

WILL WARLDSWORM'S DREAM.

WILL WARLDSWORM was a wabster bred,
 An' lang a bachelor's life had led,
 But he took thocht tae change his life,
 An' wad gang aff tae wale a wife
 Frae 'mang the lasses far an' near,
 That had the name o' walth o' gear.

Will was himsel' a kind o' laird,
 For he'd a hoose, an' a kail yaird,
 Wi' sibba beds, an' apple trees,
 A rhubarb stock, an' skeps o' bees.

But Will had aye a kind o' fricht,
 Tae dauner far frae hame at nicht,
 For tho' nae coward oot an' oot,
 He lang had haen a kind o' doot
 That brownies, warlocks, ghaists, or deils,
 Were no the very best o' chiels
 Tae meet folk, when daylight was gane,
 On ony dreary road their lane,
 But yet he thocht them silly asses,
 That ghaists deterr'd frae seein' the lasses.

Sae ance when nicht her mantle grey,
 Had thrown oot owre expiring day,
 An' veil'd the last faint rays o' licht,
 An' brought the twinklin' stars in sicht,
 Will took a thocht he'd tak' the gate
 Awa' tae see young, bloomin' Kate,
 A walthy lass, baith snod an' braw,
 That bade just twa-three miles awa'.

But he thocht it was rather sune
 Tae gang awa', till ance the moon
 Oot owre the eastern hills wad peep,
 Sae he sat doon, an' fell asleep,

An' dream'd that he had ta'en the road,
 Awa' tae Kate, an' on did plod
 Owre parks, thro' wuds, an' glens, undaunted,
 But keepit wide frae places haunted,
 Whaur ithers had whiles frichted been
 Wi' something awfu' they had seen.
 But he thocht he had yet tae cross,
 A hagg, bent, splashy moss,
 Whaurin a drucken wife, ca'd Nell
 Was buried, wha had hang'd hersel';
 Forbye, a man, ca'd Birkie Russell,
 That wi' a gully cut his whussell,
 An' let oot baith his bluid an' life,
 Tae chaw his illfaur'd canker'd wife.
 An' it was said, they had been seen,
 Gaun daunerin' thro' this moss at e'en,
 An' spunky wi' them clear an' bricht,
 Gaun up an' doon tae gi'e them licht.

O' fear, Will's courage scarce cou'd free him,
 But thocht they aiblins wadna see him,
 Sae ventur'd in, but gaed gey slow,
 An' crouchin' kept his head gey low,
 Till he was mair than ha'fway through,
 Then saw a licht 'tween red an' blue,
 A fearfu' bleeze, but saw nae reek,
 An' thocht he heard somebody speak,
 An' say, there's Will, noo Nelly face him,
 An' Spunky ye maun rin an' chase him.

He heard nae mair, but roon he wheels,
 An' ran wi' Spunky at his heels,
 He splash'd thro' dubs, owre hillocks loupit,
 Till in a deep moss-hag he coupit,
 But scrambl'd oot on han's an' knees,
 When Spunky pass'd him in a bleeze,

Wi' fearfu' sough that rent the air,
Then vanish'd an' was seen nae mair.

Tae look for Nell, Will never stood,
But ran for hame, as fast's he cou'd,
An' as he pass'd some cairns o' stanes
That happit owre a lot o' banes
O' men, wha there had lost their life,
Langsyne in some wild feudal strife,

He noo being gleg o' sicht an' hearin',
Baith saw their ghaists, an' heard them swearin',
Wild roughsome aiths, as lang's a tether,
That they'd ne'er lie in peace thegither,
For hatred ceas'd not at their death,
Nor yet revenge wi' their last breath.
Sae scatter'd banes tae ither flew,
Tae perfect skeletons they grew.
But some had cloven skulls cemented,
An' some had skulls wi' cloors indented,
An' in their een holes shin'd a licht,
That glinted thro' the gloom o' nicht.
A horrid squad in wild array,
A' rattling ready for the fray,
Ilk had an auld sword in its han',
An' wi' a yell they a' began,
An' laid at ither nicht an' main,
An' focht their battle owre again.

Noo when this fearfu' sicht he saw,
He stood an' trembl'd like tae fa',
An' wildly glower'd a' airts tae see,
If there was ony way tae flee.

But ane far bigger than the rest,
Catch'd haud o' Will, an' him address'd,
Weel, frien', I'm only come tae speer,
What passion wild has brought ye here,

Are ye in poverty, an' need,
 Or are ye sairly fash'd wi' greed,
 Or is love lowin' in yer breast,
 An' winna let ye tak' yer rest?
 Whate'er it is, whae'er ye be,
 Just tak' this sma' advice frae me,
 If ye've enough, ye need nae mair,
 Owre muckle fashes folk wi' care,
 Wi' what ye ha'e, be ayé content,
 For what's ill got, is ne'er weel spent,
 Gowd gi'esna happiness nor pleasure,
 But real contentment is a treasure.
 The humble ha'e, without alloy,
 But what the wealthy ne'er enjoy,
 An' if ye really want a wife,
 Look for a lass o' virtuous life,
 An' no tak' ane just for her gear,
 Sic bargains are aye far owre dear.
 Without affection in the heart,
 Gowd never can true love impart,
 Mind what I've said, for it is truth,
 That fits fu' weel, baith man an' youth,
 Sae my advice ye manna slicht,
 But I maun gang, sae noo guid nicht.
 The cock then crew at day's first gleam,
 Will wauken'd, an' 'twas a' a dream !





THE HERALD OF SPRING.

HARK! what sweet sound is this I hear,
So pleasant and so loud,
That flows in music on my ear
From yonder snow-white cloud?
It is the lark begun to sing
Her welcome to the infant spring.

Soon now the thrush will raise her voice
Above the warbling throng,
And make the leafless woods rejoice
With her sweet mellow song;
But her soft notes, so rich and rare,
Can never with the lark's compare.

How pleasant in a summer's morn,
When thro' the gloom we hear,
Far up above the fields of corn,
Her singing sweet and clear,
When the first ray of purple light
Begins to chase away the night.

And when the sparkling orb of day
Has climb'd up to his height,
We hear her lovely warbling lay
Far up amidst the light;
Nor does she cease, nor seek to rest,
Until day fades far in the west.

TO A PRIMROSE.

WEE, bonnie, unassuming flower,
 That likes beneath the rocks tae cower,
 Whaur birks an' hazels hing ;
 An' early lift'st your modest head,
 Alike in sunshine an' in shade,
 Tae welcome in the spring.

Aft in a wild secluded glen,
 Remote frae busy haunts o' men,
 You frae your bed o' green,
 In lovely robes o' gowden dye,
 Do rise an' bloom, an' fade an' die,
 Unheeded an' unseen.

But, He who first did place you there,
 An' watches you wi' tender care,
 Has fixed this for your lot ;
 That you, amidst the dreary wild,
 With lovely form an' aspect mild,
 Might beautify the spot.

An' thou, sweet flower, frae year tae year,
 Dost still fulfil your mission here,
 Which God in His wise plan
 Appointed you, when at your birth,
 You sprung tae life frae parent earth,
 Altho' unseen by man.

Like thee, aft virtue dwells alone,
 Unseen, unheeded, an' unknown,
 In modest low estate ;
 But yet their humble life is spent
 In more real pleasure an' content
 Than spring from honours great.



A NAME BY THE WAYSIDE.

WHILE journeying on the road of life,
 In sunshine or 'midst storms and strife,
 As on the way we go,
 The marks of others oft appear,
 And we may some leave in our rear,
 Like tracks upon the snow.

We can see dimly thro' the past,
 The future misty shadows cast,
 That darken but to blind ;
 The present only is the day,
 For us to leave marks in the way,
 For those that come behind.

So, not for honour, nor for fame,
 I on the snow engrav'd my name,
 In letters bold and clear ;
 But only that if passers by
 By chance would downward cast their eye,
 They'd see I had been here.

