



## SUMMER.

**A**S time wi' its rapacious greed,  
On hours, days, weeks, an' months does feed,  
An' slides awa' wi' unco speed,  
But mak's nae din,  
Does noo at length fu' canny lead  
Sweet simmer in.

Her bonnie days, sae warm an' clear,  
The heart o' ilka thing does cheer,  
The wuds an' fields sae fresh appear  
In colours bricht,  
That melancholy in a fear  
Hides oot o' sicht.

How pleasant on a simmer day  
Tae dauner on the sunny brae,  
An' hear the laverock's warblin' lay  
A' roon' aboot,  
An' see the lochs their walth display  
O' loupin' trout.

The distant hills appear in view,  
Like rising clouds o' greyish blue,  
Braw bloomin' flow'rs o' ilka hue  
Aroond are seen,  
A' shining clear wi' sparklin' dew  
Alang the green.

On flow'ry braes an' gowan lea  
 Is heard the humming, busy bee,  
 Along the dykes the swallows flee  
     On rapid wings,  
 While on the bonnie hawthorn tree  
     The mavis sings.

The curling reek speels tae the sky,  
 The screichin' craws in flocks flee bye,  
 The cuckoo's loud an' welcome cry  
     Rings thro' the woods,  
 While sleeping shadows calmly lie  
     In placid floods.

Sweet nature, wi' a bounteous han',  
 Flings walth an' beauty owre the lan',  
 An' learns her warblin' vocal ban'  
     Tae sing sae clear,  
 That mak's ilk ane in raptures stan'  
     Tae look an' hear.

But soon will simmer's bonnie bloom  
 Be lost in autumn's with'ring gloom,  
 For fleeting time's resistless doom  
     Sen's her awa',  
 That the niest season may ha'e room,  
     Tho' no sae braw.

But while she's here an' may be seen,  
 Frae early morn till late at e'en,  
 We shou'd employ our dazlin' een  
     Tae look abroad,  
 An' view in wuds an' flowery green  
     The works of God.




The wee'st flower frae earth that springs,  
 The flourish on the tree that hings,  
 The butterflee wi' painted wings,  
     An' midges grey,  
 Are drest in brawer robes than kings  
     Cou'd e'er display.

In simmer, winter, day, or nicht,  
 As time rows roon' in rapid flicht,  
 If we wad look when we ha'e licht,  
     On hill or shaw,  
 New wonders wad aye meet oor sicht,  
     For nature's braw.

—♦—

M A R I O N .

 COME, bonnie Marion, wi' me tae the green bank,  
 Whaur murmurs the burnie, an' bonnie flow'rs blaw,  
 Whaur nature spreads oot a' her charms 'mang the sun-  
 beams,

An' birdies sing blithely tae wile time awa'.

The saft balmy breezes, wi' rich fragrance loaded,  
 Sigh sweetly 'mang bushes a' blossom'd sae fair,  
 An' join in the concert o' nature's sweet music,  
 That gi'es the heart pleasure an' drives awa' care.


Then come, bonnie Marion, an' taste o' the pleasure,  
 That nature's gay beauties sae freely impart;  
 When love's fondest hopes, amang scenes sae enchantin',  
 In wreaths o' affection entwines roon' the heart.

Tho' I cou'd get a' the great wealth o' the Indies,  
 Yet a' that vast treasure nae pleasure cou'd gi'e,  
 But I wad be happy 'mang nature's wild grandeur,  
 An' weel, weel content, tho' I'd naething but thee.

—♦—



### TO THE CUCKOO.

 WELCOME to our shores again,  
Sweet bird that tells the summer's near,  
Your cheerful voice in wood and glen  
The hearts of old and young doth cheer,  
With hopes that many a sunny day  
Will light them on life's rugged way.

How strange, your song of notes so few  
Should o'er the mind such magic cast,  
As wakes in memory anew,  
Associations of the past,  
Which oft give careworn minds relief,  
But sometimes fill the heart with grief.

For mem'ry can look thro' the gloom  
 Of bygone years that long have fled,  
 And see again the youthful bloom  
 Of many slumb'ring with the dead,  
 Who with us often did rejoice  
 To hear your welcome well-known voice.  
 O happy bird, were I like thee,  
 Exempt from life's storms, griefs, and toils,  
 Thro' sunny climes I'd wander free,  
 And revel aye 'midst summer's smiles,  
 To cank'ring cares I'd bid adieu,  
 And sing to discontent, Cuckoo.



## TO THE SUN.

**G**REAT orb of day, whose flood of light,  
 Sweeps off the dreary gloom of night,  
 When from the eastern skies  
 You shed abroad your glorious beams,  
 On mountains, valleys, lakes, and streams,  
 When sparkling up you rise.  
 Your influence on earth began  
 Before that it was known to man ;  
 And still your lovely sphere  
 Sustains all things with heat and light,  
 Divides the cheerful day from night,  
 And measures out the year.  
 Since God first launch'd you into space,  
 And bade you onward run your race,  
 As ruler of the day,  
 You've seen man's innocence and fall,  
 His banishment and his recall,  
 His bloom and his decay.

You've seen man shed his brother's blood,  
The world for sin drown'd with a flood ;  
    And you have seen, beside,  
The ruthless storm of bloody war  
Spread desolation wide and far,  
    Thro' man's ambitious pride.

You've seen your Maker and your God  
In pity leave His bless'd abode,  
    The mansions of the sky,  
The great wine-press of wrath to tread  
For sinful men, and in their stead  
    To suffer, bleed, and die.

And you have seen the captive's fears,  
The widow's grief, the orphan's tears,  
    And tyrants bearing sway ;  
Death sweeping off both great and small,  
Great cities rise, and kingdoms fall,  
    And empires pass away.

But thou art still as bright and fair  
As when the new-formed happy pair,  
    In midst of blooming flow'rs,  
Were fondly locked in other's arms,  
Admiring one another's charms,  
    In Eden's peaceful bow'rs.

Time has not dimn'd your native light,  
Nor marr'd your sweet beams in their flight ;  
    But as in ages past,  
You now all things on earth do cheer,  
And will in each succeeding year,  
    While time and nature last.



## THE CLOSING DAY.

**A**T e'ening, when my wark is done,  
 I am aye unco fain  
 Tae dauner oot tae hear the burn  
 Gaun murmurin' thro' the glen.

The waster sun then gilds the clouds  
 Wi' gowden fringes gay,  
 An' bonny scented closing flow'rs  
 Bid fareweel tae the day.

A kind o' gloom hings in the howes,  
 But hills look clear an' bricht,  
 An' shadows noo fast lengthen oot  
 At the approach o' nicht.

The hame-gaun wearied busy bees  
 Flee bye on bummin' wings,  
 An' doon within the hazel bank  
 The cheerie mavis sings.

The wee bit bairns noo toddle hame  
 Wi' faces blithe an' gay,  
 Frae wadin' holes, an' puin' flow'rs,  
 Or rowin' on the brae.

But noo they are sae wearied grown,  
 That they can scarcely creep,  
 An' gin they get their parritch ta'en,  
 They'll a' be soond asleep.

It's heartsome aye tae see the bairns,  
A' playin' roond sae fine,  
It minds ane hoo they did theirsel',  
When they were young langsyne.

Fond mem'ry paints past scenes anew,  
Tae whilk the heart inclines,  
An' when she brings them tae the view,  
A halo roond them shines.

But bonnie simmer soon gangs by,  
Altho' its warm an' braw,  
Sae youthfu' joys last but a blink,  
An' then they fade awa'.

Bricht hopes, like pleasant fairy dreams,  
The youthfu' heart do cheer,  
Till wreck'd by disappointment's blast,  
They quickly disappear.

But tho' the sparklin' morning sun  
May be o'ercast ere noon,  
He may slip oot frae 'hint the clouds,  
An' shine ere he gaes doon.

Sae tho' dark clouds o' grief an' care  
May whiles enshroud the mind,  
Life's e'ening sun may set serene,  
An' leave bricht rays behind.





THE LANDSCAPE ;  
OR, A VIEW IN SUMMER.

**W**HEN cheerful summer smiles on hill and plain,  
I love to wander on some rising ground,  
Above the mountain stream and bushy glen,  
And quietly view the scenery around.

Now all the beauties of both sea and land,  
Of woods and flow'rs, of rivers, lakes, and sky,  
Are blended nicely in one picture grand,  
That charms and captivates the ravish'd eye.

The fleecy clouds on gentle breezes ride,  
And 'twixt the sun and earth oft intervene,  
Their fleeting shadows cross the mountain's side,  
Which beautify and variegate the scene.

How pleasant now to hear o'er hill and plain,  
In sounds enchanting, and in notes so rare,  
The lovely warbling lark's soft flowing strain,  
While soaring 'midst bright sunbeams high in air.

The rugged hills in wild confusion grand,  
O'erspread with hardy heath, and bush, and brake,  
Come rolling onward, till they frowning stand  
In frightful precipices o'er the lake.

Whose lovely azure tide, in clear expanse,  
Reflects surrounding scenes in light and shade,  
Like pleasant fairy worlds seen in a trance,  
That ne'er were made for mortal feet to tread.

And far away, beyond where hills divide,  
Is seen clear shining in the sun's bright rays,  
The mighty ocean spreading far and wide,  
Till lost in distance in a misty haze.

There hardy seamen bend the quiv'ring sails,  
With light and cheerful hearts, and willing hands,  
And make all ready for the passing gales,  
Which waft them homeward, or to foreign lands.

How grand to see, tho' in the distance far,  
Our country's guardians and our country's pride,  
Those noble messengers of peace or war,  
At rest or gliding o'er the swelling tide.

But looking nearer still on fields so green,  
Where summer lavishly her charms displays,  
Amidst the softest beauty may be seen  
The wrecks and monuments of former days.

The time-worn ruin'd castle, ivy-bound,  
Above the waving wood with aspect grey,  
Rears up its crumbling head, and looks around  
On fields and cottages all smiling gay.

And here upon this height a fog-clad cairn  
And rude stone pillar rear their heads to tell,  
That here some noble patriots bold and stern  
Fought for their country, and for freedom fell.

And down in yonder solitary spot,  
Beside a gurgling spring's bright sparkling wave,  
Is seen the lovely flower forget-me-not,  
In youthful bloom, upon a martyr's grave.

Around their lowly beds the heath still blooms,  
And on their resting-place doth fragrance shed,  
While noble thistles wave beside their tombs,  
And guard the ashes of the honour'd dead.

Now let me view the valley far and near,  
Thro' which the winding stream pours down its tide,  
Where waving fields of corn and woods appear,  
And lordly mansions rise in lofty pride.

See yon majestic pile, with turrets high,  
'Midst lofty spreading trees and fields so fair,  
Could happiness be found beneath the sky,  
The mind would say that it is surely there.

But no, 'tis not within rich sculptur'd walls  
That peace and happiness on earth we find,  
Nor yet in pompous show 'midst gilded halls,  
But in the lowly and contented mind.

Oh, let me ne'er envy the rich and great,  
Tho' I have but an humble homely cot,  
In nature's charms I have a rich estate,  
Then let me be contented with my lot.





### ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

**N**OW Summer folds sweet Nature in her arms,  
And smiles upon her face with sunbeams bright,  
While Nature, pleas'd, displays her fairest charms,  
And everything seems joyous with delight.

The trees with blossoms rich and foliage hing,  
And flowers are dress'd in robes of every dye,  
In concert sweet the little warblers sing,  
Whilst lakes reflect the azure of the sky.

Such, then, is Nature's aspect while I stand,  
Edina, on your Castle's rocky height,  
And view your spires and monuments so grand,  
With gorgeous fabrics steep'd in sunbeams bright.

Oh, what a splendid scene before me lies,  
Of hills, and dales, and edifices fair,  
Of fields and woods, where smiling villas rise,  
And sea and land combine in beauty rare.

