  
 Thou might'st be made to wave with corn;  
 And, for fat lambs, and calves, and beeves,  
 Yield heaps on heaps in golden sheaves.  
 Delightful thought! at once his eye,  
 In raptur'd vision, saw them lie,  
 By skilful labour eithly won,  
 Of harvests, waving to the sun,  
 The embryo treasures sleeping cosie,  
 More rich than silver-swoll'n Potosi.

Frankly it was by all allow'd  
 Thy bield was prime, thy pasture good,  
 And weel ken'd ilka Glasgow glutton  
 That King-street couldna match thy mutton;  
 Thy weel fed stots, of stots the pride,  
 Excell'd all other stots beside;  
 And then thy lambs had lang been clarkit,  
 As baith the best and first at market.

But what was beef, or lamb, or veal,  
In thae blythe days, when gude aitmeal,  
As fleets were victuall'd, camps were form'd,  
Rivers were cross'd or cities storm'd,  
Or snaw showers, in the end of May,  
For speculation pav'd the way,  
Or mad embargoes took effect,  
Brought three and tenpence every peck ;  
Or wheat, which was consider'd now  
Dirt cheap at three pound ten the bow.  
In such a time, with half an e'e,  
The weakest couldna fail to see,  
Though some might treat the thought with scorn,  
Few things on earth could equal corn ;  
So, after many a pro and con,  
'Twas finally resolved upon,  
Thy hairy garment thou shouldst yield  
Henceforth to shine a rich corn field ;  
A scheme, the schemer durstna doubt of,  
But glorious things should yet come out of.

To second these high thoughts anon,  
Came he, fallen nature's eldest son,  
Toil, with his mattock and his hoe,  
And his twin-brother with his plough,  
Improvement hight, a pert prim knave,  
A pliant, fawning, cringing slave,  
Still ready with his service, sure  
To bless the rich, but to the poor,  
A vile taskmaster, cruel, stern,  
Awing them with a rod of iron.

Now up thy wild glens, ether borne,  
No more was heard the echoing horn,  
Nor, long resounding, shook thy sod,  
As on the mighty hunters rode ;

Nor baed in bass the yearning dam,  
 To the sharp treble of her lamb;  
 Nor bellow'd short, thick, deep, and full,  
 For very wantonness the bull,  
 Tearing with burning hoof the soil,  
 And butting at the wind the while.

Crooning his tuneless, endless stave,  
 Half wit, half mad, half fool, half knave,  
 Thin heather Tam no more was seen  
 Bundling his broom sae lang and green;  
 Nor toom Jock Sparrow with his odd jinks,  
 And curious trantlums snaring gowdspinks;  
 Nor Ruglen rake-hells, wi' their bonnets,  
 Beating the whins, in search of linnets:  
 Thou wast not now a place for play,  
 'Twas toil, toil, toiling every day.

Here, with his what-you-will, Sir, smile,  
 Fresh from the lordship of Argyle,  
 M'Dougal with his freckled feres,  
 A band of breekless mountaineers,  
 Uptore thy broom o'er height and howe,  
 Nor left one single standing kowe.  
 There, from the bogs of Connaught wild,  
 With thin whey beard, O'Connor's child,  
 Against thy whins, with bill and brand  
 Well armed, led on a lusty band,  
 All redolent, the darling dawties,  
 Of butter milk and mealy praties;  
 And rolicking as lith as leeches,  
 In stockings brown and leather breeches.  
 Against the grey stones, peering out  
 Like warts upon thy snubby snout,  
 Rob Riddell and black Jock Arneil  
 Brought up their airns weel laid wi' steel,

With powder, and as many pinches  
As might hae torn thee a' to inches.

What eäger now, what fond forecasting,  
What cutting, grubbing, boring, blasting!  
Blast following blast came thundering anon,  
Like Carron Ironworks proving cannon,  
While every blast sent up on high  
Of stones some cartloads through the sky.  
Thy broom, as is already sung,  
E'en kowe by kowe was all up-wrung;  
Thy furze field, that a thousand years  
Had bloom'd in gold, the hoe up tears,  
And of its dark recesses, where  
The hill-fox safely made his lair,  
Left not a remnant floating free,  
So much as shade a humble bee.

Of all thy glory thus despoil'd,  
Fern, furze, and broom high o'er thee pil'd,  
To be, the first dry wind that came,  
Given up to the devouring flame,  
Thou shouldst, if feeling be in hills,  
Have learn'd to feel for human ills.

Oft had, of old, thy beacon dread  
Th' alarm of fire and murder spread,  
But never did it stream so bright,  
As on that breezy, bleak March night,  
When thy fair locks thus rent and riven,  
Burning into the midst of heaven,  
Illumin'd far, from side to side,  
From end to end, the trough of Clyde,  
Red tinging all th' old turrets hoary,  
Those remnants of baronial glory,  
Startling the grey owls in the eaves,  
Beneath the ivy's glossy leaves,

Where hoarse they hooted for the moon,  
From lone Carnwath to bleak Dunoon.

Leapt to the light ten thousand rills,  
And bounded all the little hills.  
The Lennox Fells, the Ochils green,  
Astounded, scarce believ'd their een.  
That giant brotherhood, the Bens,  
Cowered low behind their lakes and fens,  
Till, from their mist-wreaths peeping forth,  
They saw the wind was from the north.  
Scar'd, Balageich threw back his head,  
And in his fear had surely fled,  
But that he thought, in time discreet,  
The Brother Loch lay at his feet.  
The Kype and Elrig swat together,  
Each trembling for his coat of heather.  
The Pentlands shook through all their bounds,  
As if they felt their unclosed wounds,  
Or heard again his frantic yell,  
That dreaming dotard Tom Dalzel;  
And Tinto, in thy red beam glaring,  
Benumb'd with fear, stood breathless staring,  
Until he saw, with glimmering dazzle,  
Thee sinking white one mighty aizle.

And now the arduous task was done,  
The field was fought, the prize was won;  
Through fickle April gleam'd the plough,  
Each morning from thy lofty brow;  
And May beheld thee as her queen,  
With bonie braird sae fresh and green,  
Without or fern, or broom, or whin,  
As smooth as Jeanie Johnson's chin.

But nature will be nature still,  
And thou, though shorn, wast yet a hill,

Commercing freely with the skies,  
Unheard, unseen by mortal eyes.  
Still round thy hoary eastern peak  
The grey dawn flung his earliest streak,  
And, lingering there, the dewy even  
Show'd all the varying dyes of heaven.  
There too, with earth-appalling frown,  
The thunder in his cloud came down;  
And there the spirit of the storm  
Shrouded in mist his demon form,  
Whilst shrieks prelusive, wild, and wide,  
Roll'd down the Calder and the Clyde.

And sometimes of an afternoon,  
November there would meet with June:  
Or, what he relish'd better fully,  
Her blyth successor, buxom July,  
With whom disporting through the night,  
She sometimes found when dawn'd the light,  
The dry old dog, in his embraces,  
Had sear'd with frost her glowing tresses,  
And over thee, her gay green bed,  
A cranrench covering, hoary, spread.  
Yea, heavier still, there old December  
Sometimes encroaching on September,  
Sans ceremony, came to throw  
Across thee, cold, his cloak of snow,  
Which, though it hurt not cattle rearing,  
Did not so well agree with shearing;  
Nor did it prove a happy mean,  
Of mending crops when thin and green.  
'Twas but, of course, a little while,  
When thy improver found his toil,  
So scientific, well-a-day!  
And great expenses thrown away,

Which made him ban thy paltry sheaves,  
And wish them back thy broom and beeves.

But credit once begun to crack,  
Is seldom cur'd, nor come they back,  
Howe'er their absence may be mourn'd,  
Neglected means, occasions scorn'd;  
To these th' irrevocable sentence  
Attach'd, is sure, oft vain repentance,  
A fact confirm'd beyond denial,  
Who doubts it let him make the trial.

Beeves still were to be bought, 'tis true,  
And thick thy fair locks budding new,  
To flow with more than pristine prime,  
Only required a little time.

But Mr. Bullock's time was gone,  
He must depart, his lease was run;  
And all wherein he had been wise,  
His varied plans of high emprise,  
He leaves them to a stranger's rule,  
Whether a wise man or a fool:  
And, verifying sacred lore,  
Must of his place be known no more.

Yet shall these rude and rough hewn rhymes,  
If spared by moths, to after-times,  
When, Dychmont, men shall wondering view  
The traces of the painful plough,  
Still winding, with continuous sweep,  
Adown thy sides so rough and steep,  
Midst mill and smiddy groups, proclaim  
To eager ears his honest fame,  
By distance hallow'd, and by time  
Encrusted with the true sublime.



## DYCHMONT.

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### CANTO II.

AN! where, ye unrelenting years,  
Where is M'Dougall with his feres?  
Where is O'Connor's whey-faced child,  
With all his sour milk darlings wild?  
Rob Riddell, where's the senseless hash?  
Where's Jock Arniel's lang witty pash?  
Thin heather Tam, what now engages?  
Where's Sparrow with his curious cages?  
And grinning arch, with teeth so white,  
So lith of limb, of heart so light,  
Where are the imps of coal and coom,  
Dychmont, that tempested thy broom,  
Dash'd through thy whins pursuing linties,  
Or hew'd thy alders down for shinties?  
Bow'd down with age, with cares, and fears,  
Frail tenants in this vale of tears,  
Outbrave they still in mortal strife,  
The ever deepening storm of life?  
Or, claiming kindred with the worm,  
The battle ended, hush'd the storm,  
Where lie th' oppressors with th' opprest,  
Forgot, in darkness do they rest,  
Having no part in aught that's done,  
Or said, or seen, beneath the sun?

'Tis thus, on Time's receding tide,  
Proud men, with all their labours glide,  
Born by relentless destiny  
Into Oblivion's waveless sea,  
Where sleep they, till that hour of dread,  
When Death himself shall yield his dead.  
But nature fresh, as from her birth,  
Her plastic power puts ceaseless forth,  
By sun, by shadow, and by shower,  
In rock, in stream, in tree, and flower,  
With unseen hand, repairing wide,  
Th' effects of folly, time, and pride;  
And while these years, so ruthless, have  
Heap'd with their dead the silent grave—  
Dychmont! she has, in sober truth,  
Most splendidly renew'd thy youth,  
And given to wave, thy haffets hoary,  
With little less than pristine glory.

Often, afar, has my young eye  
Traced thy huge shadow on the sky,  
While my sick heart, unused to roam,  
Yearn'd for the cot I call'd my home,  
Whence pleas'd, my little feres at play  
Could sport upon thee every day.  
That cot I call my home no more,  
My feres have sought another shore,  
Or pass'd that melancholy bourn,  
Whence traveller finds no return;  
Yet, in that recollected light,  
I hail thee with intense delight,  
And scenes so rich, so passing fair,  
No! never can I meet elsewhere.

In thy deep rifts, how soft it rings,  
The tinkle of thy dribbling springs,

Whence flow, in mazy windings sweet,  
These silver rills that lave thy feet,  
O'er which the weeping birch-trees bend,  
And alders their broad arms extend,  
While, rising from its mossy pillow,  
Embower'd beneath the silvery willow,  
Where the bee winds its little horn,  
And the pale primrose greets the morn.  
O'er thy broad sides, the waving broom  
Floats yellow, one wide sea of bloom;  
And bristling strong, with healthful glow,  
A field of furze enwreaths thy brow,  
Which, turn'd upon the dark north-west,  
Bids bold defiance to the blast.

As up thy shelving side I bound,  
The landscape wide expanding round,  
Hallow'd to me, in all directions,  
By strangely mingled recollections,  
They rise once more, the misty years,  
With all their cares and all their fears,  
And, wild, the pulse, it throbs again,  
Of young delight in every vein.

But, wide, that landscape's wondrous stretch,  
What eye may scan, what hand may sketch—  
From lofty Arran's high peak'd brow,  
To where Kintyre shuts up the view,  
And, faintly glimmering through the haze,  
Like isles seagirt, their heads they raise,  
Mountains o'er mountains, towering, vast,  
Along that sea indented coast,  
From sounding Marahanish, far  
Into the wastes of wild Braemar.  
From the soft west, where sweet they smile,  
The hills of Cowal and Argyle;

By Drymen's bare, and rugged dells,  
And by the Lennox lovely fells;  
By the bleak Shots, and dimly seen,  
With Tinto's tow'ring height between,  
The weary Pentlands, sad to see,  
Still weeping wounded Liberty,  
With shield cut through, and banner torn,  
Left on them in her blood to mourn,  
While her best friends on scaffolds bled,  
Or in dark dungeons pin'd and died.  
By Carnwath, fam'd for horse and iron,  
And gay Carstairs, Monteith's pet bairn;  
By Carluke, with its fruitful gills,  
By Lesmahagow's weeping rills,  
In fancy's ear that murmur still,  
The wrongs of Cameron, and Cargil,  
And Shields, and Renwick, young, and good,  
The last who nobly shed his blood,  
Firm, and consistent to the death,  
For Scotland's covenanted faith.  
And, by yon dark and narrow stripe,  
The rugged ridge of barren Kype,  
To lofty Loudon, o'er his bog  
Still smiling proudly on Drumclog;  
Where Claverse, in his mad career  
Of ruthless murder, learnt to fear,  
A bold, though simple, peasantry,  
Who stood for God and Liberty.  
By dark Drumduff, and Hairshaw wide,  
And Elrig brown, in bent array'd,  
By watery wastes, extending far,  
From Balangeich round green Dunwar;  
Where haunted Crailburn's head streams twine  
Through the black bogs of lone Lochgoin,

To where the seaborn breezes roam  
O'er Largs, far fam'd, and Kilmalcolm.

But who, by nature, or by art,  
The flood of joy pour'd on the heart,  
The fancy overpowering spell,  
Of scenes so rich and rare can tell?  
What shall be first, or what be last,  
Where all is splendid, all is vast!

In bold relief, here, every feature,  
Stands out, of rough untutor'd nature.  
Hills, by the force of torrents cloven;  
Dark wastes, with fertile spots enwoven;  
Heaths, wild and drear, far spreading wide;  
Woods, waving dark in sullen pride;  
And uplands gray, that grimly frown,  
In dismal desolation brown.

There may be too,—indeed we know it,  
Nor do we blush at all to show it,—  
In one or two localities,  
Where all succumb to passive ease,  
A few remains of th' olden time,  
Addendas to the true sublime,—  
Turf huts, with poverty imprest,  
Orchards unprun'd, gardens undrest,  
Fields overgrown with thistles, some  
With rushes, dockens, furze, and broom;  
Some by unskilful labour spoil'd,  
And some from sheer neglect run wild.  
Still, agriculture's heaven taught art,  
Nowhere performs a nobler part,  
And Clyde's rich vale, her toils rewarding,  
Seems on the whole but one vast garden.  
Yet, triumphs here, so eithly won,  
Aided by shade, by soil, and sun,

Can claim, in these enlighten'd days,  
Comparatively, little praise.  
But yonder uplands, barren, bare,  
Beneath a dank, cold, atmosphere;  
Yon boundless wilds of bent and heather,  
Where June and January play together;  
Yon hills, each morn with winter hoary,  
There, see it, agriculture's glory.  
Far, far around yon brown hill's sides,  
How cheering to behold her strides  
Where, lovely, every step is seen,  
Blushing, a bright sight-soothing green,  
In rich oatfields, outspreading wide  
The Scotsman's hope, and Scotland's pride;  
Whence, honour'd far, the name she takes,  
All lands above, THE LAND OF CAKES.

There, less remote, broad beanfields lie,  
With fragrance filling the wide sky,  
And straths of wheat beside them seen,  
Blushing a deeper, darker green;  
While rye-grass plots, upon the e'e,  
Heave like the undulating sea.

Already ting'd with Autumn's glow  
Patches of early barley show;  
And vocal with the buoyant glee,  
Of health, and mirth, and industry,  
Beneath the careful hand and hoe,  
Potato fields are all a-glow,  
To be, with th' aid of fostering showers,  
Some few days hence, one blush of flowers;  
And a few more, if time hold good,  
Most wholesome, most nutritious food.

Flowery and soft, these crops betwixt,  
Rich pasture fields are intermixt,

With kine full-udder'd, spotted over,  
Up to their knees in fine white clover;  
Or oxen huge, that, battening, lie  
In ruminating luxury.

Turn, ardent, where you will your eyes—  
Wonders of Art and Nature rise:  
There, pyramidal piled, they shine,  
The products of the deep dark mine,  
Rich iron and steel, rough in the ore,  
And coal, in which there sleeps the power  
Which all the useful arts require—  
The power, the sovereign power of fire.  
Here, amidst smoke and ceaseless clamour,  
Roars the red forge, rings the sledge hammer,  
Beneath whose well-directed blows,  
The red son of the furnace grows  
Into his destined shape, a bar,  
To serve all arts of peace or war.

There, on his rails, the vale's long length,  
He comes, resistless in his strength,  
The Locomotive, as in ire,  
Outbreathing smoke, and snorting fire.  
Beneath his tread the valley quakes,  
And each surrounding mountain shakes;  
Wonder before him, fear behind,  
He cleaves the clouds, outstrips the wind;  
Great in effect—unique in plan—  
The first of all the works of man.

Here, on its smooth lawn's broad expanse,  
The palace of the merchant prince,  
By patient perseverance won,  
Its bold Greek front lifts to the sun;  
And there, like veteran from the wars,  
Imbrown'd by toil, and seam'd with scours,

Green, ivy-bound, amidst his woods,  
A Goth, th' old Baron's castle nods.

Yonder, with broad lime-trees for bield,  
Its drill-about potato field,  
Its gardens flush'd with fine white roses,  
Where many a rich bee-hive reposes;  
Its barn-like church, with mimic tower,  
Whence a new clock proclaims the hour;  
Its school-house, rather past its prime,  
But newly wash'd with Irish lime;  
Its well-thatch'd inn, where shines in full  
Two keys across, or large black bull,  
With th' owner's name, and eke, of course,  
Refreshments or for man or horse,  
Its braw shot window, where to th' e'e  
Shines SNUFF, TOBACCO, and BOHEA;  
Its smithy, famed for nightly news;  
Its wright's yard, cramm'd with logs and ploughs,  
The ancient clachan, spreading broad,  
Smiles sweet on both sides of the road;  
While round and round, on every side,  
Prim hamlets, rising far and wide,  
In modish, economic style,  
Glitter in slate, in tar, or tile;  
And the plain cottage, sweet to see,  
Smiles underneath its hawthorn tree.

Collecting yonder all his floods,  
Clyde thunders through the Corehouse woods,  
Takes Dundaff with a placid leap,  
And, rounding with voluptuous sweep  
Old Lanark's towers, delighted plays,  
Kirkfield, beneath thy verdant braes,  
And with stern majesty inspires  
The rugged caverns of Stonebyres.



Sooth'd with the blossom-breathing gale,  
He thence meandering cleaves the vale,  
Now turning here, now there again,  
As loath to leave the lovely scene.  
Such lovely scenes who would not tarry on,  
As Milton, or the knolls of Garion;  
Dalsersf, or matchless Mauldsly's bowers,  
Or Cambusniethan's Gothic towers?  
Or in, where all earth's beauties dwell,  
Thy bosky dingles, dear Dalzel;  
Or that rich vale, expanding wide,  
Where Evan meets thee, father, Clyde?

My Lord of Hamilton, your grace's  
Lines have been cast in pleasant places;  
Well may you say, "On Nature's page  
I have a goodly heritage;"  
But, in these itchy days of change,  
Amid so many movements strange,  
Undoubtedly, some questions higher  
Much it imports you to inquire;  
Such as, Have I the special grace  
Belongs to my exalted place?  
That place, is it usurp'd, unjust,  
Or given of God, and held in trust,  
As part and parcel of his plan  
For rightly ruling social man?  
Do I upon the world below,  
Of course, shake tempests from my brow?  
Am I a mount, seen far and wide,  
Dark smoking with the fires of pride,  
And, through self-will, with power combin'd,  
Red ashes showering on the wind;  
Thus showing fair, to all men's sight,  
A mark for wrath's red bolt to smite.

Or do I, soft, my shadow throw it  
O'er all who place themselves below it?  
The scatter'd gifts of providence,  
Do I collect and rich dispense,  
In gentle fructifying rains,  
Afar upon life's arid plains?  
And healing streams do I send forth,  
Of charity and moral worth,  
Where I have power, all woe redressing,  
Bless'd in myself, by all men blessing:  
Thus, lending firm, though folly prate,  
Both strength and beauty to the state?

Thee, Bothwell, can I pass, nor yield  
A tear to thy ill-fated field,  
Where valour came, but wisdom not,  
And common prudence was forgot;  
Where fell the banner of the just,  
And truth was trampled in the dust,  
Freedom became absurd disorder,  
And victory lost her name in murder?  
Yet time has each external trace  
Erased of all this foul disgrace,  
And, Bothwell, o'er the peaceful river,  
Thy bank it blooms as green as ever.

Sickly and sad, the breeze-note falls  
Around the Priory's old walls;  
And mournful is its weary plaint  
Through these long aisles unroof'd and rent,  
Where, in his pride, once Randolph stood,  
And many a Douglas stout and good.  
Yet, Blantyre, if the truth we tell,  
Thy well-conducted works excel,  
An hundred boasted priories,  
With all their dozing sanctities;

And he of mild pacific sway,  
The noble Douglas of the day,  
Although no crouching slaves adore him,  
Is worth the best who've gone before him.

Now through his far-famed fields of coal,  
By furnace-blazing Boggleshole,  
By old Dalmarnock's haughs so wide,  
And Ruglen's royal burgh decay'd,  
With dye vats chok'd, with engines deav'd,  
And countless nuisances mischieved,  
In clouds of smokè his blushes hiding,  
The Clyde is seen, all silent, gliding,  
Till, in the classic Kelvin's wave  
And Cart, his azure locks he lave;  
Thence, by the Dryfe and silver Leven,  
Enlarged, he lifts his face to heaven,  
And, sweltering in his waves of pride,  
Bounds into ocean's foamy tide.

Lone as I muse, I hear it come  
Up the green glen, the distant hum  
Of yonder city's eager crowd,  
Conceal'd beneath that murky cloud,  
Through which shoot up rich domes and spires,  
Afar that glow like meteor fires.  
Are these the sounds of triumph? No!  
Of grinding toil or hopeless woe?  
Of buoyant hope or trembling fear?  
Of ardour or of blank despair?  
Or, are they bursts, amid the press,  
Of pure, unmeaning nothingness?  
No! they are neither one nor t' other,  
But all pour'd jarring out together.

What zeal, what self-command is there!  
What energy and what despair!

What toils, with desperate aim renew'd!  
What harassing solicitude!  
What eagerness in every face!  
What hurrying on from place to place,  
As if on every step the dye  
Were casting for eternity!  
And all for what? A little dust,  
Hard to be gain'd, and easy lost,  
And, by the longest lived of men,  
Enjoy'd scarce three-score years and ten.

Fair city, thou that sitt'st cōnfest  
By all, the lady of the west,  
Much would I grieve, should verse of mine  
E'er scathe one blooming wreath of thine.  
Well do I know, beneath that cloud  
Breathe forms as fair, and hearts as good,  
Benevolent, and warm, and true,  
As ever drank life's balmy dew.

Happy, and let him have his meed  
Of fair respect, is he, indeed,  
Upon whose birth is given to shine  
The light of an illustrious line  
Of ancestry, skill'd in debate,  
Or strong the battle to the gate,  
What time the rage of foes did burn,  
With Valour's fiery hands to turn;  
But let him also have his share,  
Whose vigorous mind and truthful care,  
Triumphing o'er a lowly birth,  
Among the great ones of the earth,  
With honour, hath enrolled his name,  
Pre-eminent in wealth and fame.  
And where's the city found, pray where,  
For such that may with thee compare?

But then thou hast, 'tis said, a few,  
It may, or it may not be true,  
Who rank themselves as great and good,  
Altho' they live and thrive on blood,  
Which, all remorseless, they devour,  
The heart's blood of the labouring poor,  
Whom they oppress, from day to day,  
With extra work and scanty pay.

Alas! for him, or her, who moans,  
O'er the hard task with aching bones,  
And, spite of toiling, meek, desert,  
Sits hunger-bitten at the heart.  
Say, are ye men, who drive a trade  
That cannot yield the workman bread?  
Are ye not rather demons fell,  
On this fair earth enacting hell?  
Pillow'd on wealth, and swoln with pride,  
Humanity ye may deride;  
But let this truth alarm your fears,  
When poor men cry, Jehovah hears,  
And, by himself, hath solemn sworn,  
The scorers to repay with scorn.  
Thou hast besides, 'tis said, a few,  
And this we fear is really true,  
Whose vanity, their sense exceeding,  
Has left them nothing like good breeding,  
And some as saints, demanding place,  
By no means overrun with grace.  
Thy darken'd purlieus, too, infold  
The dupes of sin grown poor and old,  
To whom there is no longer given,  
Nor joy in earth, nor hope in heaven.

Now, had I but the gust of gab,  
Erewhile thy gift, most Reverend Crabbe,

And my bauch muse, could I but time her,  
Like him, the meek-mouth'd Corn Law Rhymer,  
A field is here spread out before me,  
And wreaths, unfading wreaths, of glory.  
Here I might paint, on the foul street,  
Low squalid drabs with naked feet;  
In sunny nooks, on soot bags dozing,  
Sweeps, scamps, and thieves, supine reposing;  
Yon bloated wretch of changeful hue,  
Not black, but red, not red, but blue,  
With one crack'd jar, in damp dark cellar,  
Who dubs himself a spirit dealer;  
That thin and red-eyed fiery-vixen,—  
That big swollen frow of look perplexing—  
And brats in rags, inch thick with snotter,  
And heads, ah me! a perfect hotter,  
The style, indeed, not quite seraphic,  
Yet such as ought to pass for graphic,  
Then, with a patriot's generous practice,  
Damn governments, and towns, and taxes.

But this, though an approved style,  
A prudent mode of spurting bile,  
Besides to other themes I haste,  
Suits not with my untutor'd taste,  
Nor, with plain facts, bold standing out,  
In sight of all, defying doubt.  
Like men who make them, towns have blots,  
But the great sun himself hath spots.

Ask ye where science brightest shines,  
Where elegance with art combines,  
Where learning deepest strikes her roots,  
Where knowledge shakes her fairest fruits,  
Where love her loftiest labour plies,  
Where charity's effience lies,

Where merit sometimes meets her meed,  
And genius finds a crust of bread?  
Where, but beneath the murky sky  
Of towns, which canting bards decry.

Affected gravity may mock  
At crowded alleys dark with smoke,  
And, canting, cry that all within  
Is poverty, and filth, and sin,  
Objects of reprobacy dire,  
Already ripe for penal fire:  
And truly here are manners rough,  
And shame, and poverty enough;  
But Truth must also tell that there  
Are faith, and penitence, and prayer,  
And vigorous minds, though lowly born,  
Superior to the base world's scorn,  
Who live and love, beneath the smile  
Of meek content, though endless toil,  
The fountain whence their means must flow,  
Be all they hope for here below.

Far, far from all their souls held dear,  
The mountain blue, the streamlet clear,  
How many gentle spirits there,  
All but the victims of despair!  
Nor youth, nor health, nor credit left,  
Of fortune and of friends bereft,  
Yet earning, in their humble way,  
An honest penny day by day,  
Conversing with themselves and God,  
Find here a pleasing solitude,  
Whence their orisons to the skies,  
At morn and evening duly rise,  
And, heard by Him on mercy's throne,  
Return, in showers of blessing, down

On these dark lanes which know them not,  
That land by which they are forgot.

Fair city of the wise and free,  
Rich mart of honest industry,  
May heaven still keep thee in its care,  
"Is mine and every poor man's prayer."  
Wide spreading, may thy Tree be seen  
For ever clothed in vernal green;  
Thy sprightly Bird and sounding Bell,  
Truth's sacred triumphs ever tell;  
Thy Fish, in undecaying prime,  
Glide silvery down the stream of time,  
While He, throughout all worlds ador'd,  
The First, the Last, th' Eternal Word,  
Preach'd freely unto all and some,  
With this give thee the world to come.

And may, beneath thy fostering care,  
Townships and villas rising fair,  
Around thee far, for many a mile,  
Awake the hum of honest toil,  
While joy their every valley fills,  
And culture creeps o'er all their hills.

And every day, with more effect,  
Thy energies may heaven direct,  
In spreading, with renew'd increase,  
Taste, order, industry, and peace  
Already has thy cheering smile  
Diffus'd itself o'er half the isle.  
Long may it, like thine own fair river,  
Thy wealth, its channels deepening ever,  
Shed worth, and competence, and ease,  
O'er all the stormy Hebrides.  
Thence, far th' Atlantic wafted o'er,  
Give it to bless lone Labrador;



To sweep the dense Canadian woods,  
Where, lonely, by her ocean floods,  
Beneath the sultry summer's glow,  
Or midst her boundless wastes of snow,  
Where winter, awful, in his ire,  
Breathes frost intense that burns like fire,  
Old Scotia's son, a wanderer wide,  
The victim of some great one's pride,  
Perhaps some philosophic peer,  
Who, forming snug retreats for deer,  
Or to enlarge his range for nowt,  
Shovels whole glens and islands out,  
Works hard, and hums, to sooth his toil,  
His country's song, but weeps the while  
His fond imagination dwells  
Upon her heath-empurpled fells,  
Her blaeberry banks, her gowany braes,  
Her dingles white with budding slaes,  
Her mountains green, with harebells blooming,  
And purple thyme the air perfuming.

And more than all, his darling theme,  
The little limpid mountain stream,  
That sparkled down the broom-clad dell,  
Where rose the church with tree and bell,  
Whose silver tones ilk sabbath day  
Call'd all his fellow hinds to pray ;  
With whom, conjoin'd in holy union,  
He us'd to hold divine communion,  
Of which, now placed so far apart,  
The drear remembrance melts his heart.  
Let thy munificence plant there  
The man of God, the house of prayer,  
Whence, supplications meet may rise,  
And praise a grateful sacrifice,

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To Him who sheds a cheering grace  
Upon the solitary place,  
And streaks, with lines of loveliness,  
The vast and savage wilderness;  
Whence the rude red man yet may prove  
Th' extent of the Great Spirit's love,  
And, wash'd and pardon'd through the Son,  
Worship in faith the Great Three One—  
Whence, truth and freedom, hand in hand,  
May make their own that wide spread land,  
And grateful thanks, by millions given,  
Rising on thy behalf to heaven,  
Long ages hence be found to lie  
Thy rich reversion in the sky.

## DYCHMONT.

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### CANTO III.

HAPPY's the man, who, to his lot,  
Whate'er it be, his mind hath brought,  
And, whether great or small his measure  
Of joy, is pleas'd with God's good pleasure.  
Small and despis'd may be the part  
Assign'd him; but, with upright heart,  
Where duty leads, prepared to go—  
Or with ten talents, or with two;  
Or with loud plaudits onward borne,  
Or vilified and laugh'd to scorn—  
Not hope alone of future bliss,  
But a pure, perfect peace is his;  
A peace nor tongue nor pen can tell—  
The peace of God unspeakable!