But well I know since on I pass'd,
 That some wild, bitter, sweeping blast
 (For all my pains and care
 To make it plain) did it deface,
 And has not left the slightest trace
 That ever I was there.

Names have come down thro' ages past,
 And round them have a glory cast,
 Like beams from yonder sun ;
 And will shine on from year to year,
 Until the world shall disappear,
 And Time his race has run.

But many who have wrote their names
 Upon the world with sword and flames,
 And tyranny and woe,
 Are now forgotten and unknown,
 The record of their names is gone,
 Like mine upon the snow.




THE MISTS O' LOVE.

THE mist o' love blin's youthfu' een,
 An' gars them think ae thing is twa,
 Sae mony a ane has cheated been
 Wi' them they thocht baith rich an' braw.
 But Katie never try'd tae hide
 Her humble birth wi' gaudy show,
 Her heart was free frae guile or pride,
 An' aye was frank tae high or low.

I lookèd thro' love's mist at Kate,
 But half her charms I cou'dna see,
 But thocht I'd happy be if fate
 Wad only but gi'e Kate to me.
 Fate's gi'en me Kate, noo she's my ain,
 An' since love's mist's gane aff my een,
 In her, I see, I've got mair gain
 Than ane wha'd aiblins gran'er been.



BONNIE DOON.

 **BONNIE DOON, nae mair ye'll hear**
 The love inspirèd sigh,
 Or yet the cheerfu' sang o' Burns,
 As ye rin wimplin' by.

Nae mair he'll sit upon your banks,
 In cheerfu' smiling spring,
 Tae watch your tide, like time slip past,
 An' hear the birdies sing.

Or when calm e'ening gilds the clouds,
 An' ilk surrounding scene,
 Nae mair he'll wander on your banks,
 Wi' his ain bonnie Jean.


O, weel he lo'ed your banks an' braes,
 An' lik'd tae praise your name,
 He lifted you wi' a' his heart
 Up on the wings o' fame.

But, ah ! that heart has ceas'd tae beat,
 That tongue has ceas'd its praise,
 But your sweet banks an' braes yet bloom
 In his immortal lays.

Flow on, sweet Doon, lang on yer banks
 May rose an' woodbine twine ;
 An' tho' yer cheerfu' bard is gane,
 His name shall live wi' thine.



THE PARTING.

 H, weep not at our parting, love,
 Why break this heart of mine?
 We may yet meet and happy be,
 Then dry those tears of thine.

Tho' cruel fate has now decreed
 That we must parted be;
 My heart will ever with thee dwell,
 So let thine be with me.

The summer sun's bright sparkling orb
 With clouds is oft o'ercast,
 But yet his splendour's unimpaired
 As soon as they are past.

Sweet flowers do fade, but do not die,
 In stormy winter's gloom,
 But do revive when spring returns,
 And rise again to bloom.

So though our prospects dark may be,
 And grief our hearts enshroud;
 Bright hope will rise with cheering beams
 And dissipate the cloud.

Then dry those tears of thine, my love,
 Why break my bleeding heart?
 We yet may meet, and happy be,
 Though now in grief we part.



THE HAZEL SHAW.

SWEET is the bonnie hazel shaw,
 Whaur Braco burn comes rowin' doon ;
 Whaur bonnie flowers sae sweetly blaw,
 An' laverocks warble a' aroon'.

There aft I've wandered in the spring,
 An' pu'd the primrose aff the brae,
 An' heard the cheerie mavis sing
 Her sang o' love, her sweetest lay.

An' when sweet simmer deck'd wi' flowers
 Baith banks o' the wee murmurin' burn,
 I've watch'd its tide, like youth's sweet hours,
 Gaun quickly by, ne'er tae return.

When autumn blighted wuds an' braes,
 An' yellow leaves began to fa',
 I then ha'e sought for nits an' slaes
 In Braco's bonnie hazel shaw.

An' when cauld winter like a bear
 Grasp'd nature in his icy arms ;
 Its leafless bowers, tho' then a' bare,
 Had aye tae me some lovely charms.

But why? love's young affection throws
 A halo roon' some sacred spot,
 Whaur we ha'e fondly met wi' those
 That ne'er again can be forgot.

Yes, whaur love's wreaths at first were twin'd,
 Fond memory aye can beauties trace,
 Sae lovely an' sae weel defin'd
 That time itsel' can ne'er deface.

Sae Braec's bonnie hazel shaw,
 Her braes an' burn I lo'e sae dear,
 Tho' I gang frae them far awa',
 Fond memory aye will bring them near.



HOPE.

§ HO' man's frail bark, o'er Time's rough tide,
 Has many bitter blasts to brave,
 Of disappointments, cares, and toils,
 Between the cradle and the grave.

Yet there are blinks of sunshine bright
 Burst through life's gloom the heart to cheer,
 When Hope shines like a beacon light,
 And tells the port of rest is near.

Hope cheers the exile far away
 That he his home and friends may see;
 Hope nerves the patriot's mind and arm
 To strive to set his country free.

Hope nerves the sailor in the storm
 To brave the ruthless tempest's shock,
 And guide his vessel thro' the storm
 To shun the frowning fatal rock.

But if, perchance, his vessel sinks,
Tho' he the howling storm has brav'd,
He clings then to some floating spar,
Still in the hope he will be sav'd.

When darkness gathers round the soul,
Deep melancholy black as night,
Ev'n then Hope whispers thro' the gloom,
Fear not, for it will yet be light.

When fell disease, with cruel fangs,
Lays prostrate those we love most dear,
Amidst our tears Hope, smiling, says,
All will be well ; why do you fear ?

Tho' clouds of sorrow us enshroud,
And floods of grief bedim the eye,
Hope rises, like a sunbeam bright,
The gloom to clear, the tears to dry.

Hope cheers us on thro' all our life,
In every place our lot is cast ;
It is a balm for every wound,
And never leaves us to the last.

Then ever let us cherish Hope
That God will always be our friend,
And, tho' our path thro' troubles lie,
Still let us hope on to the end.



MIDDLE BRACO.

WHAUR hunters sonsy moorfowl kill
 North frae the Shotts, on Braco Hill,
 There stauns an' auld bit biggin'
 That's been a guid hoose in its day,
 But noo is fast gaun to decay,
 An' wants maist o' its riggin'.

Whae'er at first did raise this pile,
 Had then done't in the newest style
 O' architect'ral lore ;
 An' tho' it stauns heigh on the hill,
 It plainly shows the art an' skill
 Folk had in days o' yore.

Nae doot it was a cozie bield,
 An' wad a heap o' comfort yield
 Tae folk o' humble mind ;
 An' aften wayworn wearied wights,
 In cauld, wat, dark, and stormy nichts,
 A shelter in't wad find.

Auld hooses in the days o' yore,
 On Braco, number'd 'maist a score,
 But noo this is the last ;
 An' yet it braves the ruthless storm
 O' time, an' rears its shatter'd form,
 A relic o' the past.

What pity that a hoose sae guid,
 That scores o' winter storms has stood,
 Shou'd meet wi' sic neglect ;
 When twa-thridd divots aff the brae,
 Some sticks, some heather, or some strae,
 Wou'd sav'd frae gaun tae wreck.

But herè at morn, when growin' licht,
 Some folk ha'e got a won'rous fricht,
 Wi' something they had seen ;
 While, a' the time, the hale affair
 Was naething but a frichted hare
 Gaun scuddin' owre the green.
 An' some ha'e said, at dead o' nicht,
 They've seen gaun thro't a glimmerin' licht,
 An' on't ill stories tell,
 Whilk, if they had but nearer been,
 The cause o' a' their fricht they'd seen,
 Was smugglers at a still.
 Auld hooses wantin' roof an' door,
 Like mony honest, humble poor,
 Are aften sair neglected ;
 Get little tae support their frames,
 But aft are laded wi' ill names
 Instead o' being respected.