But yet, one object fills me with surprise,  
Some lofty pillars shining in the sun,  
Which tell your magnates, tho' both rich and wise,  
Have failed to finish what they've long begun.



A noble structure, of proportions fair,  
If only finished, would be yet your pride,  
But as it is, a castle in the air,  
To mar your beauty, and your wealth deride.

Oh, what a pity, if it always stand,  
 Like some gaunt spectre, on so grand a site,  
 Are there no wealthy patriots in the land?  
 Ev'n I, tho' poor, would contribute my mite

To forward on a noble work of art,  
 (That all the world might see, and would admire),  
 And show that Scotchmen can act well their part,  
 In everything to which they do aspire.



## WILD FLOWERS.

SOON as the laverock leaves its nest  
 Among the waving corn,  
 And sings exhausted nicht to rest,  
 And wakes the morn.

Then a' the sparklin' orbs o' nicht  
 Grow dim an' fade away,  
 The bats an' howlets cease their flicht,  
 And hide frae day.

The plovers wail, an' peeseweeps cry,  
 An' mount on soughin' wings,  
 An' while the sun speels up the sky,  
 The mavis sings.

Wild flowers o' every dye an' shade  
 Fling fragrance on the breeze,  
 An' with their beauty sunward spread,  
 Nod to the bees.

Sweet emblems of the human race,  
 Their life is but a span,  
 But in their beauty we may trace  
 God's love to man.

Amidst the wilds we would have mourn'd  
 In this dark world of ours,  
 If God had not them so adorned  
 With lovely flowers.

Then let us view those gems so bright  
 Which deck the grassy sod,  
 An' prize them high with great delight  
 As gifts from God.



## TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

WISH you muckle joy, guid frien',  
 O' your wee tender flow'r;  
 May He that tae you it has gi'en,  
 Protect it by His power.

An' biel't frae a' the storms o' life,  
 An' ilka fatal blight,  
 An' mak' it tae yoursel' an' wife,  
 A blessing an' delight.



## A P.S. TO A LETTER.

TK letter that I get frae thee  
 Mak's my auld heart fu' fain;  
 Sae dinna then be unco lang  
 Until you write again.



## TRUE LOVE.

**W**HEN e'en flings her shades owre the wudlandsan'lea,  
 An' clouds are gowd-ting'd in the west,  
 I like tae steal oot wi' my Maggie a wee,  
 Tae banks that wi' wild flow'rs are drest.

How pleasant tae watch the clear burn's restless tide,  
 Like time slipping noiselessly by,  
 While love an' affection invite us tae bide  
 Till stars blink oot bricht in the sky.

Affection that waukens the laverock at morn,  
 Tae sing owre her nest on the lea ;  
 An' love bauns, like woodbine entwining the thorn,  
 Unite my sweet Maggie an' me.

When love twines the wreaths o' affection around  
 Twa hearts that wi' ither are fain,  
 What pity if garlands sae tenderly bound  
 Shou'd be riv'n asunder again.

Awa' wi' the love that for gear tak's its rise,  
 Contentment frae it never springs ;  
 A serpent aye lurks 'neath the gay glitt'ring prize,  
 An' aften the gowd hunter stings.

O, pity the wretch that for gowd has a thirst,  
 His happiness lasts but a day ;  
 But love that begins wi' affection at first  
 Has pleasures that never decay.





## TO A VERY LEAN COW.

**F**UIR beast, reduc'd tae skin an' bane,  
 Sae weak, ye scarce can gang your lane,  
 Just tremblin' on your feet ;  
 Your cruel owner's sair tae blame,  
 For it is baith a sin an' shame  
 Tae pinch ye sae o' meat.

Ye wad ha'e been a braw snod coo,  
 If your wame had been keepit fu',  
 An' tented aye wi' care,  
 But o' your food ye've been bereft,  
 Till naething o' ye noo is left,  
 Except banes, skin, an' hair.


O, really, I am wae tae see  
 Your gleg an' hunger-sharpen'd e'e  
 Turn roon', when ye cry moo ;  
 As if imploringly tae say,  
 O gi'e me just ae bite o' strae,  
 An' save a starvin' coo.

Nae tender heart e'er fill'd their breast,  
 An' they've been void o' sense at least,  
 Wha's been sae ill tae thee,  
 Tae let ye sae in hunger pine,  
 Till tae a skeleton ye dwine,  
 An' likely soon will dee.

Shame on the cruel senseless crew,  
 That ill use cuddie, horse, or coo,  
 Aye, whether man or woman ;  
 Wha starve dum' brutes for want o' meat,  
 Or strike them sair wi' han's an' feet,  
 Can hardly be ca'd human.



## TO MRS. ROBSON.

 WELCOME, sweet Maggie, to bonnie Hillen',  
 Far up in the moorlands, where few folk ye ken,  
 But tho' come 'mang strangers, ye've naething tae fear,  
 While ye ha'e your Robert your young heart to cheer.

For he is noo plighted wi' you aye to share  
 His love an' affection, his joy an' his care,  
 As lang as the least spark o' life does remain,  
 An' mak' ye aye welcome at bonnie Hillen'.

To cheer ye, the bonnie, mild, sweet, smiling spring,  
 In richest profusion, the wild flow'rs will bring ;  
 While blackbird, an' mavis, an' robin, an' wren,  
 Will sing ye a welcome to bonnie Hillen'.

The larks will pour doon their sweet sangs frae the sky,  
 An' peeseweeps an' plovers, as they're fleeing by,  
 Alang wi' the wild ducks, an' bonnie moorhen,  
 Will cry that ye're welcome to bonnie Hillen'.


A' nature rejoices when heart joins wi' heart,  
 In honest endeavours to act weel their part ;  
 An' a' really right-hearted women an' men  
 Will say ye are welcome to bonnie Hillen'.

Then welcome, sweet Maggie, to bonnie Hillen',  
 Far up in the moorlands where few folk ye ken ;  
 Tho' come amang strangers ye've naething to fear,  
 As lang's your ain Robert your young heart does cheer.



## HILLEND.

(THE AUTHOR'S HOME FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS.)

HO' nature spreads her sweetest charms,  
 Beside the flowing tide,  
 An' in the spreading valleys green,  
 Whar whimplin' burnies glide.

An' tho' she in a richer bloom  
 Is seen in wud an' glen,  
 Yet she has walth o' beauty wild  
 She flings aroon' Hillen'.

Yes, on Hillen' and Braco braes  
 Are mony pleasant spots,  
 When simmer spreads her flow'ry robes  
 A' owre the hills o' Shotts.

The heather bell an' thistle green  
 Grow up in all their pride,  
 An' violets blue an' gowans white  
 Are blooming side by side.

Here ane can beek in sunbeams bright,  
 Or 'mang the brakens stray,  
 An' hear a' roon' the hummin' bees,  
 An' laverock's warblin' lay.

An' here, hill, lake, an' moss, an' muir,  
 A' mingle in the scene,  
 While nature, in a grandeur wild,  
 O'er ilk an' a' does reign.

Ev'n when the sun slides oot o' sicht,  
Ayont the muckle Bin,  
An' on the moon flings back his licht,  
Heigh up aboon Drumfin.

When Forrest hills are growin' dim  
In gloom o' fadin' day,  
An' blinkin' stars begin tae rise  
Far east owre Auchingray.


The Reservo' lies clear and calm,  
Unruffled by the breeze,  
An' Braco reek speels tae the sky,  
Aboon the auld ash trees,

When flow'rs do fauld their beauties up  
In midst o' fa'in' dew,  
Tae rest till ance the cheerfu' morn  
Bids them spread oot anew.

An' when day's lost in gloom o' nicht,  
There's beauty even then  
In the deep shades an' peacefu' calm  
That hovers roon' Hillen'.



## MY EVENING WALK.

 LOVE to wander by some streamlet clear,  
 When summer, with sweet flow'rs, its banks has  
 dress'd,  
 And lengthened shadows all around appear,  
 While ling'ring sunbeams hover in the west.


When woods and glens around so sweetly ring,  
 With quiv'ring echoes as they fleet away,  
 While in the leafy bow'rs sweet warblers sing  
 Their farewell anthems to departing day.

How sweet to view the lovely scenes around,  
 And scan the beauties of gay flow'rs and trees,  
 To hear the rapid streamlet's murmuring sound,  
 And softer sighings of the balmy breeze.

With heart content and from ambition free,  
 I love to wander in this quiet retreat,  
 Where more real beauty all around I see  
 Than all the empty glare of pomp and state.



## MY BONNIE MARY.

 OO simmer decks wi' flowers the lea,  
 An' roon' them hums the busy bee  
 But nature has nae charms for me,  
 When absent frae my Mary.  
 Come, then, to the bushy glen,  
 At a time when nane will ken;  
 For tae meet ye I am fain,  
 My bonnie Mary.

The trees wi' snaw-white blossoms hing,  
 Sweet warblin' birds fu' blithely sing,  
 Amang the rocks the echoes ring  
 Wi' music sweet to cheer thee.

Come, then, to the bushy glen,  
 At a time when nane will ken ;  
 I wad like your heart tae gain,  
 My bonnie Mary.

The wimplin' burn comes rowin' doon  
 Wi' quiv'rin' waves an' murm'rin' soon',  
 Braw flow'rs are bloomin' a' aroon',  
 Sweet emblems o' my Mary.

Come, then, to the bushy glen,  
 At a time when nane will ken ;  
 O, gin ye were but my ain,  
 My bonnie Mary.

Our hours wad fleet by like a stream,  
 While baskin' in love's sunny beam,  
 Our cares wad vanish like a dream,  
 An' we wad be fu' cheerie.


Come, then, to the bushy glen,  
 At a time when nane will ken ;  
 Love for thee I'll aye retain,  
 My bonnie Mary.

Ambition wi' its tow'rin' head,  
 An' av'rice wi' its hungry greed,  
 For me, on glitt'rin' gowd may feed,  
 If I had but my Mary.

Come, then, to the bushy glen,  
 At a time when nane will ken ;  
 Your true lover I'll remain,  
 My bonnie Mary.



## ELEGY TO SUMMER.


 OW is the time to view the works of God,  
 When Summer comes with sunbeams in her train,  
 And strews with sparkling gems the grassy sod,  
 And spreads her flow'ry robes o'er hill an' plain,  
     In colours bright,  
     Blue, red, and white,  
 With other lovely shades and dyes,  
     Both rich and rare,  
     All wondrous fair,  
 Which captivate the dazzling eyes.

Soft breezes, burden'd with the breath of flow'rs,  
     Bring music sweet upon their scented wings,  
 From mountain, field, and flood, and leafy bow'rs,  
     Where songsters warble, and the cuckoo sings ;  
     With notes most clear,  
     Which tidings bear,  
 That now the springs of life do flow,  
     In gushing streams,  
     While sunny beams  
 Cheer every living thing below.

Oh, how enchanting, lovely, and how grand  
     Is nature's aspect in the sun's bright rays,  
 And how melodious is her vocal band  
     When all are join'd in one sweet hymn of praise ;  
     While echoing woods  
     And murm'ring floods  
 Each contribute their precious mite  
     To swell the song  
     That floats along,  
 And gives the heart supreme delight.

Oft ha'e my early steps to meet the morn  
 Brush'd pearly dewdrops from the daisy's breast,  
 Awak'd the music of the wild bee's horn,  
 And rous'd the skylark from her flow'ry nest,  
     To mount and sing,  
     On quiv'ring wing,  
 Far up in air, her sweetest lay,  
     While with her eyes  
     She scann'd the skies,  
 And hail'd the rising orb of day.