By such an one, plain, honest toil  
Is welcom'd with a cheerful smile,  
And felt a gift of God's own giving,  
A special mean of happy living.  
Sour discontent may round him growl,  
And sneering pride contemptuous scowl;  
Sloth may hang down her nerveless hands,  
And folly point to distant lands,  
Where, without human care or toil,  
Trees rain down bread, rocks pour forth oil;

And streams with milk and honey swell,  
As rumour's hundred tongues can tell.  
He, knowing that this world at best,  
Was never meant man's place of rest,  
Is satisfied, with native ills,  
To grapple on his native hills,  
Where every stream, and rock, and tree,  
Has its wild lay of liberty.  
Inlaid in law, whose sacred charters,  
Embalm'd are with the blood of martyrs;  
The savour of whose gracious names  
The ardour of his zeal inflames,  
Like them, supremely to regard  
"The recompence of the reward,"  
The grace that in the promise lies,  
To be reveal'd, when sun, and skies,  
And earth, and sea, one destin'd day,  
Like morning clouds have pass'd away.

Such were the characters sublime,  
The giants of the olden time,  
Thy Wisharts, Hamiltons, and Mills,  
That, Scotland, over all thy hills,  
By their death-fires, awoke, in sooth,  
The living light of gospel truth.  
Such were th' unshrinking band, led on,  
By him the dauntless, Henderson,  
Who cool, collected, held his seat  
Until he saw the work complete,  
The blessed work of Reformation,  
Set, fair, upon its true foundation,  
The Law, which is exceeding broad,  
The fix'd, th' eternal law of God.

And when, to please a worthless thing,  
As e'er disgrac'd the name of king,

A venal, turncoat, drunken crew,  
With treason charg'd their own free vow,  
Such were the hinds, thy hills who trode,  
Strong in the love and fear of God,  
Defying, through a long dark hour,  
Alike the craft and rage of power,  
Till, by their bright example charm'd,  
Even passive cowardice was warm'd,  
And dodgeing, downright selfishness,  
Assum'd the patriot's stern address.  
By which, imprest with awful dread,  
The priest-rid, poltroon, tyrant fled,  
Leaving his friends to gaze upon  
A court dissolv'd, a vacant throne.

And though, alas! that breathing space,  
That moment of peculiar grace,  
By vile, time-serving, cunning crost,  
For its best ends was greatly lost;  
Though thy proud beggar-barons sold  
Thy sworn-to rights for paltry gold;  
Though all thy would-be men of mind,  
Poets, philosophers, combin'd,  
With sneaking hangers-on at court,  
Of thy best feelings to make sport,  
Yet lov'd and cherish'd all the while,  
Among thy hardy sons of toil,  
In every vale, on every hill,  
Unquench'd these feelings linger still,  
And shall, we fervent hope and pray,  
Yet save thee on a future day.

Hail! heaven's best gift to mankind lent—  
Hail! holy spirit of content—  
Thou, thou alone, the seraph smile  
Canst kindle on the brow of toil,

And truest honours heap upon  
 The humblest station fairly won.  
 The richest relish thou canst deal  
 Out with the stinted homely meal,  
 And sweetness, beauty, grandeur, grace,  
 Give even to dreary loneliness.

How wide thy energies sublime  
 Should spread in such a favour'd clime,  
 Where liberty stoops down to cheer  
 Alike the peasant and the peer;  
 Where science gladdens great and small,  
 And industry gives bread to all.  
 Ah! lovely land of streams and rills,  
 Of spreading vales, and woods, and hills,  
 Of smiling plenty, and of peace,  
 Of equal laws, and gospel grace!  
 Could aught my heart from thee dis sever?  
 Oh no, I here could gaze for ever!

Green, glowing to the sun-bright sky,  
 How rich these hills, the Ochils lie,  
 Reflecting back, as from a glass,  
 Each filmy speck on day's fair face;  
 So soft their shades, their lines so clear,  
 The lambkin's bleat I seem to hear;  
 And far within each deep ravine,  
 The tinkling streamlet's voice divine.

From beetling cliffs high thron'd in woods,  
 O'er Devon links here Alva nods;  
 And Tillicoultry's favoured one,  
 W\*\*\*\*\*w, there basks him in the sun.  
 Fast by the streamlet pure, out-welling  
 From the dark dell, I mark his dwelling,  
 B\*\*\*\*\*g, far-fam'd, the learned seer  
 Of large discourse, of judgment clear,

Of well-try'd worth, and genius free,  
And of unrivall'd industry.  
Nor distant his, the wizard wild,  
Sweet Fancy's own inspired child,  
Who erst sang, blythe, of the bauld bangster,  
Who won her, matchless, Mag of Anster.  
And, with his dog, his staff, and plaid,  
On that tall cliff I see him laid,  
Glow'ring right down on Dollar college,  
That splendid reservoir of knowledge,  
The shepherd, with some shame, perchance,  
Musing on his own ignorance—  
Or, may be, strong in native gumption,  
He smiles upon the vain presumption  
Of empty heads, for brains who seek,  
By wasting time murgullyng Greek;  
Which done, they shake their jobbernowls,  
And claim th' immediate care of souls,—  
A charge they'll promise fair to keep,  
Who ne'er could learn to smear a sheep.

Perhaps, a more delightful theme  
Laps him in an Elysian dream;  
With the dear May he's laid his love on,  
A bonnie flower by winding Devon,  
Become his own, no longer coy,  
He sums the long, long years of joy,  
In ranked raw that rise before him,  
Nor fears, nor woes, nor wants, to shore him.

Ah! why should old Experience, rude,  
His rugged presence here intrude,  
And in the rays of doubt, perplexing,  
Show this dear May a drab or vixen;  
Conjure them up, disease and death,  
Or frosty years, with shrivelling breath,

To fill the vales, or feed the knowes  
 With snaw-smoor'd hogs, or rotten ewes.  
 The darling May may be as good  
 As e'er was bone, and flesh, and blood;  
 Life may be long, and health assuage  
 The fears, the weaknesses of age;  
 Rosy and rich may roll the years,  
 Fleeces unbroken cross the shears;  
 And numberless the snow-white lambs  
 Leap yearly round their bleating dams;  
 Yet, prove they shall,—alas! that sigh,—  
 Vexation all and vanity.

Perhaps, intense, in Fancy's thrill,  
 He hears it clack the Devil's Mill;  
 The Rumbling Bridge's brawling din,  
 Or thundering loud the Caldron Lin;  
 Or Devon's bank he cons with care,  
 For her, the bonnie bud frae Ayr;  
 Or Castle Campbell's mouldering pile,  
 Wakes his regrets for good Argyle.

'Lorn Castle Campbell, once the pride  
 And glory of the Ochils wide,  
 Who can behold thy fortune's close,  
 Nor execrate the mad Montrose!  
 Yet, Castle Campbell, while sublime  
 Thy ruins hoary frown on time,  
 And, at thy feet the Burn of Care,  
 To that of Dolour, lends her ear,  
 Thy name embalm'd is in thy doom,  
 Thy earliest name the Hill of Gloom.

Montrose, although a pedant's pen  
 Engross'd thy name with generous men,  
 And Genius, with a perverse care,  
 Has toil'd t' adorn and fix it there;



Facts, stubborn facts, with all the good,  
 Have set thee down a savage rude,  
 Servile, and selfish all the while,  
 Rav'nous for power, for blood, and spoil.  
 And, verily, thou hadst thy hour  
 Of spoil, and blood, and lawless power;  
 As Tippermuir did well display,  
 And Inverlochy's fatal day;  
 Alford, Auldearn, and Moniabruagh,\*  
 Where no sword said it was enough;  
 Nor pitying sigh, nor hankering swither,  
 Where thousands fell, said, "Ah! my brother."

But retribution quickly came,  
 To Leslie's star succumb'd thy fame;  
 And to a still inferior sword,  
 Thou quail'dst upon the hill of Ord,  
 Where Strauchan, with a paltry levy,  
 Show'd what should have been done at Fyvie.

Perhaps in fervent, patriot, mood,  
 While hot it boils his rising blood,  
 On old Clackmannan's time-worn towers,  
 He gazing, fond, recalls the hours  
 So bright, that gleam in ancient story,  
 With streaks of Royal Scotland's glory;  
 Ere the base Baliol sat him down  
 Upon her foul, dishonour'd throne;  
 Or he, the doom'd, in fate's dark path,  
 Th' anointed heir of quenchless wrath,  
 The Stuart, in an evil hour,  
 Assum'd that thorny seat of power.

Wild, wimpling round his green-sward knowes,  
 He marks how soft the Carron rows,

\* The old name of Kilsyth.

As if the heart's blood of the brave  
Had never stain'd his limpid wave.  
But once in terror's deadly throes,  
Carron, appall'd by shouting foes,  
Sought, on yon mountain's cavern'd side,  
Among his brawling springs to hide;  
For, Carron saw the Stuart vain,  
Treat peerless Wallace with disdain;  
Whence his pure wave with patriot blood,  
Roll'd to the sea, a crimson flood,  
And, glorying in his lawless might,  
Proud Edward triumph'd over right,  
While drooping Scotia sunk forlorn,  
Her bright lamp quench'd, her lion torn.  
Yet shall that lion, rudely torn,  
Once more arouse the breezy morn;  
That dying lamp, relumed anew,  
A pillar'd flame afar shall shew;  
And glory, victory, shall return,  
On the red field of Bannockburn.

Bannock, to free men ever dear,  
Was thy cold current chill'd with fear?  
Or, rushing swift, in Ocean's tide,  
Sought'st thou thy huge dismay to hide.  
As on thy banks in dread array,  
The strength of mighty England lay,  
Exulting in her prospects clear,  
And flush'd in Victory's proud career?  
Or melting, mournful, didst thou weave,  
On that still summer Sabbath eve,  
Big notes of deep funereal gloom,  
Prophetic of the mighty doom,  
That ere another eventide,  
Awaited all that pomp and pride?

Weep, England, weep through all thy rills,  
Let wailing sweep o'er all thy hills;  
Let Severn tell the silver Trent,  
Her yardlong shafts are vainly spent;  
Let Humber tell the silver Thame,  
Her loftiest, mightiest men of name,  
Mix'd with the meanest, drench'd in gore,  
Lie heaps on heaps by Bannock's shore.

Yet, quail not England! soon the Bruce  
Is gather'd to his narrow house;  
The good Sir James, afar in Spain,  
On foolish pilgrimage is slain;  
Randolph and Murray follow fast,  
And David—David reigns at last;  
Durham begins th' atonement meet,  
Which fatal Flodden sees complete.

'Twere long, in Stirling's royal bowers,  
To note the soft voluptuous hours,  
That light of foot have tript along,  
With jest, and dance, and jovial song:  
My hamely muse would ergh to tarry  
On beauty's pink, the peerless Mary,  
For whom yet critic loons are sweating,  
And Reverend grey-beards bleert wi' greeting  
And to portray, 'twere far owre driegh,  
The wild Gudeman of Balingiech.

With equal brevity I pass  
Thy royal ruin's hoary mass,  
Linlithgow, for mad doings crown'd,  
And drunken royalty renown'd.  
O'er thee the curse, a darkening cloud,  
Impends, the curse of guiltless blood,  
Shed in malicious wantonness—  
The blood of war pour'd out in peace,

With perjuries most heaven-defying,  
Aloud for vengeance, hourly crying.

Alas! that maddening mirth of thine,  
Thy fountains flowing o'er with wine;  
Thy scoffing prints, thy bonfires blazing,  
Thy rabble rout in wonder gazing;  
With idiot shouts that, swelling high,  
Tore the wide concave of the sky;  
What served they all, but to proclaim  
Thee lost to truth, and dead to shame;  
And wait they not in dread array  
To crown the coming judgment day,—  
A day which may repentance, sent  
Through heaven's infinite grace, prevent.

I pass Falkirk, thy fatal valley,  
T' avoid the ghost of hangman Halley.  
Nor stay I o'er the good who sleep  
In thy dull bogs, Kilsyth, to weep—  
For, as I scan the landscape wide,  
Mine eye hath caught the fair Langside.  
A rushing sound is in my ears,  
I see the serried ranks of spears,  
For law and liberty uprearing—  
I mark Kirkaldy's noble bearing;  
I see the Regent's army good,  
Burst o'er the hill like thunder cloud,  
While to the crash the rocks reply,  
With echoing shouts of victory.

Ah! Mary, what was then thy look,  
What fears thy daring bosom shook,  
When, instant, down to earth were borne  
Thy new furl'd banners, soil'd and torn?  
Now in this hour of desperate need,  
Thy broken lines will no one head?

For thy bright crown, thy love, thy life,  
Will not one troop renew the strife,  
And stem the rout a moment's space,  
Till thou hast found a resting place?  
Not one! Alas! the die is cast,  
The fatal die, thy hour is past.

Ah! why wilt thou, in wild disorder,  
Thus rush across that treacherous border!  
Think on the homely apothegm,  
"Ill bairns are aye best heard at hame."  
Think what may be the fell contrival  
Of her, thy haughty, jealous rival,  
When thou hast made her power complete,  
And liest, a suitor at her feet.

Why thus avert thy weeping eyes?  
Behold, how slow, how sad they rise,  
Thy future years, array'd in gloom,  
Clos'd with the block, the traitor's doom.

Peace to thy shade—The tragic close  
Of thy poor life, thy many woes,  
Forbid thy faults that we should rail on,  
Thou lovely fair, but deadly frail one,

And ye who in th' adventurous strife,  
Embark'd your all, and peril'd life,  
Your pious hands preserv'd the root,  
Whence we have ate our pleasant fruit;  
And, still, your record is on high,  
And your reward above the sky.

The knave in grain, the drivelling fool,  
Papist, and Infidel may scowl,  
And o'er your fame-recording page,  
Gnash their foul teeth in jealous rage;  
What reck's it? The decisive day,  
Burning with wrath, is on its way,

When wicked men of every name  
Shall be for fuel to the flame,  
And, cast out, by contemptuous feet  
Trodden like ashes in the street.

Are there, who, with the love of youth,  
Have yet a word, a tear for truth—  
Mourners in Zion! As for you,  
Ye prayerful, ye afflicted few,  
With ignorant contempt oppress'd,  
The Spirit saith, "In patience rest,  
The souls of your dear brethren slain,  
Beneath the altar, see, remain;  
And ye may join their prayer strong,  
And ardent cry, O Lord! how long,  
Holy, and wise, and just, and true,  
Dost thou withhold the vengeance due?"  
But patience.—With reproach ye're fill'd,  
And what if ye too must be kill'd?  
Are ye prepared to prove it good,  
Your testimony with your blood?  
If so, 'tis well.—In evil hour  
Has she not gain'd the seat of power?  
She, for adulteries, murders, famed,  
And, for her witchcraft, 'Mystery' named—  
'Mother of Harlots, Fornications,'  
With earth's most vile abominations—  
All soft, and smoothly beaten up,  
In one delusive, devilish, cup,  
From which, in her embraces sunk,  
She makes the madden'd nations drunk:  
She, in Britannia's evil hour,  
Hath gain'd it all but sovereign power—  
And can she fail again to sate,  
With blood her ravenous appetite?

Remounted on her monstrous beast,  
New names on all its heads impress'd,  
She comes, in meretricious dress,  
Full prank'd, from the dark wilderness;  
Where she hath slept it off, the load  
Of whoredom, sloth, and fat, and blood,  
For ages drain'd from earth's four quarters,  
The fat of kings, the blood of martyrs;  
And sober, self-possess'd, and bold,  
She sings as in the days of old.

What though her double doings, rude,  
Are every where deep writ in blood?  
While the foul stream of her misdeeds  
In depth and breadth all thought exceeds;  
And paralyzed, so many lands  
Yet rue the grasp of her iron hands—  
With matchless impudence of face,  
She, all assured, defies disgrace,  
Scouting each fact with this reply,  
"What's history but one mighty lie."

Lost in astonishment, the wise,  
Distrusting both their ears and eyes,  
Are for the moment stricken dumb,  
While quiet the rabble-rout succumb;  
And pietests, a page who claim  
Upon the book of vulgar fame,  
Rush boldly, with unblushing faces,  
Headlong into her foul embraces.  
To her all liberals bend the knee,  
Whate'er their name or their degree.  
Philosophers and bards adore her,  
And Lords and Lawyers dance before her.  
While, under various stale pretences,  
Statesmen destroy those legal fences

Which wisdom, by experience guided,  
For our best blessings had provided.

Hold, hold your sacrilegious hands,  
Ye recreants! ours are God's own lands,  
And, by your wise forefathers given,  
Their bonds have all been seal'd in heaven;  
And he who holds them, sees it thence,  
With scorn your wrathful impotence.  
For shame! look on that crimson flood—  
What says it, your own father's blood?  
Of Smithfield see the reeking ashes,  
And spare these martyrs, spare their blushes!  
Your folly see what follows after,  
Nor move even hell itself to laughter.

Avaunt! ye visions of despair,  
My aching sight, my feelings spare—  
The consummation now I see,  
It surely must not, cannot be.  
Thou canst not, Scotland! surely no,  
The hope of heaven on earth forego;  
Thou canst not, in thy full-blown bloom,  
Bow thy stiff neck again to Rome,  
Her shameless spewings lick them up,  
And, reckless, quaff her poison cup,  
In brooding darkness meekly sit,  
The darkness of th' infernal pit,  
By trembling superstition sour'd,  
And, by her locust swarms devour'd;  
From gospel faith and practice pass  
To the foul mummary of the mass;  
Abjure thy creed, and learn to patter  
Of shrines, saints, beads, and holy water.—  
Forbid it, Heaven! Mid all our ills,  
These vales are thine—thine, too, these hills;



---

And guilty we,—we, too, are thine;  
O! save us, through thy grace divine;  
And, from our mountains let it rise,  
Of praise the gracious sacrifice,  
Each day, till Time sink o'er his urn,  
And every star has ceased to burn.

## DYCHMONT.

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### CANTO IV.

DYCHMONT! forgive th' excursive muse,  
Nor, with my reader, clinch thy brows,  
My liberal reader, wha nae langer,  
Can carry on for downright anger.  
For Liberalism is, waes me!  
But a new name for Bigotry;  
Wha, trim in philosophic dress,  
Wi' skinkling patches o'er his face,  
Thus cunningly spurts out his venom,  
And, crawling crouse, thinks nane can ken him.  
But, watch—ye'll see his cranks and quips,  
Ere lang, exchanged for chains and whips;  
And when, through time, his whip hand tires,  
He'll blaw ye up braw rousing fires.  
The grim auld rascal—how I grue!  
But, Dychmont! to our theme anew.

Hadst thou a tongue, as well as een,  
To tell what thou hast heard and seen,  
The gist of a' thy deep digressions  
Would be to never trust professions,  
Especially when nor form nor feature  
They recognise of corrupt nature,  
But jump, in fanciful projection,  
At once from folly to perfection.

Such is the strangely twisted line,  
The thread of providence divine,  
That oft, amid the ceaseless strife,  
The dark turmoil of mortal life,  
Even to superior worth and skill,  
No choice remains, but choice of ill.  
And truth compels us oft, of course,  
To say 'tis well that is not worse.

Forgetting this important fact,  
How childishly do wise men act,  
When, for some trivial circumstance,  
They swell, with all their influence,  
The tide, in visionary days,  
Which shakes, even to their very base,  
Or given of God, or framed by man,  
The pillars of the social plan.

Millennial dreamers, scorning facts,  
Your bawbee sages, movement quacks,  
Who see a saint in every slave,  
A patriot stern in every knave,  
Whose fingers, or whose tongue can reach,  
To pen a lie, or spit a speech;  
Who Rome and Turkey never read on,  
But straight they rave on Armageddon,—  
Victims of dire necessity,  
We pass them in pure charity.  
But he, who, with the least pretence  
To sanity and sober sense,  
By an inconstant, clamouring, rabble,  
Expects to carry up his Babel  
Secure, into the highest heaven,  
May not, nay, must not be forgiven.  
Arrested, as he lifts his hand,  
In his own brass, there, let him stand,

To men—to ages yet unborn,  
A monument of endless scorn.

Ye proud contemners of degrees,  
Revilers rude of dignities!  
Ye puling, sentimental dreamers!  
Ye ever-restless reckless schemers!  
Know these crude fancies ye confide in,  
These novelties ye place your pride in,  
These certain balms for every woe,  
Were old five thousand years ago.

Form'd t' improve upon the past,  
And the dark future to forecast,  
Instead of soberly reflecting,  
Why are men always found projecting;  
And why should each succeeding age  
Display the same delirious rage,  
Dear-bought experience to put down  
All wisdom scorning but its own?  
Why, but through prejudice and pride,  
With self-love for its faithless guide,  
Shown up in whose distorting mirror,  
The past seems one vast mass of error,  
The present, as it comes in view,  
Blushing immaculate and true.  
'Tis never once, indeed, denied  
That, hitherto, all men have sigh'd  
For somewhat, that is still unfound  
In human travail's ample round.  
But has it not been clearly shown,  
The fault remains with man alone;  
Who, though he eager urge the chase,  
Errs, or in mode, in time or place;  
Hence, have his mightiest leaps been vain,  
And all his labours clos'd with pain.

But now, the bush beat fairly round,  
The coy thing has at last been found;  
In yon dark dingle search has set it,  
And some full moon we sure shall get it.

So say projectors sanguine, sage,  
Full of the spirit of the age;  
And, in their own opinion, strong  
To rectify all moral wrong;  
Nor physical could long resist them;  
Would all men kindly but assist them.  
'Tis true, for this regeneration,  
Or, if you will, this new creation,  
Few have at any time agreed  
On the best method to proceed,  
Though no one entertains a doubt  
But he himself has found it out.

'Twere endless to recount the schemes,  
The vast variety of dreams,  
Which even wise men gravely tell,  
As for this end infallible:  
More endless still to scan their rules,  
From Infant up to Normal schools.

Some, though they deal in wondrous fancies,  
And work them up in strange romances,  
Yet frame to found them on the Bible,  
Which frankly we allow is able,  
God blessing it, in every nation,  
To make men wise unto salvation.  
But ere it prove this general good,  
It must be read and understood.  
Endow'd with wisdom from above,  
The living messenger of love  
Must open up, explain, apply  
Its truths authoritatively,

Else it will be, in every land,  
Like rain-drops quench'd in burning sand.

And even where honestly received,  
And all its leading truths believed,  
Even there the Bible's only given  
As a preparative for heaven—  
Whither the Christian, rising up  
On wings of faith, and love, and hope,  
Holding with God communion sweet,  
Treads the base world beneath his feet:  
Yet from its ills, in many a shape,  
He knows he never can escape,  
Till, through his failing house of clay,  
Upon him rise eternal day.

More daring some, this blessed Bible  
Regarding as a lying libel,  
Of purpose framed, in every feature,  
To vilify our godlike nature,  
Would, as the fruitful source of evil,  
Dismiss it with its own dark devil.  
Talk of restraining bonds!—For shame!  
To thinking man of law!—for them  
Reason, pure reason, nothing else—  
They are a law unto themselves;  
And through this law, they fondly prate,  
Of an approaching perfect state,  
Which neither law, nor rule shall own,  
And property shall be unknown.  
A state how glorious! how divine!  
Where none can say of aught, " 'tis mine!"  
But all on earth, even lovely woman,  
Possess'd shall be by man in common;  
Who thus sublimed, shall, forthwith, wage  
Successful war with hoary age,

And, acting with true energy,  
Shall death himself at length defy.\*

Thus, human weal the high pretence,  
They belch out shame and ignorance—  
Their own vain fancies, blind, believing,  
Fondly deceived and deceiving—  
Till, toppling, on their crags of hope,  
Death smites, and darkness shrouds them up.  
Their dreams they leave, most melancholy!  
T' augment the standing stock of folly.  
And such is th' unnatural flow,  
The vanity of all below,  
The fact we must admit, alas!  
Too often, thus even good men pass,  
Subjected to the common lot,  
Alive traduced, when dead forgot.

Yet, let no truthful heart despair,  
Nor pamper'd folly cease to fear—  
It comes, th' appointed judgment-day—  
The Judge himself is on the way!  
A few sands more—and then commences,  
Eternity, thy recompences.

Dychmont! since time began, thy sod  
How many a gallant foot hath trod?  
How many a glowing heart and tongue  
Here, where I sit, hath sat and sung?  
Yet that inconstant, faithless Fame,  
Hath saved, alas! nor song nor name.

Here, Gilbertfield! was subject meet  
For thy bright genius, soft and sweet,  
Which might have rivall'd, through thy skill,  
Grongar, or even Cooper's Hill.

\* Vide Godwin's Political Justice, &c.

Peace to thy spirit! On my ear  
 Even the light summer-breeze sounds drear  
 Around thy ruin'd castle-walls,  
 And through thy lone, deserted halls,  
 Where Cheerfulness should laughing stray,  
 The Muses and the Graces play.

Might I, in winsome Willie's name,  
 Unblam'd request thee, honest Graham,  
 That his auld house, sae lang neglectit,  
 Now it's thine ain, thou wouldst protect it,  
 Attend a wee to the auld wa's,  
 Sair sought by winds and winter snaws,  
 Fling twa three slates upo' the roof,  
 And make the doors and winnocks proof  
 To wind and rain, and sheep, and nowt,  
 That wont to bleat, and vilely rowt,  
 On the same hearth, where, laid alang,  
 Willie made mony a bonnie sang.  
 So may, for aye, thy honour'd name,  
 Be wreath'd with Hamilton's fair fame,  
 And still thy heirs, while bright they shine,  
 A happy, and an endless line,  
 In virtue as in wealth excelling,  
 Keep Gilbertfield, with Craigen Gillan.

Days, months, and years, how quick ye fly!  
 An age, how soon it passes by!  
 But yesterday to me it seems,  
 When, on these hills, by these clear streams,  
 And in these cheerful dwelling-places,  
 I found them all familiar faces—  
 Now all are gone, some here, some there,  
 Many, man cannot tell me where.

There smile they cheerful, side by side,  
 Rich Aikenhead and fair Woodside,



But where's the great man of his day,  
 That princely merchant, Houston Rae?  
 Where is he, Scott, the saint-abhorr'd one?  
 Where the polite and friendly Gordon?  
 Where's he, sae fierce and fu' o' fire,  
 Woodside's gudeman, bauld Boon-the-myre?  
 And rules he still amang the foals,  
 Tam Pirrit wi' the great braid soles?  
 Wakes he, or is he slumbering yet,  
 Lang, dreaming, Dykes o' the Craft-fit?  
 Is Meg still yelping in the breeks,  
 And clanking wi' the spoons his cheeks?  
 Deals she her morsels still by halves,  
 Hungering the herds, starving the calves?  
 Ah, no! her memory's clean red rotten,  
 And a' her schemes o' thrift forgotten.

Lovely it rises, Castlemilk,  
 But where's the Stuart of that ilk,  
 The worthy Captain Stirling where?  
 A man these times but ill could spare.  
 Cathkin smiles sweet through rising trees,  
 So do the East and West Greenlees;  
 But Cumings, Thomsons, Peacocks gay,  
 And Hamiltons, are all away.

The Turnley has, sagacious, cool,  
 One worthy of the olden school,  
 In honest Robert Dick remaining;  
 But where is he, so entertaining,  
 Doghillock styled, that stirring one,  
 So fu' o' frolic, fire, and fun,  
 The foremost in all mad paradings,  
 At rous, at raffles, fairs, and weddings;  
 Right deft at runklng lasses' gowns,  
 And a run diel for cracking crowns?

There, finely hedged around, deep green,  
Nerston's expanding fields are seen;  
But where's the fathers of the village,  
The founders of her now rich tillage?  
The elder Alexanders cautious,  
The gash M'Math, of speech veracious,  
And, helping Leezie's household matters on,  
Where is he, sploring Geordie Paterson?  
Where in their wealth, the Cooks, confiding? -  
The Youngs their wit and farthings hiding?  
Gude auld John Anderson sae simple?  
And, in his means and patience ample,  
Soft, slipping as if catching hens,  
Douse Robin Hamilton, his mens,  
For obvious wrong—or what he wish'd—  
At any time, who rarely miss'd?  
And where is she, the sage M'Clucky,  
Who thought great men their plans mistook aye,  
And fought 'gainst heaven at fearfu' odds,  
Especially wi' new brigs and roads,  
Which she maintain'd wi' a' their arts,  
“Wad end yet in a rack o' f—ts.”

There hunkers by the highway side  
The Neuk; but where's that pink of pride,  
That ace of hearts, had men been cards,  
The big-boned chieftain of the Bairds?  
And where is he, of inky scaurs,  
The wizard who could tell the stars,  
And clear them up, without a doubt on,  
The errors and escapes of Newton?  
Or Barrie, he of mind capacious,  
Intuitively sage sagacious,  
Inform'd with wisdom and with wit,  
For any place or calling fit:

Ah! why did frailties veil his glory,  
The good, though rough-spun, honest tory?

There, by the willow-clothed burnside,  
Sleeps in the sun my dear Kilbride,  
With clock in steeple neatly mounted,  
Houses white-wash'd, signs newly painted,  
And other symptoms of a movement  
Towards, as all may see, improvement.  
But where's the rustics, reckless, bold,  
Who held her ear, her tongue of old,  
Such as the witty Jock Greenhill,  
Milhouse, Mounthooly, Will-o' th' Mill?  
On whom, at hame, her safety rested;  
In whom, abroad, her fame was vested;  
Who, in a cauld fair battle's heat,  
Would singly, each, hae clear'd her street;  
Or, when on Wensdays 'twas their fate,  
If merry stable meals fell late,  
Through canker'd, or through careless kimmers,  
To get embroil'd wi' Glasgow limmers,  
As oft wi' secret pride's been harkit,  
Would clear'd baith Briggate and Sautmarket.

And where is he, whose meekness won all  
Hearts, the venerated Connel;  
Whose life was ardent spent, to wean  
Thee from these follies wild and vain;  
Who urged, and led, thy feet to trace  
The paths of purity and peace,  
Where truth is, day by day, supplying  
Content in life, and hope in dying?

Where's he, the honest, simple creature,  
That laughing lump of pure good nature,  
Will Symours? who, at kirns, house-heatings,  
Infares, and a' sic merry meetings,

Drew out the linked sounds sae sweet,  
 To fit our many-twinkling feet :  
 And where's thy bodies, doilt and crazy,  
 Some of them lame, some only lazy,  
 That weekly used to daunder forth,  
 Creating pity, sometimes mirth,  
 Sometimes suspicion and mistrust,  
 And sometimes irrepressible disgust?

Where's he, borne down with many fears,  
 Poor greeting Sandy, blin' wi' tears,  
 Who aince, in his ain quarters warm,  
 Could boast a snug weel-plesh'd farm?  
 But sorrow came; ae wat hairst-day,  
 The burn bore half his crop away;  
 The following winter's blashy thows,  
 Kill'd wi' the rot one half his ewes;  
 And spring, the spring brought, too, a sore ill,  
 Sax head o' nowt kill'd wi' the muir-ill;  
 Yet this, and mair, he could hae borne,  
 But for a fause May's saucy scorn—  
 Who, since his byre and bucht grew thin,  
 To break her troth thought it nae sin,  
 And void of shame, her youthhied war'd  
 Upon Lairfad's auld, blind, lame laird.

Poor Sandy saw and seem'd resign'd,  
 But secret sorrow undermin'd,  
 Aided by love's undying flame,  
 His mental and corporeal frame;  
 His comforts vanish'd one by one,  
 Till all he held on earth was gone,  
 And, wandering forth, his cureless grief,  
 Except in tears, found no relief.  
 Abash'd, and timid in his look,  
 What pittance pity gave he took;

Hearty in thanks, in clamouring faint,  
A helpless beggar, but a saint.

Tann'd, as by an Egyptian sun,  
Sour-mouth'd, down-looking, dowre and dun,  
Where's Trottysho, who lang did pethir,  
For bread and cheese, to his auld mither,  
Whom he reported near and far,  
As every day aye waur and waur?