—◆—

ADDRESS TO AULD SCOTLAND ON THE
PRINCE OF WALES'S MARRIAGE.

AULD SCOTLAND, raise your roupit voice,
 And wi' your sisters baith rejoice
 At young Prince Albert's weddin'.
 Ye aiblins yet may see the day
 That he'll come tae ye for tae stay,
 His father's footsteps treadin'.
 Busk up yersel' baith snod and braw,
 As weel's yer sons an' dochters a' ;
 An' while that ye are hoisin'
 Yer flags on heights, frae shore tae shore,
 Let thunders frae yer cannons roar,
 As bass tae your rejoicin'.

Let ilk' ane see ye like him weel,
 For he's a decent honest chiel,
 The son o' a guid mither ;
 An' wish his bride, as weel's himsel',
 Great joy an' happiness tae dwell
 Lang, lang in love thegither.

And say, forbye, God bless the Queen,
 An' gie her joy in her new frien',
 An' may she be a treasure,
 Mair worth than goud, tae cheer her heart,
 An' act a loving dochter's pairt,
 An' gi'e her muckle pleasure.

But watch an' no get on the spree
 Wi' drinkin' owre much barley bree,
 When ye're sae unco happy ;
 Ye aiblins think, on sic a day,
 Ye'll no gang unco far astray,
 Tho' ye tak' a wee drappie.

But, tho' yer feelings are intense,
 Be guided aye by common sense,
 An' dae a' things in order ;
 For, nae doot, if ye dae ocht wrang,
 Ye'll hear it a' afore it's lang,
 Frae some ane owre the Border.



THE WISE MEN O' GOTHAM.

THAT wonderfu' association
 That takes its title frae oor nation,
 Are folk the wisest in creation
 (Except the donkeys),
 An' noo maintain men o' ilk station
 Are sprung frae monkeys.

They say that auld progressive Nature
 Look'd at the monkey's face and stature,
 An' thocht that she could yet dae better
 On a new plan ;
 Sae cooper'd up the imp-like creature
 An' ca'd it man.

Such is their theory, an' it may
 Be richt, for aught that I can say,
 For mongrel monkeys noo-a-day,
 Ca'd learned classes,
 Aft speak an' act in sic a way
 As shows they're asses.

This is an age o' wondrous licht
 An' theory, whether wrang or richt,
 For men are noo sae gleg o' sicht
 They see thro' stanes,
 An' puggy see in man quite bricht,
 An' in rock banes.

An' some tak' flichts among the spheres,
 There each some spirit sees or hears,
 Then back again some message bears
 Through medium cables,
 That on their dupes' astonished ears
 Dirls through the tables.

Our wise men noo, when in their study,
 I'm fear't are aften geyan muddy
 Wi' drinkin' brandy, wine, an' toddy—
 Source o' a' evils;
 Then, sair diseas'd in mind an' body,
 Aft see blue devils.

 TO PRIDE.

PRIDE, lofty demon, child o' hell,
 Wha likes a' ithers tae excel,
 Your rivals, rife, amang us dwell,
 An' do ye waur;
 For women, noo, I'm griev'd tae tell,
 Ha'e beat ye far.

Ye maunna noo haud up your face,
 Or soon ye'll be put tae disgrace,
 For aff ye clean the female race
 Ha'e ta'en the shine,
 Wi' gowden ornaments an' lace,
 An' crinoline.

Their sense an' modesty ha'e fled,
 For tho' they scarce ha'e daily bread,
 In silks an' lace they maun be clad,
 An' grandeur great;
 Sae, Satan, ye maun hide your head,
 Ye're fairly beat.

Whaur'er a skull is scant o' brains,
 Or self-esteem its rule maintains,
 Or whaur a blockhead honour gains,
 For pounds an' pence;
 There empty pride triumphant reigns,
 Instead o' sense.



ADDRESS TO 'LITHGOW PALACE.

MAJESTIC pile ! your crumblin' wa's,
Your grassy courts, an' roofless ha's,
Tell that ye're sair neglected ;
Has Scotland naething noo tae spare,
Tae put ye into guid repair,
An' mak' ye mair respected ?

Ye yet wad be a noble biggin',
If ye had but some kind o' riggin'
Tae keep oot rain an' snaw ;
An' tosh'd up wi' a tait o' lime,
Ye lang nicht brave the haun o' Time,
An' look baith snod an' braw.

Ye ne'er wad be what ye ha'e been,
When in ye Scotland's bonnie Queen
First saw the licht o' day ;
But ye nicht then far langer last,
A monument o' days gane past,
An' no sae soon decay.

What pity that sae guid a hoose,
 Tha: cou'd be put tae mony a use,
 An' has sae lang been spar'd—
 A noble relic o' langsyne,
 Shou'd moulder noo at ruin's shrine,
 For want o' bein' repair'd.

Nae Scotchman wad e'er grudge his groat,
 Tae gi'e ye yet a braw new coat
 O' Easdale slates, or lead,
 That wi' us lang ye nicht abide,
 An' in a kind o' noble pride
 Haud up your ancient head.

An' tho' ye are gey sair time-worn,
 Tae generations yet unborn
 Ye'd tell, while ye remain,
 That ye was braw, tho' noo defaced,
 An' Scotland, when ye here was plac'd,
 Had kings then o' her ain.

But weel I ken the humble bard
 In your behalf will ne'er be heard
 By them wha ha'e the power,
 Tae renovate your shatter'd form,
 But ye maun staun ilk ruthless storm,
 Till ye're a' crush'd tae stour.

Aft merit sinks thro' mean neglect,
 An' noble biggins gang tae wreck,
 Without the least regret,
 Because their worth is never kend,
 Till ance their days are at an end,
 An' then we mourn their fate.



TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

I WISH ye muckle joy, guid frien',
 As weel's yer young guidwife ;
 Lang may ye cheer ilk ither on
 The rugged road o' life.

May laughin' fortune on ye smile,
 Since ye're made ane o' twa,
 And gi'e ye aye as muckle walth
 As frichts could care awa'.

An' may yer youthfu' better ha'f,
 Turn oot a fruitfu' vine,
 An' raise up in yer cozie biel,
 Braw affshoots aucht or nine.

Then ye'll ha'e joy when ye come hame,
 For they'll be blithe an' ready
 Tae rin an' meet ye at the door,
 An' cry, Here comes oor daddy!

Lang may yer hearts in love's bricht lowe,
 Be souther'd firm thegither,
 An' lang may ye be spar'd to be
 A joy tae ane anither.

An' when ye're daunerin' doon life's brae,
 May ye ne'er tak' the spavie,
 But aye be hale in lith an' limb,
 Is the warst wish o' Davie.

MORNING.

WHEN morning lifts the veil of gloom
That hangs around expiring night,
And lays her prostrate in the tomb,
Beneath a load of purple light.

Then all the little warbling throng
In joy flit blithe from spray to spray,
And join in one harmonious song,
To hail the rising orb of day.

And tender flow'rs in youthful bloom
Of colours bright, with dewdrops crown'd,
Breathe forth in streams their sweet perfume,
And scatter fragrance all around.

Sweet nature's face so mild and fair,
With admiration I survey,
Her smile doth lighten all my care,
And drive despondency away.

And thou sweet warbler of the sky,
That float'st in floods of purest light,
Conceal'd midst sunbeams from the eye,
Your lovely song gives me delight.

Tho' soaring far beyond my view,
Your swelling notes, so loud and clear,
In flowing strains fall mild as dew,
And melt in music on my ear.

Sweet bird, God gave thee wings to soar,
 Far up in air your voice to raise,
 That undisturb'd you forth might pour
 To Him your morning hymn of praise.

God lights the stars when darkness lours,
 He makes the human heart rejoice,
 'Tis Him who paints the op'ning flow'rs,
 And tunes the little warbler's voice.

He beautifies this world below,
 And with His bounty us doth load,
 'Tis from His hand all blessings flow,
 All we possess are gifts from God.