What signifies the mimic works of art,  
 Or wealth's vain dazzle, and pride's richest dress,  
 They cannot joy or happiness impart,  
 Nor with the beautiful the mind impress,  
     Like blooming flow'rs,  
     Or leafy bow'rs,  
 So mild and pleasant, rich and grand,  
     All lovely fair,  
     Beyond compare,  
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Let purblind mortals wade to thrones through blood,  
 Or grovel in the dust to swell their gains,  
 Such have no pleasure in the cheerful wood,  
 And see no beauty in the flow'ry plains ;  
     But yet to me,  
     Flow'r, bird, and tree,  
 Give far more joy than riches bring ;  
     When in the woods,  
     Or by the floods,  
 I'm happier far than any king.





## TO THE LOVERS OF NATURE.

**G**ET up an' be daun'rin', as sune as the day peeps  
 Frae'neath the last faulds o' nicht's mantle o' gloom,  
 An' listen the sang o' the whaups an' the peeseweeps,  
 An' look on the bonnie wee flow'rs a' in bloom ;  
     When dewdrops o' morning,  
     Ilk grass blade adorning,  
 Like gems sparkle bricht in the sun's infant rays,  
     While wee birds are singin',  
     'Mang white blossoms hingin',  
 An' laverocks are shooring doon torrents o' lays.  
 An' when day's orb speels tae the tap o' the blue arch,  
 An' pours doon on nature great gushes o' beams,  
 Then watch hoo the minnins, the troots an' the green perch,  
 Kick up their droll capers in lochs an' in streams ;  
     While fragrance o' wild flow'rs,  
     An' sweet scent o' brier bow'rs,  
 Come floating alang on the wings o' the breeze,  
     An' blackbirds an' thrushes,  
     An' cuckoos an' cushies,  
 Are mixing their sangs wi' the hum o' the bees.  
 But noo is the time that ilk ane should be roamin',  
     Tae view nature's beauties on plain, howe, or heicht,  
 Ere nicht hurkles doon at the back o' the gloamin',  
 An' hides a' the bonnie wee flow'rs oot o' sicht ;  
     For lovely is nature,  
     In every feature,  
 When day's orb slides doon owre the western skies,  
     An' flings back his bricht rays  
     On hills, wuds, an' green braes,  
 An' clouds show their gowd tints, an' flow'rs their rich dyes.





THE FALLS OF CLYDE.

WHAUR nature stubborn rocks has riv'n,  
Tae let sweet Clyde rin through,  
An' crowns the crags wi' spreading trees,  
How bonnie is the view.

How grand tae see the silv'ry tide,  
Wi' loud an' deaf'ning din,  
Come rowin' doon in sheets o' foam,  
Oot owre the Corra Lin.

Enchanting beauties, rich an' rare,  
Are here spread oot in spring,  
When flow'rs lift up their heads tae bloom,  
An' blithesome birdies sing.

An' when that smiling simmer steeps  
Ilk place in sunbeams bright,  
Clyde's sparkling waves an' shady banks  
Gi'es ilka ane delight.

When autumn's with'ring breath appears  
On fading flow'rs an' wuds,  
Here beauty's seen in their last tints,  
As weel's in foaming floods.

Ev'n when cauld winter, howling wild,  
Wi' snaw cleads howe an' hill,  
The hoary trees an' icebound waves  
Ha'e beauty in them still.

Clyde, an' Strathclyde, are fam'd afar  
For trade, and lordly ha's,  
An' for rich beauty a' throughoot,  
But mair sae at the fa's.



## SIMMER'S RETURN.

**B**RAW flow'rs noo are bloomin',  
 Wi' bees 'roon' them hummin',  
 An' lambs dance fu' blithely on hill an' on plain,  
 While wuds are a' ringin'  
 Wi' wee birdies singin',  
 For joy that sweet simmer has come back again.  
  
 On life's brae sae briery,  
 Sae roughsome an' dreary,  
 O' thorns noo or thrissles there seem tae be nane,  
 For a' the deep traces  
 O' care on folk's faces  
 Are fled since bricht simmer has come back again.  
  
 Wee bairnies are rowin'  
 Whar wild flow'rs are growin',  
 An' some try tae rin that can scarce gang their lane,  
 While ithers are loupin',  
 Or heels-owre-head coupin',  
 Quite happy that simmer has come back again.  
  
 Ev'n those whase diseases  
 The cauld eastern breezes  
 Screw up tae a pitch, mak's them hirple an' grane,  
 Ha'e hopes noo far brichter,  
 An' limp on far lichter,  
 Wi' ease since warm simmer has come back again.  
  
 It then maun be folly  
 Tae think melancholy  
 Maun aye bear the rule, an' owre a' bodies reign,  
 For there are vast treasures  
 O' sunshiny pleasures  
 Tae ilk ane when simmer has come back again.



## A MORNING SOLILOQUY.

**N**OW yon pale star, the harbinger of day,  
Which oft I've view'd with wonder and delight,  
Is fading quickly from my sight away,  
Its less'ning rays dissolving 'midst the light.

For infant morn has crept from shades of night,  
And day's bright orb is coming into view,  
While countless blooming flowers, in colours bright,  
Are bath'd in tears of sparkling pearly dew.

In bushy glen is heard the murm'ring stream,  
The rising mist o'er distant hills is spread,  
While in the calm clear lake, bright shadows seem  
To slumber quietly in their wat'ry bed.

The skylark high in air sings sweet and clear,  
The warbling thrush sings on the flow'ring thorn,  
Their notes with rapture fill the ravish'd ear,  
And add more beauty to the summer's morn.

Oh, 'how enchanting is this lovely scene  
Of mountains, valleys, rivers, woods, and streams,  
All richly blended, 'midst a peace serene,  
Where everything in nature joyful seems.

For now the sun his genial beams expand,  
Undimm'd by time, or stain'd by lapse of years,  
Diffusing life and light o'er sea and land,  
And with his heat the heart of nature cheers.

I here in nature's wondrous temple stand,  
 Where beauteous tracery all around me rise,  
 The rugged hills compose its pillars grand,  
 The flow'ry sod its floor, the roof the skies.

With joy transported, I can now survey  
 Each varied insect, plant, and little flow'r,  
 They bright as sunbeams to my mind convey  
 God's wisdom, goodness, and Almighty pow'r.

O Eden, what wert thou, before sin left  
 Upon thy blooming bow'rs its blights and stains,  
 And the young world of loveliness bereft,  
 When yet so much magnificence remains !



WILLIE GORDON'S ADDRESS,  
 AT A FISHING CLUB DINNER, AIRDRIE.

**M**Y fishing cronies, ane an' a',  
 Wha like tae throw a line,  
 Come, let me shake ye by the han'  
 For auld langsyne.  
     For auld langsyne, my frien's,  
     For auld langsyne,  
     We've landed mony a sony troot  
     Since auld langsyne.

When I was but a wee, wee chap,  
 I weel enough hae min',  
 I fish'd for minnins wi' a preen,  
 An' sewing thread for line.  
     An' sewing thread for line, my frien's,  
     An' sewing thread for line,  
     An' just a saugh wan' for a gaud,  
     An' thocht that it did fine.

An' mony a time wi' rod an' creel  
I've dauner'd oot sin syne,  
Tae skim the flees on loch an' burn,  
When simmer days were fine.  
    When simmer days were fine, my frien's,  
    When simmer days were fine,  
    An' happy been wi' mony a frien',  
    Since the days o' langsyne.

An' tho' I'm noo baith auld an' stiff,  
An' far in life's decline,  
I yet will cheat the finny tribes,  
As I ha'e dane langsyne.  
    As I ha'e dane langsyne, my frien's,  
    As I ha'e dane langsyne,  
    For I like weel tae fill my creel,  
    An' on a troot tae dine.

But when I'm dead, an' in the mools,  
Ye'll tak' this rod o' mine,  
An' stick it straught up at my head,  
An' it will answer fine.  
    An' it will answer fine, my frien's,  
    An' it will answer fine,  
    Tae let folk see whaur Willie sleeps,  
    An' keep him lang in min'.

An' noo, my fishing billies a',  
Anew let us combine  
Tae fish accordin' tae the law,  
An' ne'er frae it decline.  
    An' ne'er frae it decline, my frien's,  
    An' ne'er frae it decline,  
    Oor character is yet fu' braw,  
    An' it we mauna tine.

---

## THE VOICE OF FLOWERS.

**B**AR in a dreary desert wild,  
 A flow'r, sweet nature's lonely child,  
 In form and colour rare,  
 Once met a downcast wand'rer's eyes  
 And made his drooping spirits rise,  
 And kept him from despair.

He view'd with wonder and delight  
 The little lovely gem so bright  
 In nature's richest dye,  
 And thought the same Almighty hand  
 That raised it 'midst the barren land  
 Would all his wants supply.


If, in man's pilgrimage below,  
 He meets with hardships, want, and woe,  
 Yet in life's darkest hour  
 God can his drooping spirits cheer,  
 And dissipate his greatest fear,  
 Ev'n by a little flow'r.

Flowers have a voice, if man could hear,  
 That speaks to him in accents clear,  
 And says, God's everywhere,  
 He nourishes each tender plant,  
 And will supply your every want ;  
 Then why will you despair ?





## TO ROBERT TENNANT (GLASGOW).


 S when oor hearts the snawdrap cheers,  
 Near winter's end when it appears,  
 Tae tell 'mang storms o' sleet an' rain  
 That spring will sune be back again.

Or as when laverocks mount tae sing  
 Their welcome tae the infant spring ;  
 Oor hearts grow licht, an' we rejoice  
 Tae hear the cuckoo's welcome voice.

Sae your kind letter gi'ed me pleasure,  
 The same's I'd fund some lang-lost treasure,  
 Or met wi' some auld honour'd frien'  
 Wha lang before I hadna seen.

I whiles thocht ye had ta'en the tod,  
 Or that ye'd drappit aff the sod,  
 Or 'mang life's warplin' cares had trippit,  
 Or far oot owre the sea had shippit.

Your silence was sae unco lang,  
 But noo I see that I was wrang,  
 Your piece I read thrice owre at leisure,  
 An', man, it gi'ed me muckle pleasure.

The scene is real tho' far frae gran',  
 Yet's painted wi' a master han',  
 In a' details, an' what is better,  
 Is sterlin' truth tae the last letter.

Lang may the muse aroon' ye fling  
 Her favours thick, an' gar ye sing,  
 An' her bricht mantle o'er ye cast,  
 An' croon ye wi' a bay at last.

But my auld muse is lame and lazy,  
 I'm fear't she's grown a wee thocht crazy,  
 Sae I maun fling aside my pen,—  
 Yours truly, D. T. at Hillen'.



THE SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO A DYING  
 LARK.

**A**LAS! sweet bird, thy drooping head,  
 Thy closing eyes and heaving breast,  
 With quiv'ring wings far outward spread,  
 Tell that thou'lt soon be at thy rest,  
 Then all life's struggles will be o'er,  
 And thy sweet voice be heard no more.

Ah! lovely bird, no more thou'lt sing  
 Thy cheerful song in merry glee,  
 To welcome in the new-born spring,  
 Or to give rapt'rous joy to me,  
 For when I heard thy notes so clear,  
 I knew that sunny days were near.

When snowdrops rais'd their tender forms,  
 So mild 'midst bitter blasts severe,  
 I knew then that wild winter's storms  
 Would cease, and spring would soon appear;  
 But when I heard thy cheerful lay,  
 I knew that winter was away.

No more at morning's early dawn,  
 With dewy wings, thou'lt upward rise,  
 Above the flow'r-bespangl'd lawn,  
 And pour down music from the skies,  
 To give my list'ning ear delight,  
 While watching the first rays of light.

I'll miss thy joy-inspiring lay,  
 That often made my heart so fain,  
 At morning, noon, and close of day,  
 While wand'ring o'er field, hill, or plain ;  
 For when I heard thee high in air,  
 It cheer'd my heart and eas'd my care.

Oh, few will know or mourn thy fate,  
 Yet there is one that loves thee dear,  
 Who sees thee now with sad regret,  
 And sheds a sympathising tear,  
 And tho' thy life he cannot save,  
 He'll lay thee in a peaceful grave.