With crummock arm'd and girt with bags,  
Where's the sly stager Girzy Rags?  
And, reading cards, and cups, and faces,  
And moles, according to their places,  
Stray hearts detecting, and stray mutches,  
And dealing charms for love and witches:  
Where's she, once mistress of all doubts,  
That foul, fat, lurdane, Lizzoek Clouts?

Where's Maggy wi' her yill-cup slogan,  
Shouting sae clocksey, "Johnny Logan?"  
Where's knacky Nan and stiltfoot Kate,  
And brown Meg Lamont, nae way blate?  
Poor Nannock Sharp, wi' braid barr'd coat,  
And her wee Jamock too's forgot.

Where are the men, whose ready orders  
Sent justice streaming round her borders?  
Where, for the time omitting others,  
Thy well-wig'd ruler Baillie Struthers?  
And where his acting corps in full,  
Wee Charlock and the kowy —  
At whose fell names, sae lang were wont,  
Poor debtor body's hearts to dunt.

But in these days of waning crime,  
This happy, all-reforming time,  
When, as each bawbee author tells,  
Man, wife, and wean, can rule themsels,

Great civic powers but little needed,  
May pass and repass all unheeded.

Thou hast not now a flirty Nan,  
Killing, piece-meal, her gude gudeman;  
Nor Kirty Sleeks, with leer insidious,  
Insnaring wives, bewildering widows;  
Nor brewer Hugh, with flattery's poison,  
Deluding lasses by the dozen;  
Nor clumpy, highland, grewsome gauger,  
Nor desperate resurrection cadger,  
Through whose fell deeds thou couldst not have  
Rest, nor without, nor in the grave.  
And, fervent, while we joy to see  
Thee from such wicked wamflers free,  
We hope, thou hast a large increase  
Of such as love the truth and peace,

I loved thee once. With all thy ill  
I loved thee, and I love thee still.  
I love thee for the happy hours  
I spent within thy friendly bowers.  
I love thee, for the lovely one,  
Thou gav'st, to bless my morn and noon  
Of weary life. I love thee for,  
The friends whom I can meet no more.  
I love thee, for thou hast in trust,  
Of not a few, the precious dust,  
Who, though but poor in this world's eyes,  
Have pass'd to glory through the skies—  
With whom I trust I shall be soon  
At rest, though their unworthy son.

What hours of meditative roaming,  
Entranced, how many a glorious gloaming,  
Around thee have I wander'd wide,  
Enjoying modest nature's pride!

The pensive tinkling of the rill,  
The lambkins bleating on the hill,  
The whisper'd breathing of the breeze,  
Limekilns among thy lofty trees,  
Or the green willows, rath that bloom  
Round thee, deserted Kirkton Holm!

Or up, if fancy chanced to lead,  
The burn, beyond the Roadinghead,  
The bleaching knowe, the cot and yard,  
Erewhile that own'd the barefoot laird;  
And cross the common, parch'd and brown,  
With stunted furze-plats half burnt down,  
To where, Blacklaw! thy dark firs wave  
O'er Jenny Cameron's lowly grave;  
Where first I met, of fervid mind,  
Russell, in thee a precious friend,  
Whose generous converse fired my youth  
With nature's love, and nature's truth;  
Whose early death yet fills my years  
With sadness, oft my eyes with tears.

Or, turning east th' old Beggar Raw,  
By Maxwelton and Cantislaw,  
And fair Forefaulds, at once I stood  
On thy green fields, Long-Calderwood,  
Where first the daisy's scarlet dye,  
And yellow king-cup, caught mine eye;  
Where first the spring, without alloy,  
Awoke my bounding heart to joy;  
And autumn, but, or cares or fears,  
Drew from my eyes delicious tears.

O life, how sweet thy dawning morn,  
The heart's warm channels all unworn,  
All objects fresh, all nature new,  
And all the world imagin'd true!—

Why is it man and woman's fate,  
 To find thee out a monstrous cheat?  
 Yet, in fond hope, to grasp thee fast,  
 A sad illusion to the last.

Across these fields one single glance,  
 Wakes in my wither'd heart at once,  
 As with the spark's electric flow,  
 Of bounding youth the genial glow;  
 A second checks the feeling vain,  
 A third congeals it into pain.  
 These are the fields, the trees, 'tis true,  
 The dwellings these—all else is new;  
 And of the dwellings more than one,  
 The dearest to my heart, are gone.

No longer there are smiling seen,  
 The globe-crown'd gate, the smooth-shaven green,  
 The gravell'd walk! the garden sweet,  
 Embower'd for meditation meet;  
 With her, so sylph-like gliding by,  
 Th' embodied muse of tragedy.  
 Good Mrs. Baillie, there no more  
 Blessing, is blest by all the poor.  
 Provoking laughter, even to tears,  
 Jokes there no longer, William Speirs;  
 That pauky, mirth-provoking loon,  
 Waes me, his very house is down.  
 And from the cot, so dearly lov'd,  
 My father's once, the roof's removed.  
 Nettles have overspread that hearth,  
 The scene of all my childhood's mirth;  
 That hearth so cheerful once, and ample,  
 Ennobled by a rare example,  
 Of meek, contented, industry,  
 Of faith, and hope, and charity;



That hearth, round which for thirty years,  
Rose, even and morn, our fervent prayers,  
Prayers of faith, we trust, above  
Now chang'd for spousal songs of love.

'Tis weak, and I will not repine—  
But if a wish were really mine,  
Dychmont, “to soothe my weary age,”  
On thee I'd choose a hermitage;  
Where I, at morn, the purpling east  
Might mark,—at even, the glowing west;  
And, in his wrath, see Winter far  
Round the rough Grampians drive his care;  
While summer, spring, and autumn's pride,  
Swell'd all the year the vale of Clyde.

But, farewell now,—another time  
Must eke it out, this broken rhyme,  
For, closing in day's weary toils,  
Prone, far among yon lonely isles,  
The sun, descending, streaks with fire  
Morven's grey peaks and far Cantyre;  
Upheaving huge his giant mould,  
Enwreath'd in many a misty fold,  
O'ershadowing half the western sky,  
The Cobbler dims the twilight's eye;  
While breath'd from out surrounding fens,  
Clouds have enshrouded all the Bens,  
And lost amid the deepening shades,  
One broad, black, mass, the landscape fades.



## NOTES.

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*That dreaming dotard, old Dalzell.*

P. 54.

THOMAS DALZELL of Binns, West Lothian, one of the immaculates of modern romance, was born in 1599, and appears to have entered early into the service of Charles I. In the Irish rebellion, he was under that monarch, governor of Carrickfergus, and was made prisoner by the rebels; he held the rank of lieutenant-general at the battle of Worcester, where he was again made prisoner, and for some time shut up in the tower of London. On his liberation he went abroad, his estates being confiscated. In 1654, he, along with some other fugitives, made an incursion into the north of Scotland, on the behalf of Charles II. Meeting with no success, he repaired to the court of Russia, where he entered into the service of the czar, and in that service rose to the rank of general. He returned to Scotland after the Restoration, where he had his estates restored, was made a privy councillor, and commander-in-chief of the forces. In Nov. 1666, he routed at Pentland, a handful of Covenanters, whom the violence of the government had forced into the field; and through the remainder of that reign, was a willing tool in forwarding the schemes of the court, and executing the decrees of the prelates. The affair of Pentland was a fruitful source of suffering to the well-disposed part of the nation, and of spoil to the profligate band of robbers, who at that time shared the government among them. Dalzell, for his share, had the estate of Caldwell bestowed on him,—Muir of Caldwell being forfeited on a supposition that he intended to have joined the insurgents. This forfeiture was reversed by the Revolution parliament, and Dalzell's friends have com-

plained bitterly of the loss of the estate, which they alleged was all the compensation he had ever received for losses sustained, and large sums expended by him for the government. He is said never to have shaved his beard after the murder of Charles I., and he raised, for the purpose of suppressing the Hillmen, the Scots Greys, since famous on more honourable fields. The original members were gentlemen's sons, zealous for "the right divine of kings to govern wrong." The patent for this service is dated November 25th, 1681. In 1685, when preparations were making for restoring the ancient religion, as it was then, and is now by a deceitful periphrasis designated, Dalzell received a new and enlarged commission as commander-in-chief; but death that same year saved him from adding to the ignominy of his own character, and to the miseries of his afflicted country.

*The wrongs of Cameron and Cargill,  
And gentle Renwick.*

P. 60.

These three names are of the first rank among Scottish martyrs, and call for particular notice, as the fathers of a denomination of professing Christians still subsisting, and of late years increasing in various parts of the country. Cargill was a native of Perthshire, born 1610, educated in Aberdeen, and settled minister in the Barony parish of Glasgow, after the rupture between the Protestors and the Resolutioners, 1650. He was, with many other faithful servants of Christ Jesus, ejected by the prelates, and for many years preached as occasion offered, to destitute wanderers of whom the world was not worthy, on the mountains, among the mosses, and the wild glens, especially in those of this truly pastoral district. He was present in the ill-fated affair of Bothwell, after which he went to Holland, whence he returned the following year; and after a sermon at the Torwood, pronounced a sentence of excommunication against the king, Charles II., the dukes of York, Monmouth, Lauderdale, and Rothes, bloody Mackenzie, and old Tom of Binns. He was apprehended in May, 1681, at Covington, near Lanark, by a border thief, Irving of Bonshaw, who, on account of the reward set upon his prisoner, called himself on the occasion "blessed Bonshaw." He was carried to Glasgow, and from

Glasgow to Edinburgh, with circumstances of great cruelty, tried, condemned, and executed there, July, 27, 1681.—Cameron was a native of Falkland in Fife where in his youth he acted as parish schoolmaster, and session clerk, to the curate. He was brought over to presbyterianism by Mr John Welch, and by him and another outed minister licensed as a preacher. Going afterwards to Holland, he received ordination from the Scottish ministers there residing, and returning to Scotland, in 1680, raised anew the banner of the covenant in the wilds of Muirkirk, Kype, and Lesmahagow. In the month of June that year he published at the cross of Sanquhar the paper still known by the name of the Sanquhar Declaration. He was, in the month of July following, slain at Airmoss, by Bruce of Earls-hall, his head and hands cut off, and carried to Edinburgh, where they were brutally shown to his father, a prisoner at the time for nonconformity, with the insulting query, If he knew them? Seizing them eagerly, and kissing them fervently, the good old man exclaimed, I know them, I know them, they are my son's, my dear son's; it is the Lord, good is the will of the Lord. They were then placed upon the Netherbow port, witnessing, in the eye of heaven, against the bloody and relentless spirit of the times.—Renwick was a native of Glencairn, Dumfries-shire, born 1662, educated in the school of the parish and at Edinburgh, where he witnessed the martyrdom of Cargill, 1681. The following year he assisted in publishing the Lanark Declaration, and shortly after passed over to Holland, where he attended the university of Groningen, and through the interest of Mr. Robert Hamilton, received ordination from the classes of that place. He delivered his first sermon in Scotland, in the moss of Darnead, Sept. 1683. Next year he, with the societies, published the apologetical declaration, and in 1685, at the market-cross of Sanquhar, a declaration against the succession of James VII. to the throne. On the toleration granted by James for the benefit of the papists, which the presbyterians generally grasped at with disgraceful eagerness, he drew up a testimony against it, which he carried into Edinburgh, and delivered into the hands of Mr Kennedy, the moderator of a synod of the indulged, met to address and to eulogize the despot for his singular benignity. He was shortly after apprehended, condemned, and executed as a traitor, Feb. 17, 1688. A handsome monument has been

erected to his memory, on the farm where he was born, by the liberality of the adherents to Scotland's covenanted Reformation.

*Where Clavers, in his mad career.*

P. 60.

Graham of Claverhouse, created by James VII. Viscount of Dundee, a hero of romance, where he figures the very beautiful of a legitimate. He commenced his military career as a volunteer in the service of France; he afterwards entered the Dutch service, and obtained a coronetcy in the guards of the Prince of Orange. Being disappointed of one of the Scottish regiments in the service of the states, he returned to Scotland in 1677, where he obtained the command of a troop of dragoons, raised for the purpose of suppressing the field-meetings or conventicles, as they were called. It was in the exercise of this important duty that he came upon an assembly of Covenanters at Drumclog, met for public worship on Sabbath the 1st of June, 1679, which, headed by William Cleland, afterwards Colonel Cleland, Nisbet of Hardhill, &c., routed his whole force in a few minutes, he himself narrowly escaping, with the loss of fifty of his men, and several prisoners he had brought along with him. The disgrace of this defeat he attempted afterwards to wipe off, by riding through the country like an infuriated madman, torturing women and children, to make them discover their husbands, and parents, and shooting innocent, unarmed, and unresisting country men. Most of the murders in the unfortunate rout at Bothwell, though he had but an inferior command there, were urged on by the relentless rage of Clavers, who was highly indignant because the more humane Monmouth refused him liberty to pillage and burn Hamilton, Strathaven, and places adjacent, in return for the heroic conduct of the herdsmen at Drumclog. He was in 1682 made sheriff of Wigton, where the robberies, legal and illegal, the torturings, and the murders committed by him and his brother David Graham, would fill volumes, and present a picture of depravity such as has rarely been exhibited. This hero of so many tales, after all, never gained a battle except over simple, unarmed, labouring men, surrounded by their unoffending families, that boasted one of Killiecrankie ex-

cepted, where, like Ahab, another legal robber and murderer of the defenceless, he was shot through the joints of his harness, and died before he could learn the extent of his victory, nor did his party derive the smallest benefit from it.

*He the doom'd in fate's dark path, &c.*

P. 81.

To the misfortunes of this unhappy family, history furnishes no parallel. Robert II., the first of the race that ascended the throne, though his reign was unfortunate, died of old age, but almost all his successors died violently or prematurely. Robert III., his immediate successor, for the murder of one beloved son, and the captivity of another, died of a broken heart. That captive son, James I., returned from a long captivity only to show how much he had profited by adversity, and to perish by the hands of assassins. His son, James II., died by the accidental bursting of a cannon. James III., by the hands of rebellious subjects. James IV. sacrificed his own life and the liberties of his country on the fated field of Flodden. James V. died of chagrin, occasioned by his own folly; and the crimes and misfortunes of his daughter, the beautiful Mary, have been themes for the pen of the historian, the moralist, and the poet, which the genius of upwards of two centuries has not yet exhausted. The pedantic James VI. died not without strong suspicions of an Italian posset. The prevaricating Charles I. atoned for his unstable policy with his head. Charles II., after being restored, as if by miracle, and after deluging the land with its best blood, and opening upon it the floodgates of immorality, died also not without suspicions of foul play. James VII., equally obstinate and more imbecile than any of his predecessors, filled up the cup of the iniquity of the family to the brim, and his after life, with that of all his successors, was embittered by the cup of judgment which they were doomed to drain even to the very dregs. Peace be to their ashes!—They hold up on the historic page an admonitory example, which it is hoped the possessor at least of one throne, and the inhabitants of one nation, will never forget.

*The good Sir James afar in Spain, &c.*

P. 83.

Every reader conversant with Scottish history, knows that Bruce ordered his heart to be carried by Sir James Douglas to Palestine. James proceeded on his journey with the heart through Spain, where he was killed in battle with the infidels. The heart of the king was brought back to Scotland along with the corpse of Sir James, which was buried in the church of Douglas. The heart was deposited in Melrose abbey.

*And David—David reigns at last, &c.*

P. 83.

David II. was an infant when his father Robert the Bruce died, and was educated at the court of France. He was heartless and profligate in the extreme. His reign, of course, was only a succession of disasters. At the battle of Durham, 1344, he was made prisoner, with the loss of the greater part of his nobility, and sixteen thousand men slain on the field,—a stroke from which Scotland never recovered. He was ransomed by his subjects for 100,000 merks, to be paid by instalments of 10,000 merks yearly; for the payment of which every name in Scotland, of any consequence, was given in security. Had circumstances permitted, he would have delivered up the succession to the Scottish throne to the English monarch; secret negotiations for that purpose being in progress at the time of his death.

*Linlithgow, for mad doings crown'd,  
And drunken loyalty renown'd.*

P. 83.

This refers to that most heaven-defying act, the burning of the Covenants, with every mark of contumelious indignity, on the restoration of the worthless Charles, though he himself, as well as all the principal actors, had sworn and subscribed them. It also lies under the unatoned blood of the Good Regent,—a murder the most atrocious, and their number is appalling,



which her dark history records, and, also, the most disastrous in its consequences.

Till of late years all pious men spoke with reverence of these deeds, and many of the best men openly testified for them. Now these men have died out, or have renounced their testimony, and the world is rejoicing that they are no longer tormented by that testimony,—and they are saying God hath forgotten! Hath he indeed? Let them look at the blouses and the barricades of France, and forget if they can St. Bartholomew's day. Can they look to Rome, under the rule of avowed Atheists and encompassed with armies, and not listen to the commandment, "Rejoice over her thou heaven and ye holy apostles and prophets, for the Lord hath avenged you on her." Is not all Europe one aceldama, and can it be possible that we shall escape? Our moleskins are every way as capable as their blouses, and want nothing but a few leaders of talent and desperate character, which God in his mercy has as yet denied them, to be even more destructive than the same class in any of the continental states. Well meaning, but maundering men may haver about sending the gospel to people so situated. It is pure nonsense. Any man who should dare to preach the pure gospel at this moment in Rome would infallibly be torn in pieces. He might, like many in France and Germany, and like too many at home, blaspheme the Saviour of men, representing him as a democratic reformer, and as having died for the rights of man, and be listened to. But speak of him as having come to fulfil all righteousness, to maintain the integrity, and vindicate the dignity of the divine law, which they are in principle and in practice treading every moment beneath their feet, the cry would be as it was of yore, "Away with such a fellow from the earth." There is no warrant to go into her. The command is imperative, "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues, for her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities,—and she shall be utterly burnt with fire, for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her." Her burning, we have no hesitation to say, has commenced, and they will be in the best position who can stand at the greatest distance from its smoke.

*I pass, Falkirk, thy fatal valley,  
T'escape the ghost of hangman Hawley.*

P. 84.

Falkirk was fatal to the cause of Scotland, by the defeat of Wallace, and the slaughter of Sir John the Grahame, by Edward I., July 22, 1298; and it was fatal to the royal army, under General Hawley, in the forty-five. Hawley, having erected gibbets at Edinburgh, on his first arrival there, diverted his chagrin on his return to that city after his defeat, by trying, cashiering, flogging, and hanging men much less to be blamed than himself.

*And what if ye too must be kill'd.*

P. 86.

This, to those who fancy themselves just entering into the fabled Millennium, must appear a very foolish, if not a wicked surmise. I shall state the grounds of this surmise, and will feel happy if any one will by reason and scripture remove them. It is the revelation of Jesus Christ, signified by his servants Paul and John, that in righteous judgment upon an ungodly world, for the rejection of his gospel—for the trial of the faith and patience of his people, and in the end for the more eminent manifestation of his own glory, a mystery of iniquity, a Man of Sin, the Son of perdition, should be permitted to usurp dominion in the temple of God for a thousand two hundred and threescore days; during which days he hath also declared that his two witnesses (a competent number), shall continue to prophesy, though they shall do so clothed in sackcloth. When they shall have finished their testimony; that is, at the end of the one thousand two hundred and threescore days, this Son of perdition, this beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit, shall overcome them, and shall kill them, and exhibit, as the token of his ultimate triumph, their dead bodies, which he shall not suffer to be put in graves. Three days and a half, however, shall only have elapsed, when the spirit of life shall enter into them, and they shall stand upon their feet, to the astonishment and terror of their murderers. Called by an audible voice they ascend to heaven in

a cloud, and their sackcloth is no more heard of. That the Romish religion, most aptly called Papistry, is this mystery of iniquity, and its head that Son of perdition, has been demonstrated as clearly, according to the nature of the evidence, as any proposition of Euclid, times without number. That the different Protestant churches are the two witnesses, scarcely admits of a doubt, especially seeing the mystery of iniquity was not perfected till the council of Trent; previously to which, Protestantism was fully organized. Three hundred years have since that great event elapsed; the witnesses are still prophesying, but it is in sackcloth; no event that corresponds to their killing, has taken place.—That terrible crisis, therefore, is most certainly an evil to come, and an evil most probably at no very great distance. Very soon indeed did the Reformation become stationary, and for upwards of a century it has everywhere been retrograding. Its principal instrument, the pure gospel of the grace of God, has long ago disappeared in some of the reformed churches, and has been less or more obscured in them all. The atrociously immoral and idolatrous character of popery has been entirely lost sight of; and Protestant zealots for liberty are not ashamed to be its serious apologists, if not its openly avowed defenders. Can such absurdity be the effect of any thing short of JUDICIAL INFATUATION!

*So say projectors sanguine, sage, &c.*

P. 93.

Perhaps nothing more strongly evinces the original dignity, the ultimate destination, and, at the same time, the depraved and imperfect state of man, than that tendency to excess manifested in all his pursuits, whether they be speculative or practical, connected only with the life that now is, or embracing also that which is to come. Speculatively, he grasps at all mysteries,—practically, at all conceivable good; and, of course, in the one case only beats the air, in the other grasps a bundle of thorns.

*Here, Gilbertfield! was subject meet  
For thy bright genius, soft and sweet.*

P. 95.

Gilbertfield, whence Hamilton sent his epistles to Allan

Ramsay, stands close to the foot of Dychmont, and is now the property of John Graham, Esq. of Craigengalian.

*That laughing lump of pure good nature, &c.*

P. 99.

William Symours might be said to be master of ceremonies, for nearly half a century, to Kilbride and the adjacent parishes, among whom he taught dancing, attended their fairs, and all their weddings, except they occurred simultaneously. He was truly one of the most inoffensive of men, and the most indefatigable of fiddlers. Invited to a wedding or any public concern, if you happened to call on him as you set out, and wanted to take him along with you, his wife's welcome was always the same,—“Just wait a moment till the gudeman swallow this bite, and he'll gang wi' you.” The bite was like his wife's welcome, almost always the same, a pretty large bowl of tea, with at least three or four good, large salt herrings; and on this bite, for he was very sparing when he was abroad, with a tankard of small beer set at all times within his reach, you might have found him at six o'clock next morning, and his bowhand as vigorous as if he had only been beginning. The names that occur in the interrogatories that follow, must be left to the diligence of some future antiquary. They are rich in peculiar traits of human character, and will well reward him who has the patience to ferret them out, and the skill to make the proper use of them. Had these characters lived upon the Borders, they had long ago been emblazoned in a thousand and one tales.

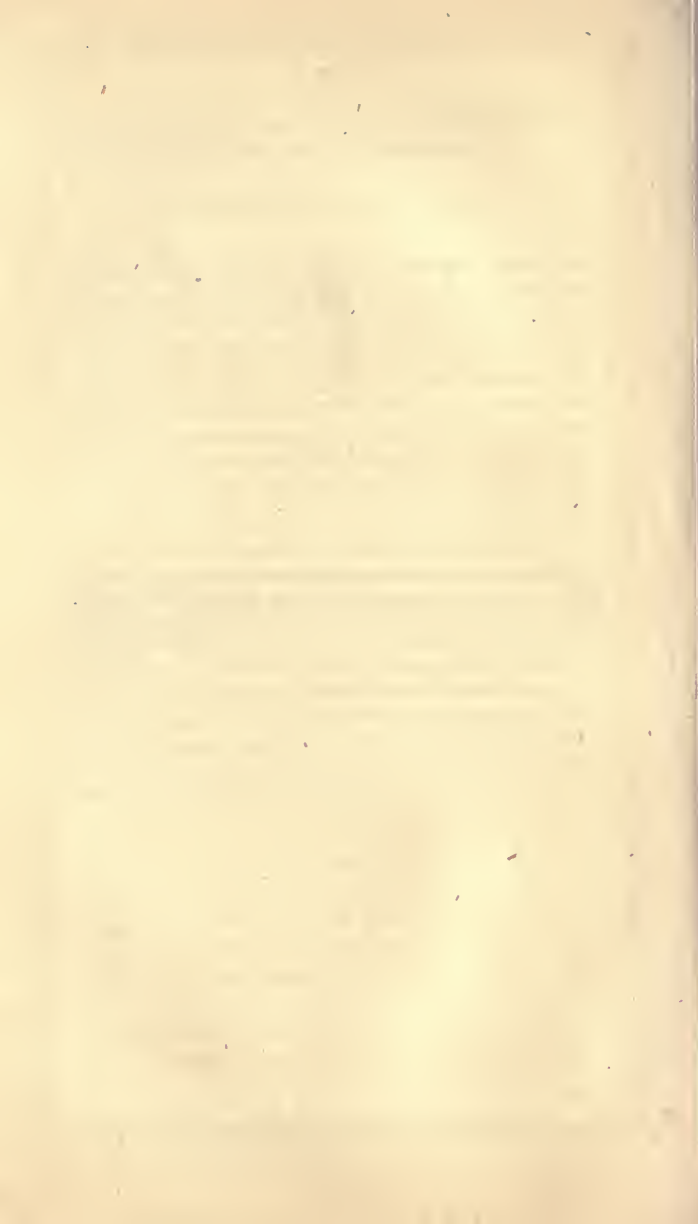
## L A U R A .

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So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter.

*Holy Scriptures.*

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## L A U R A .

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THE lovely Laura, once, gay Fortune's child,  
A blooming flower in grandeur's garden smil'd!  
And thence, by fell misfortune harshly torn,  
The sport of Envy, and of Pride the scorn,  
To solitude in humbler shades she fled,  
And earn'd by honest toil her daily bread.

'Twas there that Damon view'd her blushing youth,  
And lov'd her with inviolable truth.  
No wealth was his, with supercilious pride,  
From Reason's path to turn his steps aside;  
In humble life he play'd a humble part,  
And Nature pour'd her feelings on his heart.  
Oft would he mark, with what superior grace,  
And noble mien, she fill'd her humble place;  
Oft was he near, with an approving smile,  
To soothe her cares and mitigate her toil;  
And when dark scenes would in her bosom glide,  
To cheer her downcast look was all his pride.  
Sincerely, thus his generous love was shown,  
Nor she disdain'd an equal flame to own;  
Their friends consenting, circumstances kind,  
In wedlock's holy band their hands were join'd.

Art here might toil in vain to paint their bliss,  
But what it was, the feeling heart will guess:

Joy wing'd their days, love gave the lightsome smile,  
And cheerful, sooth'd the sultry hours of toil;  
Two lovely boys through time, enrich'd their lot,  
And calm contentment bless'd their lowly cot.

Such was their state when terrible from far,  
Ambition breath'd the burning blast of War;  
Then fled sweet Peace, her gay green olive dies,  
And stretch'd in Ruin's grasp fair commerce lies;  
Rough agriculture, crown'd with wreathing weeds,  
Far to the wild the hoary hermit leads;  
While famine fell, with wan dejected mien,  
Grins Death's dark smile upon the uncultur'd green.  
No more is heard the sound of simple toil,  
No freaks of mirth make drooping care to smile,  
Love laughs no more, lorn labour to relieve,  
Nor village gambol cheers the fall of eve.  
No more, wild floating on the breezy gale,  
The shepherd's voice dies faint along the vale,  
As to his dog he calls, or, wandering wide,  
His scattered flock, upon the mountain side,  
Where lingering yet the beams of setting day,  
In rays of gold, and streamy purple play—  
Now weeping woe in every cot appears,  
In every vale the glittering gleam of spears—  
The trumpet's brazen voice, the din of arms,  
Prevailing, shake the world with dread alarms.

On Damon now approach'd the trying hour,  
For, though industrious, still he was but poor;  
His weekly wants his weekly gains supply'd,  
And more than this wise providence deny'd.  
But now, when scarce employment could be had,  
And that, too, in its kind, supremely bad,



'Twas all in vain, that unabating toil  
Consum'd the morning sun, the midnight oil,  
That frugal thrift procur'd the homeliest fare,  
And dealt it out with parsimonious care,  
Still rising louder, nature's clamorous call  
To satisfy, their pittance was too small.

Love beams not now with pleasures ever new,  
But pallid grief breathes black her blighting dew;  
Her tender heart throbs with a thousand fears,  
And oft his cheeks are wet with sullen tears.  
What shall he do? Each effort is in vain,  
And every day he feels more pungent pain.  
Still sinking sad, he sees his spouse forlorn,  
Striving to bear, what is not to be borne—  
Still hears his children's plaint, when sad, to bed  
They're fasting sent, to-morrow promis'd bread;  
To-morrow comes, but sorrowful the same,  
It sheds no sunny gleam of joy on them;  
Still, still with pain devis'd, anew the tale  
Of flattery must atone the slender meal.

At length to madness stung, in deep despair,  
He plunges in the turbid tide of war,  
Hopeful to find, amidst enraged foes,  
Death's friendly aid to finish all his woes.

Poor Laura thus is left to weep alone—  
Nor aught appears to sooth her painful moan;  
No star to break the blackness of her night,  
No far faint gleam, presaging future light,  
But wheresoe'er she turns her longing eyes,  
There deeper darkness lowers, there thicker storms  
arise.

The trifling sum, the price of Damon's blood,  
As sure she deem'd it, in a little food,  
Brought to her babes, for some short space content,  
Remorseful used, but oh! too soon 'twas spent;  
Then what remain'd, but either, as before,  
To starve in debt, or beg from door to door.  
Ill could she bear the beggar's wandering life,  
And who so kind as trust a widow'd wife?  
In times like these, beneath whose iron sway,  
The best nerv'd arm could feebly work its way.

The winds bleak, blowing from the frosty north,  
December drear, in darkness issuing forth,  
Beheld her wanting credit, clothes, and bread,  
Upon the bed of anguish poorly laid;  
Her third child born—like some fair lingering flower  
Far o'er the wild, that blooms in evil hour,  
The wintry clouds creep chill along the waste,  
And all around is desolation vast—  
Up to the sickly sun, the scowling skies,  
It faintly points, and, feebly drooping, dies.  
So smil'd the babe beneath the frown of woe;  
But heaven, in love, recall'd the other two.  
What articles she had, were one by one,  
Dispos'd of now, till all would sell was gone,  
And, the completion of her case distress'd,  
A cruel creditor took off the rest!

To Damon turn we then, transported far  
Amidst the fiery fields of raging war;  
Not now as erst, when by the green wood side,  
Come forth to meditate at even tide,  
Or wandering up the mist encircled hill,  
Enraptur'd, list'ning to the gurgling rill,

Or blackbird, pouring from the bending spray,  
By love inspir'd, his strong mellifluous lay—  
But terrible, upon the ensanguin'd plain,  
'Mong streams of blood and mountains of the slain:  
Yet there unscath'd the dazzling files among,  
He moves beneath Divine protection strong,  
And generous friends, and fortune flowing kind,  
He meets, where Death alone he wish'd to find;  
Till, all at once, emerging from the shade,  
Bright honour's bays, play leafy round his head.

Still, in his soul he loath'd the barbarous game,  
Nor wish'd the whistling of a splendid name;  
He lov'd in quiet the peaceful vale to roam,  
Encircled with the dear delights of home;  
He lov'd to mark the swelling buds of spring,  
Or summer o'er the scene her splendours fling;  
He lov'd to hear upon th' autumnal morn,  
The piping winds among the ripening corn;  
He lov'd, when winter rose with ruder breath,  
To see the storm drive dark across the heath,  
Or, rapt amidst the elemental roar,  
To ruminat along the wave-worn shore.  
And now, when fortune to his wishes yields,  
He hastes afar, from carnage reeking fields,  
In meek retirement's lowly vale, to find  
And comfort her, he, woful, left behind.