Then let us, like the warbling throng,
 With thankful hearts our voices raise,
 And sing to Him a joyful song
 Of heartfelt gratitude and praise.



CONTEMPLATION.

WHEN ev'ning draws her mantle o'er expiring day,
 And flow'ry scenes fade with the rays of light,
 My contemplation steals forth quietly to survey,
 And wander thro' the beauties of the night.

I view the sparkling orbs which deck the midnight sky,
 And on this lower world dart down their rays,
 And tho' in silence they pursue their course on high,
 They do proclaim abroad their Maker's praise.

Unnumber'd mighty worlds that float in space,
If peopled, 'tis not yet to man reveal'd,
But he their magnitude and course may dimly trace,
The rest from his ambitious view's conceal'd.

I, in the blazing comet, see God's mighty pow'r,
Who gave it lightning speed to run its race,
But ages roll away, ere it can make its tour
Through the vast regions of unbounded space.

I scan the placid moon, whose ever changing sphere
Sheds forth her silv'ry beams to cheer the night,
And in her wax and wane divides the hast'ning year,
As time rolls onward in its rapid flight.

I now behold the fiery meteor, sparkling clear
As in its rapid flight it hurries on,
But its bright form is only seen to disappear,
And in a moment is for ever gone.

When streamers bright o'erspread the northern sky,
And in their merry dance dart thro' the air,
Their fleeting forms I can with rapt'rous pleasure eye,
For they abroad their Maker's power declare.

How very wonderful God's mighty works appear,
When o'er the universe our eyes we cast ;
With holy rev'rence, then, we should Him love and fear,
Who sees the future as He knows the past.

1855.



THE RAVAGES OF TIME.

WHEN first we meet Time on the rough road o' life
 We are young, hardy, blithe, stoot, an' hale,
 Oor spirits are licht, but his cuffs are sae rife
 That we soon grow auld, doited, an' frail.

For auld, restless Time, wi' his rough, rivin' han',
 Wastes 'maist a' things as he's passin' by;
 Great changes he mak's baith on sea an' on lan',
 An' whiles alters the face o' the sky.

He's e'en ta'en my ain native biggin' awa',
 An' the auld tree that grew on the green;
 He's coupit the yaird dyke, an' left nocht ava'
 For tae tell whaur they ever had been.

O' sweet youthfu' pleasures I noo am bereft,
 For wi' Time they ha'e a' fled awa';
 An' aught o' my ance raven locks he has left,
 Is noo bleach'd 'maist as white as the snaw.

Tho' ance I had frien's and companions enew,
 He has frae me them a' maistly ta'en,
 An', wae's me, o' baith I ha'e noo unco few,
 An' my faither an' mither are gane.

An' bonnie young Jessie, the flow'r o' the glen,
 Wha affection wi' me ever shar'd,
 An' vow'd that for ever she wud be my ain,
 He has laid low noo in the kirkyaird.

But tho' Time aroun' me deep shadows has cast,
 Yet fond mem'ry, wi' een bricht an' clear,
 Looks back thro' the gloom on sweet scenes that are past,
 An' on those that I lovèd most dear.

But why e'er repine at our lot whilk is sent,
 Ilka thing is appointed tae man,
 Tho' changes aft come, let us aye be content,
 An' just bear a' as weel as we can.



A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

ONCE had joy and prospects clear,
 With happy children, blithe and gay,
 Who on life's road me oft did cheer,
 But now, alas! they're all away.

Like tender flowers, nipt in their bloom
 By some fell worm or bitter blast,
 They, one by one, dropt in the tomb,
 And my lov'd Janet was the last.

Alas! no more will her fond smile
 At early morning meet mine eyes,
 Nor will her song the hours beguile,
 When stars are twinkling in the skies.

No more will my sad heart rejoice
 When time shall round the seasons bring,
 For silent now is her sweet voice,
 That swelled the music of the spring.

No more, when summer's sunny hours
Spread joy o'er mountain, wood, and lea,
And birds sing in the leafy bow'rs,
Will they give pleasure unto me.

But in dull autumn's with'ring gloom,
Whene'er I see a falling leaf,
'Twill mind me of her in the tomb,
And raise anew the springs of grief.

But why should I grieve or repine
For her who from me's ta'en away?
I might have known she was not mine,
But only lent me for a day.


And tho' our sweet with sour's combin'd,
And oft dark clouds obscure our sun,
We should be thankful and resign'd,
And humbly say, "God's will be done."

But who can stem affection's tears,
When friend from friend by death is riv'n,
Although strong faith the sad heart cheers,
With hopes they'll meet again in heav'n?

Then for my Jess I'll grieve no more,
Nor will a sigh burst from my heart,
I'll meet her on that happy shore,
Where we again will never part.



SPRING'S WELCOME.

 OO Bonnie Spring has come again,
 But wi' a tearfu' e'e,
 She views the desolations wrought
 On mountain, wud, an' lea.

She, wi' a mild but clouded face,
 Bids winter slide awa',
 Wi' a' his blusterin' bitter win's,
 An' storms o' sleet an' snaw.

She tak's the snawdrap in her care,
 An' waukens up the bees,
 An' noo begins to clead anew
 Wi' buds the leafless trees.

A' nature joys tae see her come,
 An' ilka birdie sings,
 While puddocks, tae complete the glee,
 Come croakin' frae the springs.

The sleepy hedgehogs an' the bats
 Noo try their very best
 Tae open up their drowsie een,
 An' hail her wi' the rest.

The modest primrose on the bank,
 The gowans on the lea,
 An' bonnie dishalagow flow'rs
 Their silent welcome gi'e.

Ev'n bairns, new on the road o' life,
 Ere they can speak or gang,
 Crawl tae the door tae welcome her,
 An' skirl a kind o' sang.

Baith auld an' young, birds, beasts, an' a',
 An' fish in loch an' burn,
 Rejoice tae see her smiling face,
 An' welcome her return.



THE BEAUTIES OF EVENING.

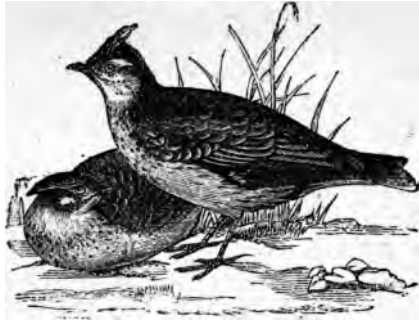
WHEN day is sliding quietly into night
 In summer, oh how lovely and serene
 Sweet nature looks, amidst the fading light,
 As darkness steals o'er each surrounding scene !

The fleecy clouds, in gold and purple dye,
 Which they have borrow'd from the setting sun,
 In splendour rest upon the azure sky,
 Tho' shades of night around them are begun.

A pleasant stillness rests on hill and plain,
 And nature's lovely music fleets along
 On airy wings, the skylark's evening strain,
 The streamlet's murmur, and the thrush's song.

Oh ! how delightful now to walk abroad,
 When deep'ning shadows dim the wand'ring eyes,
 And view around the wondrous works of God,
 Display'd so richly over earth and skies.





ADDRESS TO THE LAVEROCK.

TRAIL, lovely herald o' the spring,
Wha meet'st the morn wi' dewy wing,
Mount high in air and loodly sing
Your anthem sweet ;
Till echoes frae the hills do ring,
Your voice to meet.

Your music doth the farmer cheer,
When sawing baith his corn an' bere,
An' ere that he begins tae shear
His weel-fill'd grain ;
You mount aloft tae let him hear
Your fareweel strain.

When youngsters gether on the lea,
Tae pu' the flow'rs and chase the bee,
Wi' nimble feet an' fu' o' glee,
They skip along ;
Their youthfu' hearts are cheer'd by thee
Wi' thy sweet sang.

You cheer the youthfu' maiden bride,
When wand'ring by the burnie's side,
Watching its onward flowing tide,
 That canna rest ;
Like troubles dark, that lurking hide
 Within the breast.