And when thou'rt number'd with the dead,  
 And laid within thy lonely tomb,  
 He'll plant a daisy at thy head,  
 That year by year will rise and bloom,  
 With sparkling dewdrops on its breast,  
 To mark thy peaceful bed of rest.

Ah ! life is like a tender flow'r,  
 That blooms at morn in colours gay,  
 But may be blighted in an hour,  
 And fade before the close of day,  
 Or like a cloud before the wind,  
 That flits and leaves no trace behind.



A VOICE FROM THE FIELD OF  
BANNOCKBURN.

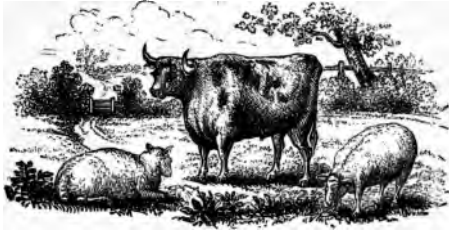
**B**RAVE SCOTSMEN! if you mean to rear,  
In mem'ry of your heroes dear,  
A pillar or a shrine ;  
Then raise it on some honour'd field,  
Where Scottish power made tyrants yield ;  
What field, then, is like mine ?

Brave Wallace stood in Scotland's cause,  
Fought for her liberties and laws ;  
And when his race was run,  
Here England's tyrant met defeat ;  
And here Bruce nobly did complete  
What Wallace had begun.

A pillar raise with lib'ral hand,  
In mem'ry of the noble band  
Who Scotland did defend ;  
And dealt on tyrants deadly blows,  
And strew'd the heath with slaughter'd foes,  
And independence gain'd.

And let your gratitude appear  
For liberties you hold so dear,  
And place in bold relief  
A statue of the man who gained  
Those liberties and them maintained,—  
Bruce, Scotland's king and chief.





### A SUMMER SCENE.

WHEN smiling summer had, o'er hills and plains,  
Spread out her flow'ry robes of varied dyes ;  
And cheerful warblers sang their sweetest strains,  
While fleecy clouds were floating o'er the skies ;

I, musing, wander'd by the mountain stream,  
Where, murm'ring o'er its peebly bed, it ran  
Its race, and passed, quick as a midnight dream,  
A fleeting shadow, or the life of man.

Its infant tide had wander'd from its home,  
The sparkling fountain 'midst the mountains high ;  
O'er rocks had fallen oft, till dashed to foam,  
And now in wild career it hurried by.

An old decaying oak and broken flow'r,  
Near to a crumbling tow'r of aspect gray,  
They emblems were, of human fame and power,  
Health, strength, and beauty,—for all pass away.

The sun in heav'n's blue arch shone high and bright,  
And flooded with his rays hills, woods, and streams;  
And filled the little warblers with delight,  
While sportive insects fluttered in his beams.

But soon upon his brilliant face a cloud  
Was spread, and in deep shades veil'd nature's bloom;  
While grumbling thunder raised its voice aloud,  
And quiv'ring lightnings rent the dreary gloom.

But, when the warring elements pass'd by,  
A peaceful, lovely rainbow did appear,  
In colours bright, and joined the earth to sky,  
Soothed trembling nature, and dispelled her fear.

Then fields refreshed appear'd, and birds again  
Resumed their lovely songs in woods and air,  
Till echoes rang, and o'er both hill and plain  
Sweet flowers displayed their beauties, rich and rare.


With eyes, delighted with a scene so fair,  
I view'd those lovely gems that deck'd the sod,  
So gay; and wond'ring asked who placed them there,  
A voice within me answered, It was God.

'Twas He who made the earth, the sea, and skies,  
And gave to lovely flowers their varied forms;  
Bade streams and rivers flow, and mountains rise;  
Commands the tempests, and who stills the storms.

He likewise formed the orbs that deck the sky,  
And shine so lovely o'er the field of space;  
All creatures on the earth, both low and high,  
And gave to each its mission and its place.



## TO A WOODLARK.

 GRAND is that sang, bonnie bird, ye are singin',  
 It rings thro' the woodlands, in echoes fu' sweet,  
 An' tells us a' cares frae yer bosom ye're flingin',  
 An' noo, wi' contentment, yer joy is complete.

For simmer has come wi' her rich flow'ry treasures,  
 Her saft balmy breezes, an' days bricht an' lang,  
 An' shoors on a' creatures real sunshiny pleasures,  
 Sae ye are quite happy, an' lilt a bit sang.


How lovely yer notes, O, how sweet an' enchantin',  
 They'd licht wi' a smile the dark face o' despair,  
 Sae joyfu' that naething in them is awantin',  
 Tae cheer up my dull heart, an' drive aff my care.

If I frae yer licht heart, a lesson could borrow,  
 I would be contented wherever I'd dwell,  
 An' ne'er fash my head wi' vain cares for to-morrow,  
 But let ilka day mind the things o' itsel'.

Sing on, bonnie bird, for ye ha'e a commission  
 Appointed to you by yer Maker an' God,  
 An' ye ha'e accomplish'd a pairt o' yer mission  
 In cheerin' a wand'rer on life's rugged road.



## EVENING.

 HE wearied summer sun has sunk to rest,  
 But his last ling'ring rays are still in sight  
 Above the gloomy mountains in the west,  
 That wilder look at the approach of night.

The closing flowers are wet with falling dew,  
The lark has ceas'd from her sweet warbling lay,  
And lovely scenes now vanish from the view,  
That lately look'd so charming, fresh, and gay.

Bright shadows hasten from the dark'ning lake,  
The balmy breeze has ceas'd, the leaves are still,  
No sound is heard except the landrail's craik,  
And the soft murmur of the mountain rill.

How soon does nature lose her lovely bloom,  
When once declining day's expiring light  
Is lost amidst the ev'ning's deep'ning gloom,  
And buried in the silent shades of night.

Tho' wrapt in sable robes sweet nature lies,  
If thro' the gloom we cast our eyes abroad,  
And view the sparkling stars that'deck the skies,  
We see new traces of Almighty God.

Those vast and countless orbs that float in space,  
Form'd and upheld by His Almighty hand,  
Have an appointed course to run their race,  
And silently obey His great command.

By night or day, where'er we cast our eyes,  
Above, below, on water, earth, or air,  
Ten thousand wonders do from each arise,  
And all alike His mighty pow'r declare.





## THE CHEERFULNESS O' SIMMER.

**W**HEN day's bricht orb speels up on high,  
 'Maist tae the keystone o' the sky,  
 In splendour brightly beamin',  
 An' on this rugged world o' ours,  
 On hills, an' dales, an' wuds, an' flow'rs,  
 His sparklin' rays are streamin' ;

Invited by the blackbird's lay,  
 How sweet in fields an' wuds tae stray  
 'Mang nature's flow'ry treasure ;  
 Tae hear the cuckoo's welcome cry,  
 An' see the swallows jinkin' by,  
 Which fills ane aye wi' pleasure.

Or, wand'rin' by the burnie's side,  
 Tae watch within its silv'ry tide  
 The flow'rs their shadows dippin' ;  
 While a' the time, in merry glee,  
 The little, busy, humble bee  
 Is frae them nectar sippin'.

How sweet tae hear within the grove,  
 The deep enamour'd cushie dove  
 His love tae his mate tellin' ;  
 While high upon some tender spray  
 The mavis sings his sweetest lay,  
 His notes tae echoes swellin'.

An' see the woodbine raise its head,  
 Wi' a' its beauty sunward spread,  
 An' round it fragrance flingin' :  
 While frae among the blossom'd trees,  
 The pleasant music o' the bees,  
 The balmy breeze is bringin'.

Tae a' the lovely warblers' lays,  
 The wee grasshoppers on the braes,  
     Their whirrin' sangs are addin',  
 Tae swell the universal strain  
 That sweetly sounds o'er hill and plain,  
     Puir mortal hearts tae gladden.  
 Sweet simmer's songsters, in their glee,  
 Gar sullen melancholy flee,  
     Their notes are sae beguillin' ;  
 An' aft the laverock's cheerfu' sang  
 Dings cankerin' care doon wi' a bang,  
     An' sends despair aff smilin'.

---

TO THE LAVEROCK.

**S**ONGSTER o' hill and plain,  
     Ye mak' my heart aye fain,  
 When that I hear thee at dawn o' the day,  
     Far abune fields an' wuds,  
     Heigh up among the cluds,  
 Singin' sae loodly your sweet warblin' lay.  
     When by the mountain stream,  
     Aft like a fairy dream,  
 Mem'ry paints yet sweet days, lang since gane by ;  
     When wi' companions dear,  
     In days baith warm and clear,  
 I pu'd the wild flowers, an' watch'd you on high.  
     But thae days are a' gane,  
     Noo I am left my lane,  
 Still I'm content 'midst adversity's blast.  
     An' aye when I hear thee,  
     Your sweet sang does cheer me,  
 An' fondly I think on the days that are past.

---

## TO FRANCIS COWAN (NEWARTHILL).

**M**AN has been doom'd tae grief an' pain,  
 An' toils, since ever Adam fell ;  
 An', I've nae doot, ye've ha'en yer share  
 O' ups an' doons as weel's mysel'.

The lot is cast into the lap,  
 An' maun be for some wise intent ;  
 Sae we shou'd jog alang life's road,  
 Be't rough or smooth, an' be content.

We aft may think oor lot is hard  
 When wi' slight troubles we are tried ;  
 Yet a' oor seemin' ills may rise  
 Frae vile ambition, greed, or pride.

The humble mind can hardships bear  
 That proud, high minds wad crush ootricht ;  
 But real content has nocht tae fear,  
 For it can mak' a' burdens licht.

Sae, while we journey on through life,  
 'Mang this warld's snares, its smiles, or frown,  
 Let patience ha'e her perfect wark,  
 An' faith an' love oor actions crown.



## FEAR NOCHT, AULD JOHN BULL.

(WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF THE VOLUNTEER AGITATION.)

**F**EAR nocht, auld John Bull, ye're a gey stuffy blade,  
 Ye're hardy and brave, an' ye're brawny,  
 What foe will ere dare your rough shore tae invade,  
 As lang's ye are backèd by Sawney.

For Sawney's a chap that ne'er kens tae retreat,  
An's no easy fear't wi' a trifle ;  
When he'd but a sword he was gey ill tae beat,  
But noo he'll be waur wi' his rifle.

Sae while you an' Sawney do join heart and han',  
An' stick up wi' shouter tae shouter,  
There's nae foreign loon dare set foot on your lan',  
As lang's ye ha'e rifles an' pouter.

United ye yet can defend your brow rose,  
As weel as the auld roughsome thistle,  
An' laugh in your sleeve at your lood-braggin' foes,  
An' needna regard them a whistle.

An' as for your frien' o' the Emerald Isle,  
Auld, warm-hearted, bold, blustering Barney,  
He'll fricht a' invaders awa' frae the soil,  
Wi' volleys o' thunderin' blarney.

Lang, lang may the shamrock, the thistle, and rose,  
Bloom bonnie an' never be blighted,  
An' lang may the three blades that guard them frae foes,  
Be friendly, and firmly united.





### NATURE'S CHARMS WHEN SUMMER SMILES.

**W**HEN summer smiles, she oft me wiles  
In fields an' woods to stray,  
To leafy bow'rs, or where sweet flow'rs  
Are blooming fresh and gay.

Or, to the streams, where sunny beams  
Are sparkling bright and clear,  
While, from the woods, sweet songs in floods  
Flow softly on my ear.

How lovely, sweet, oh, how complete  
Sweet nature now is seen,  
On hill and plain, in wood and glen,  
In her gay robes of green.

How grand the scenes, while summer reigns,  
When flow'rs of every dye  
Do meet the sight, in colours bright,  
And captivate the eye.

When on the breeze, the hum of bees  
Swells nature's cheerful hymn,  
Which flows from woods, hills, plains, and floods,  
In one grand song sublime.