'Twas eve, the mountain tops with golden gleams,  
Were glittering to the sun's departing beams,  
O'er deepening vales the shades began to close,  
And from the lake the mist, thick, wreathing, rose;  
The balmy west winds, in the breathing grove,  
So soft expir'd, the leaves scarce seem'd to move,

Nor sounds were heard, except the trickling dew,  
Or where the drowsy, droning, beetle flew;  
Or where the mountain echo, deep and full,  
Roll'd back the wanton bellowing of the bull:  
When weary Damon, from the green hill side,  
With joy again his straw-roof'd cot descried:  
Its outside window-shutter painted white,  
The same as ever meets afar the sight;  
And the two oaks still round its gavel end,  
Set side by side, their sheltering arms extend.

But whose kind arm, the shivering inmates poor,  
The while hath shelter'd from the bitter shower?  
Whose soothing voice, solicitous to bless,  
Hath mingled with the rough winds of distress?  
He asks his heart that throbs with secret fear,  
And in his eye remorseful shoots the tear.  
Onward he hastes—but hears a mournful moan,  
And, "Damon!" calls a voice with feeble tone,  
"Damon!" more strong, rejoins the voice again,  
"O where is Damon, that should sooth my pain?"  
Alarm'd he heard, though, full of wild despair,  
The voice seem'd all familiar to his ear.

But who can tell his horrible surprise,  
When on the mourner poor he cast his eyes!  
Laura! alas! his lovely Laura laid  
In death's last pangs beneath the thorn tree shade;  
Her clothing rags, with anguish dim her face,  
That wont to beam with every winning grace;  
Her babe, by hunger's forceful cravings prest,  
Lay idly grasping at her empty breast;  
Dread shiverings cold, and colder o'er her rose,  
And Death his work was hasting to a close.

Frantic beside her on the dew he falls—

“Laura! arise and live, thy Damon calls:

Henceforth my care shall ward off thy distress,  
Shall wipe thy tears, and all thy wrongs redress.”

His well known voice thrills thro’ her fainting frame,  
And for a moment stays life’s fading flame;

Upon him slow she lifts her languid eyes,  
And aims to speak—but rushing grief denies,  
Convulsive sobbings rend her beating breast,  
And thus she speaks in broken words at last.

“Damon, how sad thy long-desired return—

But cease, O cease! for hapless me to mourn;

My years of grief are o’er, I see the shore

Where war shall waste, and want shall howl no more;

The boys are gone, they live in purer air,

But still thy infant daughter claims thy care,

O shield her from the blast—her tender form

Hath suffer’d much in misery’s wasting storm;

Pale want, or cruel insult long hath been,

Our fireside guest, or partner on the green,

And two days since we lost our little all,

By legal plunderers driven from house and hall.

Thus far I wander’d, here I hid my head—

For without money who would give me bread?

Nor yet could bread, nor friends, nor human art,

E’er cure this broken, doubly broken heart.”

She added not, for on her faltering tongue,

Half-form’d the words at once suspended hung;

Her eyes on trembling Damon fearful roll,

And in a groan escap’d her weary soul.

Her babe soon follow’d—in one grave they lie;

And Damon, though he lives, lives but to sigh.

Even life he hates, society he shuns,  
But, where the brook beneath yon copse-wood runs,  
There you may see him sit a summer day,  
Lamenting her, untimely ta'en away;  
Or, in the shelter of yon echoing cave,  
What time the winds of winter rudely rave,  
Or by the margin of the yelling flood,  
With maniac step he roams in mournful mood:  
And oft, by wild imagination led,  
Among the tombs he makes his clay cold bed,  
Where, wakeful, on the midnight wind he flings  
The saddest notes that sleep on Fancy's strings;  
And though no method guide his wandering song,  
Yet still it speaks of violence and wrong—  
Of tyranny triumphant—virtue laid  
To weep in secret, far from human aid;  
And often, anxious, puts the question—When  
Will God arise to judge his world-destroying men?

## JAMIE GRAY.

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### I.

Who, yonder, heaves the painful sigh  
Beneath the taper's waning glare,  
Whose faded cheek and haggard eye,  
Betray the workings of despair?

### II.

Yet, still the baneful draught he quaffs,  
And labours for a jest—the while  
Around each base associate laughs,  
Derisive of his fruitless toil.

### III.

'Tis he, alas! 'tis Jamie Gray,  
Who late was found the joy and pride  
Of all the swains, disporting gay,  
Adown the lovely vale of Clyde.

### IV.

With vigour burn'd his manly height,  
His cheek with merit's modest glow,  
And fire with feeling us'd to light,  
His clear blue eye, his brow of snow.

## V.

Long years in college halls to pore,  
Where thought is taught, and learn'd by rule,  
Were never his—his simple lore  
Was all acquir'd in village school.

## VI.

But nature, bountiful, had given  
The germ of sense—and fancy gay,  
Which, water'd by the dews of heaven,  
Had richly bless'd life's opening day.

## VII.

His early youth, ingenuous, warm,  
Shunn'd observation's piercing eye;  
But nature, still, his heart could charm,  
By some unseen mysterious tie.

## VIII.

Far from the busy haunts of men,  
His dear delight was to explore  
The torrent toiling down the glen,  
To list the yawning cavern's roar.

## IX.

Afar the kindling hues of morn—  
The soaring lark on dewy wing—  
The grey clouds round the mountain borne—  
The flowers that usher'd in the spring—



## X.

Familiar all—but ever new  
The rapt'rous feeling they inspire;  
And, yet, his heart to nature true,  
Felt, strong, devotion's kindling fire.

## XI.

Nor flam'd his bosom's generous heat,  
Alone to joy's ecstatic glow;  
His melting heart would often beat  
In unison with deepest woe.

## XII.

Across the dun discolour'd woods,  
His eager eye would, tearful, sweep;  
His ear the far-resounding floods,  
Would hear with melancholy deep.

## XIII.

And oft the peaceful evening sky,  
Stretch'd out immense, ethereal blue,  
With stars, unnumber'd, beaming high,  
His sighs—his tears in secret drew.

## XIV.

With soul thus feelingly alive  
To all that glads or sickens life,  
The day draws on—the hours arrive,  
He must engage in fortune's strife.

## XV.

And surely hope did sweetly smile!  
And love did wave his purple wings:  
And easy confidence, the while,  
Was charm'd by flattery's dulcet strings.

## XVI.

For vulgar fame her sounding shell,  
Among the wond'ring rustics blew;  
And winter nights were short to tell,  
What strange things Jamie Gray could do.

## XVII.

His song was soft, his manner sweet,  
And soon, on village holy-day,  
The social ring was incomplete,  
That did not circle Jamie Gray.

## XVIII.

But novelty's bewildering glare,  
Tho' blazing bright, is quickly o'er,  
And gaping wonder's idiot stare,  
Can scarce outlive the passing hour.

## XIX.

Jamie was wise—but even he,  
So lofty to the distant ken,  
Familiar grown—was found to be  
Just—fallible like other men.

## XX.

His open bosom's generous flame,  
Each shifting shade of thought reveal'd,  
Hatred or love, 'twas all the same,  
Once felt, it could not be conceal'd.

## XXI.

And sacred, ne'er to be betray'd,  
He cherish'd with romantic heat,  
Attachments, wheresoever made—  
However rash or indiscreet.

## XXII.

Hence, selfish dullness oft could bend,  
His purpose in the festive hour;  
And crawling cunning gain'd its end,  
Even while he, vaunting, scorn'd its power.

## XXIII.

Hence hackney'd vice could safe commit  
His riots with a saintly face,  
And leave with Jamie's song and wit,  
The merit all—the whole disgrace.

## XXIV.

Whilst he, deceit nor found nor fear'd,  
But each companion took for true,  
And the applause he nightly heard,  
As genuine all—and all his due.

## XXV.

Yet, cool reflection, rising slow,  
    Would wake, at times, his virtuous ire,  
And the dark gulf that yawn'd below,  
    Illumine, dread, with blaze of fire.

## XXVI.

Terror would, shivering, o'er him creep,  
    While truth portray'd, in colours strong,  
The vile deceits, o'er danger's steep,  
    That bore him, heedless, thus along,

## XXVII.

And, soft, would glide before his eye,  
    In vision sweet, his early days,  
When all without gave rapture high,  
    And all within was peace and praise.

## XXVIII.

But vanity, the treachor vile,  
    Still quench'd the half-reviving fire;  
And under flattery's deadly smile,  
    Resolves—did day by day expire.

## XXIX.

For still, his intellectual beam  
    Unquench'd, tho' dimm'd its heavenly light,  
Would burst, with instantaneous gleam,  
    Through gathering clouds intensely bright.

## XXX.

The lofty thought—the purpose high—  
With dazzling splendour would return—  
And, catching spirit from his eye,  
The social circle fierce would burn.

## XXXI.

Then who had hardihood to blame?  
'Twas Reason's feast, the flow of soul—  
The flash of pure ethereal flame,  
Aspiring to its proper goal.

## XXXII.

Knives may employ rules dull and dry,  
The vulgar multitude to awe,  
Mere blocks of earth, who own no tie—  
Feel no restraints but those of law.

## XXXIII.

But spirits of superior mould,  
O'er all the empire vast of Mind,  
By plodding Dullness uncontroll'd,  
May wanton as the viewless wind.

## XXXIV.

With idle rant, thus base deceit,  
Still sooth'd his easy, shifting, mood,  
Till, all unconscious of the cheat,  
Each better purpose sunk subdu'd.

## XXXV.

And silent, as the cloud expires,  
When scatter'd by the morning sun,  
So, under dissipation's fires,  
His virtues wither'd one by one.

## XXXVI.

Blindfolded, Knowledge sunk amain,  
And pious feeling ceas'd to burn,  
And Hope, with Fancy in her train,  
Flew off—No—never to return.

## XXXVII.

And o'er the intellectual scene,  
Where Love with pleasure deign'd to dwell,  
Conscience arous'd, with fiend-like mien,  
Scatters the blazing brands of hell.

## XXXVIII.

And Rancour's dark consuming fires,  
Burn, fast, his failing spirits up,  
While far from God, he, dread, aspires  
To quaff the Atheist's opiate cup.

## XXXIX.

Not all the kindling hues of morn—  
Nor rich the modest glow of even—  
Nor summer fragrance zephyr-borne—  
Earth's breath embalm'd with sweets of heav'n—

## XL.

Nor love's soft call—nor friendship's voice—  
Nor pity's tear, distilling pure—  
Nor present, nor departing joys,  
His moral apathy can cure.

## XLI.

The grief of one—the scorn of all—  
Even of the vilest of the vile—  
He, heartless, hears the morning's call,  
And, hopeless, meets the evening's smile.

## XLII.

And, but that still, though sunk in woe,  
To raise the joyless laugh he strains,  
Of what he was, and once could show,  
Not even a single trace remains.

## XLIII.

Sweet fancy's child, be warn'd—beware  
Of dazzling pleasure's downward way,  
There ruin yawns—and misery there  
Behold, remember Jamie Gray.

## TO LABOUR.

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### I.

LORD of the brawny limbs, the shoulders broad,  
The weather-beaten look, the hand of horn,  
I hail thee, patron of my low abode,  
And Idleness, with all her dreams, I scorn.

### II.

Enroll'd among the sons of servile toil,  
Ere yet my seventh year was fairly fled,  
And still beneath contentment's easy smile,  
By thee I, grateful, eat my daily bread.

### III.

Thy sober gait let tinsel'd fops deride,  
Vile canker-worms, that waste a nation's health;  
Thou art my pleasure, and thou art my pride,  
Meek virtue's guardian and the guide to wealth.

### IV.

True grandeur hails thee as her best ally;  
In thy rough cradle, genius imp's her wings,  
And on thy shoulders true philosophy,  
And meek religion, rests the throne of kings.



## V.

Thine is the slumber sound, the tranquil mind,  
From dreaming fear and frenzied fancy far;  
Thine all the peaceful arts that bless mankind,  
Thine all the fiery thunderbolts of war.

## VI.

Thy patient hand prepares the optic tube,  
Which, lending strength to science' piercing eye,  
Gives her in ether's seeming solitude,  
Worlds, heap'd on worlds, innumerable to descry.

## VII.

Commerce by thee, her swelling sails unfurl'd,  
Through trackless oceans arduous ploughs her way,  
And, linking in her golden chain the world,  
Brings every social virtue into play.

## VIII.

By thee sublime, where'er the ocean waves  
Are restless heav'd against the rising shore;  
The pride of freemen, and the dread of slaves,  
Resistless, Britain's naval thunders roar.

## IX.

In humble life, with liberty thy guide,  
Thou competence assurest to the swain!  
While light Content blythe frolics by thy side,  
And Innocence with all her white-robed train.

## X.

Happy with thee, I round the circling year  
Have walk'd at harrow harsh, or weary plough,  
Still pleas'd my eye, or sooth'd my ravish'd ear,  
And danc'd my heart to nature's rapt'rous glow.

## XI.

How sweet, with thee, to meet the lengthening day,  
When gentle spring awakes the sleeping flower,  
And the blythe lav'rock trills his lively lay,  
Though stinted oft by hail or sleety shower!

## XII.

And sweet with thee to mark the kindling dawn  
With fluid gold the mountain-tops illumine;  
While on the west winds, o'er the dewy lawn,  
The gladsome summer breathes her rich perfume.

## XIII.

Nor less the pleasure, when the falling year,  
The fading woods, the breezy morning chill,  
Draws from the pensive peasant's eye the tear,  
As lone he toils around the silent hill.

## XIV.

And when, in darkness, settled on the heath,  
The stream, presageful, dashing down the dell,  
Or, in his drifty robe, arous'd in wrath,  
Wild winter rides the air with dismal yell—

## XV.

Sweet is thy call, in peaceful barn, secure  
From the rude blast, the sounding flail to wield,  
While, in the heaps that foodful swell the floor,  
Are lost the horrors of the joyless field.

## XVI.

And now, though far from all these happy scenes,  
That ne'er can cease to heave my swelling heart,  
With thee, in city pent, I draw the means  
Of living from a mean mechanic art—

## XVII.

Complaint I scorn—Although the silver moon,  
That wont erewhile my nightly way to cheer,  
Dim in the crowded alleys of the town,  
Through dust and smoke a bloody globe appear;

## XVIII.

Though purling streams no more attract my ear,  
Nor merle's soft song, that e'en despair might charm;  
Though rich, the glories of the rural year  
No more my breast with rising raptures warm;

## XIX.

While love delights to wave his purple wings,  
With playful peace to cheer my fireside;  
And my rude lyre bold independence strings,  
Thou art my pleasure, and thou art my pride.

## NOTE.

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*Thy sober gait let tinsel'd fops deride.*

Page 136.

It is hoped that, from this, no one will suppose the author to have imbibed the spirit of some raving philosophers, who, for the perfecting of government and of human nature, would have all men reduced to the necessity of subsisting themselves by manual operations. Such a dream reduced to practice he has no doubt would be the perfecting of human misery as far as it could be perfected in this mortal estate. But, while the opulent orders of society are left in the full possession of all their immunities, the lowly child of toil ought not to be robbed of that honour which by his usefulness he certainly merits. He is always indeed supposed to be very dependent; and so he is, and so he should feel himself to be. But are not all men dependent? Yea are not all men equally so? "For He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things?" The master is as much dependent upon providence for the means of employing his dependents, as his dependents are for that employment. They are in fact equally dependent upon one another. Still, in the scale of life, by the appointment of God in the order of nature, the man who toils is below the man who employs and pays him for his work. He has, however, no reason on that account to think the less of that station in which Providence hath placéd him; nor to aggravate the evils of his condition by unavailing murmurs, and misplaced attempts to arrive at situations unattainable, or which though attained could not perhaps add to his happiness. His table may show no luxuries; yea,

in necessities may be poorly provided; but such as it is, if he is an upright man he uses it with freedom. Conscience rises not up in the terrors of incensed Deity, to say of this—it is the bread of idleness; of that—it is the cup of deceit, which has been wrung out by the unrelenting hand of Oppression, and another day I will require it.

He may at times meet with the sneer of ignorance and pride; men of the weakest intellect and the most despicable morals, may treat him as a being altogether of an inferior order; but when he reflects that the honour lies not so much in the part to be performed as in the manner of performance, contempt will take place of anger, and pity at length supplant both. If he is emulous of greatness, and has any taste for the true sublime in character, Revelation will inform him that “greater is he that hath rule over his own spirit than he that taketh a city;” and philosophy will assure him, that if in the system of society, others form the arch and the embellishments, he or his class is the pillar upon which that arch and these embellishments must be founded; if they are the wheels by which the finer operations are performed, or the hands which accurately point out the results, he is the spring which keeps the whole in motion.

Nor can it detract any thing from his true dignity that this is not generally known, or if known, is not willingly admitted; the sun loses nothing of his splendour though the clouds arising from the earth be sometimes too gross for his beams to penetrate. And upon the whole, what are the distinctions of time to him who is the heir of eternity? what the opinions of men to him who has in view the melting elements, the opening heavens, assembled worlds, and the throne of the Eternal?

## ELEGY.

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### I.

Al! folly, wilt thou never cease to prate!  
Rank venom oozing from thy serpent tongue,  
That still with subtle wit, with sapience great,  
And learned lore affectest to be hung?

### II.

When will the countless multitudes undone,  
Bubbled by thee of aught like solid joy,  
Teach man thy baleful eloquence to shun,  
That charms to cheat, and dazzles to destroy?

### III.

With burning zeal and unabating toil,  
In every walk of life thou roam'st abroad;  
But chief o'er all, thy aim is to beguile  
The soul of all dependence upon God.

### IV.

In thy opinion, nothing half so poor  
As speak of man deprav'd of saving grace;—  
Thy creed rejects these doctrines as impure,  
Nor yields to love-inspiring faith a place.

## V.

Hence, should a good man openly express,  
In scripture style, the feelings of his soul,  
Thy wrath is quickly up; 'tis all grimace,—  
A long close coat to hide intentions foul.

## VI.

Hence, frenzy draws from thee her devilish dreams,  
And sophistry, thy child, her cobweb chains.  
And, puddled, hence delusion's frothy streams,  
Come, shallow, roaring from distemper'd brains.

## VII.

Whence is it that the wanton gods of Greece,  
Wicked confess'd, yet obstinately strong,  
Each muse defiling, and each sacred place,  
So long have rul'd the rich realms of song?

## VIII.

And, clamorous, when at length the voice of scorn  
Hiss'd off a part to seek their native hell,  
And under rising reason's beamy morn,  
Into thin air their tens of thousands fell.

## IX.

Whence was it, that anew the fields of light,  
Were dimm'd with godless ghosts, and meteors green,  
Grey-mists and shadows—spirits of the night—  
Through whose thin forms, the stars were twinkling  
seen?

## X.

Whence but from thee, lest with the morning's glow,  
Sublime descending from her native sphere,  
Truth there might give the flowers of heaven to blow,  
And rich, the streams of life to murmur clear.

## XI.

Where, drinking deep, the enthusiast had been made  
To see a world he never saw before;  
And, up through nature rising, had been led  
The GOD of grace by Jesus to adore.

## XII.

For, ah! if never purg'd his mental eye  
From the dark films of ignorance and sin;  
If guilt still heavy on the conscience lie,  
And wayward passion rage and rule within ;

## XIII.

What is the landscape bold with hill and dale,  
Tufted with groves, enrich'd with dimpling streams,  
Though plenty linger on the dying gale,  
And o'er it heaven diffuse its brightest beams?

## XIV.

Though cloth'd with lowing herds and nibbling flocks,  
And shepherds laid by every osier'd rill;  
Though rich with honey hang the clifted rocks,  
And one wild hum the depths of ether fill ;



## XV.

Though, incense-fraught, the clouds salubrious rise  
From breathing meadows milk-white to the view,  
Or, stretching far beneath unspotted skies,  
Like fluid gold engem'd with silver dew?

## XVI.

His eye may, brute-like, roam the goodly scene,  
And, thrill'd, his nerves confess the powerful charm;  
But should reflection, drowsy, wake within,  
How shakes his secret soul with wild alarm.

## XVII.

It speaks a power, which, if he see, he dreads;  
A purity, he cannot but abhor;  
A mercy, but a mercy which provides  
For alienated man no opening door.

## XVIII.

In vain to him the book of providence  
Is every day unfolding to the view;  
Along the lines he casts a casual glance,  
And in the whole discovers nothing new.

## XIX.

In all the records of the human race,  
Where, pictur'd, rise the deeds of other times,  
His eye no line of prominence can trace,  
Save human sufferings, caus'd by human crimes:

## XX.

But he, who in the soul-reviving dews  
 Of Zion, hath been led at large to roam,  
 Of life's green tree the healing leaves to use,  
 Rich Gilead's balm, and Sharon's high perfume;—

## XXI.

Sublim'd, his visive powers, where'er they turn,  
 Discover something to the world unknown—  
 Some beam, that wakes the fires of love to burn—  
 Some good, that faith appropriates as its own.

## XXII.

A GOD, he hears in every passing wind;  
 A GOD, how good! he marks in every flower;  
 A GOD, how great! before him and behind,  
 Who wings with joy or grief the rising hour.

## XXIII.

Hence, every gift to him is doubly dear,  
 With blessings following, secret, in its train;  
 Hence, low'ring skies a milder aspect wear,  
 And sorrow sooth'd is eas'd of half her pain.

## XXIV.

Hence, backward upon far receding time,  
 Clear reason, retrospective, turns her eye,  
 And ruling plots, restraining wrath, sublime,  
 God's hand is seen to be exceeding high.

## XXV.

Yea, hence, when dread the throne of nature reels,  
Envelop'd dark in clouds and smouldering flame,  
Safe in His arms the meek believer feels,  
Who errs, not, and whose love is still the same;

## XXVI.

Who will before unnumbered worlds unfold,  
At last assembled round his judgment seat,  
Of providence the hidden windings bold,  
A finish'd whole in all its parts complete.

## XXVII.

Though clouds and darkness now obscure his throne,  
And reason fail his footsteps vast to trace,  
Justice and judgment dwell around the one,  
And faith beholds the other balm'd with grace.

## XXVIII.

Then be the grateful task for ever mine,  
This matchless grace to study and commend,  
His praise to swell in every flowing line,  
And trusting in Him, life at last to end.

## NOTES.

*Thy creed rejects these doctrines as impure,  
Nor yields to love-inspiring Faith a place.*

Page 142.

FAITH, as it is a distinguishing principle in the Christian system, and must form the foundation of all acceptable practice, has been assailed with unrelenting animosity by the enemies of revealed truth in every age. It has been assaulted with Socratic ingenuity and Ciceronian vigour, with the coruscations of wit and humour poured forth with all the poignancy of ridicule, by the learned, the great and the gay, while cur like yelping in wretched doggrels, the pitiful poetaster has brought up the rear and rendered the army complete. It still, however, remains "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Still, "by it being justified we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Still, "by it righteousness is wrought and promises obtained." And still it remains an immutable truth that "No man is justified by the law in the sight of God; but the just shall live by his faith."

The enemies of this article of divine truth have a most disingenuous practice of representing it as something that stands opposed to, and is incompatible with, morality. But let it be remarked, that the faith inculcated in the Holy Scriptures, and for which we plead, is a faith which worketh by love, and purifieth the heart; and whatever a man's pretensions may be, if he is destitute of morality, the Scriptures warrant us to say, that to true faith he is as yet a stranger.

*Whence is it that the wanton Gods of Greece, &c.*

Page 143.

It is astonishing to observe the inflexible constancy which the Parnassian brotherhood have displayed, with regard to the Greek mythology; the wretched fables of which, they have been content to retail from one to another in nearly the same words for three thousand years. Attempts have indeed been latterly made by some bolder spirits to introduce the blood drinking deities of Scandinavia; and one, distinguished among his fellows for lofty pretensions, haughty and distorted demeanour, has, between Grecian and Gothic story, generated a new race of terribles, consisting of local and independent, though feeble divinities, thin ghosts, self-existing in gray clouds rising from the reedy lake, or in the thickening storm, howling wild along the hills of heath, green meteors, &c. dancing over the white waves, as they toss to the wind their heads of foam. The Hall of Woden is no doubt a very glorious place, and drinking the blood of one's enemies out of these very enemies' skulls, must be allowed in a warlike age like the present to be also a glorious employment! Deities which fall asunder by the stroke of a mortal, "like a column of smoke which the staff of the boy disturbs as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace," though they inspire no love, as they excite no fear, may also be tolerated. But the idea of thin ghosts, shone through by stars, blown about by winds, or sighing over the chill and reedy lake, though it wants the fire and the brimstone, seems little more favourable to sleep, (the fashionable futurity of the present day,) than the vulgar hell of Christianity; while the green meteors, &c. have all its superstition; so neither of them can be long endured. Even the sublimity of Woden's rites cannot bring him generally into favour. The bard over his bottle still invokes the rosy Bacchus. The love-sick rhymester complains still of the cruelty of Cupid; and the simpering Sonneteer, in celebrating his mistress, finds it still easy and convenient to compare her with Venns rising from the deep green wave.

The end of poetry, it has been said, is to please; and in order to please, fiction has also been supposed necessary.

The most interesting poets, however, the writer is of opinion will be found to be those whose fictions, if fictions they must be called, come nearest the truth. Who, that possesses either reason, taste, or feeling, would lay aside the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, the *Night Thoughts* of Young, or the more delightful *Task* of Cowper, to attend to the genealogies of Hesiod, the squabbling divinities of Homer, or the senseless metamorphoses of Ovid?

“When I consider,” says Cowley, who was undoubtedly one of the brightest ornaments of the age in which he lived, “how many bright and magnificent subjects the Holy Scriptures proffer to poesy; in the wise managing and illustrating whereof, the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the singular utility, and noblest delight of mankind; it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence, either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great persons, or the unmanly idolizing of foolish women, or the wretched affectation of scurril laughter; or at best on the confused and antiquated dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things, which the devil ever stole and alienated from the service of the Deity, as altars, temples, sacrifices, prayers and the like, there is none that he so universally and so long usurped as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant’s hand, and to restore it to the kingdom of God, who is the father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the waters of Damascus. There wants, methinks, but the conversion of that, and the Jews, for the accomplishment of the Kingdom of Christ.” “There is not,” continues he, “so great a lie to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is essential to good poetry.”

That he did not, however, suppose religious poetry of easy acquirement, nor allow that it should be written in a slovenly manner, the following will evince:—“All the books of the Bible are either already most admirable and exalted pieces of poesy, or are the best materials in the world for it. Yet though they be in themselves so proper, to be made use of for this purpose, none but a good artist will know how to do it; neither must we think to cut and polish diamonds with so little pains and skill as we do marble. For if any man design

to compose a sacred poem, by only turning a story of the Scripture, like Mr. Quarles, or some other godly matter like Mr. Haywood, of Angels into rhyme, he is so far from elevating of poesy that he only abases divinity.

“In brief, he who can write a profane poem well may write a divine one better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of invention; the same wisdom of disposition; the same judgment in observance of decencies; the same lustre and vigour of elocution; the same modesty and majesty of number; briefly, the same kind of habits is required to both, only this latter allows better stuff, and therefore would look more deformedly if ill drest in it.”

## A FRAGMENT.

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THERE WAS a time, when man, fresh from the great Creator's hand, had power to see, to feel, And render him the debt of gratitude, And praise for all his works. But soon that time Elaps'd. The damps of sin, exhaling from The pit of hell, the hapless pair involv'd— Then, shrunk, the mental eye no more could drink The light divine—the beams of heavenly truth. The understanding, darken'd, ceas'd to give An impulse to the will, that now at large, Roam'd far and wide, on all forbidden things. Fancy, broke loose from reason's cool control, No longer stray'd with innocence and peace; But mounted on the whirlwind's cloudy wing, Rode, wildly forth, to chase the gorgon broad— The phantoms dire of guilt, remorse and shame. Now for his God, 'tis vain that he inquires Of every season, and of every wind. In vain he lifts his voice to all the stars. They, in their progress, to ten thousand worlds, Bear wide the tidings of Almighty power, Boundless beneficence, and wisdom infinite— But for the fallen, the helpless child of guilt, Say, will he deign an offering to accept—



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Thousands of rams, or oceans vast of oil?  
Creation cannot tell—Th' eternal Son,  
Both sacrifice and priest for ruin'd man,  
Before all worlds ordain'd, must, as the great,  
The glorious Prophet of the church appear,  
The purposes of mercy to reveal.  
Th' eternal Spirit from the mental eye  
Must the thick films of ignorance remove,  
Bend the stiff will, unstop the closed ear,  
Else works of wonder, precious words of grace,  
Are seen as folly, heard as idle tales.

## ODE.

JANUARY 29TH, 1806.

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### I.

AGAIN we mark the changeful year  
Ride forth upon the stormy gale;  
While musing Fancy starts, to hear  
Lone Echo's wild and weary wail.  
And peaceful met, once more we hail  
Our rustic Poet's natal day,  
Who strung, in life's sequester'd vale,  
The lyre to many a lofty lay.

### II.

Thy aid, inspiring Nature, grant,  
Thy influence be o'er all confest;  
While ribaldry, and whining cant,  
Afar, with mother Dulness rest.  
Let Reason spread the frugal feast,  
And Friendship give the flow of soul,  
Benevolence warm every breast,  
And healthful Temperance mix the bowl.

## III.

So may no good man, wounded, grieve;  
Nor moralist, in melancholy,  
While thus the garland fresh we weave,  
With withering look, pronounce it folly—  
To wanton, wild, in scenes unholy,  
Regardless of our country weeping,  
We leave to Peers, and Courtiers jolly,  
In sock and mask their revels keeping.

## IV.

My heart! my heart! who can refrain  
To give humanity a tear,  
As thus the woe-denouncing strain  
Rings loud and louder on the ear?  
The furbish'd sword, the glittering spear,  
Though drunk, still ravening to destroy,  
Bid cautious Doubt and trembling Fear  
Chastise the beamy smile of Joy.

## V.

Father of light, of life, and grace,  
How long wilt thou these things endure?  
How long shall Nimrod's iron race  
Thy image here below devour?  
The Spirit meek when wilt thou pour,  
In love uniting soul to soul,  
That holy hands, and prayers pure,  
May rise sublime from pole to pole?

## VI.

It comes! on Hope's prophetic wing,  
Borne forward far, I see the day!  
I hear the gladden'd nations sing,  
Rejoicing in its sevenfold ray.  
The simple ploughman, whistling gay,  
Drives soft along the peaceful team;  
And frisking flocks unnumber'd play,  
Beside the osier-shaded stream.

## VII.

Through all his melancholy bounds,  
In vernal bloom the desert smiles;  
And Nature, cur'd of all her wounds,  
Tyrannic man no more reviles.  
No more, in Error's mazy toils,  
Guilt erring man bewilder'd lies;  
But even from Ocean's utmost isles  
The seraph songs of rapture rise.

## VIII.

Delightful view; but ah! between,  
What scenes of dark confusion lie?  
What horrid forms are dimly seen  
To glide along the murky sky?  
Blasted and thin, of saffron dye,  
There Envy leers with sullen scowl,  
And low-born selfish Apathy,  
Who binds in frost the melting soul.

## IX.

And rising awful, fierce, and foul,  
Hell raging in her burning breast,  
Ambition shrieks with horrid howl,  
In Glory's glittering garment drest!  
Her blazing breath, with baleful blast,  
Consumes the living beams of day:  
And underneath her power opprest,  
In blood the mountains melt away.

## X.

Lo! yonder, where with breezy wings  
The wild wind sweeps the foamy wave,  
She speaks and looks tremendous things  
Against the Island of the brave.  
Why point ye to the bloody grave!  
Ye spirits of our fathers, say?  
Ages unborn, what would ye have,  
That thus ye rush upon the day?