Some sorrows in the heart may lie
Conceal'd frae ilka mortal eye,
That a' your sweetest notes defy
 Tae chase awa' ;
But noo an' then a bitter sigh,
 They forth may draw.

The youthfu' lover in despair,
For slighted love that grieves him sair,
By some braw lassie blithe an' fair,
 That him disdains ;
Ye little warbler, ye may spare,
 Your sweetest strains.

Your music can bring nae relief
To him that's burden'd sair wi' grief,
For melancholy, like a thief,
 Steals joys awa',
And owre the mind o' nature's chief
 A veil does draw.

Like thee, in each succeeding year,
Our lot with patience we shou'd bear,
Whatever course we ha'e to steer,
 Thro' joy or grief ;
Our suff'ring friends aye try to cheer,
 And gi'e relief .

Tho with adversity we've striv'n,
 When by the storms of trouble driv'n,
 If dark despair's black clouds are riv'n,
 By hope's bright rays ;
 Our souls, like thee, should rise to heav'n,
 Our God to praise.

Man, in this wilderness below,
 'Midst floods of sorrow and of woe,
 Whate'er his station, high or low,
 In hoose or tent,
 Shou'd, like thee, let his praises flow,
 An' be content.

April, 1855.

SPRING.

THE surly winter's noo awa',
 Spring's drouthy win's begin to blaw,
 An' farmers ha'e begun tae saw
 Their pickle corn,
 In hopes it will be rank an' braw
 When it is shorn.

The laverock hails the youthfu' spring,
 The wuds wi' songsters blithely ring,
 The peesweep's up an' on the wing
 At early day,
 While in the air the hawk does hing
 Tae watch for prey.

The lazy mist floats on the breeze,
 The palmy saughs attract the bees,
 An' cushie doos, among the trees,
 Are heard tae mourn,
 While trouts are loupin' at the flees
 In loch an' burn.

The primrose keeks frae 'neath the rock,
 Aff tae the muirs the plovers flock,
 The maukins thro' the rashes jouk,
 Tae seek a den,
 While 'mang the bent the heathercock
 Cries tae his hen.

The sportive lambs dance on the hill,
 The whaups are heard baith lood an' shrill,
 The shepherd's tryin' a' his skill,
 Amang the rocks,
 Tae ferret oot, an' try tae kill
 The wily fox.

Ilk thing in nature's unco braw,
 An' ilk obeys its Maker's law,
 The ragin' sea, the driftin' snaw,
 The win' an' rain,
 A' birds an' beasts, an' flow'rs that blaw
 On hill or plain.


But man, wha was tae be their chief,
 A rebel is, through unbelief,
 An' doom'd tae sorrows, woe, an' grief,
 An' cares, an' toils,
 His constant bent is on mischief,
 Ap' wars, an' broils.

O, may God's grace descend like dew,
 An' our vile hearts again renew,
 An' bring His favour full in view
 Before our face,
 An' make us able tae pursue
 A heav'nward race.

18th May, 1855.



GOWD CANNA G'È HAPPINESS.

 NE'ER hād much siller, an' far less o' care,
 O' health an' contentment I've aye ha'en my share,
 But tho' o' this warl's gear I never was rife,
 I somehoo or ither ha'e gotten a wife.

She's no a great dandy, but looks weel eneugh,
 An' tho' she's wee boukit, may wear geyan teugh,
 But ought mair aboot her I'm no gaun tae tell,
 Nae farther, than she had nae mair than mysel'.

For a' that, I like her, and she's fond o' me,
 Sae we are as happy as happy can be,
 We're no like a heap o' the folk in the warl',
 For love bides atween us, an' ne'er lets us quarrel.

There's lots o' the blockheads wha marry for gear,
 Ha'e aften tae pay for their folly gey dear,
 For peace an' contentment ne'er bides in their ha',
 An' comfort ne'er keeks ben their hallan' ava'.

Their pleasure tak's legbail, an' rins like a thief,
 For tho' they get warl's gear, they get as much grief,
 A bodie wad think that they're geyan weel serv'd,
 An' pity for them wad be unco ill waur'd.

There's ither puir mortals, wha dree oot their life,
 Just scrapin' for siller, an' ne'er tak' a wife,
 An' a' the hale time are sair rackèd wi' care,
 Tae haud what they've gotten, an' hoo they'll get mair.

For gowd the puir wretches a' pleasure dae sell,
 Dae nae guid tae ithers, an' less tae themsel',
 An' for a' the hoardin' an' care they ha'e ta'en,
 There's no ane laments them when ance they are gane.

There should be some monuments rais'd tae sic knaves,
 Wi' this motto on them, an' plac'd at their graves,
 "Look, here lies the banes o' some fools wha, thro' greed,
 In life had nae pleasure, but noo they are dead."



DINNA MARRY FOR SILLER.

HA'E an unco nice bit wife,
 About her I am fain ;
 There's no anither roon' about,
 I think, as guid's my ain.

Ye'll say she aiblins siller had,
 But I say she had not.
 For a' that, she's as guid a wife
 As e'er I cou'd ha'e got.

Ye'll say she maybe bonnie is,
 An' gangs aye unco gran' ;
 She just has duds like ither folk,
 An' looks as weel's she can.

Some marry for the sake o' gear,
 An' think it is the best ;
 We married for pure love, us twa—
 We've wrought for a' the rest.

We little had atween us twa,
 But what we had's been bless'd ;
 An' ony bite we've gi'en awa'
 We never yet ha'e miss'd.

We're aye content, an' ither likes,
 An' ha'e a guid wheen weans ;
 Tho' we had faught tae bring them up,
 We're noo paid for oor pains.

Noo dinna marry just for gear,
 But keep this aye in mind,—
 Tae tak' ane something like yoursel'—
 Ane sober, blithe, an' kind.

An' never heed tho' ither folk
 Get wives far better dress'd ;
 Ye may be happier than them a'—
 Yours may turn oot the best.

Gey aften they wha gaudy gang,
 An' o' gear may be rife,
 May ha'e aboot them something wrang,
 An' mak' a gey puir wife.

Gran' claes may into tatters turn,
 An siller soon be spent ;
 An' they wha marry for the twa
 Will no be lang content.

1855.



TO A SNOWDROP.

HAIL, bonnie flower, ye tidings bring,
 That gentle, mild, returning spring
 Will soon invite the birds tae sing,
 In merry glee ;
 An' blithely flit on wanton wing,
 Frae tree tae tree.

Tho' cauld an' frosty win's do blaw,
 Wi' bitter blasts o' sleet an' snaw,
 An' hail an' rain, in torrents fa',
 Your tender form
 Springs up an' blooms fu' fresh an' braw,
 Amidst the storm.

When beauty frae the fields is fled,
 The sun nae genial warmth does shed,
 An' ither flowers lie as if dead,
 Till winter's gane ;
 Ye lift your modest snaw-white head,
 An' bloom your lane.

An' tho' wild storms around ye war,
 As if they would your beauty mar,
 Yet ye shine like a bonnie star,
 Our hearts tae cheer ;
 An' like guid tidings frae afar,
 Ye're welcome here.

How aft like thee some maidens fair,
 And men of worth and genius rare,
 Grow up 'midst poverty an' care,
 An' friendless gloom ;
 But tho' hard fortune press them sair,
 Yet still they bloom.

An' mony a young aspiring heart,
 To science, lit'rature, an' art,
 Has aft to bear the bitter smart
 O' cauld neglect ;
 An' yet some nobly act their part,
 An' gain respect.

Bloom on, you bonnie, bashfu' flower,
 Within your cauld an' snawy bower,
 An' tho' dark gloomy clouds noo lour
 Aboon your head ;
 Ye yet may ha'e a sunny hour,
 Before you fade.



THE PATRIOT'S ADDRESS.