How wondrous grand, sky, sea, and land  
In summer doth appear,  
When day's orb bright, pours down his light,  
And every thing does cheer.

Whoe'er delights, in lovely sights,  
Or what instruction yields,  
Views hills and plains, streams, lakes, and glens,  
Green woods and flowery fields.

How rich, how rare, how lovely fair  
Is every op'ning flow'r,  
Their colours gay, at once display  
God's wisdom and His pow'r.



THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE IN THE  
WILDERNESS.

LOVE in healthy wilds to roam,  
The moorfowl and the plover's home,  
Where blooming flow'rs of every hue,  
Of purple, yellow, red, and blue,  
Like sparkling gems, adorn the sod,  
All painted by the hand of God,  
Of lovely forms and richest dye,  
In splendour burst upon the eye.

Where, on the sighing, scented breeze,  
 Is borne the sound of humming bees,  
 As quick they journey on the wing,  
 Or round the opening flow'rets sing ;  
 And to make nature's choir complete,  
 The little sportive lambkins bleat,  
 While soaring larks, with voices clear,  
 Show'r floods of music on the ear.

How wild, magnificently grand,  
 Hills, valleys, lakes, and streams expand,  
 Both far and wide before the eyes,  
 Till blended with the distant skies.  
 In nature's universal book,  
 I wonders see where'er I look,  
 Each bird and beast, each plant and flow'r,  
 Reveal God's wisdom and His pow'r.

---

 TO THE HEATHER.

**G**EM of the wilderness, emblem of hardiness,  
 Wild may the storm howl, its wrath you can brave,  
 Rich in your crimson bloom, breathing a sweet perfume,  
 Over the martyr and patriot's grave.

Fringing the mountain side, spreading out far and wide,  
 Proudly you nod to the song of the bee,  
 Where tyrants ne'er dare tread, on your rich blooming head,  
 While your brave guardians are hardy and free.

Dear unto my bosom is your pretty blossom,  
 Splendid in colour, and rich in perfume,  
 Lovely in autumn's morn, hill and moor you adorn,  
 Lighting with beauty the wilderness' gloom.

---

## SUMMER'S MORN.

**H**OW pleasant is the summer's morn,  
 When flow'rs are blooming gay,  
 When little birds in concert join  
 To hail the coming day.

Thro' woods resounds the thrush's voice,  
 In notes both rich and rare,  
 While floods of song flow down to earth  
 From skylarks high in air.

How sweet to view the rising sun  
 Shed forth his beams so bright,  
 To give new charms to lovely scenes,  
 And chase away the night.

Then streams and lakes, like mirrors spread,  
 Reflect the azure sky,  
 While shadows bright of hills and woods  
 Deep in their waters lie.

How sweet the cuckoo's music sounds,  
 Although her notes are few,  
 How gay the op'ning flowers appear,  
 When wet with sparkling dew.

How pleasant is the fragrance sweet  
 That floats thro' air at morn,  
 And flows from woodbine's op'ning flowers  
 And snow-white blossom'd thorn.



Sweet nature smiles in youthful bloom,  
Mild, lovely, and serene,  
And fills the heart with fresh delight,  
And beautifies the scene.

How pleasant now to walk abroad  
And read in nature's book,  
For there God's mighty hand appears,  
Stamp'd on each leaf we look.

Hills, woods, and fields, yea, blooming flow'rs,  
Springs, lakes, and riv'lets clear,  
And all the little warbling throng,  
Proclaim that God is here.

Go forth then, Atheists, to the fields  
And cast your eyes abroad,  
Each flow'r will you condemn and say,  
Behold there is a God.



## HUMAN WISDOM.

SOME men think they are very wise,  
Yet trust in vanity and lies,  
And every good advice despise,  
So strong are their delusions.

They think that they have got new light,  
And that they must be in the right,  
While all besides are dark as night,  
So strange are their delusions ;

And that to heav'n they will advance,  
By taking heed to wild romance,  
Penn'd by some maniac in a trance  
Of horrid dark delusions.

They misconstrue God's holy word,  
And all its precepts disregard,  
As too old-fashion'd or absurd,  
Compar'd with their delusions.

But tho' great wisdom they pretend,  
Their prophecies in smoke will end,  
Then to the world it will be kenn'd  
How false were their delusions.

The false new light, with flick'ring ray,  
Before the old light must give way,  
For truth can bear the light of day  
Unaided by delusions.



## IMPROVE TIME.

**W**HILE on your journey through this world,  
 Upon life's rugged road,  
 Look on sweet nature as you pass,  
 And lift your heart to God.

And if you've any leisure time,  
 Improve it, if you can,  
 To benefit, if in your pow'r,  
 Your brother fellow-man.

## TO WILLIAM HOGG.

**D**EAR FRIEN', I'm at a loss tae ken  
 What ye ha'e noo done wi' yer pen,  
 For fient a scrape o't noo ye sen'  
 Me for tae tell,  
 Hoo wife an' bits o' weans a' fen',  
 As weel's yersel'.

If 'mang life's cares ye ha'ena trippit,  
 Nor aff this yird ha'e row'd or slippit,  
 Or in a huff awa' ha'e shippit  
 Oot owre the sea,  
 Ye in yer dreg o' ink nicht dip it,  
 An' write tae me.

An' I wad tak' it unco kin'  
 If ye'd do as ye did langsyne ;  
 When ye sent tae me mony a line  
 O' sense an' wit ;  
 For really I'd be laith tae tine  
 Yer frien'ship yet.

Fling by yer laziness a wee,  
 Some nicht when frae the wark ye're free,  
 An' scribble twa-three lines tae me,  
     As weel's ye can ;  
 An' the first time I meet wi' thee  
     I'll shake yer han'.

---

 TO WILLIAM HOGG.

**W**HEN surly, growlin' winter's fled,  
     An' spring, baith mild and fair,  
 Begins, wi' gentle, canny haun',  
     Sweet nature to repair ;

Then wee birds, lang baith mute an' wae,  
     Flit blythe the trees amang  
 An' see wi' joy her pleasant smile,  
     An' hail her wi' a sang.

The bashfu' primrose on the bank,  
     An' gowans on the lee,  
 Wi' heads scarce up aboon the yird,  
     Their silent welcome gi'e.

A' nature smiles tae see her come,  
     Field, mountain, loch, an' burn ;  
 An' hungry, ha'fins-wauken'd bees  
     Dae welcome her return.

Sae, as spring gi'es tae nature joy,  
     Your letter made me fain ;  
 I was sae glad, I ha'fins thocht  
     That I was young again.

Just as when years on years had fled,  
 Some auld an' honour'd frien'  
 Had steppit in, come frae abroad,  
 Wha lang I hadna seen.

Langsyne louns back oot o' the past,  
 When we our youth review;  
 When mem'ry houks auld stories up,  
 Our lives begin anew.

Your lines wi' care I lookit owre,  
 An' really they are clev'r;  
 Ye shou'd think muckle o' your muse,  
 For she's as guid as ev'r.

Your riddle tae is unco guid,  
 An' tho' it seems absurd,  
 It is a fact that's daily seen,  
 An' true in ev'ry word.

Lang may ye wag about the doors,  
 An' aye be keepit thrang;  
 But don't forget tae mak' at times  
 A poem, guess, or sang.

I wish ye weel, my honour'd frien',  
 Your wife, an' weans, an' a';  
 An' if I'm ever yont your way,  
 I'll come an' on ye ca'.

But I maun stop—my muse is lame,  
 I'm fear't she's ta'en the spavie;  
 I therefore noo, dear sir, remain,  
 Your humble servant, Davie.



## BE HONEST.

**B**E honest, an' tho' ye are grippit gey sair  
 Wi' hardships, as onward ye plod,  
 Ye will aye warsel thro', if ye dae what is fair,  
 An' can aye keep the croon o' the road ;  
 An' tho' ye are puir, never heed, don't repine  
 As lang as yer duds are yer ain,  
 For lots keep a heigh head, an' dress unco fine  
 Just by fraud, an' are rogues in the main.

Be honest, an' dae unto ithers as ye  
 Wad ha'e ith'rs tae dae unto you,  
 An' ne'er try tae cover yer fau'ts wi' a lee,  
 Or hidé oot o' sicht what is true ;  
 But speak truth and be just, then ye needna fear  
 Tae meet the auld chap face tae face ;  
 An' stan' up quite straught, afore prince, priest, or peer,  
 Withoot either shame or disgrace.

Be honest, an' tak' nocht but what is yer ain,  
 An' tak' not what's ithers an' a',  
 For what is ill gotten is never a' gain,  
 For it gets wings and soon flees awa'.  
 An' tho' oft' ye see knaves and villains thrive weel,  
 An' cheat folk as muckle's they can,  
 Don't covet their job, for they work for the deil,  
 But he's fear't for a real honest man.



ADDRESS FRAE MARK THE BARBER, TAE  
LUKE THE LABOURER.

In answer to a poem which appeared in the *Airdrie Advertiser* on an Ordination Dinner at Slamannan, dated from a Temperance Hotel in Glasgow, and signed "Luke the Labourer."

---

**M**AN, Luke, ye've made a won'rous roar,  
That soon's like ony cannon,  
About a meetin' that took place  
Shortsyne doon at Slamannan,

Whaur ministers an' decent men  
Met in the inn thegith'r,  
An' had a hearty frien'ly meal,  
An' crack wi' ane anith'r.

Ye'd gar folk think that ane an' a',  
The hale lot in a body,  
Had got themsel's mirac'lous fu'  
Wi' drinkin' wine an' toddy.

But aiblins, Luke, that very nicht  
(For ought that I can tell)  
They gaed a' sob'rer tae their beds  
Than what ye did yoursel'.

For temp'rance chaps aft like their drap,  
But lood against it cry  
An' like a' ither hypocrites,  
They tak' it on the sly.

It's easy kent that ilka ane  
 Wha has a wame and mooth,  
 Maun tak' a drink when they are dry,  
 Tae drive awa' their drooth.

An' Luke, my lad, ye brawly ken,  
 If ye wad like tae tell,  
 That ye tak' whiles a gey bit sook,  
 When ye are dry yoursel'.

We aften see oor neebour's fau'ts,  
 But dinna see oor ain ;  
 An' they wha ha'e the gleggest sicht,  
 Ha'e aft the blackest stain.

What fau't was't tho' the decent men  
 Gaed tae the inn tae dine,  
 An' after't had a social crack,  
 An' took a glass o' wine ?

A wee drap wine is no forbid  
 In frien'ship or distress,  
 If folk tak' jist what does them guid,  
 An' no gang tae excess.

I dinna like strong drink mysel',  
 But think they are tae blame  
 Wha backbite them that tak' a dreg,  
 An' try tae fyle their name.

NORTH FRAE TINTOCK,  
*30th July, 1856.*







### EMBLEMS IN NATURE.

**S**WEET summer now has pass'd away,  
And all the lovely flow'rs decay  
    In autumn's with'ring blast ;  
No fragrance now they'll lend the breeze,  
Nor with their sweets attract the bees,  
    For now their bloom is past.

The falling leaves, and fading flow'rs,  
The rapid streams, and fleeting hours,  
    All speak to man, and say—  
Behold in us the emblems bright,  
Of all on earth that gives delight—  
    How soon they pass away.

When trees with scented blossoms hing,  
And little birds in chorus sing  
    Within their leafy bow'rs ;  
The warbling lark sings o'er her nest ;  
And all the fields are finely drest  
    In robes of blooming flow'rs.

Then when the days are calm and clear,  
Bright shadows in the lakes appear,  
    Like magic worlds below ;  
Those fairy scenes beneath the waves,  
Are all engulf'd in wat'ry graves,  
    Soon as the wind does blow.