## XI.

Fathers! we keep our sacred trust;  
We burn to emulate your flame;  
And children, ye shall find us just,  
We own we feel your pressing claim.  
And Freedom, fair unspotted fame!  
A portion precious shall be yours;  
Or, scorning death and dastard shame,  
Bright Honour's bloody bed is ours.

## XII.

To steel our hearts, as thus the storm  
 Rolls big with half creation's doom,  
 And string our nerves, when Danger's form  
 Gigantic stalks across the gloom—  
 First-born of Freedom, Valour! come,  
 Forsake not even our festive hours,  
 But, lest it wither Fancy's bloom,  
 Hide, then, thy blazing sword in flowers.

## XIII.

Peace, Love, and Honour, undismay'd  
 Beneath thy shadow pleas'd, shall play;  
 And safe, reclining by thy side,  
 The Muse shall prompt the rapturous lay.  
 And come, ye Virtues, smiling gay,  
 In braided dance the chorus join;  
 And Wisdom, to direct our way,  
 Hold thou the lamp of Truth divine.

## XIV.

Thy aid, inspiring Nature, grant,  
 Thy influence be o'er all confess'd;  
 While ribaldry, and whining cant,  
 Afar with mother Dulness rest.  
 Let Reason spread the frugal feast,  
 And Friendship give the flow of soul,  
 Benevolence warm every beast,  
 And healthful Temperance mix the bowl.

WRITTEN IN JANUARY,

1809.

---

I.

WHERE, genius of our country! where  
Is now thy lone sequester'd seat?  
While, low'ring darkness dims the air,  
Destruction thunders at the gate.

II.

Full oft, has in the gathering storm  
Thy power been felt, thy daring shown,  
And oft has robbery's ruthless form,  
Shrunk, nerveless, in thy withering frown.

III.

Let Largs' red heath—Loncarty's lea,  
Roslin and Aberlemno tell,  
With Grampian fields, thy chivalry,  
And how thy foes inglorious fell.

IV.

We, kindling, mark with death's dread roar,  
And DESPOTS and their slaves we spurn,  
How fierce, thy lion rampant bore,  
Through war's rude ranks at Bannockburn!

## V.

Yet, not on martial deeds alone,  
Is built thy pyramid of fame;  
Thy peaceful powers have equal shone,  
And, wide o'er earth diffus'd thy name.

## VI.

'Twas thine, bright learning's lamp to trim,  
By fancy, wit, and humour led,  
When howling monks, and darkness dim,  
Europa's brighter climes o'erspread.

## VII.

Yea, when in dust defil'd thy horn,  
Cut through thy flaming spear and shield,  
And rude thy flowing robe was torn,  
On hapless Flodden's fatal field;

## VIII.

Even then thou took'st a nobler aim,  
To break Rome's tyranny, accurs'd,  
Nor ceas'd, till freedom's holy flame,  
Her inmost bolt and band had burst.

## IX.

Then barring feuds, and base intrigue,  
Thy THISTLE with the ROSE was twin'd,  
And heaven and earth beheld, in league,  
The rival sisters, solemn join'd.



## X.

Thy names of glory who can tell?  
Of ancient or of modern time,  
Daring, the battle's roar to swell,  
Or wise, to build the lofty rhyme.

## XI.

A BARBOUR, DOUGLAS, BALLANTINE,  
A LINDSAY, DRUMMOND, and DUNBAR;  
A tuneful MONARCH, too, was thine,  
Whose verse outshone his sceptre far.

## XII.

BUCHANAN, famed for classic lore,  
A KNOX of vast capacious soul,  
Who singly stemm'd a tyrant's power,  
And conscience freed from base control.

## XIII.

A RAMSAY, and a THOMSON chaste,  
A wildly energetic BURNS,  
A BEATTIE, REID, of powers vast,  
Have all improv'd thee in their turns.

## XIV.

Nor FERGUSON can be forgot,  
Thy mild, thy laughter-loving son,  
Who shar'd the poet's common lot,  
Was prais'd—neglected—and undone.

## XV.

But whence that mingled shout I hear,  
Tumultuous on the groaning blast!—  
Alas! 'tis victory, purchas'd dear,  
Thy bravest child, O Scotia, lost!

## XVI.

O rouse thee, Caledonia, rouse!  
Thy sister's red rose waxes pale,  
And, rude, unfeeling folly strews  
Its leaves upon the passing gale.

## XVII.

The sad tear damps our festive hours,  
The note moves languid, solemn, slow,  
While o'er thee, thus, the tempest lowers,  
While thus thou drink'st the cup of woe.

## XVIII.

For him, our tears are scarcely dry,  
Who, victor, fell on Afric's shore,  
When call'd again to pour the sigh,  
O'er thee, the lov'd, the gallant MOORE.

## XIX.

O MOORE! in thee an army fell,  
A brilliant star untimely set,  
Thy dirge, the weeping world shall swell,  
With deepest sobs of sad regret.

## XX.

Where, genius of our country! where  
Is now thy lone sequester'd cell;  
While, heavy, thus, the turbid air,  
Is rent with danger's dismal yell?

## XXI.

To thee, we give the festive hour,  
For thee, we weave the votive rhyme,  
Our hearts, our hands, would stretch thy pow'r,  
Far, to the utmost bourne of time.

## TO DISCORD.

OCTOBER, 1806.

---

DAUGHTER of Sin, what hand of fire  
May wake, to thee, the sounding lyre,  
And, in fit numbers, tell aright,  
Thy matchless deeds, thy matchless might.

Thy infant voice, as prophets tell,  
Shook the wide heaven—enkindled hell,  
Whence rising, awful, clothed in fire,  
Creation groans beneath thine ire.  
Here, thou on high, the clouds art burning—  
And, there, the rooted hills o'erturning!  
Here, heaving Ocean feels thy power,  
And thunders o'er th' affrighted shore—  
There, turn'd upon the Sun thy breath,  
He burns with all the rage of Death—  
Anon, the overpowering blaze  
Is quench'd in pestilential haze,  
And sickening Earth, with rueful face,  
Seems yawning to devour her race.

Even now, with deeper rage possess'd,  
All hell at work within thy breast,

Thy dreadful form, before my eyes,  
Tall, towers tremendous to the skies.  
O'er Continents and Seas, in ire,  
Thou tramplest, dread, with foot of fire—  
Wide wasting from thy cruel hands  
Fly, rapid, Ruin's vengeful brands;  
And where thou turn'st thy scowling eyes,  
There Hatred's hiss, and Fear's shrill shrieks arise.  
Thus diffusing woe and pain—  
Shall it never end thy reign?  
Never—till th' eventful hour,  
When thy mighty arm of power,  
Dreadfully outstretch'd, on high  
Shall wrench the Sun from yonder sky—  
From their courses downward driven,  
All the rolling orbs of heaven,  
Shall, jostling, burst one mingled mass of fire,  
And thou, heap'd on the pile, with Nature's self expire.

## ANTICIPATION.

WRITTEN IN SUMMER, 1803.

---

Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears—let the weak say I am strong—Fear not, O land, be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things.—JOEL.

---

### I.

AGAIN the storm begins to lower,  
And frowning, dark, tyrannic Power,  
    With mad ambition roars;  
Hark! fierce, he strikes the gory shield;  
Iron echoes ring along the field,  
    And shake the peaceful shores.

### II.

Already, many a hapless state,  
Lies crush'd beneath his brazen feet,  
    As brave Batavia shews;—  
While 'midst her willows green she weeps,  
Her freedom flies, her commerce sleeps,  
    In death-distilling dews.

## III.

And, faint, within her bleak abode,  
Beneath his unrelenting rod,  
    Helvetia bleeding lies!  
No skilful friend at hand to aid!  
No generous TELL to hold her head!  
    She dies—alas! she dies.

## IV.

Lo! green Ausonia's flowery dales,  
Her golden groves, and fertile vales,  
    Are blasted in his wrath!  
Fair Austria bends beneath his hands!  
And far, o'er Afric's burning sands,  
    He breathes the blast of death.

## V.

And, now, on Albion's lofty side,  
Fair Freedom's oak, far spreading wide,  
    With grief and rage he eyes—  
“Come, lop its boughs, destroy its fruit,  
Yea, from the rocks wrench up its root,”  
    In wrath's dark dream, he cries.

## VI.

And see! with wasting whirlwinds sweep,  
In dark clouds bursting o'er the deep,  
    His slaves in gloomy ire!  
Yet Freedom, fear not—round thy land,  
In gleamy steel thy children stand,  
    A flaming wall of fire!

## VII.

For generations yet to come,  
Thy oak shall rise, thy wreath shall bloom,  
    In beauty round the brave,  
Long, long beneath thy honour'd shade,  
Shall Britain lift her laurell'd head,  
    And smile o'er Ocean's wave.

## VIII.

Avaunt! ye base, ye boasting slaves,  
Why will ye tempt the guardian waves  
    Around our Isles that roar?  
Behold! your Sires' pale shades arise—  
All wild, with horror streaming eyes,  
    Your madness they deplore.

## IX.

“These are the shores, whence, rough and bold,  
Full many a daring soul of old,  
    In terror cloth'd hath rush'd!  
With burning wheels, there, Victory, driven  
Upon the red wing'd winds of heaven,  
    Whole hosts at once hath crush'd!

## X.

“Nor quench'd their light—a PITT survives,  
A NELSON; SMITH, and COCHRANE lives,  
    Bold as the waves they ride;  
And ah! what countless thousands more,  
That burn to meet the battle's roar,  
    In fiery valour's pride!”



## XI.

'Tis counsel vain—then come away,  
Earth sickens, while ye thus delay,  
    And raging ruin frets—  
Blood-thirsty Vengeance shakes the sky,  
As from our rocky ramparts high,  
    The passing wind he beats.

## XII.

They come—hark—hear the warning sigh,  
Sweeps heavy o'er the low'ring sky!  
    And, yawning for her prey,  
Hell, horrid, heaves in gloomy wrath,  
Tremendous, bursting from beneath,  
    Upon the realms of day—

## XIII.

The battle burns—thou, sun of heaven,  
Be black with clouds, and backward driven,  
    To mourn bid every star—  
No—forth in light, exulting, spring—  
Ye stars, along your courses sing;—  
    Britannia rules the war.

## XIV

Britannia rules! as melting snow,  
As morning fogs, so fail the foe—  
    They shrink in terror driven;  
As sullen shrinks the shadowy cloud,  
When forth, red, ragged, raging loud,  
    Rush all the fires of heaven.

## XV.

Flame on, thou sword! in wrath devour!  
Remember, 'tis th' avenging hour,  
    For many an age of crimes;  
Even, from the first of Bourbon's sons,  
Down to this bloody blot on thrones,  
    This dreg of drossy times.

## XVI.

Ye Vultures, come from every wind,  
With every beast of savage kind,  
    Huge hills of slain arise!  
Come, drink, ye monsters of the flood,  
Our rivers swoln, run red with blood—  
    'Tis Freedom's sacrifice.

## XVII.

The Sun, lo! lingering on his way,  
At length, reluctant, shuts the day,  
    And, fearful to behold,  
Lowering, and red, in burning wrath,  
Malignant, streaming fires of death,  
    Yon frowning skies unfold.

## XVIII.

Chill blows the night with tenfold frost,  
Dark, driving o'er their fainting host,  
    The drifty tempest hoar—  
Despair appals their shrinking frames—  
Behind them Death, all dreadful flames,—  
    Before them Oceans roar.

## XIX.

In blood, before their closing eyes  
What grisly forms of horror rise!  
From Jaffa, lo! they come!  
Each breathing wrath's infuriate yell,  
Thousands of angry spirits, fell,  
To stamp the tyrant's doom.

## XX.

"And art thou fallen at length?" they cry,  
"Unpitied, unlamented lie,  
Of all the Brave the scorn:  
There, Fame, through every age shall tell,  
The savage Son of Murder fell,  
And, there, by dogs was torn."

## XXI.

Now, morning, in her purple cloud  
Ascending, anxious, looks abroad  
O'er Albion's white cliffs hoar—  
Come, rosy Morn, come Phœbus, come;  
Our mountains smile, our valleys bloom,  
The Spoiler is no more!

## XXII.

Britannia, let thy song arise,  
To Him who garnish'd yonder skies,  
And musters all their host;  
Who safe upon the flying gale,  
Still speeds thy every daring sail,  
And bars thy rocky coast.

## XXIII.

Our God, we humbly Thee adore!  
Be still, as now, and heretofore,  
    In danger's dreadful hour,  
Our Light in council—in the field,  
Our Staff and Stay—our Strength and Shield!  
    We fear no earthly Power.

TO POVERTY.

1799.

I.

SPECTRE gloomy, who art thou?  
Deadly dim these eye-balls roll!  
Quivering, on that wrinkled brow,  
Fear betrays thy coward soul.

II.

Whence that woe-dejected train,  
Trampling on thy steps behind?  
Whence that heart-appalling strain,  
Gathering, growing on the wind?

III.

Ah! I know thee by that stare,  
Strangely blank—that blush of shame,  
By that heavy yawn of care—  
Poverty! thy odious name.

IV.

These, thy woe-dejected train,  
Trampling on thy footsteps fast!  
Hunger faint, with weeping Pain,  
Howling in the wintry blast.

## V.

Envy dark, the child of Pride;  
Distraction, rending wild his hair!  
Stalking with gigantic stride,  
Murder red, and wan Despair.

## VI.

Where! O whither shall I fly?  
Where, to shun thy terrors hide?  
Who with thee, pale Poverty!  
Ever shar'd a warm fireside?

## VII.

Friendship fails at thy approach!  
Pleasure drops her streaming urn!  
Love affrighted flies his couch!  
Virtue's fires more faintly burn!

## VIII.

In thy fancy-blighting breath,  
Genius languishes forlorn;  
Ah! too often quench'd in death,  
From the feast of Science torn.

## IX.

Yet exult not—Though through life  
Hand in hand with me thou go,  
Kindling, dark, the doubtful strife,  
Mingling oft the cup of woe.

## X.

Scowl not thus—thy baleful train  
Poison here shall never shed;  
Patience, stern, shall stifle pain;  
Toil shall find me daily bread.

## XI.

Meek Humility shall bar  
Envy's inly gnawing worm;  
Calm Content shall chase afar  
Wild Distraction's fiery form.

## XII.

Hope shall pour her visions bright,  
Disappointments oft redressing;  
Charity shall rise in light,  
Every gloomy thought repressing.

## XIII.

Honesty, with brow erect;  
Dauntless Truth shall bless the hours;  
Mirth, with rosy hand bedeck,  
Sweet, my way with laughing flowers.

## XIV.

Faith, the guardian of the whole,  
Oft shall stretch her daring wing,  
Drawing, to refresh the soul,  
Living draughts at Bethle'm's spring.

## XV.

Thus beyond thy frigid frown,  
Life its course shall wind the while;  
And in death I'll lay me down,  
Cheer'd by Hope's inspiring smile.



## TO FANCY.

---

### I.

FANCY! from thy fairy bower,  
Breathing dewy fragrance, come,  
Brightening, clear, the pensive hour,  
Softening, sweet, the wild flower's bloom.

### II.

Far be Desolation hoary,  
Frowning o'er the ruin, rude—  
Far the scene where, glittering, Glory  
Dips her shining plumes in blood.

### III.

But, behold, the opening year,  
Sweet invites the sportive Muse,  
See! the purple flowers appear,  
Glowing rich thro' silver dews.

### IV.

To the breeze in floating billows,  
See! the rye-grass streaming gay,  
Hark! how soft beneath the willows,  
Yonder streamlet glides away.

## V.

Close within its leafy bower,  
List how sweet the linnet sings ;  
While the bee from flower to flower,  
Wanders with unwearied wings.

## VI.

Let us breathe that rich perfume,  
Here among the clover red,  
Which these bean-fields, full in bloom,  
On the balmy west winds shed.

## VII.

Let us mark the simple swain,  
Whistling, cheerful, void of guile,  
As he views the future grain,  
Rising to reward his toil.

## VIII.

And the herd on yonder lea,  
That amidst the wild flowers roam,  
Or upon the sunny brae,  
Rustle through the waving broom.

## IX.

Lead me, on the Summer morn,  
Up by yonder gurgling rill,  
To behold the gray clouds borne,  
Slowly up the distant hill.

## X.

Fiercer, when the sun at noon,  
Pours direct th' oppressive beam,  
In the grove, then, lay me down,  
Or beside the purling stream.

## XI.

And when eve descending soft,  
Freshens every plant below,  
Wandering o'er yon uplands, oft  
Let me mark her glorious glow.

## XII.

Pale, when Autumn sallow gleams,  
With the bees that distant roam,  
Let me breathe the gale that streams,  
O'er the red moors all in bloom.

## XIII.

And when Winter, frowning grim,  
Rob'd in drifts of darkness drear,  
Midst the wild winds driving dim,  
Urges on th' expiring year;

## XIV.

Place me, then, on some rude steep,  
Where the mountain torrents roar,  
Where the foamy billows sweep,  
Hoarse against the cavern'd shore.

## XV.

There, to Heaven's Eternal King,  
Let us turn in musings sweet,  
Who, upon the tempest's wing,  
Dark clouds casts beneath his feet—

## XVI.

Rides in triumph through the sky,  
Thunders, dreadful, round Him roaring,  
And the lightning of His eye,  
As the chaff His foes devouring.

## XVII.

Or in Mercy's robe attired,  
On the rainbow circled throne,  
By compassion strong inspired,  
Listening to the mourner's groan.

## XVIII.

Let us, wrapt in wonder, view Him,  
And adoring bend the knee,  
Lifting up the soul unto Him,  
In assur'd sincerity.

## XIX.

Sometimes, too, of sacred vision,  
Let us roam the mountain old,  
And behold with nice precision,  
Wonders rise. as Bards foretold.

## XX.

Let us mark the shining sword,  
Moulded to a simple share,  
Truth prevailing—peace restor'd—  
Happy nations everywhere.

## XXI.

Man, with joy, in every clime,  
Safe beneath his spreading tree,  
Singing sweet this note sublime,  
“Jesus came and dy'd for me.”

## XXII.

And, if unsubdu'd by fear,  
Sometimes at the fall of even,  
Let us view approaching near  
That decisive day of Heaven—

## XXIII.

When the slumber of the Tomb,  
By the dread Cherubic blast,  
Shall be broke, and righteous doom  
Gladden Virtue's ear at last.

## XXIV.

Let us join the heavenly host,  
With Allelulias returning,  
While in dread confusion lost,  
Falling worlds beneath are burning.

## XXV.

And the promis'd new creation,  
Let it meet our wondering eyes,  
Worlds of happier destination,  
Brighter suns, and milder skies.

## XXVI.

And the song, that there with rapture,  
To eternity shall flow,  
Let me learn from sacred Scripture,  
Here to imitate below.

## XXVII.

Thou wast slain, and by thy blood  
Having heal'd corruption's springs,  
Hast ordain'd us to our God,  
Evermore, for priests and kings.

## XXVIII.

Thus, O Fancy! aid my musing,  
Till time's shadows fly away—  
Till this night of exile closing,  
Usher in heaven's endless day.

TO PEACE.

1809.

---

I.

O WHEN, heavenly peace!  
Wilt thou come sweetly smiling,  
The long-burden'd bosom  
Of anguish beguiling?  
The friend of humanity,  
Looks round him all weary,  
And his tears flow afresh  
O'er the prospect so dreary.

II.

The pain'd ear revolts  
At the wild bugle's swelling,  
The rueful approaches  
Of red ruin telling—  
Astonish'd, earth heaves  
To the cannon's loud rattle,  
And the welkin is torn,  
With the shouts of the battle.

## III.

With heaps of the dead,  
Gorg'd, the river rolls muddy,  
And o'er the green valley  
The stream oozes bloody—  
While the maid, for her lover,  
Sad vigils is keeping;  
And o'er its fallen father,  
The poor babe is weeping.

## IV.

Accursed ambition!  
Our moments of gladness,  
Are darken'd by thee  
With the pale shade of sadness;  
Affection and fancy,  
To soothe cease their striving,  
While, wild, on the wind,  
Thus thy fire shower is driving.

## V.

O peace! heavenly peace!  
We invoke thy returning,  
To silence the tumult,  
The clamour of mourning;  
To light up, where sorrow  
Has darkly been streaming,  
The bright stars of rapture,  
And hope, gayly beaming.



## TO CONTENT.

---

I.

CARES and noisy pleasures, hence,  
Come Content, sweet, smiling, come;  
Darling child of Innocence,  
Tell me where thou lov'st to roam?

II.

High on yonder towering hill,  
Grandeur spreads his glittering wings;  
There enraptur'd art thou still  
Breathing peace on Lords and Kings.

III.

No; I hear his rattling wheels,  
Mad Ambition's fiery car  
Thundering comes, the mountain reels,  
Livid lightnings flash afar.

IV.

Bright o'er yonder sunny field  
Science holds her sunny reign,  
Dost thou there thy sceptre wield,  
O'er the happy letter'd swain?

## V.

No; behind his lagging hours,  
Pining cares and sorrows rise,  
And beneath the blooming flowers,  
Snake-like Envy hissing lies.

## VI.

Far adown the wood-clad vale,  
Clear the crystal streamlets play  
Round, the theme of many a tale,  
Yonder cottage gleaming gray.

## VII.

Up its ends the ivy creeps,  
Round it honeysuckles twine;  
Who the happy dwelling keeps?  
This, Content, this must be thine!

## VIII.

No; 'tis listless Luxury,  
Here that lolls in rural state;  
On her dull satiety,  
And fribbled Affectation wait.

## IX.

Sweetest wanderer, have I found thee?  
Yes! amidst the fields of toil,  
Peace and piety around thee,  
Drinking up thy charming smile.

## X.

Labour looks to thee, and brighter  
Burn his ardour-beaming eyes;  
Slavery, too, looks up, and lighter  
On his back the burden lies.

## XI.

Come, henceforth my lowly dwelling,  
Let it be thy blest abode,  
Anxious fears and doubts expelling,  
Wave thy soul-composing rod.

## XII.

Resignation waits to greet thee;  
Bring thy nurse, sweet Piety;  
Love and Temperance both invite thee,  
Come, Content, and dwell with me.

ON THE  
ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

---

I.

O FOR an Angel's voice to swell the theme,  
That distant worlds might bend the listening ear!  
A Seraph's lyre to wake Devotion's flame,  
And warm to Heaven the grateful incense bear!  
Scatters the cloud at last, in darkness drear,  
That wrapt the destinies of half the world, \*  
Mercy descending dries the bloody tear,  
The flag of Truth is broad to Heaven unfurl'd,  
And from his murky throne th' oppressor grim is hurl'd.

---

\* So in the fulness of our philanthropy, did we opine at the time. Stubborn facts have satisfied us that we were wrong. We are also, from many considerations, satisfied that the principles upon which we founded are false, and that nothing but disappointment will follow every attempt to renovate the world upon these principles. To hang these considerations, however, as a note upon an occasional copy of indifferent verses, would surely be a little too much. The Reader, if he is intelligent, will find them out for himself, and they will be all the more convincing and operative upon his own mind, by the little labour he may expend in finding them out.

## II.

Man, demonised, no more at will shall shake  
Bambarra's wilds, or Niger's reedy shores;  
Nor shall the Gambia's weeping Genius quake  
Beneath the dashing of the white man's oars.  
For Justice arm'd, with eagle eye explores  
The tracts where licens'd murder us'd to roam,  
The fervid soil redundant plenty pours—  
Science already plans the peaceful home,  
Where mild affection's flow'rs for ages rich may bloom.

## III.

What though the seed, an handful in the earth,  
Lonely afar by feeble hands be sown,  
Like trees of Lebanon it shall spring forth,  
And prosperous fruit the holy act shall crown.  
On yonder cliffs, where huge, with sullen frown  
The tempest shook the daring Gama's breast,  
A little cloud of heavenly dew sent down,  
Begins with balmy influence to rest,  
And cheer'd for many a mile, smiles gay th' expectant  
waste.

## IV.

Barca's dry sands, and thirsty Zaara drear  
Of Bethle'm's stream shall drink. The soothing sound  
The mountains of the Moon shall stoop to hear,  
And Atlas smile, with leafy verdure crown'd.  
Then WILBERFORCE, thy name shall fair be found  
Embalm'd with Prophets and Apostles old,  
While grateful Africa, the world around,  
The sacred flag of freedom shall unfold,  
Where high Britannia's name emblazon'd flames in gold.