LET a' wha lo'e their freedom weel,
 Their country, laws an' a' that,
 Owre vile corruption's rubbish speel
 An' tyrants dare for a' that.
 For a' that an' a' that,
 An' honest be an' a' that ;
 An' aye disdain their han's tae stain
 Wi' gifts an' bribes an' a' that.

A' upright men ha'e honour bricht,
 Are patriots true an' a' that—
 Stan' for the richt 'gainst fraud an' micht,
 Yet Lib'ral are for a' that,
 For a' that an' a' that—
 Hate threats, an' bribes an' a' that ;
 An' winna flinch their post an inch,
 For dukes, an' lords an' a' that.

But selfish knaves are servile slaves,
 Wha bow tae bribes an' a' that ;
 When ocht's tae gain, they've conscience nane ;
 Vile Pelf's their god an' a' that,
 For a' that an' a' that—
 They'd sell their soul for a' that ;
 They'll cringe an' sink at big men's wink,
 An' kiss their taes an' a' that.

A' wealthy loons wha promise boons,
 An' favours big an' a' that,
 Tae them wha help up freedom's foes,
 Shou'd be condemn'd for a' that ;
 For a' that an' a' that—
 Be held tae scorn for a' that,
 Tae let them see, men just an' free,
 Can censure them for a' that.

An' a' wha vote tae please their laird,
 Be't Tory, Whig, or a' that,
 Ha'e for their country nae regard,
 They're traitors base for a' that,
 For a' that an' a' that—
 Are cowards mean for a' that,
 Aye in a fricht tae use their richt,
 An' act as men an' a' that.



THE LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

NOW nature's songsters in both wood and glen
 Sing blithely their sweet songs 'midst leafy bowers ;
 And little sportive lambs on hill and plain,
 In merry glee, dance 'mong the blooming flowers.

The sparkling sunbeams on the streamlet's breast
Betray its wand'rings through the meadows green
While fields, and woods, and mountains seem at rest,
And add more beauty to the lovely scene.

What pleasure can I take in this sweet scene
When wand'ring melancholy all alone?
Tho' nature seems enrapt in peace serene
I'm sad, and grieve for my fond lover gone.

In freedom's cause he's gone from me afar,
O'er tempest-troubled sea's dark rolling waves,
To join true heroes in the strife of war,
Who seek a laurel or brave warrior's grave.

But I am lonely, left to weep and sigh,
With bleeding heart I'll for my lover mourn;
Alas! he on the battle-field may die,
And never more back to my arms return.

Ah! cruel tyrant, whose ambitious pride
Impels thy blood-stained hands to deeds unjust,
Soon shall stern retribution o'er thee ride,
And crush thy pride and power down to the dust.

Brave Britons, dauntless 'midst war's bloody waves,
With freemen's arms will strike the deadly blow,
And headlong hurl to dust your abject slaves,
And lay your pride and your ambition low.

September, 1855.



S E L F.

SELF is the mighty moving spring,
 Alike in peasant and in king,
 Through a' their life ;
 A sordid passion o' the soul,
 That has o'er man the maist control,
 Except his wife.

Vast numbers o' the human race
 Rin hard tae grasp in firm embrace
 The idol pelf ;
 The gowden image they adore,
 But yet they ha'e one idol more,
 And that is self.

Self blinds a man tae ither's woes,
 Ambitious self mak's neighbours foes,
 As wars do prove ;
 Proud saucy self, in rich and great,
 Despising puir folk, genders hate
 Instead o' love.

A' truly honest men, though few,
 Look down on sic a selfish crew
 Wi' sad disdain,
 Vex'd that the noble human race
 Their nature can sae sair debase
 For love o' gain.

But search a' roun' as weel's ye can,
 Whaur will ye fin' an upright man ?
 'Tis awfu' rare ;
 But ye may fin' an antrin creature
 Resemblin' ane in face and stature,
 But naething mair.

A FATHER'S ADDRESS.

E'en those wha distribute our laws
 Can ne'er divide them without flaws,
 For a' their lair ;
 For they shove puir folk in the ditch,
 But gi'e o' favour tae the rich
 Mair than their share.

But why need I on ithers tell,
 When o' their fau'ts I ha'e mysel'
 A muckle share ;
 But yet I try as weel's I can
 Tae dae what's right wi' ilka man,
 But naething mair.



A FATHER'S ADDRESS.

FLIZA and your sisters three,
 To each and all my love I send ;
 Tho' now far, far beyond the sea,
 I'm still your father and your friend.


Believe me, I am always fond
 To hear you're hale, and doing well ;
 For distance can't break friendship's bond,
 Nor time dissolve affection's spell.

And tho' we are now far apart,
 Fond mem'ry oft does bring you near,
 And with emotions fills my heart
 That oft send forth a sigh and tear.

Each child of Adam at their birth
 A certain lot have to them giv'n ;
 Our lot has been to part on earth,—
 God grant we all may meet in heav'n.

In that bright land where joy, and peace,
 And purest love will ever reign,
 Affections more and more increase,
 And friends will never part again.

 THE EXILE.

 STRANGER in a foreign land,
 Stood wistfully upon the strand,
 And thought upon his home,
 Unmindful of the tempest's roar,
 Or billows wild that lashed the shore,
 In curling wreaths of foam.

Tho' nature's aspect was sublime,
 And loud and grand her wildest hymn,
 It pierced not eye nor ear ;
 He was so much absorbed in thought,
 The foaming waves he heeded not,
 And tempest did not hear.

But quick as light his mem'ry flies
 Beyond where seas embrace the skies,
 To scenes of youthful years ;
 And where his lov'd relations dwell,
 While in his breast emotions swell,
 And fill his eyes with tears.

His native hills, streams, lakes, and glens,
 The cheerful woods, and flowery plains
 Come all before his view ;
 Scenes where in youth he oft did stray
 With friends, and young companions gay,
 Pass'd by in full review.

His heart in ecstasies of joy,
 Leapt from the man back to the boy,
 When life was free from care ;
 And when unfetter'd he could roam
 Around his own lov'd native home,
 And in its freedom share.

Those mental scenes so clear and bright,
 Gave him both sorrow and delight
 As there he stood, until
 The spell was broke that had him bound,
 And then he heaved a sigh and found
 He was a stranger still.



FRAGMENT.

TRUE friendship and love's tend'rest ties,
 Which bind affection round the heart,
 Make in the breast emotions rise,
 When friends awhile from friends must part.
 Associations make us fond
 At home, and with dear friends to dwell,
 But distance will not break the bond
 Of Friendship when we say farewell.





THE CHEERFULNESS OF SPRING.

WHEN spring dispels the dreary gloom
Of winter, and wakes up the flowers,
On hill and plain, again to bloom,
And cleads with buds the leafless bowers.

The springs of life burst forth anew,
And animation like a flood
Flows through sweet nature, to renew
Her charms on mountain, vale, and wood.

The sparkling sun then climbs the sky,
And sheds abroad his genial beams ;
Sweet flowers spring up of every dye,
And all in nature joyful seems.

The woods resound with songs of love,
Breath'd from the tender cheerful breasts
Of warbling chor'sters of the grove,
While watching o'er their little nests.


And concerts sweet, on hills and plains,
 Both rich, enchanting, and sublime,
 Are echoed back from rocks and glens,
 And swell the universal hymn.

Then is the time that nature cheers
 The heart, whene'er we walk abroad,
 For beauty everywhere appears
 In all the wond'rous works of God.

Oh, let me 'midst such music grand,
 Enraptur'd, view with ravish'd eye
 The works of an Almighty Hand,
 Display'd on earth, on sea, and sky.



THE TRIBUTE.

 SCOTLAND my dear native hame,
 Thy praise has aften been my theme,
 But noo, alas, I sairly grieve,
 That I thy bonnie braes maun leave ;
 Hoo can I leave a land sae fair,
 That aiblins I may see nae mair,
 An' a' the frien's I lo'e sae dear,
 Withoot the tribute o' a tear.