So youthful hopes and prospects clear  
 May pleasure give, but disappear  
     Ere they can be embrac'd ;  
 Like sparkling meteors of the night,  
 They fly away in rapid flight,  
     And can no more be trac'd.

The little limpid mountain stream,  
 Bright sparkling in the sunny-beam,  
     Soon o'er the rocks is toss'd ;  
 Its foaming tide then hastes away,  
 A moment still it cannot stay,  
     Till in the sea 'tis lost.

So joys of man fleet quickly by,  
 Fast as the clouds across the sky  
     When raging tempests blow ;  
 His morning may be bright and clear,  
 But long ere ever night is near,  
     He may have grief and woe.

The peaceful rainbow's lovely form,  
 In calm repose amidst the storm,  
     Soon vanishes away ;  
 So youth and beauty do not last ;  
 But, like sweet flow'rs in autumn's blast,  
     Soon wither and decay.

In ev'ry season of the year,  
 Bright emblems all around appear  
     (If we would nature scan)  
 Of life, in ev'ry varied stage,  
 From tender infancy to age,  
     And joys and griefs of man.



## SONG.

**T**HE first time that I Helen saw,  
 Gaun skippin' owre the flow'ry green,  
 My heart was fairly stown awa'  
 Wi' her twa bonnie sparklin' e'en.  
 She is sae young, sae trig, an' braw,  
 An', O! sic twa bewitchin' een;  
 The like before I never saw,  
 In ony place whaur I ha'e been.

My very heart lap tae my mou',  
 I thocht I had a fairy seen,  
 Till ance I got anither view,  
 An' saw her love-inspirin' een.  
 She is, &c.

Her gracefu' form an' modest air  
 Micht be an ootset tae a queen;  
 But beauty far ayont compare  
 Is shinin' in her bonnie een.  
 She is, &c.

Her hair hings doon in ringlets braw,  
 Her cheeks, like roses at the e'en;  
 Her skin's as white as driven snaw,  
 An', O! what heart-ensnarin' een.  
 She is, &c.

Altho' she never shou'd be mine,  
 May clouds o' grief ne'er intervene  
 Tae mar the sunshine o' her joys,  
 Or dim wi' tears her sparklin' een.  
 She is, &c.

## MY BONNIE JEAN.

**A**T e'ening, when the sun gaes doon  
 Ayont the whinny knowe,

I'll dauner owre the gowan lea,  
 An' thro' the rashie howe ;  
 I'll steal 'yont tae the auld thorn  
 That grows upon the green,  
 An' bide there till the stars blink oot,  
 Tae meet my bonnie Jean.

She is baith young an' han'some,  
 Nae pride has she ava',  
 An' tho' she's clad in hamespun claes,  
 She looks baith snod an' braw ;  
 She is sae kind an' modest,  
 Sae tidy an' sae clean,  
 That my young heart she's stown awa',  
 Yet guileless is my Jean.

For titles great, or warldly gear,  
 I carena ocht ava'—  
 The ane is but a soundin' win',  
 The ither flees awa' :  
 But gi'e me just a kindly heart,  
 A true an' lovin' frien' ;  
 It is far better than them a'—  
 An' I ha'e that in Jean.

Sweet nature, wi' a lib'ral han',  
 Has gi'en my Jeannie charms,  
 May fortune wi' a laughin' face,  
 Noo throw her in my arms.  
 Then a' my cares wad flee awa',  
 The same's they ne'er had been ;  
 I wad be happy an' content,  
 An' lo'e my bonnie Jean.



## THE BEAUTIES OF NIGHT.

**W**HEN day's last blink o' licht is gane,  
 An' nicht's deep shades the rule ha'e ta'en,  
 An' hidden nature's bloom,  
 Then bonnie is the rising moon,  
 An' a' the twinklin' stars aboon,  
 That sparkle thro' the gloom.

How lovely, then, to look on high,  
 An' view upon the dark blue sky,  
 The stars like diamonds bricht,  
 Where God ordain'd them a' a place,  
 Within the boundless fields o' space,  
 An' bade them rule the nicht.

An' when a comet meets the eye,  
 Or meteors flit along the sky,  
 Or when the streamers clear,  
 In varied forms come flashing forth,  
 An' dance sae bonnie in the north,  
 How lovely they appear.

How wondrous are the works of God,  
 In every place we look abroad,  
 By nicht as weel as day;  
 The moon an' stars that shine sae bricht,  
 An' day's great orb o' heat an' licht,  
 Alike His pow'r display.

Since God sustains such orbs so vast,  
 As He has done for ages past,  
 As weel's the earth an' sea,  
 Why should I vex my mind wi' care,  
 Or o' His providence despair,  
 Or doubt His love to me.





### LOCH LOMOND.

IN summer, when sweet nature smiles,  
Around the waters blue,  
Of Scotland's lake of many isles,  
How lovely is the view !

Upon her placid azure breast,  
Her island gems are spread ;  
While deep their shadows calmly rest,  
Within their wat'ry bed.

O, how magnificent the sight,  
How wildly grand the scene !  
Hills, glens, and rocks, in shade and light,  
Still lake, and sky serene.

Here rugged grandeur is combin'd  
With beauty soft and fair,  
In one vast scene so nice defin'd,  
That it could nothing spare.

Rich, waving woods, of varied green,  
Around on every side,  
And fields in flow'ry robes are seen  
Reflected in the tide.


Stupendous mountains, capp'd with snow,  
Their heads fling to the sky ;  
While sparkling waters down below,  
Steep'd in bright sunbeams lie.

And all around, streams, cool and clear,  
Rush from their mountain home,  
O'er shelving rocks, in wild career,  
In one bright sheet of foam.

O, queen of lakes ! that mountains guard,  
And high above you frown,  
Your beauty brings you sweet regard,  
Your grandeur great renown.



## AUTUMN.


 OO autumn's come wi' with'rin' breeze,  
 An' strips the gowans aff the leas,  
 An' sends the swallows owre the seas,  
     Far, far awa' ;  
 While faded leaves frae aff the trees  
     In shoors doon fa'.

The wuds nae mair wi' music ring,  
 For ilka bird has ceas'd tae sing ;  
 Nae laverock mounts on quiv'rin' wing  
     Its voice tae raise ;  
 An' blichted flow'rs their heads dae hing,  
     On fields an' braes.

But tho' flow'rs fade frae aff the sod,  
 In autumn, if we look abroad,  
 We see aroond the gifts o' God  
     Tae sinfu' men,  
 In fields that's burden'd wi' their load  
     O' weel-filled grain.

What tho' wuds fade an' look forlorn,  
 Yet bonnie are the fields o' corn,  
 Like wavin' gowd ; or, when they're shorn  
     An' in the stook,  
 It cheers ane's heart, at e'en or morn,  
     On them tae look.

An' noo, aft when the sun gaes doon,  
 We see the sonsy harvest moon  
 Rise, as if she was lookin' roon  
     That a' was richt ;  
 Then slide along 'mang stars aboon,  
     An' gi'e us licht.



An' tho' cauld cranreuch has begun  
 Tae glitter in the morning sun,  
 Yet, when the orb o' day has run  
                   Wast tae the sea,  
 Then lots o' youngsters meet for fun  
                   At kirn or spree.

The sportsman noo wi' richt guid will  
 Traverses aft baith moor an' hill,  
 An' tries wi' a' his savage skill,  
                   An' dog an' gun,  
 How mony harmless beasts he'll kill,  
                   An' counts it fun.

Man has a richt, when he's in need,  
 Alike on birds an' beasts tae feed ;  
 But when he kills them just thro' greed  
                   For sport or fame,  
 He then commits a cruel deed,  
                   An' is tae blame.

O' a' the seasons o' the year,  
 The ane the farmer lo'es maist dear  
 Is autumn, for she him does cheer ;  
                   An' lood he sings  
 When happin' up his corn an' bere,  
                   An' tattie bings.

We're wae when simmer gangs awa'  
 Wi' a' her flow'ry robes sae braw,  
 For tae ilk ane, baith big an' sma',  
                   She's unco dear ;  
 But she ne'er gi'es a hairst ava'  
                   While she is here.

## TO THE COMET OF 1858.

But tho' blae autumn is mair rude,  
 An' whiles comes in a surly mood,  
 Yet she brings wi' her walth o' food  
     Tae young an' auld,  
 That ilka ane may chew their cud  
     Thro' winter cauld.

Cauld winter has his snaw an' sleet ;  
 An' spring may boast o' music sweet ;  
 In simmer beauty is complete  
     On hill an' dale ;  
 But autumn, for substantial meat,  
     Aye bears the bell.



## TO THE COMET OF 1858.

**M**YSTERIOUS stranger ! whence art thou ?  
 To where in such career ?  
 You mock the wisdom of the wise,  
 The timid fill with fear.

Perhaps from regions far remote  
 For ages you have run  
 With lightning speed, that you might make  
 A visit to the sun.

What mind can scan the bounds of space  
 Which you have travell'd through,  
 Unseen by any mortal eye,  
 Till now you've come in view?



How vast the universe must be,  
Where orbs unnumber'd float ;  
It far exceeds man's deepest search,  
Or farthest stretch of thought.

But He who form'd you at the first  
To run your rapid race,  
Far off 'midst orbs of sparkling light,  
Can all your wand'rings trace.

And tho' your path thro' space unknown  
Accords with His wise plan,  
Your substance and your course are both  
Alike unknown to man.

But this we know : your star-like form,  
And long and brilliant train,  
Were made to answer some wise end,  
And were not made in vain.


But what thou art, and where thou go'st,  
To man is not reveal'd ;  
So he may cease to try to solve  
What God has thus conceal'd.

But he may see in thy bright form  
God's mighty power display'd,  
As in ten thousand other things  
That all around are spread.

The smallest insect in the air,  
Or flow'r that decks the sod,  
Declare to man, as much as thou,  
The mighty pow'r of God.



## JOHNNY'S APPEAL.

 JENNY, if ye'll no be mine,  
 I'm fear't my senses I will tine,  
 For weel ye ken my heart is thine,  
 An' slichted love will break it.

An' if o' love an' grief I dee,  
 Then a' the fau't will lie on thee,  
 An' ye'll be blamed for killin' me,  
 An' ne'er be mair respeckit.

Or, if deranged I rin awa',  
 Tae ither climes my girr tae ca'  
 'Mang burning wilds, or whaur the snaw  
 An' frost has a' things blichted ;

Then, night an' day, remorse and fear  
 Will haunt ye aye, an' gar appear  
 The ghost o' him wha lo'ed ye dear,  
 An' his fond love ye slichted.

I aye had hope ye'd be my wife,  
 Tae share my weels, an' ills, an' strife,  
 An' a' the odds an' en's o' life,  
 Till death us twa had pairted.

Then dinna rive your love frae me,  
 Tae drive me daft, or owre the sea ;  
 O, dinna let pair Johnny dee,  
 For Jenny, broken-hearted !

O Jenny dear, if ye but kent  
 The pain an' grief your word, No, sent  
 Ben tae my heart, ye wad relent,  
 An' sae ye're aye my dearie.

Then ye wad save me frae despair,  
 An' gi'e me joy instead o' care,  
 An' in return, thro' foul an' fair,  
 I'd try tae keep ye cheerie.



## ADDITIONAL VERSES TO AULD LANGSYNE.

WHO' fortune whiles has on us frown'd,  
 We needna noo repine,  
 But tak' a dreg tae keep in min'  
 The days o' langsyne,  
 For auld langsyne, &c.

An' sin' we're met, my honour'd frien',  
 Fresh wreaths o' love let's twine;  
 An' frien'ship's knot the firmer draw,  
 For auld langsyne.  
 For auld langsyne, &c.

Then clap your waukit loof, guid frien',  
 In this hard nieve o' mine,  
 An' let us ha'e a hearty shake  
 For auld langsyne.  
 For auld langsyne, &c.