# THE BIRTH OF FREEDOM,

WRITTEN FOR THE OPENING OF A CHARITY SCHOOL,  
NOW A CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

~~~~~

I.

DARK was the cloud o'er Europe's sky that shed,  
For ages, deep, the soul-depressing gloom;  
While Learning, languid, hid her palsied head,  
And Genius slumber'd on her Virgil's tomb.  
And cruel Superstition's dreaded doom,  
Forbade in Reason's peaceful paths to stray;  
Forbade sweet Fancy's living flowers to bloom,  
While briars and thorns perplex'd the pilgrim's way,  
And noxious night-shade drank the straggling beams  
of day.

II.

Some gifted minds of far superior mould,  
When Inspiration gave the glowing theme,  
Might rise, at times, on eagle-pinions bold,  
And light the sombrous scene with brilliant gleam:  
But like December's ineffectual beam  
That, slanting, smites the frozen glebe in vain—  
Or fires amid the wintry storm that stream,  
Behind them whitening far a blazing train,  
That fades ere well beheld, and all is dark again.

## III.

Till dawn'd at length that most eventful morn,  
By the lone Bard in Patmos' Isle descried;  
When o'er the Heavens, on angel-pinions borne,  
The Messenger of Love was seen to glide.  
Pale on her ebon throne, where by her side  
Blind Bigotry reclin'd in drowsy mood,  
Shook Ignorance—and wither'd in his pride,  
Yet breathing vengeance, Despotism stood,  
While Freedom fair was born, and was baptiz'd in blood.

## IV.

Her heavenly bloom, her lineaments divine,  
In Saxon wilds did speedily unfold;  
And lonely musing by the winding Rhine,  
Spirit she drank unconquerably bold.  
Through flowery vales, despising caution cold,  
Along the Po her early youth did stray—  
And on the faded banks of Tiber old,  
The drooping nymphs she call'd to rural play,  
Whence, heaven inspir'd, again awoke th' enchanting  
lay.

## V.

But ceaseless thunders, pour'd from Papal Rome,  
Forbade to linger on Ansonian dales,  
And scarce she 'scap'd to fill a burning tomb,  
Where Summer smiles in Savoy's sunny vales.  
Deny'd to breathe fair Gallia's balmy gales,  
She wander'd where the Danaw rushing roars—  
But persecuted still, she spread her sails,  
Advent'rous to the winds, and ply'd her oars,  
Till, SCOTIA, sweet she smil'd upon thy barren shores.

## VI.

Long hadst thou slept, and in thy stormy sky  
Bright boreal beams had died away the while—  
And harpings wild of sacred Minstrelsy  
No more were heard from far Iona's Isle.  
Yet raptur'd, thou did'st hail the fair exile,  
And kindly nurse her by thy native springs; .  
Discord was tame beneath her soothing smile,  
While new-born Art awoke the sounding strings,  
And Genius heaven-ward spread abroad her daring  
wings.

## VII.

Her child Discipline oped Pieria's rills,  
And, copious, gave her healing streams to pour  
Amidst thy vales—While glad, thy heath-clad hills  
“Sang jubilant” beneath Castalian shower.  
But chief she pointed to that dreary hour,  
That shuts the lengthen'd roll of mortal woes,  
And bade the eye, with more than human power,  
Expatriate where unmingled pleasure flows,  
And life's unfading bloom with spotless lustre blows.

## VIII.

Benevolent, to aid this grand design,  
Our counsels and our efforts have been join'd;  
We ask your aid to pour the light divine  
Of knowledge on the helpless infant's mind.  
We wish to soothe the gloomy thought unkind,  
That in the war-worn veteran's breast may rise,  
As sad he breathes his wishes on the wind—  
Takes a last look of earth, and sun, and skies,  
While Death's harsh hand tears up his bosom's inmost  
ties.



## IX.

"Who," he may say, "my little ones will shield,  
 Open their minds, and hand them on to fame?  
 Although my life is given in honour's field,  
 Their morn is dark, their day may set in shame."  
 Forbid it Heaven, and Freedom's holy flame!—  
 Each patriot heart the chilling thought will spurn—  
 Yet ah! though justice registrates their claim,  
 Valour's poor offspring oft neglected mourn,  
 While Fame exulting smiles upon the parent's urn.

## X.

Of Industry, oft too, the patient child,  
 A sounding name who never hop'd to raise,  
 Nor, from ambition's sultry walks exil'd,  
 Was parch'd beneath the burning thirst of praise;—  
 As life with unexpected lapse decays,  
 O'er his poor infant pours the secret tear,  
 Whose early path, through life's perplexing maze,  
 He hop'd with learning's blessed beam to cheer,  
 Whence high the song might swell through heaven's  
 eternal year.

## XI.

For who that ever own'd a parent's name,  
 How dark soe'er his troubled sky might frown,  
 But, in the light of Hope's inspiring flame,  
 Saw for his offspring joy and gladness sown.  
 Manners, he hopes, more winning than his own,  
 May wind more smooth through life's entangled way;  
 More pains bestow'd, more generous feeling shown,  
 More pregnant parts with lustre may display,  
 That honour's wreath should reap in life's meridian day.

## XII.

Who will not hail such hopes, such feelings strong,  
On which are founded virtue, wealth, and power?  
Who will not join, our cultur'd dales among,  
For aye to bid them live and bud secure?  
So may their blessings, peace and plenty pour,  
While all partake of pleasure unprov'd—  
So may rejoicing time's last ebbing hour  
Behold us happy, loving and lov'd,  
Our Virtues unimpair'd, our Empire unremov'd.

## TO NOVEMBER.

---

I.

NOVEMBER, hail! thy look of woe,  
Thy thin locks fleckered o'er with snow,  
I prize above the garish glow  
Of florid mirth and revelry.

II.

Though no gay warblers hail thy morn,  
Nor genial dew drops gem the thorn,  
Nor sunny flowers the vale adorn,  
Profuse, in wild variety:

III.

Afar, upon the hoary hill,  
My wandering feet shall meet thee still;  
While loud the wild winds, cold and chill,  
Pipe strange their mournful melody.

IV.

Compared with thy swoln torrents' roar,  
Or deep, thy billow-breaking shore,  
Soft summer airs, how weak, how poor,  
In all their wanton gaiety.

## V.

Before thy wan dejected eye,  
The visions light of folly fly;  
And, ever-pensive, hovering nigh  
Is weeping Pity found to be.

## VI.

Thy naked fields, thy leafless trees,  
Sad, sobbing to the swelling breeze,  
Speak loud of age and thin disease,  
That lead to dark mortality.

## VII.

Oft driving hoarse, in wrath severe,  
Thy storms, unrein'd, destroy the year;  
And oft on snowhills, rising drear,  
Thou sit'st in dread sublimity!

## VIII.

Thus Age, full oft, with dismal lower,  
And sullen Want, with visage sour,  
Drive fierce upon their victim poor,  
The whelming tide of misery.

## IX.

Yet often too thou canst display,  
Though short, a warm and lively day,  
That sweetly pensive melts away,  
With pleasing soft sobriety.

## X.

Kind Heaven! my roots to tear at last,  
Give not the rudely-roaring blast,  
While fix'd in earth, yet firm and fast,  
They cling with strange tenacity;

## XI.

But, like November's melting day,  
Thus, gradual, let my strength decay;  
Then lift me soft at length away,  
Unknown to pain or penury.

## XII.

And, musing, pensive while I hail,  
November, slow thy mournful wail;  
Let reason wake, let hope prevail,  
Borne into bright futurity.

## XIII.

The falling year, though thus decay'd,  
Her vigour gone, her verdure fled,  
In thy cold mantle helpless laid,  
Midst Winter's dread severity—

## XIV.

Shall, at the gladsome voice of Spring,  
With strength renew'd, awake and sing,  
While west winds shake the balmy wing  
O'er valley green and leafy tree.

## XV.

Let Faith divine! thus, through the gloom,  
That overhangs the dreary tomb,  
See rising bright in purple bloom,  
The morn of Immortality!

## XVI.

So life's November drawing near,  
My spirit unappall'd may hear,  
In hope to change time's prospects drear  
For raptures through eternity.

LINES

FOR THE 25TH OF JANUARY, 1810.

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I.

OF battles lost, or battles won;  
Of kings created, or undone;  
Of grim corruption, cloudy, lowering,  
Or harsh taxation, wide devouring;  
Of princes falling, lustre shorn,  
Or patriots poor, with vizors torn,  
Like bullocks bellowing in the dark,  
Caught in the toils of Madam Clarke,  
For once, let speculation cease,  
This day demands the song of peace.

II.

O! thou, who in the olden time,  
When Love and Truth were in their prime,  
Ere sordid Self, the soul had bent,  
To the low pitch of cent. per cent.,  
And taught dull Form, with flippant eye,  
The place of feeling to supply,  
Was wont, with Innocence thy guide,  
To bless the Scotsman's fireside,  
Simplicity, thy power display,  
To grace thy Poet's natal day.

## III.

Thy presence, Pride, let Sense debar,  
And Affectation, hence, be far;  
Let barking, wild, Impiety,  
With smirking Smut, and Ribaldry,  
Find out some paltry tribe, who dub  
Themselves a FREE-AND-EASY-CLUB;  
There, belch out frothy ravings stale,  
And grin upon the threadbare tale.  
But here, Decorum marks the bound,  
We tread on consecrated ground.

## IV.

Awaken'd by th' occasion high,  
What gorgeous forms, sublime, draw nigh,  
Lo! even now, they hover o'er us,  
The shades of patriots, bards and heroes,  
All, with the high triumphant smile,  
Rejoicing in their native Isle.  
Old Scotia, too, though still she pour  
The tear for her lamented MOORE,  
Approving turns her eye of flame,  
Exulting in her PLOUGHMAN'S fame.

## V.

Sweet Fancy! from thy fairy bower,  
O deign to come and bless the hour;  
Let Humour give the mental feast,  
Combin'd with wit and feeling, chaste;  
And while beneath thy warming ray,  
The gentler passions, sportive play,  
Let Conscience over all the while,  
Be seen to sit and sweetly smile,  
Whence joy another day may rise,  
Beneath reflection's sober skies.



## TO THE BLACKBIRD.

DECEMBER, 1799.

## I.

What heart, poor bird, wadna be wae,  
 Thus lorn to see thee wand'ring gae,  
 Whare ilka thing's thy mortal fae—  
     E'en heaven's vicegerent,  
 Unfeeling man, he waits to slay  
     Thee like a tyrant.

## II.

But late, what time the rosie dawn  
 Besprent wi' blobs o' dew the lawn,  
 Or eve, her curtains meek had drawn.  
     O' sober grey,  
 Wild echoes rang on ilka han'  
     To thy blythe lay.

## III.

But ah! the subject sad o' care,  
 Thou lifts thy melting voice nae mair—  
 An' a' thy simmer haunts, sae fair  
     In flowery cleeding,  
 By gurly Boreas stripped bare,  
     Are no worth heeding.

## IV.

Now in thy lone, deserted bower,  
Sits silence, pensive, and demure,  
Nor 's e'er disturb'd but by the roar,  
    O' winds and waters;  
Or when the rattling hailstone shower  
    In fury blatters.

## V.

Cauld winter wi' his scowdering eye  
Frore burning o'er the blue, blue sky,  
An' round an' round thee heapit high,  
    The sna' wreath's heaving,  
Has left thee, nor o' wat nor dry,  
    Ae pile o' living.

## VI.

An' there before the cottage door,  
Owrie an' dull, a suppliant poor,  
For antrin crumbs thou's fain to cower  
    Mid a' mishaps—  
Slie badrons watching to devour—  
    Guns, girns, an' traps.

## VII.

Beware in that caff heap to piddle,  
An' shun, O shun that shoggly riddle!  
See, see yon gude-for-naething striddle  
    To pu' the pin,  
Already thinking to the middle  
    Thou's fairly in.

## VIII.

No—yet thou's free! and wert thou wyse  
The woods would instant be thy choice;  
Thae bourocks fill't wi' eistacks nice,  
    Are sweet to rifle,  
Yet liberty's an awsome price,  
    For sic a trifle.

## IX.

How wae 'twad be to see thee hing,  
Far, far frae a' the sweets o' spring,  
The captive o' some dudron dring,  
    Dull, fat an' frowsy;  
Thy gowden neb, thy glossy wing,  
    A' soil't and brosey.

## X.

Flee, flee, thou'rt blest! thou disna ken  
What men can do to brither men!  
Spring soon shall breath adown the glen,  
    The live green glowin',  
An' thy blythe heart shall buoyant sten,  
    Wi' warm love lowin'.

## XI.

But, ah! for him wha 's warsilt sair  
An' lang wi' heart corrodin' care,  
Till feeble age dow do nae mair,  
    Alas, alas!  
There's nought remains but deep despair  
    An' laneliness.

## XII.

Wha, set in fortune's gowden show'r,  
Can rant in pleasure's sunny bower,  
Finds een, hearts, hands, a' to their power,  
His whimseys staunchin';  
But charity's drap dramock sour,  
Aye's gien wi' glunchin'.

## XIII.

Her bairns hae nae blythe days to come,  
Nae joyous hours in vernal bloom;  
Ilk day rows o'er wi' heavier gloom,  
An' darker dread,  
Till they can mak' the cauld, cauld tomb  
Their peacefu' bed.

TO THE BLACKBIRD IN WINTER, 1799.

ENGLISH.

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I.

SWEETEST minstrel of the grove!  
Whither heedless dost thou rove?  
Urg'd by want, alas! to prove  
Man's unfeeling treachery.

II.

Late thy voice, what time the dawn  
Kindled o'er the dewy lawn,  
Or her curtains eve had drawn,  
Pour'd the stream of melody;

III.

Now within thy leafless bower,  
Stilly silence sits demure,  
Save when cold the sleety shower  
Wakes the moan of Misery.

IV.

Winter pale, with lowering eye  
Beaming from the clear blue sky,  
Snow hills round thee heaving high  
Damp thy love of liberty.

## V.

By the beaten pathway side,  
Lone, I mark thee wandering wide,  
Waiting haply to provide,  
    For thy pinching poverty,

## VI.

While the clown, in shooting graith,  
Points at thee the leaden death;  
Or, conceal'd in hungry wrath,  
    Grimalkin marks thee feebly flee.

## VII.

Sweepings from the cottage door,  
Winnowings from the thrashing floor,  
Life to save, a morsel poor  
    Lords of earth deny to thee.

## VIII.

Or if this be, free, thy fare,  
Let thy simple feet beware,  
Lest, conceal'd, the wavy snare  
    Yawn with base duplicity;

## IX.

Caught in which, thy wings are vain,  
Vain thy sorrow soothing strain;  
Sold for sordid love of gain,  
    Death alone shall set thee free.

## X.

For my heart is pain'd to tell,  
O'er misfortune's victim, fell,  
Woe's full tide will ever swell,  
Rous'd by selfish villany.

## XI.

Pleasure's soft and sunny bower  
Every heart to charm has power,  
But the cold look, sullen, sour,  
Waits on poor necessity.

## XII.

Ah! how many now engage,  
Lonely, 'midst the winds of age,  
Fierce, in unrelenting rage,  
Scorn neglect and poverty.

## XIII.

Match'd with such, thy state how blest!  
Spring, array'd in flowery vest,  
Soon shall heave thy throbbing breast  
With its wonted gaiety.

## XIV.

But the heart once rudely torn,  
Deep with cares and sorrows worn,  
Bright, the joy-renewing morn,  
Here can never hope to see.

## XV.

All its wish is to be laid,  
With the long-forgotten dead,  
Where, until these heavens are fled,  
Slumber shall unbroken be.



## STANZAS

## ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

## I.

THE lark no longer wakes the merry morn,  
 Nor merle melodious, pipes adown the glade,  
 No balmy dew drops, twinkling, gem the thorn,  
 Nor flowerets spring, with bosom sunward spread—  
 Yet still 'tis sweet, afar, the wilds to tread,  
 Tho' fled their bloom, their breathing fragrance gone;  
 'Tis solemn to behold, in russet clad,  
 The weary fields—to list the mountain's moan,  
 While sobbing, to the blast, the leafless forests groan.

## II.

Now in the round of art's fantastic joys,  
 How many hearts rebound with wanton glee:  
 But fashion's glare, and riot's rneful noise,  
 Have never any soothing charm for me.  
 Sweet nature's face! sweet nature's minstrelsy  
 My raptured soul for ever must admire—  
 What are the tones of mimic melody,  
 Tho' Catalani aid the warbling wire—  
 Yea though a Handel sweep the strings with hand of fire?

## LII.

What to the dirge for the departing year,  
 Pour'd in faint warblings from the lonely dell,  
 Where underneath the last leaf lingering sear,  
 Their mournful plaints, the wren and redbreast tell?  
 What to the torrent rushing from the fell,  
 With wilder tones than fancy yet could feign?  
 What to the voice of ocean's stormy swell,  
 When roll'd on hills of fire his vast domain,  
 Resounding high to heaven, from heaven to earth again?

## IV.

And what, the splendours of the midnight ball,  
 The clamorous rout, the maudlin masquerade,  
 The feast serv'd up by lordly seneschal,  
 Where the vast wealth of kingdoms is display'd?  
 What to the night in starry pomp array'd,  
 When the wide welkin burns one streamy blaze;  
 Or, kerchief'd in a fleecy cloud her head,  
 The full-orb'd moon, upon the enthusiast's gaze,  
 Through depths of ether blue, a lonely wanderer strays?

## V.

O! had my quiet home been given to smile,  
 With heath around, dark, waving on the eye;  
 Where still the mountain stream was seen to toil—  
 Still heard the playful breeze, the plover's cry—  
 And, still, the cliff seen towering to the sky—  
 Where, oft the shapeless storm delights to brood,  
 And, on the breezy wind, light, passing by,  
 Wave the deep foldings of his misty shroud,  
 While yet the heavens around, shine clear without a cloud.

## VI.

Where, nature, sweet, on every rising morn,  
With beamy smile had cheer'd my lone employ;  
Had balm'd my aching heart with anguish torn,  
And heav'd my breast with the full tide of joy.  
Devotion pure, with less of earth's alloy,  
Her incense-cloud had duly given to rise,  
And with a vigour care could ne'er destroy  
With plumes unruff'd, and with ardent eyes  
Had contemplation swept afar th' expansive skies.

## VII.

By tufted hillock, from the blasting north  
Screen'd, in the windings of the lonely vale,  
Glad had I mark'd, all lowly, glinting forth,  
The yellow crocus, and the primrose pale—  
Ere yet the stream had ceas'd its wintry wail,  
And round the mountain's pallid brow were seen  
The snowy remnants—Ere the westling gale,  
With genial showers, and sunny blinks between,  
Had given the blythsome spring her robes of living green.

## VIII.

Till, by degrees, the white emblossom'd sloe,  
The daffodil beneath the budding thorn,  
The fragrance-breathing lily's modest glow,  
Amidst the pearly drops of blushing morn,  
Gave spring in all her splendours to adorn,  
And cheer the prospects of the opening year—  
While love's soft note, far swelling, ether-borne,  
With glowing pathos, falls distinct and clear,  
What time the silent eve with dewy feet draws near.

## IX.

Pleasure's light form even toil should have assum'd,  
And laughing joy had wing'd the sultry hours,  
When fervid summer, breathing sweets, perfum'd  
The wide spread vale, and far the woodland bowers.  
And richly rude a wilderness of flowers,  
On every hand had caught th' admiring eye,  
Which from her lap, exhaustless, nature pours,  
O'er valley low, or mountain swelling high,  
Of every varying form, and every varying dye.

## X.

What joy to hear the healthful western breeze,  
The breath of heaven, on pure autumnal morn,  
Sigh, mournful o'er the faintly fading trees,  
Or, wavy, rippling thro' the ripening corn.  
Though bending o'er the SICKLE, labour worn,  
My spirit, rising, still to nature true,  
By temperance pure, and meek contentment borne,  
Had, peaceful, drunk amid th' expanding view,  
From nature's flowing fount, delights for ever new.

## XI.

And thou, O! winter, dark, with cloudy brow,  
Altho' of half thy shivering horrors shorn,  
Formless and vast, the tempest streaming through,  
Hadst, there, a far sublimer aspect worn—  
Dejection, had not always dimm'd thy morn,  
And lengthen'd long, thy handbreath of a day;  
But vigour strong, of toil and temperance born,  
For ever active and for ever gay,  
To pleasures secret springs, had found a ready way.

## XII.

Far other here, beneath thy frigid frown,  
Rises, more loud than even thy blustering gale,  
Of sickness, age, with poverty bow'd down,  
Or sad mischance, the wild, the ceaseless wail.  
Yet, winter! once again I bid thee, hail!  
Although no rural dwelling place be mine,  
Even here I feel thy secret power prevail;  
Tho' faint the marks, and dimly seen the line,  
I mark its heavenly swell, and own the hand Divine.

TO APRIL.

1808.



I.

WHY, April, thus shrouded in woe com'st thou forth,  
With aspect so wintry and drear;  
While, roaring around thee, the winds of the north  
Fill our hearts with amazement and fear?

II.

Thy cheek once so rosy, in soft dimples drest,  
As sickly December is pale;  
The cold zone of January binds up thy breast,  
And thy locks rattle stiff to the gale.

III.

The cowslip, accusom'd to grace thy green steps,  
Shrinks back from thy cold icy tread;  
And clamour discordant the lone forest keeps,  
For the loves from thy presence have fled.

IV.

Even the lark, lofty soaring, in ecstasy high,  
Accusom'd thy welcome to sing,  
Desponding and feeble drops down from the sky,  
While the cr anreuch hangs hoar on his wing.

## V.

By thy hoarse voice arous'd, all the months of the year  
Thy progress with terror attend;  
And the meek eye of autumn is dim with a tear,  
Lest famine be hers in the end.

## VI.

Ah! where are thy west winds, thy soft sunny showers,  
Which erst we have felt and have seen;  
Thy balm-breathing buds, and thy gay spreading flowers,  
That were wont to enamel the green?

## VII.

O April, relent!—o'er the glebe and the grove  
Thy life-cheering lustre display,  
And glad in full chorus let rapture and love  
Enliven the clear sunny day.

## VIII.

So labour, unceasing, his path shall pursue,  
While ardour illumines his eye;  
And hope's sunny visions expanding in view,  
Awakes him to ecstasy high.

## IX.

So, richly embroider'd, her robe of green leaves  
Shall summer as usual display,  
And, laden with fruit, yellow autumn her sheaves  
Shall build up in goodly array.

## X.

So, hirpling and hoary, to shut up the year,  
When winter shall, lowering attend,  
His grim face the poor man shall mark without fear,  
Seeing plenty stands by as his friend.

## XI.

O'er his humble-roof'd home while the rude winds are  
roaring,  
And labour the season denies,  
The fields of content with devotion exploring,  
His converse shall be with the skies;

## XII.

Till balmy the west winds, the brown spotting thows  
O'er the stern bands of winter prevail,  
And lead him again with the gay whistling ploughs,  
Thy coming, sweet April, to hail.



ON  
VISITING SOME SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

---

I.

SCENES of love and peaceful joy,  
Where a simple shepherd boy,  
Free from pining Care's alloy,  
Light my days were wont to flee!

II.

Far although my steps have been  
In pursuit of pleasure keen,  
Skies so clear, and fields so green,  
Never yet have bless'd my e'e.

III.

Round where'er I turn my eyes,  
Link'd by strange mysterious ties,  
Scenes of youthful transport rise,  
Fair in sweet simplicity.

IV.

Wimpling down the green sward hill,  
Overhung with wild flowers still,  
From its fount the crystal rill  
Murmurs sweetest melody.

## V.

Blooms the bank with gowans gay,  
Edg'd with scroggy willows grey,  
Where my flock at falling day  
Used to pasture pleasantly.

## VI.

Rises still the rough grey stone,  
Where I mark'd the evening sun,  
Splendours burning round his throne,  
Set in glorious majesty.

## VII.

Still the willow-shaded stream,  
Dim, emits a smoky gleam,  
Where full oft the pageant dream  
Steep'd my soul in ecstasy.

## VIII.

Warm'd, I mark the bleak Brownhill  
Where autumnal breezes chill,  
In my breast the melting thrill  
Waked so soft, so pensively.

## IX.

Where, at easy leisure laid,  
In the thrash-bush sighing shade,  
Rapt, in HENRY'S lays, I read  
WALLACE' peerless chivalry;

## X.

Till, unfelt my station poor,  
Hid my "destiny obscure,"  
Fancy burn'd for manhood's hour,  
Great like him renown'd to be.

## XI.

For my lot in desert plac'd,  
Running all my days to waste,  
Yet no gloomy thought had trac'd  
In the hues of misery.

## XII.

Light, I hail'd the joyous team,  
Light beneath October's beam,  
Mark'd the sickle's dewy gleam,  
Cheer'd with jest and jollity.

## XIII.

Finding then, nor fearing guile,  
Soothing soft my little toil,  
Every face with friendly smile,  
Beam'd in kind complacency.

## XIV.

Silly childhood's pleasing dream!—  
Permanent, ah! could I deem  
Bubbles on life's flowing stream,  
Dancing downward merrily!

## XV.

Time! relentless, and severe!  
Driving still with harsh career,  
Proofs most strong are written here  
Of thy mutability.

## XVI.

Center'd on that spot did lie  
All I lov'd beneath the sky!  
There I thought to live and die  
With unchanging constancy.

## XVII.

All unknowing and unknown,  
Now I find to mark me none,  
Save where jealousy looks on,  
Dreading secret villany.

## XVIII.

Blue the smoke as heretofore,  
Wreathing, curls the green trees o'er;  
But the hospitable door  
Opens not to welcome me.

## XIX.

Never more shall meet me there,  
She, who to a master's air,  
Watchful, join'd a mother's care  
Still so soft, so tenderly.

## XX.

No, in solemn silence laid,  
Low she rests among the dead,  
From the storms for ever hid,  
Dark, that dim mortality.

## XXI.

And upon the very spot,  
Where was cast her active lot,  
Pass'd her deeds—her worth forgot,  
Perish'd even her memory.

## XXII

Spirit pure! in bliss divine!  
Vain the attempt for verse of mine,  
Here thy virtues to inshrine,  
Child of meek humility!

## XXIII.

Yet, to fame if worth impart  
Title true, thy feeling heart,  
Manners pure, devoid of art,  
Justly claim celebrity.

## XXIV.

Ne'er can I forget the hours,  
Clos'd upon the storm the doors,  
When unlock'd, thy mental stores  
Stream'd with sage garrulity;

## XXV.

Teaching many an ancient say,  
Useful for life's troublous day,  
Many a precious roundelay—  
    Many a tale of piety;

## XXVI.

Then, engaged, my thoughtless youth  
Caught spontaneous from thy mouth  
Warm the rapturous strains of truth,  
    Rich that glad eternity.

## XXVII.

Scenes below'd! a last adieu!  
Oft shall fancy turn to you,  
Marking morn her silver dew  
    Shower in mild serenity;

## XXVIII.

And in pure autumnal sky,  
Warm, the great sun blazing high,  
While the red moor's purple dye  
    Streams around most gorgeously.

## XXIX.

Till, sublim'd, my spirit rise  
Far above these shifting skies,  
Where created beauty dies,  
    Lost in vast infinity.

## THE SICK CHILD.

I PASS'D the cot but yesterday,  
'Twas neat and clean, its inmates gay,  
All pleas'd, and pleasing, void of guile,  
Pursuing sport or healthful toil.

To-day the skies are far more bright,  
The woods pour forth more wild delight,  
The air seems all one living hum,  
And every leaflet breathes perfume.

Then why is silence in the cot,  
Its wonted industry forgot,  
The fire untrimm'd, the floor unred,  
The chairs with clothes and dishes spread,  
While, all in woful dishabille,  
Across the floor the children steal?  
Alas! these smother'd groans! these sighs!  
Sick, sick the little darling lies;  
The mother, while its moan ascends,  
Pale, o'er the cradle, weeping, bends,  
And all, absorb'd in speechless woe,  
The father round it paces slow.  
Behind them close, with clasped hands,  
The kindly village matron stands,

Bethinking what she shall direct,  
For all night long, without effect,  
Her patient care has been apply'd,  
And all her various simples try'd,  
And glad were she could that be found  
Would bring the baby safely round.

Meanwhile the little innocent,  
To deeper moans gives ampler vent,  
Lifts up its meek but burden'd eye,  
As if to say, " Let me but die,  
For me, your cares, your toils give o'er,  
To die in peace, I ask no more "

But who is there with aspect kind,  
Where faith, and hope, and love are join'd,  
And pity sweet? The man of God,  
Who soothes, exhorts, in mildest mood,  
And to the pressure of the case,  
Applies the promises of grace—  
Then lifts his pleading voice and eye,  
To Him enthron'd above the sky,  
Who, compass'd, once, with pains and fears,  
Utter'd strong cries, wept bitter tears,  
Whence, still the sympathetic glow,  
He feels for all his people's woe—  
For health restor'd, and length of days,  
To the sweet babe he humbly prays,  
But 'specially that he may prove,  
An heir of faith, a child of love,  
That, when withdrawn from mortal eyes,  
May bloom immortal in the skies—  
And for the downcast parent pair,  
Beneath this load of grief and care—



---

That grace divine may bear them up,  
And sanctify this bitter cup—  
He pauses—Now the struggle's done,  
His span is clos'd—his race is run,  
No—yet he quivers—Ah! that thrill!  
That wistful look—Ah! now how still.

But yesterday the cot was gay,  
With smiling virtue's seraph train!  
There sorrow dwells with death to-day,  
When shall the cot be gay again?

FRAGMENT.

1819.

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I.

BABES of my love, ah! whither are ye fled!  
Imparadis'd beyond these glowing skies,  
By life's green tree, and glory's stream made glad,  
Is sorrow hid for ever from your eyes?  
Or do ye sometimes mark a parent's sighs,  
And secret tears that unavailing flow?  
And still within the bond of earthly ties,  
Feel ye the pangs of sympathetic woe!  
No, hope with seraph smile, sweet hope, she answers, No.

II.

No; ye have reach'd those fields of dewy light,  
Where sin hath ne'er effus'd its mortal stain,  
Where joy on every face sits, beaming bright,  
Unknown to care, beyond the reach of pain.  
For you my groans, my tears are all in vain!  
Ye hear, nor see them, and ye must not feel!  
Or if ye did, sure sorrow's drizzling rain,  
All unawares, from your bright eyes would steal!  
And even your glowing cup, the frost of woe congeal.

## III.

And thou, sweet spirit, who for twenty years,  
Hadst all thy hopes, thy joys commix'd with mine,  
Couldst thou behold my woes, my painful fears,  
And sympathy's sweet exercise decline?  
It cannot be; perfection all divine  
Invests thee now angelical even here—  
Thy virtues with seraphic splendour shine  
Supremely bright, in glory's brightest sphere,  
Where ceaseless joy divides and rules the eternal year.

## IV.

O could I but this mortal life lay down,  
This living death! this load of sense and sin!  
With you that I might share th' immortal crown!  
And the bright palm of endless glory win!  
Glad would I rest death's peaceful haven within,  
Beyond the tempest's reach, th' appalling roar  
Of breakers wild, where the turmoil, the din  
That ceaseless sweeps along that wreck strewn shore,  
The shouts of hope and fear, might never reach me more!

## V.

Ah hope, why didst thou my young steps beguile,  
And round me with thy blossoms strew the ground?  
And love, why didst thou too deceitful smile,  
Nor show the cypress wreath thy brows that bound?  
And why, amidst this solitude profound,  
Reckless, and restless, memory wilt thou raise,  
To fret afresh grief's never closing wound,  
In all the hues that native truth displays,  
By thy resistless power, these lost, ah! lost, lost days.

## VI.

Yet stay a moment, blissful vision stay!  
These lovely looks how sweet, how void of guile!  
Will ye again resume your noisy play,  
While I for you pursue the paths of toil?  
Ah! no! even as I gaze, entranc'd the while,  
Shoots o'er your angel forms the swift decay,  
Fades in your lustrous eyes the living smile,  
The roses on your red lips melt away,  
And there again ye lie, cold, cold and breathless clay

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO CALDER WATER.\*

---

CALDER! upon thy blooming braes,  
 Sweet they were spent my infant days;  
 And on thy bank, first caught my view,  
 The blushing daisy bath'd in dew.

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\* Calder has not hitherto had the honour of being noticed either by the poet or the tourist, though it is a very fine stream, and in several respects more worthy the pen of either, than some others that have been highly celebrated. Its sources are the many streams that wander down the high lands of Kilbride, known by the name of the Eldrig hills, joined by others from the muirs of Glassford; and it forms the boundary between these parishes, for some miles after it has attained the size of a mountain burn. Here, however, it is comparatively uninteresting, gliding, for the most part, among bog meadows, and here and there bordered with grey or moss willows. After passing the Flat, it is precipitated over the Crutherland linn into a deep ravine, and for several miles displays a character of the most romantic grandeur, its banks being high and precipitous, clothed with tall trees, with here and there naked peaks, overhanging the roaring stream, and the narrow pathway. This is what is called Torrance Glen, where, for the convenience of contemplating the scenery, foot paths were constructed, and bridges at convenient distances thrown over the stream, by the late Captain Stuart. The late Dr. John Smith, Esq. of Crutherland, a few years ago, also constructed foot-paths, some miles in length, and a carriage way along the banks of the Calder and the Rotten-burn, the many windings of which open upon scenes of great beauty, and often of romantic grandeur.

Calder after leaving Torrance Glen, for a considerable length is only a rapid stream, bordered by very steep, and very barren fields on both sides. Approaching Calderwood, the seat of Sir William Maxwell, its

Oft have I mark'd with wintry rains,  
Thee swoln across th' adjoining plains,  
And blest myself, with secret pride,  
The world had no such flood beside.  
Our childish views but seldom last!  
That dream with other dreams hath past,  
Yet, Calder, still thou art to me,  
The loveliest stream that seeks the sea.

What though upon thy shallow shore  
Commerce never ply'd an oar?  
What though no mystery shroud thy source?  
Nor rolls, afar, thy unknown course,  
Through woody wilds and deserts, spread  
Out boundless, lifeless, dry and dread,  
Where gloomy Desolation hoar,  
Had drunk for aye thy sullen roar—

---

banks again become precipitous, and clothed with fine wood. Here it has some beautiful falls, one of them nearly in view of Calderwood house, which is most romantically situated on the very brink of the stream, sheltered to the west under the cliff of a vast rock, so that it is not seen from that side, till you are within a few yards of it. After passing Calderwood, the stream is chiefly remarkable for passing close under rocks of immense height, rising perpendicularly and displaying strata of coal, freestone, and ironstone, the last of which are wrought by the Clyde Iron Company. With this singular character it winds through the braes of Basket, overhung with mountain ashes, sloe-thorns, and hazels, till it at length encircles Crossbasket, lately the delightful residence of Alexander Downie, Esq., with a mixture of the wildest and most beautiful grandeur. From this scene of enchantment, it seems literally to leap away as eager to reach Millheugh, the residence of the late highly respected professor Millar, where for the first time, it appears to obtain, so to speak, elbow room, and has formed a few acres of fine alluvial soil, in the midst of which the house of Millheugh is delightfully situated, being sheltered by fine woods or beautifully sloping banks on all sides. From this it pursues its way, often, as about the Prial Bridge, through scenes of great magnificence, till it falls into the Clyde, near Blantyre Farm, a little below Bothwell Castle.

I would not change thee all the while,  
Not for the world-enriching Nile!

The traveller may exulting tell  
Of far Missonri's mighty swell—  
Of dread Niagara thundering high,  
An ocean pour'd from upper sky—  
Of Niger watering unknown lands,  
And drunk at last by burning sands—  
Of Ganges, India's hallow'd stream,  
That sin can wash, as Hindoos dream—  
And, by the proud Iberian won,  
Of the rich empire of the Sun,  
Their limbs whose gentle children lave,  
In Orellana's mighty wave,  
That, rushing from the Andes steep,  
Rounds half the globe with sea-like sweep—  
But dought its braes with thine compare,  
So simply sweet, so chastely fair!  
Forests may there, expand sublime,  
Coeval with the birth of time,  
Whose sons gigantic, towering high,  
Wave their wide arms o'er half the sky,  
While every glen and opening glade,  
Is all with verdure rank o'erspread—  
Yea, from her overflowing store,  
Tho' Nature, prodigal, may pour  
The healing herb—the wild flower bold,  
That purple glows, or flames in gold—  
Avaits it anght, in every brake,  
While welters, huge, the deadly snake?  
Or rushes, from the tangled wild,  
The Jaguar fierce, Destruction's child?

Or murderous man, more savage still,  
That lurks in every cave to kill?

But thy sweet glades still open fair,  
Fit haunts for love—retreats from care.  
Beneath thy deepest, darkest shade,  
The child may wander undismay'd—  
Or, mid the breathing broom may lye,  
And see the hare skip, playful by—  
Or, list, while on the ear falls sweet,  
The frisking lambkin's gentle bleat.

How blest! when day's glad toils are o'er,  
To muse along thy shelvy shore,  
What time the mavis strains his throat,  
Or blackbird swells his mellow note,  
Where early violet blooms unseen,  
Beneath the breathing eglantine;  
And in its sweetness simply great,  
Like virtue plac'd in low estate,  
The primrose drinks the rath May dew,  
Adown the vale of fair Millheugh,  
Where learning, liberty and rest,  
The age of patriot Millar blest,  
And where, enjoying, free from care,  
The rich man's love, the poor man's prayer,  
In his fair daughters all may see,  
What female goodness ought to be—  
Or where, as if by fairy hands  
Set down, Crossbasket lovely stands,  
While fragrant, June prolific showers  
Around her wilderness of flowers,  
And every rock, and every tree,  
Is one wild hum of melody.



Or, near my earliest, dearest home,  
Where still the loveliest wild flowers bloom,  
And still the softest dews are shed,  
And still the liveliest green is spread,  
To mark of honour'd worth the state,  
The noble Maxwell's princely seat,  
The glens, and groves of Calderwood,  
While cuckoos cry, and cushets crood.

And when the burning July beam  
Has almost drunk thy tinkling stream,  
How grateful to the wanderer then,  
Torrance, the depth of thy dark glen,  
Where, from the heather-crested rocks,  
Spread far and wide the gnarled oaks,  
Beneath whose shade the howlets grey,  
Safe from the sun, at noontide play.  
How rich, at eve or dawning morn,  
Thy birks breathe o'er the Rotten-burn,  
Where, through his rifted bed, he creeps  
Into thy wave, or rather seeps  
In silent shame, till autumn's showers,  
Or winter storms, enlarge his powers,  
When, with a voice that mates thine own,  
Red, roaring, rapid, he comes down.

When snell the brisk October breeze,  
Begins to shake the fading trees,  
Oft let me roam the Eldrig hills,  
Among thy tributary rills,  
Where the wild grouse and partrick brood,  
Crop, undisturb'd, the heather bud,  
Until the night winds piping, sing  
Among the bent and waving ling,

And heather-bleats afar in air,  
Assure me of a morning fair.

There sometimes, too, I fond would stray,  
When dark November dims the day,  
To mark the misty billows tost,  
Or, deep, beneath the fixing frost,  
Seal'd every streamlet, dumb, forlorn,  
Cold gleaming on the rising morn.

But chief when Winter bares the plains,  
Let me attend thy cheery swains,  
When at some rocking met, they tell  
Of fairy light, or goblin fell,  
That wont to trip, at midnight hour,  
Thy broomy braes in days of yore,  
Till, fired the warm imagination,  
Each trembles at his own relation,  
And, laughing to conceal his fright,  
Draws near and nearer to the light.

May ne'er the trumpet's burning breath,  
The black unhallow'd deeds of death,  