Sweet is the land that gie's us birth,
 There's no anither place on earth,
 Whate'er its beauty or its fame,
 Can be compar'd tae oor ain hame ;
 There, social ties sweet joys impart,
 An' strong affections bind the heart ;
 But break those bonds, ah, how severe,
 'Twill force the tribute o' a tear.

What heart can bear the bitter shock,
 When friendship's tend'rest ties are broke,
 An' in the breast emotions swell
 At that last parting word, farewell ;
 Amidst the pent up floods o' grief,
 The bleeding heart aye seeks relief,
 When burden'd mair than it can bear,
 An' gie's the tribute o' a tear.

Sweet Scotland, when I'm far awa',
 I'll mind thy hills an' glens sae braw,
 An' aft I'll come on fancy's wing,
 Tae see thee in the cheerfu' spring;
 Then a' thy wuds, an' lakes, an' streams,
 An' heights, an' howes, like fairy dreams,
 Will be spread out in mem'ry clear,
 An' bring the tribute o' a tear.



TO THE MAVIS.

MAIL, lovely warbler o' the grove,
 Awake your cheerfu' sang,
 Till rocks an' glens fling back your notes,
 In echoes loud an' lang.

How sweet, when on the tapmost twig
 O' some auld tree or thorn,
 Ye sing your cheery sang o' love,
 Tae welcome in the morn.

Soft swelling floods o' music sweet,
Spring frae your voice sae clear,
In flowing streams o' lovely strains,
That charm the ravish'd ear.

Oft in life's dawn ere cares arise,
The heart's fond hope tae blight,
Ye cheer youth in their flow'ry path,
An' fill them with delight.

In manhood's noon, when simmer smiles,
An' joy tae a' imparts,
Ye then enliven leafy bow'rs,
An' cheer young lovers' hearts.

Ev'n when life's sun is sliding doon,
O'er cast wi' clouds o' grief,
Your bonnie sang breaks thro' the gloom,
An' gi'es the heart relief.

Oh, sweet enchanter o' the grove,
Your sang I like tae hear,
It brings tae mind sweet days gane by,
Your welcome notes sae clear.

Then raise your bonnie warblin' voice
In notes baith rich an' rare,
Tae cheer alang life's rugged road,
Those press'd wi' love or care.



THE MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

ALAS, my child, tho' smiling spring
Has burst thro' dreary winter's gloom,
To bid the little warblers sing,
And lovely flowers rise up and bloom,
On mountain, valley, wood, and lea,
Yet she has brought no joy to thee.

Disease, like to a canker worm,
That blights sweet flowers of richest dyes,
Has crept within your tender form,
And pal'd your cheeks, and dim'd your eyes,
That once were of a heavenly blue,
And sparkling clear as morning dew.

Alas, no more will genial spring,
Revive your fading form so weak,
Nor will the sunny summer bring,
The glow of health back to your cheek,
For now life's crimson stream runs slow,
And soon, alas ! will cease to flow.

Oh, thou art like a tender flower,
That early to the morn was spread,
And bloom'd in beauty for an hour,
Was blighted and began to fade,
And long before night veil'd the sun,
Its little race on earth was run.

None but a mother e'er can know,
The pangs that rend the bleeding heart,
Nor yet the sharpness of her woe,
Who with an only child must part,
When death cuts off hope's latest ray,
And life's bright prospects fade away.

But why be backward to resign
 To God the child He me hath giv'n,
 Why at His providence repine,
 When He is calling her to heav'n,
 Away from time's dark dreary gloom,
 To realms of everlasting bloom.



AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE
 UNEMPLOYED.

THE cry of distress sounds aloud in our ears,
 From thousands on thousands, in sighs and in tears,
 From want of employment, of clothes, and of bread,
 And all brought upon them by dulness of trade.

Sad, sad is the scene where in hunger and cold
 The mother and infant, the young and the old
 Are suff'ring in silence and pining away,
 While through their dark prospects hope sheds not a ray.

Oh, then 'tis our duty their hardships to share,
 And give them some money, or aught we can spare,
 And do as we'd wish to be done to by others,
 For all the world over men ought to be brothers.

Whenever we see a poor brother in need,
 Whatever his country, whatever his creed,
 We should sympathise with his hardships and grief,
 And do all we can to afford him relief.

Then pity the poor, and with both heart and hand
 Give something to help the distress'd in our land;
 And tho' your gift's small, it relief will afford,
 And you'll be rewarded,—you lend to the Lord.

MISS E. LOGAN'S FAREWELL.

TO home and scenes of youthful years
Affection binds with magic spell
The heart, and fills the eyes with tears,
When we must say to them farewell.

Associations of the past
Fond mem'ry brings again to view,
And doth a halo round them cast,
Which makes us weep a last adieu.

So sweet Hillend from you I part,—
Long, long my home, my lov'd retreat,—
But it is with a bleeding heart,
With tearful eyes, and sad regret.

I leave your woods, your streams, and lake,
While in my breast emotions swell
To think I must you all forsake,
And bid you now a long farewell.

Farewell ye woods, where oft in spring
My youthful heart did much rejoice
Whene'er I heard the warblers sing,
Or listen'd to the cuckoo's voice.

And thou sweet lake, where oft I've viewed,
Reflected on thy placid breast,
The image of both hill and wood,
As if asleep and at their rest.

Farewell ye flowing streamlets clear,
 Ye sloping banks and flow'ry braes,
 And farewell all acquaintance dear,
 Whom I have known for many days.

But tho' I far from you may roam,
 Yet time, or place, will ne'er dispel
 The mem'ries of my dearest home,
 Oh, no, then sweet Hillend farewell.



FRIDAY NICHT.

THERE'S something droll 'bout Friday night
 Whatever it may be ;
 For it's the ane that's maistly ta'en
 For weddin', ball, or spree.

When bachelors or beardless chiels
 Tak' thocht tae change their life,
 It's aften Friday nicht they tak'
 Tae gang an' seek a wife.

It has effect on lasses tae,
 For I ha'e aften seen
 Them that gaed dirty a' the week
 On Friday nicht were clean.

For meetin's some think Friday nicht
 Is better than the rest ;
 But I'm aye prood tae meet guid freens
 Whate'er nicht answers best.



A MORNING IN SPRING.

T WAS morn, and spring smil'd upon hill, wood, and plain,
 And the thrush sang aloud his melodious strain,
 That in echoes sweet rang thro' the woods ;
 The sun in his glory threw wide his bright beams,
 That spark'd and danc'd on the lakes and the streams,
 And bright shadows bath'd deep in the floods.
 The gold-tinted clouds seem'd asleep and at rest,
 While swallows skimm'd quick o'er the lake's placid breast,
 And the blackbird sang sweet in the glen ;
 On moorlands, the curlew and plovers did cry,
 And lightly, half-tumbling, the peeseweeps did fly,
 And the moorcock cried loud to his hen.
 Such, then, was the scene, when I stray'd forth to view
 The beauties of nature, and hear the cuckoo,
 For all things seem'd so joyous around ;
 The warblers in concert united their strains,
 The lambs danc'd and gambol'd on hills and on plains,
 And the flowers with bright dewdrops were crown'd.
 Oh, sweet is the pleasure to both eye and ear,
 When spring returns smiling our faint hearts to cheer,
 And to sweep off wild winter's dark gloom,
 And clothe in rich blossoms the shrubs and the trees,
 And wake all around the sweet song of the bees,
 And the sweet flowers to rise up and bloom.
 The peer and the peasant are equal in rights,
 To view spring's rich treasures and share the delights
 That she scatters thick o'er every spot ;
 Then tho' of this world's wealth some have a small share,
 Oh, ne'er let them murmur or pine on in care,
 But be always content with their lot.

The sun that throws over the earth his bright rays,
 The warblers in concert that chant their sweet lays,
 And the flowers that enamel the sod,
 Are all really gifts from our Father in heav'n
 That He to His poor sinful creatures has giv'n,
 For to cheer them on life's rugged road.