## OCTOBER.

**T**HE bonnie simmer's fled awa'  
 Wi' sunny days, clear, warm, an' braw,  
 Cauld autumn's with'rin' winds noo blaw,  
 On a' around ;  
 An' faded leaves fast, fast do fa'  
 Wi' rustlin' soond.

Baith fields an' wuds, an' hill an' dale,  
 Are wearied like, an' growin' pale,  
 The fading leaves noo tell their tale  
 Frae day tae day ;  
 That a' things here on earth maun fail,  
 An' soon decay.

Few bonnie flow'rs can noo be seen,  
 Like sparklin' gems along the green,  
 But faded leaves, an' forms between  
 O' life bereft ;  
 That hardly tell what they ha'e been,  
 Are a' that's left.

Noo stibbles staun whaur stood the corn,  
 An' cranreuch cauld lies white at morn ;  
 The wuds are silent an' forlorn ;  
 Nae birdie sings,  
 Except wee robin in the thorn,  
 Wi' drooping wings.

Ilk burnie noo in floods rows doon,  
 Wi' foamin' waves an' roarin' soon',  
 Their drumly tide, deep, dark, an' broon,  
 Loups owre the linns ;  
 An' in the pools gang whirlin' roon',  
 Then onwards rins.

Sae fleeting time in his career,  
 Whirls roon' the seasons o' the year,  
 Some cauld an' coorse, some warm an' clear,  
     An' drest fu' braw ;  
 But unco soon they disappear,  
     Like melting snaw.

An' sae doon time's dark, troubled tide,  
 The bark o' man doth onwards glide ;  
 In hopes an' fears, frae side tae side,  
     He's aften cast ;  
 Till in humility, or pride,  
     He sinks at last.

But while he's here, be't foul or fair,  
 In walth, in want, in joy or care,  
 He does get naething but his share—  
     What tae him's sent ;  
 He shou'dna then seek ony mair,  
     But be content.

Tho' in life's journey aft we meet  
 Wi' storms an' troubles, cauld an' heat,  
 An' whiles rough places for our feet,  
     We likewise find,  
 Our sour gey aften mix'd wi' sweet,  
     For God is kind.

---

 UNDER A CLOUD.

**U**PON the mountain's rugged side,  
 In wood, in glen, and meadows green,  
 And by the streamlet's wimplin' tide,  
     There's many a flow'r that blooms unseen ;  
 But tho' in solitude they bloom,  
 They shed around a sweet perfume.

Sweet emblems of a virtuous life,  
That in humility is spent,  
Far from the world's ambitious strife  
In peaceful calm and sweet content ;  
Tho' shadows dark have o'er them pass'd,  
They still are lovely to the last.

So many a man of sense and worth,  
Of genius bright and honest heart,  
And tho' perhaps of humble birth,  
Acts nobly on thro' life his part ;  
Yet in obscurity has been  
Like some sweet flow'r that blooms unseen.

And many a modest maiden fair,  
With sparkling eyes and blooming face,  
Grows up 'midst hardships, toil, and care,  
With charms that well a queen might grace ;  
And yet thro' life eclipsed has been,  
Like some sweet flow'r that blooms unseen.

But where'er men or flowers are plac'd,  
Though in a solitary spot,  
Kind Providence has seen it best,  
And has assign'd it for their lot ;  
For in His love He plac'd them there,  
And watches them with tender care.

But man, vain man, is oft too wise,  
And scoffs at things God has reveal'd,  
While many a blessing in disguise  
He spurns, because it is conceal'd  
In mystery dark, for wise intent,  
To keep him humble and content.





## TO A LITTLE BIRD.

**S**WEET bird, your nest is surely nigh,  
 You so distress'd appear ;  
 Your loud and wailing plaintive cry  
 Denotes your grief and fear.

My presence here makes you afraid,  
 And agitates your breast ;  
 Lest I should on your young ones tread,  
 Or rob your little nest.

Ah ! no, I do not mean you harm ;  
 Yet, if I do wait here,  
 'Twill keep you in a sore alarm,  
 And aggravate your fear.

If I unconsciously intrude,  
 Why should I then remain ?  
 And if I can't do any good,  
 Then I should cause no pain.

No, no, I will not longer stay,  
 To cause you so much grief ;  
 But will now haste me quick away,  
 That you may get relief.

With what a kind, parental care,  
 You watch your helpless brood ;  
 And toil all weathers, foul or fair,  
 To gather for them food.

Sweet bird, you nobly act your part,  
 And admiration claim ;  
 Your ceaseless love and tender heart  
 Might many mortals shame.





### BEN LOMOND.

**W**HERE nature decks with bush and brake  
The rugged hill and rocky glen,  
There rises high beside the lake,  
Old grizzly Ben.

He, with a wild majestic pride,  
Rears up his head far to the skies ;  
While deep within the silv'ry tide  
His shadow lies.

But oft encircling mists conceal  
His mighty head from all below,  
'Till cloud-dispersing winds reveal  
His cap of snow.

When tempests sweep his rugged form,  
 Their wildest wrath he can sustain,  
 And looks down on the thunder storm  
 With calm disdain.

Unchang'd, time's wasting hand he views  
 On all that's mortal take effect ;  
 And year by year his youth renews,  
 Amidst the wreck.

But tho' he time and storms defies,  
 And far out-tops the hills around,  
 Yet many a place that lower lies  
 Is more renown'd.

So some poor men are known to fame,  
 For genius bright or sterling worth,  
 To which few nobles have a claim,  
 Tho' high of birth.



## GLOAMIN'.

**W**HEN doon the wastern sky, the sun  
 Has slidden oot o' sicht,  
 An' left red clouds tae fade awa'  
 Among the shades o' nicht.

The breeze then blaws itsel' awa',  
 An' lakes an' leaves are still,  
 An' speelin' up among the stars,  
 The moon keeks owre the hill.

How pleasant then, when in the fields,  
 Or on the flowery brae,  
 Tae watch how calmly nature sinks  
 Tae rest, at close o' day.

The flowers noo fauld their beauties up,  
 Tae drink dew thro' nicht's gloom,  
 That when morn comes, they may spread oot  
 Refresh'd, mair bricht tae bloom.

An' nature's varied music sweet  
 Has ceas'd, except the din  
 O' the wee burnie's murm'rin' sang,  
 When loupin' owre the lin.

The bee's gane tae its bike tae sleep,  
 The warbler tae the tree,  
 The heather is the muirfowl's bed,  
 The laverock's is the lea.

A' roon' aboot in grassy fields,  
 Is heard the corncrake's cry ;  
 An' noo an then, the pleasant drone  
 O' bumclocks fleein' by.

How sweet to muse on nature's charms,  
 As seen in ilka spot,  
 That ha'e been a' sae sweetly sung  
 By Ramsay, Burns, an' Scott.

Then let me aye, when I ha'e time,  
 At morning, noon, or nicht,  
 Slip oot an' feed my greedy een  
 On sic a bonnie sicht.



## ON A BROKEN FLOWER.

SWEET flower, the wild and ruthless storm,  
 Has crush'd your young and lovely form,  
     And now you low do lie ;  
 No more you'll lift your drooping head,  
 Nor to the sun your beauties spread,  
     But now must fade and die.

How lovely, tender, sweet, and young,  
 You newly into life had sprung,  
     Attir'd in robes so gay ;  
 But hardly was your life begun  
 Until your race on earth was run,  
     And now you fade away.

How gay at morn you did appear,  
 When crown'd with dewdrops sparkling clear,  
     But now your bloom is o'er ;  
 No more your fragrance round you'll spread,  
 For all your lustre now is fled,  
     And will return no more.

Tho' few your days on earth have been,  
 And few your loveliness have seen,  
     Yet this has been your lot ;  
 For all on earth have but their day,  
 And very soon must pass away,  
     And soon will be forgot.

In youth, when health and vigour flow,  
 And beauty's in its fullest glow,  
     Alas ! some serpent's breath,  
 Or some unseen and fatal dart,  
 May pierce the young and tender heart,  
     And leave the seeds of death.

How often prospects bright and clear,  
 And pleasures, when we think them near,  
     Fade and are seen no more ;  
 Like sparkling bubbles on the stream,  
 That break and vanish like a dream  
     When once the night is o'er.

Life, like the dew at early day,  
 Tho' sparkling clear, soon fleets away,  
     Quick as a rapid stream ;  
 The longest period here for man  
 Is measur'd, and is but a span,  
     Although it long may seem.



## INFLUENCE.

It isna pride, nor lofty state,  
 Nor wealth that constitutes the great ;  
 Nor yet the title of the clan,  
 But sterling worth that mak's the man.

Yet mony a cuif gets pow'r an' fame,  
 An' muckle titles tae his name ;  
 Not for his worth, or laurels won,  
 But only he's some noble's son.

Too aften noo gowd's influence  
 Staun's in the place o' worth an' sense ;  
 For gilded rank is set on high,  
 While humble merit is pass'd by.



## TO DUNOON CASTLE.

**A**H, noo in ruins lying low,  
 Scarce seen aboon surroundin' earth,  
 Without a record for tae show  
 Tae whom at first you owe your birth.

But yet you are weel kenn'd tae fame,  
 For frae a very early age,  
 Your site, your character, an' name,  
 Are clearly stamp'd on history's page.

But ruthless han's an' cauld negleck,  
 Wi' tyrant time's corrodin' sway,  
 Ha'e torn your lofty tow'rs tae wreck,  
 An' swept you maistly a' away.

How changèd noo frae what you've been,  
 When stan'ing in your gaudy pride,  
 When Scotland's bonnie youthfu' queen  
 Cam' tae ye twa-three days tae bide.

If your auld lords could come again,  
 An' near your ruins stan' an gaze  
 Upon the bonnie fairy scene,  
 Sprung up a' roon' ye since their days,

Nae doot they'd get a great surprise  
 When sic braw villas met their eye,  
 But sure I am their wrath wad rise,  
 Tae see ye in sic ruins lie.

When fortune smiles on big or sma',  
 The war! then lades them wi' respect,  
 But when misfortunes on them fa',  
 They're aften treated wi' neglect.

Sic was your fate, for ye ha'e seen  
 Frien's rife, when ye were in repair,  
 But vandals mean, o' plunder keen,  
 Ha'e pu'd ye doon an' spoil'd ye sair.



## M A R G A R E T.

(AN ACROSTIC.)

**M**AY wreaths of love, and friendship true  
 Around our hearts entwine ;  
 Refresh'd by sweet affection's stream,  
 Grow bright and always shine,  
 And tho' dark clouds of grief and care  
 Rise thick and us surround,  
 Ev'n sorrow's wildest storm wont break  
 The wreath which love hath bound.





## NOBLENESS.

**A** MAN is naething but a man,  
 Tho' tae himsel' he mair appears,  
 When he's possess'd o' gowd or lan',  
 An' some big, lang-tail'd title wears.

But let wealth, rank, or empty pride,  
 Tae screen defects try every plan,  
 An empty skull they canna hide,  
 Or want o' sense in a vain man.

Some folk think siller mak's the man,  
 But oh, wae's me! they're far mista'en,  
 The king o' men's an honest man,  
 Altho' he is possess'd o' nane.

A man's a man when just an' true,  
 Altho' he wears a ragged coat,  
 A noble that has equals few,  
 Tho' in his pouch there's scarce a groat.

Then let the warld o' pounds an' pence  
 Say what it may, wealth never can  
 Mak' him that's void o' worth an' sense  
 Half equal tae an honest man.

A knave may think himsel' a man  
 (Tho' honour in his bosom withers),  
 When he lives in a style fu gran',  
 But lives on what belongs to ithers.

The man that thinks he is a man,  
 Whate'er his station, big or sma',  
 And doesna lo'e his brother man,  
 Is really no a man ava'.

---

## A KEEK AT INTEMPERANCE.

WHILE daunerin' on life's rugged road,  
 An' glowerin' noo an' then abroad,  
 I ha'e seen sights that werena braw,  
 And yet are sanctioned by the law.