Sweet stream! with terror shake thy shore,  
Nor stain thy tide with crimson gore;  
But Peace, with laurels ever green,  
And gentle Love, of laughing mien,  
And Modesty, in blushing youth,  
And Competence, and fearless Truth,  
Still linger, pleas'd upon thy plains,  
To bless thy simple shepherd swains.

And after all my wanderings past,  
May I, within thy vale at last,

---

Retir'd, some lowly dwelling find,  
Where, to the will of Heaven resign'd,  
Afar from Fortune's foolish strife,  
And all the noisy scenes of life,  
Prepar'd, at length, my willing ear  
Death's summons unappall'd may hear,  
In hope, that when my clay is laid  
Among the long forgotten dead,  
My happy soul may wing its way,  
Where life's pure fountains bubbling play.

## TIME.

---

### I.

TIME is short—Child of sorrow,  
Dry thy streaming eyes,  
Live to-day, the fear'd to-morrow  
Never may arise.  
Fails the voice of weeping,  
Ceases mirth's uproar,  
Fails the earth worm treasure heaping,  
Fails his glittering store.

### II.

Time recedes—Terror blanched,  
Earth an outcast flies;  
Suns and stars are, darkling, wrenched  
From the fading skies.  
Kindreds all are mourning;  
Jesus, heaven reveals,  
Worlds, terrific, burning,  
Underneath his wheels.

## III.

Time is gone—Fix'd for ever,  
All men's fate remains,  
Hell is seal'd, and sin shall never  
Burst its dark domains,  
Crown'd with bliss unfading,  
High the ransom'd sing,  
Under life's green tree fair spreading,  
Drinking life's clear spring.

## EPISTLE TO \_\_\_\_\_,

MY gude auld friend, with heartfelt pleasure  
 I learn from yours, that easy leisure  
 And health continue to assuage  
 The ills that lie in wait for age;  
 And that, at times, delighted still  
 Ye watch the shadows on the hill,  
 And, length-long laid, by the clear stream,  
 Dream it again young life's young dream.

I too, thank heaven, am hale and fere,  
 Though warsling through my sixtieth year,  
 And, quiet altho' I keep it, often  
 With cares and fears right sair for-foughten,  
 Can yet upon an orra time  
 For hamely thoughts find hamely rhyme,  
 Cleed them in smiles, the far fled years,  
 Or steep them o'er again in tears.

But, wow man, things are chang'd sin' we  
 Met neighbour herds on yon bare lea,  
 Where, on the deep-sunk grey march stanes,  
 We, careless, us'd to lean our banes  
 For hale forenoons, with deep intent  
 O'er Barbour's Bruce, in auld black print,

Or minstrel Henry's Wallace, poring,  
 All Scotsmen and their deeds adoring,  
 The very Southron's name abhorring. }

Or, as the day began to turn  
 The twal-hour hill, the brawling burn  
 We ploutered aft, slid eels to snare,  
 To guddle trout—or, worthless ware,  
 Fair evening o'er us shook her fair locks,  
 Clean wearied out wi' snegging beardocks.  
 How sweet they bloom'd yon flowery braes;  
 How fleet they flew these pastoral days!  
 Nae lying then lang nights to weep,  
 Nae burning gliffs of feverish sleep;  
 We knew not then what 'twas to moan  
 O'er other's follies, nor our own.

'Tis far, howe'er, from my intent,  
 To bore you with a weak complaint;  
 Not the most distant fears have I,  
 Of nature's channels running dry;  
 The pathless sea has fish galore,  
 As good as ere were brought ashore.  
 And who can tell what mother earth  
 In other ages shall bring forth;  
 In our own day, by all confess'd,  
 Her powers have been fourfold increas'd,  
 Affording proof that as you treat them  
 Th' increase shall rise *ad infinitum*.

Down with them, down, these heartless dreamers,  
 These muddy, Economic schemers,  
 Who, in their rhapsodies unholy,  
 Infinite wisdom charge with folly,

Because, in fair creation's plan,  
Woman was formed a part of man,  
And he and she so link'd together,  
That each is poor without the other.  
The grumpling gomerils! let them quaff,  
And munch by turns their whey and draff,  
But let it never bless their sty,  
The soft light of a woman's eye.

Woman, thy hallow'd name inspires  
Heaven breathing thoughts, with soft desires,  
Form'd every stage of life to please—  
Childhood is sooth'd upon thy knees;  
Thy love it moulds our fiery youth,  
Manhood reposes on thy truth,  
And thy soft hand, thy soothing smiles,  
Old age of half its woe beguiles:  
O! who could bear this weary life,  
Its growing cares, its endless strife,  
Its wants below, its fears above,  
But for the balm of woman's love.

'Tis granted, even woman's smile  
Precludes nor care, nor pain nor toil,  
Nay, has it not, with you and me,  
Given point, at times, to all the three?

Ah, who in such a world as this,  
A darling helpmate can possess,  
With lovely babes, nor sometimes fear,  
Yea sometimes feel them, ills severe.  
But shall we scorn the lovely spring,  
Because, at times, her balmy wing,



That ought with living green to glow,  
Is crisp with frost, or white with snow.  
Because the scorching summer heat,  
Or grizzled autumn, breathing sleet,  
Renders sometimes the ploughman's pain,  
And skill, and foresight, void and vain;  
All further toil shall he eschew,  
Fling by his spade, and burn his plough?  
Such a resolve were sure a bad one,  
And worthy only of a madman.  
And is the man not madder far,  
With his own heart who goes to war,  
And surly, savage, and profane,  
That he may live exempt from pain,  
Attempts, audacious, to destroy  
In his own breast the germs of joy?

For me, against plain reason rising,  
Who will may strut philosophizing,  
And, in his frenzied furor, royster  
Because he was not made an oyster.  
I, satisfied with nature's plan,  
Bless God for having made me man;  
And gratefully would recognise  
Those sacred, heart-enwoven, ties,  
Of wife, and sister, father, mother,  
Which bind man, each to man a brother.

The calls of social nature waving,  
And all absorb'd in schemes of saving,  
Who will, may, for his own dear self,  
Prepare his pudding, hoard his pelf.  
A poor, unhappy, helpless one,  
His meagre meal pick all alone,

And, trembling at the bugbear wife,  
 Forego the noblest ends of life—  
 Yea, though without the starveling's pain,  
 His sordid aims he may attain,  
 A torpid life of listless leisure,  
 With a full cup of glutton pleasure,  
 From which, luxurious, he may swill,  
 Mid hoarded heaps like Dychmont hill,  
 Nature outrag'd, but nothing chang'd,  
 Shall yet most amply be reveng'd.

Secure, life's busy scenes among,  
 By prudence led, he moves along,  
 Nor will, whatever the pretence is,  
 Add to his every day expenses:  
 But that arch lurdane, dame temptation,  
 Meets every taste, and every station,  
 Nay, strange, at times, like Paddie's praties,  
 Her witching cup, she deals it gratis;  
 And he who spares but for the *Æ THING*,  
 Will surely taste when't 's gien for naething.  
 Sometimes, alas! a smirking lass,  
 What shall we say, all flesh is grass,  
 Sometimes, the deadliest plague in life,  
 A neighbour's free and easy wife,  
 Awakes the slumbering fire within,  
 And leads him on to mortal sin—  
 Whence in old age, though blest with none  
 He willingly would call his own,  
 His cheerless fireside is frequented,  
 And even his every bypath haunted,  
 By all expecting, bastard, varlets,  
 Intriguing thieves, and batter'd harlots;

Neglected among whom he dies,  
Without a friend to close his eyes.  
Even thus it is, O God, for thou  
In all thy ways art just and true,  
And all transgressors, thou hast will'd  
With their own ways they shall be fill'd

Happy the man who, free from pride,  
Takes God and nature for his guide,  
Content to be, with true decorum,  
What his good sires have been before him.  
He, nor beholds with envious eyes  
His neighbour's means to wealth arise,  
Nor will he, though his own decrease,  
By sour repining make them less.

Fools, in their search for present bliss,  
May talk of this, and this, and this,  
Of which could they become possess'd—  
Then how content! and O, how bless'd!  
Delusion! mere delusion thin,  
A sope to soothe the wolf within,  
Which, to be sure, he gobbles o'er,  
And then barks louder than before.

Happy! Who can be happy in  
A world that smells throughout of sin;  
And in an age when all is sold,  
An age, whose god of gods is gold?  
Dreams though we dream, and fictions weave,  
Our bliss is all comparative.  
There surely flows, in less or more,  
Some dirty dub at every door;

And house or homestead there is none  
Without some ugly skeleton,  
That, day by day, with secret smart,  
Of every inmate wrings the heart.  
Still there is bliss, a portion fair,  
Though incomplete, which all may share,  
Whate'er their grade—except they stand,  
Shut up by God's immediate hand.

Healthful in body, sound in mind,  
In love embracing all mankind,  
Why should the humblest child of toil  
Refuse to wear contentment's smile?  
And, for, that low in life his place is,  
Condemn himself to make wry faces?

Alas! thou poor desponding one,  
It pains my heart to hear thy moan;  
To see thee, on these places high,  
Still gloating with thy yellow eye,  
As if the joy that centres there,  
Entail'd on thee this mean despair.  
In vain thou grop'st thus, blindly, round,  
External aid cannot be found.  
Quaff'd it must be, life's trouble-cup,  
As surely as the sparks fly up;  
Thy case, though all men should attend it,  
Not all men's strength combin'd can mend it.  
I tell thee truly—do not frown  
As if, forsooth, thou stood'st alone.  
Think coolly—Look at nature's plan,  
Thine is the common lot of man,  
Which common sense would say should please thee,  
And common grace will render easy.

But now, to quit these rhymes so teasing,  
Here let me drop this moralizing—  
An envious temper ne'er was thine,  
Nor shall it e'er, I trust, be mine.  
I know no greater earthly blessing,  
Than to see worth, and wealth, increasing;  
And, though at times folly grows great,  
While worth is seen in low estate,  
This only shows, than earthly dower,  
Heaven has some better thing in store,  
For such, as in the end, shall prove  
The objects of its grace and love.

And, notwithstanding all th' alloy,  
How rich the flood of genuine joy,  
Pour'd out for all!—how deep, how wide!  
Nor can even selfishness make void,  
The glorious grant, nor much impair it,  
To such as have the soul to share it.

A proud possessor, here and there,  
May fence his fields with special care,  
Block up his stiles, and fill his slaps  
With spring guns, crow toes, and man traps:  
But can he stay the passing breeze  
That borrows fragrance from his trees,  
Blessing, with others far and wide,  
The beggar by the lone road side.  
What pleasure the rich landscape yields,  
The glow of trimly cultur'd fields,  
The lawns, where snow-white flocks recline,  
The valleys fill'd with lowing kine,  
Each passer by enjoys the while  
Without the owner's pains or toil.

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And then, there are the woods and rills,  
The smiling of the distant hills,  
The glories of the morn and even,  
The balm of earth, the breath of heaven,  
Recurring daily, ever new,  
Free to the many as the few,  
Demanding ceaseless praise. Adieu.

## A DAY-DREAM.

TOIL, plodding Toil, and haggard Care,  
 Companions meet, masters severe,  
 Hear your poor weary worn-out-slave,  
 A moment's pause most meekly crave;  
 Not that he rashly may invoke  
 Superior powers to break your yoke;  
 Or, still more weak and idly vain,  
 Pettish, and peevish, to complain  
 Of a whole world, which God made good,  
 He knows how long before the flood,  
 And which, but for th' ill-working liver,  
 In some things is as good as ever;  
 Nor even of its more doubtful parts—  
 Unthinking heads, unfeeling hearts;  
 Nor yet of friends to death gone down,  
 Or, heavier still, estrang'd and flown:—  
 The first he hopes are hous'd in heaven,  
 The last he prays may be forgiven.

The envious sneer, th' insidious lie  
 By malice framed, he passes by;  
 Nor will he dart one angry glance  
 On poor misjudging Ignorance;

Time, time at length will tell her tale,  
And truth should in the end prevail;  
At least so the wise world opines,  
And so say all our sound divines;  
Though true it is, and all things show it,  
Even time takes no great pains to know it.  
But this, too lumpish far for verse,  
He leaves to the philosophers,  
And all who with a meek regard  
Look up to Time for due reward.  
Beyond her sweep his prospects rise,  
And—hoping nought beneath the skies,  
Save day by day more serious losses,  
Decaying strength, and heavier crosses—  
He strives no more, with efforts vain,  
To burst the adamantine chain,  
Which, a poor serf on earth's poor soil,  
Binds him to care, and pain, and toil;  
But patient waiting for the tomb  
Submits him calmly to his doom.

Still, the poor slave may dream he's free,  
The captive of sweet liberty;  
And he, the wretch condemn'd to pine  
In dungeon's gloom, or, deep, the mine  
To delve for Mammon's dirty ore,  
Chain'd to the rock, or marble floor,  
May yet, in vision, raptur'd rise  
To the lark's watch-tower in the skies,  
And, heedless of his fate forlorn,  
Play with the pearly drops of morn;  
Or, on the eagle's sun-ward way,  
Bathe him in the full flood of day.



Yea, even with pain and sickness worn,  
With pining anguish inly torn,  
The spirit strong will spread her wings,  
And far at health's ambrosial springs,  
Drink deep, a wild delirious waught—  
A soothing though deceptive draught.  
The throbbing head, the burning breast,  
By fever's fiery hands compress'd,  
May for a fancied moment find  
Balmy and soft the breezy wind;  
May at the gurgling fountain lave,  
And buoyant mount the ocean wave:  
And may not he, the hapless heir  
Of toil and penury, and care,  
In the young dream dream'd o'er again,  
A moment lose the sense of pain?  
May not the streamlet purling clear,  
Make sweetest music in his ear?  
May not wild woods to west winds wave;  
Rough shores the sounding surges lave;  
And the rude mountain, towering high,  
Fling his broad shadow o'er the sky;  
Though to th' external eye and ear,  
Nor streams, seas, hills, nor woods are near?

Would Fancy but on airy wing,  
From her fair haunts lead forth the Spring,  
While pipe the winds, with flowery feet  
To thread with time a measure meet:  
How eithly can her laughing eye  
Bid cares, and fears, and sorrows fly!  
How featly she can deck the knowes,  
Round whilk the infant Calder rows,

With countless scores of snowy lambs,  
Light leaping round their bleating dams!  
With what wild splendours she can fill  
The haunted glen of Nerston Mill!  
Where first the primrose opes her e'e  
Where first the palm invites the bee;  
How light, how bright, the glow she throws  
Around Doghillock, white with sloes;  
And pours out strong the rath perfume,  
O'er sunny Basket cloth'd with broom!  
How gayly rich the mantle wide,  
She drops across thee, sweet Burnside;  
And round Crossbasket's ancient towers,  
Flings all her sweets and all her flowers!  
Lov'd Letterick, on thy sunny braes,  
How glow the lengthening April days;  
And fair Greenha', and meek Millhew,  
How rich ye drink the soft May dew;  
How gorgeous her retir'd abode,  
In the deep dells of Calderwood;  
Or, sunward spread, plain nature's pride,  
The birkclad dingles of Woodside;  
Or the green' glens so quiet and still,  
Of Mauchline-hole or Newhouse Mill;  
Or 'neath the cliffs, abrupt and torn,  
Of howlet-haunted Rottenburn;  
Despair might even be sooth'd, the while,  
Would he but catch her witching smile  
Beneath the groves of Brankumha',  
Or thy green limes, old Cantislaw;  
Or Laurieston, forgot and gone,  
Fair Nethermains, and Cadger-Loan,  
Whose sites the passing stranger sees  
Still mark'd out by the broad ash trees,

Or taller elms outspreading wide,  
In sad, but still in stately pride.  
How, fraught with life the gentle purl is,  
Of her sweet breath around the Whirlies;  
Or the green ivy-mantled walls,  
Of thee, my natal cot, Forefauls  
Or o'er the crofts, her special pride,  
Of Buchandyke, and Tannochside,

But chief my infant mind respired,  
And still my aching heart is fir'd,  
To see her swell the early bnd  
In thy sweet bowers, Long-Calderwood.  
Long-Calderwood, endeared to fame,  
By Hunter's and by Baillie's name—  
In healing science one sublime,  
And one in song subduing time—  
To me, by every tender tye  
The charities of life supply—  
By all the moods and fancies wild  
That sooth'd the sickly wayward child;  
By all the tenderness and truth  
Of simple unsuspecting youth;  
With all that riper years engage  
To sweeten life and comfort age;  
By recollections full of gladness;  
Or, holier still, enshrin'd in sadness;  
Whose power th' experienc'd heart may guess,  
But written words can ne'er express!

Long-Calderwood, shall e'er I see  
The spot on earth to rival thee?  
Thy flowers that bless'd my infant eyes,  
Their like to me shall never rise!

Thy mornings of intense delight!  
Where shall the sun shine out so bright?  
From thy sweet garden's shady bowers,  
Oft have I watch'd the midnight hours,  
In silent grandeur, leading forth  
Grey twilight round the far howe north,  
Till up the rising orient borne,  
She caught the blushes of the morn,  
And lighted on the Lomond's gay,  
The kindling blaze of glowing day.

There, first upon my infant eye,  
It burst, the glittering butterfly—  
There, first I heard the busy bees  
At work upon thy broad plane-trees;  
There, watch'd the swallows, twittering, gay,  
As by degrees their house of clay,  
Careful with talons, breast, and bill,  
They fix'd beneath the window sill,  
While chirrup'd o'er them, from the eaves,  
The sparrows—and beneath the leaves  
Of the smooth beech hid from the sun,  
Entranc'd, a rich, a happy one,  
I saw the mirly mavis rest  
Within her snug and cozie nest.

There first, I mark'd the evening hours,  
Close, dim, on Bothwell's mouldering towers,  
That through the fading purple beam,  
Effus'd a melancholy gleam;  
While Torrance linn, resounding wide,  
Join'd the wild echoes of the Clyde;  
And rooks, home bound, a fighting cloud,  
The coming storm proclaim'd aloud.

O may she still, the lovely Spring,  
Her glowing splendours o'er thee fling;  
Summer expand thy fragrant posies;  
Thy July flowers, thy broad white roses;  
Autumn, upon thee from her horn,  
Pour out potatoes, bere, and corn;  
And surly Winter, cutting, keen,  
Lie light upon thy kailyards green.—  
But Care, he calls—I come anon.  
Reader, farewell—my dream is gone!

II.

Y

TO VANITY.

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I.

HAIL, Vanity, propitious Power!  
An empire wide thou reignest o'er  
Of coxcombs and of fools;  
Who happy live, in pride of dress,  
In monkey airs, or odd grimace,  
Despising reason's rules.

II.

Yet, not to fools alone confin'd,  
Or in a coxcomb's narrow mind  
For ever doom'd to dwell;  
But soaring, as on eagle's wing,  
Celestial visions thou canst bring,  
The sage within his cell.

III.

Yea, in the iron field of Death,  
Where fainting squadrons gasp for breath,  
And columns columns mar;  
How often has thy flimsy form,  
Triumphant, roll'd along the storm  
Of desolating war.

## IV.

Nay, sometimes thou mak'st bold to lodge  
Within the head-piece of a judge,  
Stern, justice to dispense;  
And in the pulpit oft canst claim  
The preacher's fervid, glowing, frame,  
While grace is the pretence.

## V.

In grandeur's elevated seat,  
Where mean men oft are titled great,  
Th' empire's all thine own,  
From him who waits his betters' nod,  
To him who wields the scepter'd rod,  
On power's imperial throne.

## VI.

The grave and learned philosopher,  
'Tis true, may oft be heard aver,  
With him thou hast no place;  
But, mark him, he begins to speak,  
And crabbed Latin terms, or Greek,  
Belie him to his face.

## VII.

By thee-dull fools attempt to jest,  
And Miss displays her snowy breast  
To meet the vulgar stare;  
Some honesty we owe to thee,  
The frank Sir Hairbrain's charity,  
And many a pompous prayer.

## VIII.

Even I, the meanest of the throng,  
Enroll'd among the sons of song,  
    Have wanton'd in thy rays;  
Have felt thy power my frame pervade,  
Or certainly I ne'er had made  
    This sonnet to thy praise.



LINES

WRITTEN FOR A PARTY OF FRIENDS,

OCTOBER 15TH, 1810.

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I.

STILL, howling wild, on Europe's shores,  
Destruction's voice tempestuous roars!  
Still, dread across her murky sky,  
The vultures of Destruction fly,  
And o'er her vales, ensanguin'd, flow  
Rivers of blood and shrieks of woe;  
Whilst thou, our dear—our native land,  
In hollow of th' Almighty's hand,  
Securely seated, hear'st afar,  
The distant din, the strife of war.

II.

But of thy foes the scorn, the hate,  
Thou once didst share a harder fate;  
With iron hand the Roman rude,  
Destroy'd and soak'd thy vales in blood,  
And o'er thy hills the wolfish Dane,  
Heap'd high the mountains of the slain;  
Edward the base, in ruthless ire,  
Roll'd o'er thee thrice a sea of fire,  
Which left thee nought of wealth or art,  
Save the bare sword—the fearless heart.

## III.

And, strong, thy fearless heart at last,  
Hath triumph'd o'er the burning blast;  
Pleas'd, in thy lone sequester'd dells,  
Now peace, religion, science dwells;  
And while from all their sounding shores  
Her wealth redundant commerce pours,  
The nations, liberal, drink thy ray,  
Even from the orient source of day,  
To where he yields with rapid flight,  
The world to sable-vested night.

## IV.

Scotia, we prondly boast thy name,  
We think with rapture on thy fame;  
Nor wilt thou frown, that now we give  
The moments of one falling eve,  
To him who sang in sweetest strains,  
Inspir'd by thee thy shepherd swains,—  
Ramsay, whose name still shines on high,  
The first in thy bright galaxy  
Of names that saw "to the fag end of time,"  
The wondering world delighted with *their* rhyme.

## THE SOCIAL HOUR.

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### I.

SWEET is the social hour when eident toil  
 Has made the business of the day complete,  
 When cordial friendship lends her seraph smile,  
 And humour bland lights up the moments fleet;  
 And temperance fills the cup of comfort, meet  
 To chase the vapours dank that often lie  
 On hearts of finest mould, and genius sweet,  
 With learning join'd, throws out the rich supply  
 Of thoughts that melt the heart, or steel the purpose high.

### II.

But if it is by idleness profan'd,  
 Or in a tempest of delirious joy  
 Blown up, where no good purpose is obtain'd,  
 No thought brought forth which wisdom can employ,  
 Save as a beacon, frowning to annoy  
 Each future festive moment as it rises;  
 Or monitor, with gall drops to destroy  
 The cup of bliss, for fear of new surprises,  
 'Tis the dark fiend of hell in one of heaven's disguises.

LINES

TO A PERSON WHO LAMENTED THAT NO MONUMENT  
HAD BEEN ERECTED ON THE GRAVE OF  
ROBERT BURNS.

1798.

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I.

WHY sigh'st thou, my friend! for a monument great,  
To point where the poet fills, cold, the clay urn,  
Whom Nature profuse, in a peasant's estate,  
Gave with all the bold ardour of genius to burn?  
Drest in sight soothing green, still the spot shall be shown,  
And a tear to bedew it each swain shall bestow,  
While, sad, he laments that, by folly undone,  
In the cold tomb he lies, all untimely laid low!

II.

While Winter hangs, hoary, with cranreuch the thorn,  
While gowans glint through the green garment of May,  
While the sweet smiling June the gay rose buds adorn,  
And o'er ripe fields of corn, while September winds play,  
His powers of description each bosom shall own,  
Consenting emotions their wonder shall show;  
But the sigh shall be heard, for, by folly undone,  
In the cold tomb he lies, all untimely laid low!

## III.

And while liberty deigns to make glad our green isle,  
And the bold Briton drinks at her clear flowing stream,  
When roused by the coward insults of the vile,  
His anger is up, and his arms dreadful gleam!  
Then the strength of the strains of our Bard shall be known,  
In a torrent of fire it shall burst on the foe!  
But the hero shall weep; for, by folly undone,  
In the cold tomb he lies, all untimely laid low.

## IV.

While the trust of the poor man is placed upon heaven,  
While devotion the breasts of the wise can inspire,  
While to virtue and calm contemplation is given  
In his works the Creator to see and admire;  
His "Cottar" shall live—but the good shall bemoan,  
And the warm tear of pity unceasing shall flow,  
For by error bewilder'd, by folly undone,\*  
In the cold tomb he lies, all untimely laid low!

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\* The poverty of poets has been proverbial, and their unhappy lives a subject for declamation time immemorial. Every age has heard, with pleasure, its predecessor arraigned and condemned, for cruelly neglecting some hopeful child of genius, whom a little attention would have rendered comfortable, and who, in return, might have instructed, delighted, and honoured his country, by the happy exertion of his talents. But while the sentence is passing, some unhappy child or children of rhyme are running their dissipated career, and already approaching that miserable catastrophe that shall lay a foundation for a similar charge, and a similar sentence in the ages to come.

The truth is, that between poverty and poetry, patronage and happiness, there exists no necessary connexion. The poets most distinguished for excellence have—the greater part of them at least—been in easy circumstances; and the most remarkable for wretchedness, will

be found to have enjoyed no small share of patronage; while their works, but that the tale of their woes still excites curiosity, would, in all probability, for the greater part, long ago have been totally forgotten.

“It is lamentable,” exclaims a Reviewer, with that sarcastic shrewdness of remark for which he has been so often celebrated, “to think how little the treatment of persons labouring under the complicated diseases of poverty, poetry, and want of principle, is yet understood in this country. The common method has hitherto been to encourage the immorality by indulgence, to repress the poetry by extravagant and pernicious applauses, and to exasperate the symptoms of poverty by thoughtless and unmeasured profusion, succeeded by desertion and neglect.” And he might have added, that to see these glittering meteors mistaken for steady constellations, and their zigzag deviations from the marked circle of morality altogether overlooked, or ingeniously palliated, while multitudes are endeavouring to imitate them to their present and future destruction, is more lamentable still.

LINES

FOR NEGLECTED GENIUS.

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I.

WHEN the poor sordid soul who would fight for a farthing,  
With thousands on thousands his coffers can store,  
The many, with kindness his labour regarding,  
Revile him as silly and sordid no more.

II.

Though lowly he creep still, or skip about jolly,  
Since wealthy he is, he must surely be wise ;  
And his words, though they be the quintessence of folly,  
The sycophants hail them as wit in disguise.

III.

Even the wise and the good may be caught in the snare,  
To the poor if a few filthy scrapings be given ;  
And the slow tolling bell in the end shall declare,  
Th' amasser of farthings has mounted to heaven.

IV.

And shall we not think on the poor child of genius,  
Though nature its care almost seems to deny him,  
And his wit, one would think, he's in error so strenuous,  
Has only been given him with the view to betray him.

## V.

Though often beneath the dark cloud of dejection,  
In anguish he pours forth his sorrowful strain—  
Though the chill frost of want finds him void of protection,  
And his fire is repress'd by the scowl of disdain.

## VI.

To grateful remembrance his title is strong,  
Whose kindness derision hath fail'd to destroy;  
Who has roll'd the full tide of compassion along,  
And, joyless himself, has led others to joy.

## VII.

The rigid may frown, but in man's estimation  
His woes for his failings may fairly atone;  
These sprung, or were nurs'd by his sad situation,  
His virtues, his talents, were surely his own.



LINES.

TO MISS ———.



I.

'Tis not for ruby lips I sigh,  
A rosy cheek, and sparkling eye,  
A neck that boasts the lily's glow,  
Or heaving high the breasts of snow,  
Nor stature like the lofty pine,  
Nor polish'd limbs, with swell divine ;  
These every day unmov'd I see,  
The wanton, keep her far frae me.

II.

But 'tis for lips unknown to guile,  
Encircled with a cheerful smile,  
A cheek, which, though it boast no rose,  
Sedate with modest feeling glows,  
An eye where sober truth appears,  
A breast th' unchanging heart that wears,  
For these I sigh, and sorely grieve  
To find thou hast them not to give.

## A NURSERY RHYME.

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I.

THE poor little Jackdaw peeping o'er its nest,  
Souse on the green sward is shaken by the blast,  
Where, wounded, and helpless, a truant boy, see,  
Is clutching him up at the foot of the tree.

II.

Ah, the little ruffian—there to a peg,  
The poor little Jackdaw he has fastened by the leg;  
And wha'll hae a cast now, he shouts up the Row,  
Nine steps the distance, a pin for the throw.

III.

But here's a little school boy who turns aside to see  
What has gather'd such a crowd and awak'd such jollity,  
His stock is but a penny, the gift of Grandmama,  
And he's parted with his penny, and has bought the poor  
Jackdaw.

IV.

Before the kitchen fire now the Jackdaw is laid,  
And his Miss is preparing a dish of milk and bread,  
Which the little boy presents him, with the kindness of a  
brother,  
For the poor little Jackdaw he knows has now no mother.

## V.

By and by with the inmates the Jackdaw is chief,  
He dabs at their heels, and he sometimes plays the thief;  
Pins, thimbles, spoons and bobins, he sweeps them to his  
nest,  
'Till one and all declare he's become a perfect pest.

## VI.

How jauntily he goes there, so arch, and so gleesome,  
Though often maid Marion ettles at him with the besom;  
He jouks, and he jinks, always safe to his hole,  
And he turns and cries, "Caw," as to say is't na' droll.

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SONGS.



SONGS.

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SONG I.

TUNE—" *The mill mill O.*"

I.

O BONNIE buds yon birken tree,  
The western breeze perfuming;  
And softly smiles yon sunny brae,  
Wi' gowans gayly blooming.  
But sweeter than yon birken tree,  
Or gowans gayly blooming,  
Is she, in blushing modesty,  
Wha meets me there at gloaming.

II.

O happy! happy, there yestreen,  
In mutual transport ranging,  
Amang these lovely scenes, unseen  
Our vows of love exchanging.  
The moon with clear unclouded face,  
Seem'd bending to behold us,  
And breathing birks, with soft embrace,  
Most kindly to enfold us.

## III.

We bade each tree record our vows—  
 And each surrounding mountain,  
 With every star on high that glows  
 From light's o'erflowing fountain.  
 —But gloaming grey bedims the vale,  
 On day's bright beam encroaching;  
 With rapture once again I hail  
 The trysting hour approaching.

## SONG II.

## DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

## I.

WHY rises the murmur thus solemn and slow?  
 Why is Victory rob'd in the mantle of woe?  
 In the bright eye of Valour, why shoots the dark tear,  
 As, pensive, he bends o'er the blood-crust'd spear?  
 O! who would not weep? In the land of the slave,  
 Unaided, unpity'd, has perish'd the brave;  
 And the boast of his country, the warm-hearted MOORE,  
 All untimely, has fallen on a far foreign shore.

## II.

'Twas vain that the Genius of Freedom's green Isle,  
 Bade the Ebro, the Tagus, exult in her smile,  
 While drench'd, on their banks, in the life-damp'ing dew,  
 A people were scatter'd desponding and few.



'Twas vain, that Britannia, triumphant, afar,  
 Plough'd harsh, through the red roaring surges of war,  
 Forgetful of glory, she weeps her lov'd MOORE,  
 Who fell, and who sleeps, on a far foreign shore.

## III.

But cease thee, my Country! thus hopeless to mouru;  
 Taking fire at his fame, every bosom shall burn,  
 Till round thee thy children, in danger be found,  
 Like him thy protectors, and like him renown'd.  
 And low with the stranger, though far be his tomb,  
 Still wide spreading, there, green the laurel shall bloom,  
 And ages approving, shall point to thy MOORE,  
 For his country, who fell on a far foreign shore.

## SONG III.

ADDITION TO WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

## I.

THE night it flew, the grey cock crew,  
 Wi' blythesome clap o'er a' the three;  
 But pleasure beam'd ilk moment new,  
 And happier still they hoped to be.  
*For they were na fou, na, nae that fou,  
 But just a drap in ilka e'e;  
 The cock might crawl, the day might daw,  
 They sippled ay the barley bree.*

## II.

The moon, that from her silver horn  
 Pour'd radiance over tower and tree,

Before the fast approaching morn,  
Sank, far, behind yon western sea.

*Yet they were na fou, &c.*

III.

And soon the gowden beams o' day  
Ting'd a' the mountain taps sae hie,  
And burnies' sheen with bickering play  
Awoke the morn's wild melody.

*But ay they sat, and ay they sang,  
"There's just a wee drap in our e'e;  
And monie a day we've happy been,  
And mony mae we hope to be."*

IV.

That moon still fills her silver horn,  
But, ah! her beams nae mair they see;  
Nor crowing cock, nor dawning morn,  
Disturbs the worm's dark revelry.

*For they were na fou, na, nae that fou,  
But clay-cauld death has clos'd ilk e'e,  
And waefu', now the gowden morn  
Beams on the graves o' a' the three.*

V.

Nae mair in learning Willie toils,  
Nor Allan wakes the melting lay,  
Nor Rab, wi' fancy-witching wiles,  
Beguiles the hour o' dawning day.

*For though they were na very fou,  
That wicked wee drap in the e'e  
Has done its turn—untimely, now  
The green grass waves o'er a' the three.*

## SONG IV.

TUNE—"Gramachre."

## I.

ADMIRING Nature's simple charms,  
I left my humble home,  
Awhile my country's peaceful plains,  
With pilgrim step to roam.  
I mark'd the leafy summer wave  
On flowing Irvine's side;  
But richer far's the robe she wears,  
Within the vale of Clyde.

## II.

I roam'd the braes o' bonny Doon,  
The winding banks o' Ayr,  
Where flutters many a small bird gay,  
Blooms many a floweret fair.  
But dearer far to me the stem,  
That once was Calder's pride,  
And blossoms now the fairest flower,  
Within the vale of Clyde.

## III.

Avaunt thou life repressing north,  
Ye withering east winds too,  
But come thou all-reviving west,  
Breath soft thy genial dew.  
Till at the last, in peaceful age,  
This lovely floweret shed  
Its last green leaf upon my grave,  
Within the vale of Clyde.

## SONG V.

COL. W——'S CRUISE.

1809.

## I.

FROM Port Reform with timbers sound,  
 Our chief, the gallant W—le,  
 We sail'd upon inquiry bound,  
 As Britons all have heard tell—  
 The Folkstone Lugger for our guide,  
 Before the wind we bore, Sir,  
 While lurid gloom was seen to glide,  
 O'er Pension's sunny shore, Sir.

*Bow, wow, wow.*

## II.

To near Cape Popularity,  
 Which rose before us smiling,  
 In vain we strove for many a day,  
 Through adverse currents toiling;  
 Then into Rabble Bay we stood,  
 Where party gales first reach'd us,  
 And here we had our locker stow'd  
 With snuff-boxes and speeches.

*Bow, wow, wow.*

## III.

Dame Folly shouting from the shore,  
 With all her sons did hail us;  
 And B——tt, D—d, and C——tt swore  
 They'd henceforth never fail us;

Elated with their favour, we,  
 Cold caution's rules despising,  
 Hop'd soon afar to plough the sea,  
 A revolutionizing.

*Bow, wow, wow.*

## IV.

But ah! our hopes were quickly sour'd,  
 And dismal was our case, Sir,  
 When through the angry breakers lower'd  
 The rocks of Westbourne Place, Sir;  
 While in our wind with dismal scowl,  
 A vile Dutch Dogger hung, Sir,  
 Who swore for pirates every soul,  
 He'd surely have us strung, Sir.

*Bow, wow, wow.*

## V.

'Twas vain that Best came forth to steer  
 Law's life boat out to save us,  
 While Pilots Waithman, Goodbehere,  
 Their kind assistance gave us;  
 No art could stem the raging breeze,  
 Their aid was all a jest, Sir,  
 They'd better all have at their ease  
 Enjoy'd the turtle feast, Sir.

*Bow, wow, wow.*

## VI.

For o'er us Justice fierce did flame,  
 Truth's pointed crags before us  
 Rose rude, while high the waves of shame  
 With mountain-swell roll'd o'er us,

Till on the raft of Lenity,  
 By British mercy lent, Sir,  
 We struck the flag of vanity,  
 And moor'd in Cove Contempt, Sir.

*Bow, wow, wow.*

---

S O N G V I.

I.

BRIGHT be the bloom on Calder braes,  
 There lightsome glide the sunny days,  
 And there, by night, the moon's pale rays  
     Keep aff black darkness dreary.  
 There, let the rosy-bosom'd spring,  
 Her choicest sweets together bring,  
 While round her, wild, on wanton wing,  
     Her children flutter cheery.

II.

There, balmy let the summer breeze  
 Sough soft amang the birken trees,  
 Where, stretch'd, the shepherds pipe at ease,  
     Unken'd to care sae bleary.  
 And, there from plenty's flowing horn,  
 Let yellow Autumn pour her corn,  
 That hinds the coming wintry morn  
     May see, nor tremble eerie.

## III.

For there young fancy's beamy rays,  
 Shone bright upon my infant days,  
 Ere yet I dream'd life's thorny ways  
     Had been sae waefu' weary.  
 Companions of my artless glee!  
 Sweet laughing imps, now where are ye?  
 Wish'd manhood's come—but, ah! like me,  
     Ye sigh life's paths are briery.

## IV.

No longer playful in the stream,  
 Ye peddling con the flowery theme,  
 Nor wild flowers string, and fondly dream  
     Your days shall rise thus clear aye.  
 No! far behind yon rising wave,  
 The storms of life, ye, wandering brave,  
 Save one or two, who here a grave,  
     Found ere their feet were weary.

## V.

Departed friends! upon your tomb,  
 Be still the wild flowers seen to bloom,  
 There evening breathe her sweet perfume,  
     And shed the silent tear aye.  
 With you this wildly throbbing breast,  
 Deep worn with care, with sorrow prest,  
 Would glad in silence sink to rest,  
     From strife and toil sae weary.

## VI.

But in my heart, with life's warm tide,  
 Thou, Calder, still shalt dimpling glide,  
 And there thy braes, in flowery pride,  
     Shall rise for ever cheery.  
 And still my ardent wish shall be,  
 That plenty, love, and social glee,  
 In concert sweet, may keep with thee,  
     A refuge for the weary.

BRAES OF CALDER, *October, 1807.*

## SONG VII.

## AFRICAN SONG.

TUNE—"Flowers of the Forest."

*"The air was plaintive, and the words literally translated were these,—The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man faint and weary came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, he has no wife to grind his corn, let us pity the white man, no mother has he."—PARK'S TRAVELS.*

## I.

THE winds they were roaring,  
 The rains they were pouring,  
 When lonely the white man, a wonder to see,  
 Both hungry and weary,  
 Desponding and dreary,  
 He came and he sat in the shade of our tree.



## II.

No mother is by him,  
 With milk to supply him,  
 He wanders an outcast, how sad he must be;  
 Even corn could he find it,  
 He has no wife to grind it,  
 Let us pity the white man, no mother has he.