TO WILLIAM HOGG.

SHOU'D auld acquaintanceship be lost,
 For fau't o' never writing ;
 They that gi'e least trade to the post,
 Shou'd get a doonricht flyting.

Man, Willie, lay your brains asteep,
 An' no allow your muse tae sleep,
 But try her waukin aye tae keep,
 Wi' some guid verse,
 An' on auld Scotland praises heap,
 Till ye grow hearse.

Cast aff yer duds tae breeks an' sark,
 An' lay yer shouther tae the wark,
 An' toil on hard, frae dawn tae dark,
 An' try tae roose
 Again tae flames the ootgaun spark,
 O' Scottish muse.

I ken fu' weel, if ye've the will,
 That ye ha'e baith the art an' skill,
 Tae picture oot baith howe an' hill,
 An' bush an' brake ;
 The rugged glen, an' wimplin' rill,
 Or sparklin' lake.

Or heroes on the battle-field,
 That ne'er tae tyranny wad yield,
 Wha wi' gleg swords that they cou'd wield,
 A' fetters broke ;
 An' foes tae freedom fell or reel'd
 At ilka stroke.

Or o' some lovers young an' fain,
 Wha meet thegither in the glen,
 When no ae ane on earth does ken
 That they are there ;
 An' hours wi' ither blithely spen',
 Quite free frae care.

I had amaist forgot tae tell
 That ye maun mind the Scotch blue bell,
 But ye ken weel enough yersel'
 O' nits an' slaes,
 An' hoo auld Scotland does excel
 In hamespun claes.

Some kintra south has made a blaw,
 That Scotland has nae bards ava',
 But she has poets mair than twa
 Weel kent tae fame ;
 That's aiblins no much waur than a'
 That she can claim ;

But never heed what ithers claim,
 Auld Scotland's praise maun be your theme,
 Aye try tae keep her weel-earn'd fame
 Frae gaun tae wreck ;
 An' mind, ye will be sair tae blame,
 If ye neglect.

TO WILLIE (HOGG).

If I cou'd help you wi' my pen,
 I willingly a haun wad len',
 But I'm deficient far, I ken,
 An' nicht mis-spell ;
 Ye will then far mair honour gain
 Tae do't yersel'.

Then tune yer lyre tae some sweet strain,
 An' do't wi' a' your nicht an' main,
 An' my auld heart ye will mak' fain,
 My honest friend.
 An' noo, your servant, I remain,
 D. T. Hillend.

 TO WILLIE (HOGG.)

MAN, Willie, ye nicht lift your pen,
 An' twa three lines tae Davie sen',
 Just hoo ye are, tae let him ken,
 An' keep his auld heart cheerie.

I mak' nae doot, but ye've your share
 O' warl's hard wark, forbye its care,
 But yet ye nicht ae half hour spare,
 Tae write twa lines tae Davie.

An', Willie, frien', I will agree,
 If ye sen' twa three lines tae me,
 Tae sen' as mony back tae thee ;
 What offer cou'd be fairer ?

Then write when ye've a blink o' time,
 Whate'er ye like, be't prose or rhyme,
 Just onything will answer prime,
 A wee thing pleases Davie.

TO WILLIAM HOGG.

DEAR SIR, your letter I received,
 An' it I quickly read,
 An' when I saw that ye were weel,
 Vow, man, but I was gled.

I really thocht that ye were ill,
 Or that ye'd ta'en the tod,
 Or some daft notion ta'en your head,
 An' ye were ga'en abroad.

But noo I see that a' my fears
 Ha'e been a lot o' stuff;
 For ye are weel an' aye at hame,
 An' havena ta'en the huff.

I had nae thocht but ye wad write,
 Altho' it micht be lang;
 For bodies in a dealin' way
 Are aften unco thrang.

The lines ye sent are really guid,
 An' muckle did amuse me,
 I therefore am, Dear Sir, weel pleas'd,
 An' fifty times excuse ye.

 RAB'S BOOSE.

RAB had foregether'd wi' a frien'
 That lang before he hadna seen,
 Wha like himsel' was unco keen
 Tae ha'e a fill
 O' langsyne cracks, twa oors at e'en,
 Oot owre a gill.

They sat an' gill'd an' gill'd awa',
 An' stories tell'd, an' sang an' a',
 Till sleep their winkers baith let fa',
 An' they play'd nod,
 But when cockleerie 'rose tae craw,
 They took the road.

Rab's road seem'd shorter than 'twas wide,
 For he play'd stoit frae side tae side,
 Wi' mony a wimple, jink, an' stride,
 He push'd along,
 An' 'tween his hiccups aften tried
 Tae lilt a sang.

He wasna blin', but jimp could see,
 Among the mists o' barley bree,
 But thocht a bird up on a tree,
 Cried, Rab, hoo, hoo,
 Ye're aff the straught, upon the spree,
 An' clatty fu'.

Quo' Rab, My lad, let me alane,
 Or else I'll hit ye wi' a stane,
 'Twas nane o' yours that I ha'e ta'en,
 I'm sure o' that,
 An' the same road I've aften gane,
 Sae haud yer chat.

It said nae mair till he was bye,
 An' then he thocht he heard it cry—
 Ye senseless, drucken sot, fy, fy,
 Ye micht think shame,
 Ye're waur than grumphy in the sty,
 Gae hame, gae hame.

Rab o' his temper lost comman',
 An' made a kind o' stauch'rin' stan',
 Quo' he, I've thol'd as lang's I can,
 I'll turn an' fell't ;
 But then he thocht if he was fa'n',
 'Twad blab an' tell't.

An' what it said, he thocht, was true,
 For neither cuddy, horse, nor coo,
 Nor yet an honest, sonsy soo,
 Or ither beast,
 Wad tak' strong drink tae mak' them fu',
 Like him, at least.

But Rab's determin'd noo tae try
 Tae drink just water when he's dry,
 Tae keep the birds frae cryin', fy,
 Man Rab, think shame,
 An' his puir wife frae mony a sigh,
 An' him at hame.

Strong barley bree aye fires the bluid,
 An' does mair ill than it does guid,
 But barley scones are noble food,
 Baith sweet an' saft,
 On whilk ilk ane may chew their cud,
 Withoot gaun daft.

But noo tae speak the naked truth,
 O' them that's muckle fash'd wi' drooth,
 Be't woman, lassock, man, or youth,
 I really think
 They'd rob o' meat their very mooth
 For love o' drink.



TO JOHN BULL.

(WRITTEN DURING THE WAR BETWEEN DENMARK AND
PRUSSIA.)



WAESUCKS, John Bull, you've grown doited at
last,

Your pluck and your courage are things o' the past,
There's nane o' your forefather's bluid in your veins,
Or else lang ere this you'd be helpin' the Danes.

Man' John, you're noo laugh'd at for a' your big name,
An' losing gey fast baith your honour an' fame,
But really you're cheap o't, an' mair for your pains,
In being sae backward in helpin' the Danes.

The mock German princes that we wad ca' lairds,
Wi' names an' wi' titles that's measured by yairds,
Ha'e daur'd you tae meddle, for fear o' your banes,
An' laugh you tae scorn, while they plunder the Danes.

Like Adam, langsyne, by his wife, Eve, befool'd,
There's vast lots o' men that by women are snool'd,
Sae, Johnny, I'm fear'd you ha'e some o' sic stains,
Or Germans wad ne'er ha'e got robbin' the Danes.

But if you've the breeks yet, an' really are free,
You don't want the pow'r, baith on lan' an' on sea,
Tae sen' the invaders tae delve in their yairds,
An' free the puir Danes frae sic like German lairds.

Come rouse up, you dotard, an' rub up your een,
An' put forth your han' tae assist your auld frien',
For tyrants will ne'er care a snuff for your word,
Till ance they hear't tirl frae the point o' your sword.