~~~~~

HORACE, ODE III.—BOOK IV.

## IMITATED.

## I.

HE on whose birth the heavenly muse  
 With aspect kind hath deign'd to smile,  
 Shall ne'er with laurel shade his brows,  
 As victor in the wrestler's toil.

## II.

The lengthen'd whip, the flowing rein,  
 Shall never own his guiding hand;  
 Nor as a boxer shall he shine,  
 Like Crib the champion of a land.

## III.

To walk with Barclay, run with Wood,  
 His prowess circumscrib'd denies,  
 Nor, quenching tyrants' rage in blood,  
 Shall his bold name, wide, cleave the skies.

## IV.

But wandering far through leafy woods,  
Or, lone, by osier shaded streams,  
O'er scenes of woe he darkling broods,  
Or joys entranc'd by fairy dreams.

## V.

Yet him fair maidens sure shall bless,  
For the soft roundelay of Love,  
And him shall all the good caress,  
When life's best joys they meet to prove.

EPITAPHS.



## EPITAPHS.

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### E P I T A P H I.

PATRICK STRANG.

FOR PATRICK STRANG is rear'd this simple stone,  
 A name to Fame's obstreperous trump unknown.  
 It was not his to rise amid the strife  
 Of madden'd nations, prodigal of life;  
 A hero to be hail'd, and in the blood  
 Of slaughter'd millions, prove his title good—  
 No! happier far, in life's sequestered vale,  
 Beyond the reach of Glory's boisterous gale,  
 In useful toil, his days were quiet spent,  
 Oft cross'd, yet cheerful, poor, but still content;  
 For though his lot was humble, yet his mind  
 Learning informed, Religion meek refin'd,  
 And, passing through this vale of tears and sighs,  
 His hand of hope was fastened on the skies;  
 Hence life's vicissitudes he met unmov'd,  
 And died lamented, as he liv'd belov'd.

## EPITAPH II.

ISABELLA CUNNINGHAM.

AN only child, the fourteenth summer's bloom  
 Ripening to woman, in thy angel face,  
 With promise, that for many years to come  
 Thou should'st remain a blessing to our race—  
 Of temper sweet, with virtues that, alas!  
 But rarely blossom in a mind so young,  
 Thy death, O Isa., is a painful case,  
 Though bending low we check the murmuring tongue,  
 That from our inmost soul the bitter sigh hath wrung.

Yet when we think upon thy faith and love,  
 Thy holy joy, thy piety sincere,  
 Thy patience, which no earthly thing could move,  
 Thy ardent hope, that soar'd to heaven's high sphere;  
 We rue the wish that would have held thee here,  
 Conversant still with griefs, and pains, and sighs;  
 We joy on thy behalf made meet to share  
 Of all that bliss which hid in JESUS lies—  
 And here thy dust enshrine till glory's dawn arise.

## EPITAPH III.

JAMES FORRESTER.

HERE in the narrow house releas'd from strife,  
 And all the turbulence of mortal life,  
 Lies the small portion which belong'd to earth,  
 Of one belov'd for gentleness and worth;

Who bore affliction with a placid mind,  
 Snatch'd in his prime, but to his God resign'd,  
 Through the dark portal of the noisome tomb,  
 Secure of entering on a life to come—  
 A life where hope is never aw'd by fear,  
 Nor joy's bright eye dimm'd with the starting tear,  
 Where in full tide enjoyment rolls along,  
 Glory the crown of all, and grace the song.—  
 Reader, do hopes like these thy bosom fire?  
 Such tranquil views of death would'st thou acquire?  
 Nor far to seek nor difficult the plan—  
 Be like JAMES FORRESTER, a plain God-fearing man.

~~~~~

EPITAPH IV.

CHRISTIAN ROY.

FOR CHRISTIAN ROY this simple stone is rear'd,  
 A name by every tender tie endear'd,  
 Her family's staff, her husband's honour'd crown,  
 In height of life and usefulness cut down,  
 Destin'd while yet shone bright her morn of love,  
 A mother's pains, but not her joys to prove;  
 She fell, as when the frost in evil hour,  
 Withers the plant and blasts the opening flow'r,  
 Leaving to all, this monitory strain,  
 "Life how uncertain! and its hopes how vain!"

~~~~~

EPITAPH V.

JOHN POLLOCK.

JOHN POLLOCK's mortal part reposes here,  
 Pause passenger, and let thy sigh ascend;

His was the glowing heart, the judgment clear,  
 With all that could endear the bosom friend.  
 And hope expanded fair his opening bloom,  
 And fame shed on his steps her dawning light;  
 But soon his morn was overcast with gloom,  
 And here all prematurely clos'd in night.  
 So in the boreal rigours of the morn,  
 From the scath'd tree Spring's fairy promise drops,  
 Relentless thus are mortal honours torn,  
 And, day by day, cut off all earthborn hopes,  
 Alarm'd, arous'd, on faith's strong pinions rise,  
 Be all thy hopes in heaven, thy treasure in the skies.

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EPITAPH VI.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

JOHN ROBERTSON'S remains in sweet repose,  
 Beneath the Saviour's all benignant eye,  
 Here wait this bustling world's eventful close,  
 And time's last groan that calls them to the sky.  
 Here breathe, O saint! the sympathetic sigh,  
 And friendship shed thy spirit soothing tear,  
 For soft as breath of violet stealing by,  
 Beneficent as dewy April clear,  
 Was he, the spirit meek, whose clay reposes here.

---

EPITAPH VII.

ROBERT RUSSELL,

LET titled guilt and overweening pride,  
 Call forth the brass, the marble, and the steel,



And lying bard, with pompous phrase to hide  
That baseness time is panting to reveal!  
But what avails it? Public fame may reel,  
A moment giddy with the flattering tale,  
Which as it flows suspicion shall congeal  
Till, with the dup'd expectant's hope, it fail,  
And o'er the hated name rank rottenness prevail!

Not such is, ROBERT RUSSELL, worth like thine,  
Which unambitious shunn'd its own display,  
Though bright content with mellow'd beams to shine  
Along the track of life's laborious way.  
With tears we hang this tributary lay  
Upon thy urn our full hearts to relieve,  
While hope reposes on the destin'd day,  
When truth's fair hand th' immortal wreath shall weave,  
Which God himself shall give, the good alone receive.



TRANSLATIONS, PARAPHRASES, &c.



TRANSLATIONS, PARAPHRASES, &c.

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NUMBERS, — CHAP. XXIV. 5.

I.

THY tents, O Jacob! glad the eye,  
Thy tabernacles, Israel, spread,  
As flowing vales extended lie,  
As gardens by the river's side.

II.

As aloe trees which God hath made,  
In genial clime to flourish fair,  
As cedars tall, that lofty, shade,  
And drink the waters flowing clear.

III.

He from his buckets floods shall pour,  
His seed shall be in many streams,  
His King shall Agag's strength devour,  
While glory, brightening round him beams.

IV.

For him in Egypt God arose,  
The strength of Unicorns he owns;  
The nations he shall waste, his foes,  
Yea, piercing through them, break their bones.

## V.

He couch'd as Lion, he lay down  
As Lion great—who shall him dare?  
Blessed is he whom thou dost own,  
And cursed all, that curse thee, are.



## ISAIAH, — CHAP. IV. 2—6.

## I.

IN that day of peace, victorious,  
Shall the *Branch* shoot forth most glorious,  
Overshadowing land and sea;  
Heaven her dews, diffusive, showering,  
Earth her fruits prolific pouring,  
Blest shall Israel's remnant be!

## II.

On Mount Zion who remaineth,  
In Jerusalem who obtaineth,  
On that happy day a name;  
As his outward show is holy,  
Far removed from treacherous folly,  
Warm his heart shall glow the same.

## III.

When the Lord, for ever gracious,  
Hath in flowing blood most precious,  
Purg'd the guilt of Zion's sin;

By his Spirit, pure, returning,  
When with judgment and with burning,  
All is rectified within;

## IV.

Then on all her dwelling places,  
Where beheld his gracious face is,  
Clouds by day and smoke shall rise;  
And through night's dark watches, gleaming,  
Fires of glory, dreadful, streaming,  
Guard her shall from rude surprise.

## V.

Lightsome, there, outspread for ever,  
Shall be found a shady cover  
When the noontide heats obtain;  
Safe shall, there, the peaceful dwelling,  
Though the floods are turbid swelling,  
Hear nor winds, nor wintry rain.

## IS A I A H,—CHAP. XXXV.

## I.

Lo! the solitary place,  
On a time shall yet be glad;  
Parched deserts shall rejoice  
In the rose-bud's beauty clad:—

## II.

Lofty, singing, they shall bloom,  
Fair in Carmel's verdant glow,  
Mingling Sharon's rich perfume  
With Libanus' gorgeous show.

## III.

In his wonders spread abroad,  
Glorious they the Lord shall see;  
Yea, of our most gracious God  
The sublime excellency.

## IV.

Strengthen ye the heart that's failing,  
The weak hand, the feeble knee;  
Lo! your God, he comes with healing,  
And his vengeance all shall see.

## V.

Open'd then the blinded eye,  
Open'd then the closed ear,  
Hues of glory shall descry,  
Words of life with rapture hear.

## VI.

As an hart the lame shall leap;  
From the dumb shall songs arise;  
Rushing streams, with grateful sweep  
Burning deserts shall surprise.



## VII.

Parched land with pools shall flow,  
Thirsty land with water springs;  
Grass, with shady reeds, shall grow,  
Dread, where dragons spread their wings.

## VIII.

Broad a highway shall be there,  
Smooth the way of holiness,  
Where the foolish shall not err,  
Where no foot unclean shall pass.

## IX.

There no lion shall be found,  
There no ravenous monster prowls;  
But, on pilgrim journey bound,  
Safe shall walk the humble soul.

## X.

Of the Lord, each ransom'd one  
Zion's heights shall thus attain;  
Where, in transport round the throne,  
Endless joy shall banish pain.

## HYMN.

ISAIAH,—CHAP. L. 10.

## I.

Is there who humbly fears the Lord,  
Depending on his faithful word,  
Whose sky is, yet, o'ercast with gloom,  
Whose path is cheerless as the tomb?—  
O! then let such an one beware,  
Nor yield him to the fiend despair.

## II.

Though bowed down, even to the dust,  
Upon his God, strong, let him trust—  
His path, though dark, is found to lye,  
Directly under mercy's sky,—  
The morn of glory hastes along!  
And Love shall be his endless song.

## III.

But ye, in sin's pernicious ways,  
Who joy in pale presumption's blaze;  
Though sparkles, bright, the meteor gleam,  
And sweet descends the soothing dream—  
Know wrath at last with rushing sweep  
Shall quench the whole in darkness deep.

## HYMN.

LUKE,—CHAP. X. 21.

## I.

O FATHER! Lord of heaven and earth,  
All sovereign are thy ways;  
Let trembling still chastise our mirth,  
With trembling let us praise.

## II.

The great, the prudent, and the wise,  
Unspeakably forlorn,  
Behold no ray in mercy's skies,  
No brightening star of morn.

## III.

While on the poor, that fainting sigh,  
The babe that inly pines,  
The glorious day-spring from on high,  
With healing virtue shines.

## IV.

Even so, it seemed good to Thee,  
And good are all thy ways;  
Hush'd let each impious murmur be,  
Let every thought be praise.

THE  
DUTY AND PRIVILEGES OF THE NEW  
TESTAMENT CHURCH.

HEBREWS,—CHAP. XII. 15. to the end.

I.

BE watchful, from the grace of God,  
Lest any fall away,  
Lest any root of bitterness  
Its baleful shoots display:  
Lest any scorner, lewd, profane,  
Arise, like Esau bold,  
Who, sordid, for a morsel poor,  
His precious birthright sold.

II.

And when the blessing, rich, he claim'd,  
Of Isaac's closing years,  
Repentance, fled, could not be found,  
Though sought with many tears.  
For, now ye come not to the mount,  
Dark, smoking, all on fire,  
That shook beneath Jehovah's frown,  
And thunders pealing dire.

III.

Nor, awful, sounding long and loud,  
With earth appalling roar,

The trumpet, and the voice of words  
The hearers' hearts that tore:  
But to God's city, Zion hill,  
For you t' approach 'tis given,  
And to innumerable hosts,  
The angel bands of heaven;

## IV.

And to the church of the first-born,  
In heaven recorded all;  
And to the spirits of the just,  
And God the judge of all;  
And unto Him, the wondrous One,  
Who in the covenant stood,  
The God-man Mediator great,  
And to his sprinkling blood.

## V.

If they who spurn'd his voice on earth  
Were into darkness driven,  
How shall we 'scape if we refuse  
Him speaking now from heaven?  
His kingdom, meek, let all receive,  
His grace let all admire,  
And, trembling recollect "our God  
Is a consuming fire."

## LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF A NEW TESTAMENT

PRESENTED TO A FRIEND.

## I.

THIS little Book, with wishes kind,  
Accept it from a faithful friend,  
Its cost is small, but, valued true,  
'Tis richer far than rich Peru,  
Expounding, clear, salvation's plan,  
The wondrous love of God to man.

## II.

With fervent prayer, and humble mind,  
Consult it as a bosom friend;  
Nor treachery dread, nor flattery fear,  
It points the path of duty clear;  
And, listen'd to, will make you wise,  
A meet companion for the skies

## III.

O, think, my friend, that while you read,  
Angels look on, with trembling dread,  
Or rapt'rous joy, as you receive  
The message kind, or disbelieve;  
And from these minutes, scatter'd few,  
Eternity shall take its hue.

## IV.

May He, compassioné and just,  
The sinner's stay, the sinner's trust,  
Along with this his blessing send,  
Guide you through life, at death befriend;  
And, where nor cares nor griefs annoy,  
Crown you, at last, with endless joy.

## P S A L M I.

## I.

PERFECTLY that man is blessed  
Who, bewilder'd, never strays,  
With ungodly workers classed,  
Learning dark their guilty ways:

## II.

Shunning, far, the seat of scorning,—  
On God's law with heart upright,  
Still at eve, or dewy morning,  
Musing with supreme delight.

## III.

Like a tree majestic spreading,  
By some flowing river's side,  
Rich in fruit, with leaf unfading,  
Fair, the valley's verdant pride—

## IV.

Him prosperity shall nourish—  
Under heaven's refreshing dew,

---

Thus, delightful, he shall flourish,  
Ever waxing on the view.

## V.

While the wicked shall as stubble,  
In affliction's dry wind waste—  
Chaff-like, chas'd on hills of trouble,  
By destruction's burning blast.

## VI.

Shrink th' ungodly, all unable  
Judgment's fiery test to stand;  
Place no sinful soul unstable  
'Mong the righteous shall command.

## VII.

Peaceful paths the just pursuing,  
God is still their staff and stay;  
While the baleful breath of ruin  
Overturns the sinner's way.

---

PSALM XI.

## I.

IN the Lord I put my trust;  
How is it ye say to me,  
As a bird with winged haste,  
To your hill of hiding flee?



## II.

For the bow the wicked bend,  
See the arrow on the string;  
And in darkness they intend,  
To the dust th' upright to bring.

## III.

Since the cause begins to shake,  
Rent its deep foundations too,  
Vain the help that thou may'st make,  
What can even the righteous do?

## IV.

Little—but o'er all ador'd,  
Though his throne is high in heaven,  
In his temple, yet, the Lord  
Tries men's sons with judgment even.

## V.

Oft his face in gloom he shrouds,  
Strict, to try the righteous one,  
Leaving him involv'd in clouds,  
With the wounded, deep, to groan.

## VI.

Yet, in due time, Mercy's beam  
Shall the gathering gloom dispel,  
He shall drink, refresh'd, the stream,  
Pure from Consolation's well.

## VII.

While the lofty son of pride,  
Glorying in his violence,  
God shall all his hopes deride,  
Yea, with hatred drive him hence.

## VIII.

Sure his portion doth remain—  
O'er him, in a storm of ire,  
Heaven shall, unrelenting, rain  
Horrid, brimstone, snares, and fire.

## IX.

For, o'er all, the righteous Lord,  
Doth in righteousness delight ;  
And his gracious face, adored,  
Beams complacent on th' upright.

~~~~~  
PSALM XXIII.

## I.

THE Lord is my shepherd, and under his guiding,  
With the horrors of want I can ne'er be distress'd ;  
By clear flowing waters delightfully gliding,  
In green flowery pastures he makes me to rest.

## II.

My soul he restoreth what time 'tis decay'd,  
He leads me in truth for his holy name's sake ;

Though I walk through death's vale I shall not be dismay'd,  
For his rod and his staff I my comforters make.

## III.

In the midst of my foes he prepares me a table,  
My head he anoints, and my cup runneth o'er;  
Surely goodness and mercy my days shall make stable,  
And in God's blessed house I shall dwell evermore.

~~~~~

PSALM XLVIII.

## I.

God is high, and high emotion  
Every humble soul should fill,  
Who presumes, with due devotion,  
Strong, t' ascend his holy hill.

## II.

Fortunate for situation  
Zion stands upon the north,  
Beautified with God's salvation,  
Wide, the joy of all the earth.

## III.

God is, in her peaceful bowers,  
Known to be a refuge strong;  
For when earth's malignant powers,  
Round her rose a wrathful throng—

## IV.

Passing, they beheld with wonder;  
    Trouble seiz'd them and they fled;  
Fear and pain their souls sunk under,  
    Faint, as her in birth pangs laid.

## V.

Tarshish ships the east wind, roaring,  
    Overwhelmeth in the deep,  
Round God's city thus, devouring,  
    We have seen his anger sweep—

## VI.

Even around that favour'd city,  
    Which divine protection boasts,  
Mercy-built, preserved in pity,  
    'Stablish'd by the Lord of hosts.

## VII.

Oft, O Lord, within thy temple,  
    These thy deeds our wonder raise:—  
As thy name—so great and ample  
    O'er the world extends thy praise.

## VIII.

Truth is in thy right hand vested,  
    Let Mount Zion raise her voice;  
Dread, thy judgments manifested,  
    Bid her daughters all rejoice.

## IX.

Walk ye on, Mount Zion rounding,  
Tell her palaces, and towers;  
Mark her bulwarks strong, surrounding,  
Where, sublime defiance lowers.

## X.

And, in honour of the builder,  
Sons to sons, th' amount bequeath;  
This our God, for aye shall shield her,  
He shall guide us unto death.

~~~~~  
PSALM CXXXIII.

## I.

BEHOLD! how delightful it is,  
In palace, in cot, or in cell,  
United in concord and peace,  
For brethren together to dwell.

## II.

Like holy oil pour'd on the head,  
Which Aaron's investment did show,  
And plentiful, thence overspread,  
To the skirts of his garments did flow.

## III.

As the dew on green Hermon descending,  
The clear dew on Zion that glows;  
For God there his blessing commanding,  
The life everlasting bestows.

## PSALM CXXXVII.

IN perusing this Divine lyric, the present translator has always found himself reminded of the "Flowers of the Forest," which has led him to attempt adapting the lines to that most melting of all melodies.

## I.

By the clear streams of Babel in woe we sat weeping,  
When the low state of Zion arose on our minds,  
Our harps once so tuneful in dead silence sleeping,  
On the green willow-trees idly waved in the winds.

## II.

For scoffing our cruel despoilers required,  
The clamour of mirth and the words of a song,  
Even a song that had often, by rapture inspired,  
Re-echoed the green groves of Salem among.

## III.

But how thus surrounded with darkness and danger,  
Afar by the harsh hand of slavery abhorr'd,  
Driven to seek for our bread in the land of the stranger,  
O! how shall we sing the rapt song of the Lord?

## IV.

My heart yearns, O, Zion! if e'er I forget thee,  
Let vigour and skill leave my harp-waking hand;  
Beneath my chief joy what time I may set thee,  
Thenceforward my tongue let dead silence command!

## V.

Remember, O Lord, how the children of Edom,  
When, dark, upon Zion descended the day,  
That levell'd her towers and bereav'd her of freedom,  
Raze, raze her foundations, did spitefully say.

## VI.

Thou, daughter of Babel, the storm hovers o'er thee,  
Which, bloody, descending thy pride shall abash;  
The waster is blessed, who waits to devour thee,  
Relentless, thy children in pieces to dash.

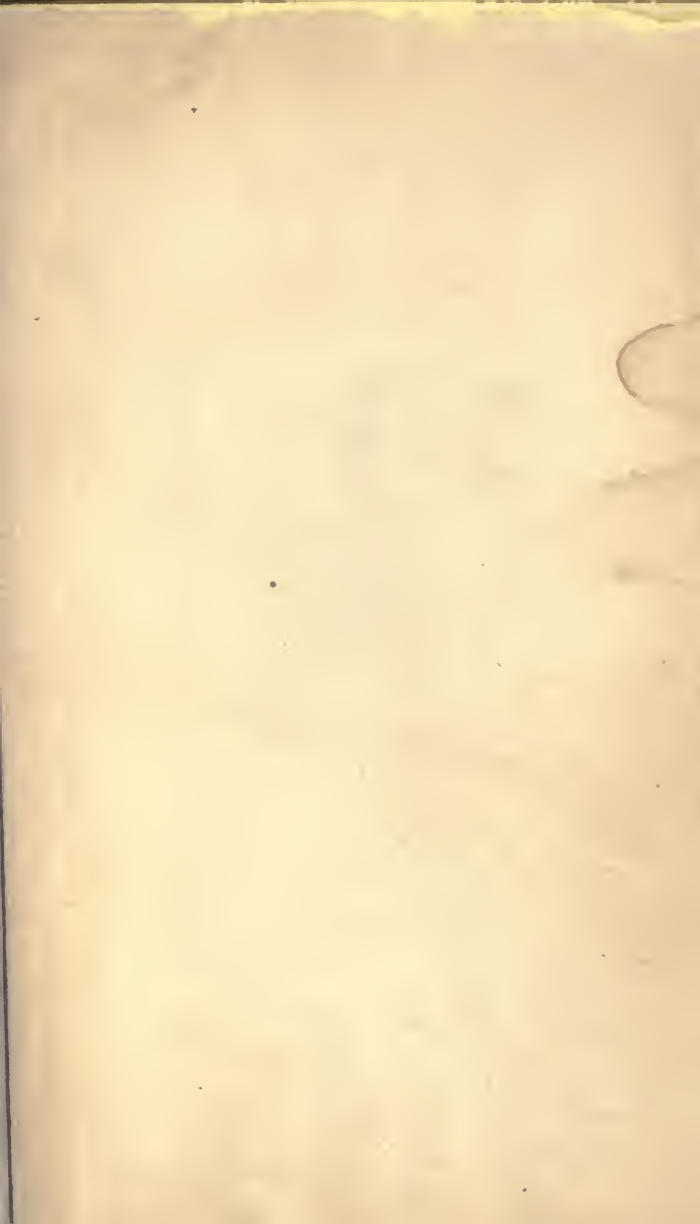
THE END.

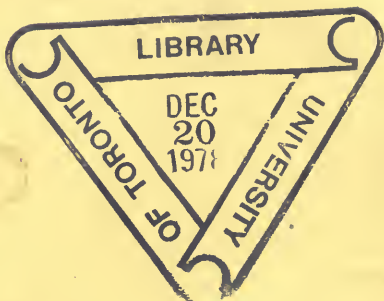
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