I've seen gaun on in Briton's hall  
 The Devil's universal ball,  
 An' here, I may as weel relate  
 That it's encouraged by the State.

There sits Auld Clooty in a mask,  
 Stride-legs upon a liquor cask,  
 An' in the bunghole blows his breath,  
 An' fills it wi' the seeds o' death.

While Selfishness supplies the drink,  
 Base Av'rice gathers in the clink,  
 An' Ruin stauns beside the cran,  
 An' deals it oot wi' lib'ral haun.

Great Mammon stauns in robes o' gowd,  
 An' laughs tae see the motley crowd  
 A' rushin, in wi' open mooth,  
 For fire tae quench their burning drooth.

When vile intemp'rance rule has ta'en,  
 An' stupid man's sma' sense is gane,  
 Then passions wild, withoot restraint,  
 In ilka wickedness gets vent.

Then what a scene, what horrid din,  
 What murders, robb'ries, fraud, an' sin,  
 What thousands soon around are spread,  
 A' ruin'd, dying, daft, or dead.

What social ties are snap't in twa,  
 What lots o' virtue flees awa',  
 What talents lost thro' mad neglect,  
 What noble minds gang a' tae wreck.

Intemp'rance, thou'rt to man a foe,  
 The source o' muckle sin an' woe ;  
 In mis'ry's chain, the biggest link,  
 An' forg'd by Satan, o' strong drink.

If oor guid-hearted, noble Queen,  
 Cou'd only see what I ha'e seen,  
 She wad at ance without regret,  
 Deprive the monster o' his seat.



## TO TOBACCO.

**V**ILE, stinkin', hoast-provokin' weed,  
 Ye're used for pleasure, or thro' greed ;  
 But whae'er says o' thee they've need,  
     Speaks lots o' stuff ;  
 They maun ha'e little in their head  
     Wha do thee puff.

Great lots o' laun' for thee is ta'en  
 Wad grow the very best o' grain,  
 That mony thousands wad maintain  
     O' needfu' folk ;  
 Yet ye are worthless in the main—  
     Except for smoke.

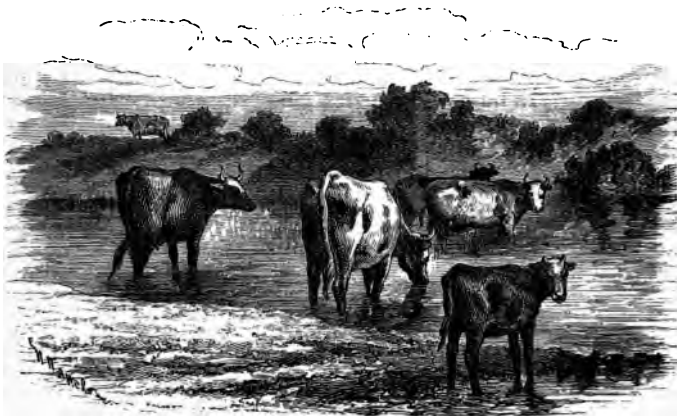
Ye're rais'd by some tae swell their gain,  
 Ye're us'd by some tae ease their pain,  
 An' ye're a poison, some maintain ;  
     But what is more,  
 Some draw ye straucht up tae their brain  
     Just wi' a snore.

When ye o' man ha'e ta'en the rule,  
 Ye mak' him (oh, the stupid fool)  
 Gey aften baith a slave an' snool  
     Tae smoke or chew  
 A weed, frae whilk an ass or mule  
     Wad turn awa'.

Douce, temp'rate folks 'maist a' agree  
 That there are vast o' fools (like me),  
 Wha waste their siller buyin' thee  
     Frae week tae week,  
 For naething yirthly they can see  
     But raisin' reek.

Be that's it may, I just may tell,  
 I tak' a whiff or twa mysel',  
 Altho' ye raise a gey strong smell  
     A' roon' aboot ye ;  
 But aiblin's I'd be just as weel  
     In health without ye.





## GOD SEEN THROUGH NATURE.

“And look through nature up to nature’s God.”—BRUCE.

**N**OW wonderful God’s works appear  
In every season of the year ;  
When summer smiles, or winter frowns ;  
And in the spring when flowers are born,  
Or autumn with her fruits and corn,  
When God the year so richly crowns  
With meat for all,  
Both large and small,  
From His exhaustless treasure ;  
And sends sweet flowers  
And sunny hours,  
To give His creatures pleasure.

Then who would not delighted be  
To look on flowering shrub and tree,  
    When rich with blossoms hinging ;  
Or who would grudge to spend an hour  
In bushy glen or leafy bower,  
    To hear the warblers singing  
        Their joyful lays  
        Of artless praise,  
To Him who doth their wants supply,  
    And gives them food,  
    Within the wood,  
To feed their young ones when they cry.

But who can look on nature's face  
And not in her rare beauties trace  
    The hand of the Creator ;  
In trees and flowers that deck the plains,  
In rugged hills and rocky glens,  
    So grand in every feature ;  
        In bush and brake,  
        Spring, stream, and lake ;  
In hoar-frost, dew, rain, hail, and snow,  
    Birds, beasts, and all  
    The insects small ;  
The rainbow, and tides' ebb and flow.

The power that guides the insect's flight,  
Upholds the sparkling orbs of light,  
    So lovely and stupendous ;  
Controls the tempests when they roar  
And lash in fury wild the shore,  
    With waves vast and tremendous ;  
        Stills the loud jar  
        Of nature's war,

When growls the grumbling thunder,  
 And lightning gleams  
 In fiery streams,  
 And rends the clouds asunder.

Day's glorious orb that shines so bright,  
 The moon and twinkling stars of night,  
 Each insect, plant, and flower ;  
 The comet hurrying o'er the sky,  
 And meteor bright that mocks the eye,  
 Proclaim God's mighty power ;  
 So, then, if man  
 Would nature scan,  
 In oceans vast, earth, sky, or air,  
 He then might trace  
 In every place  
 The hand of God, for God is there.



LINES ON SEEING A MONUMENTAL STONE  
 NEAR THE HEAD OF CRAIGNISH LOCH.

**N**EAR to a streamlet's rocky bed,  
 Beneath a mountain bold and stern,  
 A rude stone pillar rears its head  
 Beside a cairn.

Rude as when riven from the rock,  
 No trace of art on it defin'd,  
 A high, uncouth, unshapely block,  
 With head inclin'd.

Who first did raise it, and to whom,  
 No certain light can now be cast,  
 But must lie buried in the gloom  
 Of ages past.

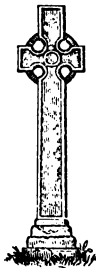
But yet it stands in bold relief,  
Resisting time's rough rolling waves,  
To mark where fell some noble chief,  
Or honour'd graves.

If it could speak, it now might tell  
That here, in ages long gone past,  
Some clansmen met, and fought, and fell,  
And breathed their last.

Or some young, lovely, female form,  
When no kind hand to help was near,  
Sunk down exhausted 'midst the storm,  
And perish'd here.

Or that some chieftain, long rever'd,  
Lies buried here, but long forgot,  
And that his friends this pillar rear'd  
To mark the spot.

Ah ! rich and poor, men of renown,  
The mighty monarch and the slave  
Will soon be all alike unknown—  
When in the grave.





## N I G H T.

**T**HE sun has sunk down in the west,  
 Deep shadows now follow his train ;  
 Sweet nature is sinking to rest,  
 And night is beginning to reign.

The moon, the fair queen of the night,  
 Is climbing the arch of the sky,  
 Surrounded with clear orbs of light,  
 That sparkle so lovely on high.

All nature is hush'd in repose,  
 Its vigour and strength to renew,  
 While woodbine, and lily, and rose  
 Are bathing their beauty in dew.

Amidst sable shades all around,  
 The leaves are now noiselessly still,  
 The ear scarcely catches a sound,  
 But the voice of the murmuring rill.

But 'midst this deep stillness serene,  
 Rich beauty oft bursts on our sight,  
 When we view the wonderful scene  
 Of sky, moon, and stars shining bright.

And sweet meditation can rise  
 Delighted, and soar far away,  
 Beyond those bright orbs of the skies,  
 To realms where it ever is day.



## ALL THINGS CHANGE.

**N**OW lovely are the varied scenes  
 That meet the wand'ring eyes,  
 Spread all around on sea and land,  
 And on the starry skies ;  
 But oft they change or disappear—  
 There's nothing that's abiding here.

Thro' time the year succeeds the year,  
 As well as day the night ;  
 The seasons come and pass away  
 All in a rapid flight,  
 As rivers to the sea do run,  
 And planets whirl around the sun.

I've seen upon a gloomy cloud,  
 In colours bright and gay,  
 A rainbow, but its lovely form  
 Soon vanished quite away,  
 The same as it had never been—  
 And left a sad blank in the scene.

I've seen sweet flowers in beauty bright  
 Spread to the morning sun,  
 But broken, faded, and laid low,  
 Before his race was run ;  
 For the wild storm in howling wrath  
 Spread desolation in its path.

I've seen in lovely lights and shades,  
 Within the placid deep,  
 The shadows of surrounding scenes  
 As if they were asleep,  
 Secure, within their wat'ry bed—  
 The wind arose, and quick they fled.

And I have seen the morning sun  
 In splendour bright arise,  
 And shed abroad his sparkling beams  
 While journeying up the skies ;  
 But long ere he had sunk to rest,  
 He was in gloomy sackcloth drest.

Such changes come in human life,  
 As seen in every stage—  
 There's youth and beauty, health and bloom ;  
 There's sorrow and old age ;  
 The joyful laugh, the sigh, the tear—  
 There's nothing that's abiding here.



### MEMORY.

**F**OND memory, like a mirror bright,  
 Reflects sweet scenes of other years,  
 Clear as the sunlight which is past,  
 Back on the orb of night appears.

Yes, memory oft brings back to view  
 Youth's pleasant scenes, long, long gone past ;  
 But their delights it can't renew,  
 Nor give us pleasure that will last.

The moon, tho' clad in borrow'd beams,  
 And shrouded with the clouds of night,  
 At times bursts thro' the dreary gloom,  
 And gives the weary wand'rer light.

So memory, like the silv'ry moon,  
Dispels the gloom of many years ;  
And fills the heart at times with joy,  
At other times the eyes with tears.

Yes, when fond memory lifts the veil  
That time round youth's sweet years has cast,  
The careworn heart leaps back with joy,  
Out of the present to the past.

The heart still clings with miser grasp  
To those sweet scenes so fresh and fair,  
Where storms of sorrow were unknown,  
And it was free from grief or care.

The cheerful summer's setting sun  
Throws up his beams in splendour gay,  
Which tinge with gold the fleeting clouds,  
But very soon they fade away.

So youth's sweet joys are like a stream  
That hurries quickly to the main,  
And sparkles clear in passing by,  
But never more returns again.

Yes, youth's sweet joys soon fleet away,  
And only in the distance seem  
To linger, like the sun's last ray,  
In memory as a fairy dream.



## BE CONTENT.

**B**E content wi' your lot,  
 Be't in tent or in cot,  
 Whatever yer country or station ;  
 Where'er ye are plac'd,  
 It maun be for the best,  
 Then tae grumble ye've little occasion.

Dinna quarrel wi' yer fate,  
 Or ye're sure tae be beat,  
 For mighty is He that has sent it ;  
 If ye spurn at His will,  
 It will be for yer ill,  
 An' ye may ha'e cause tae repent it.

Tho' ye canna get wine,  
 Or on luxuries dine,  
 And scarce e'er get dainties ye're keen o',  
 If ye've parritch an' bread  
 An' milk what ye need,  
 Ye ha'ena great deal tae complain o'.


Never envy the great,  
 In their pomp an' their state,  
 Wi' their lang-tailed titles an' breedin' ;  
 They maun live up tae rules,  
 An' are aften like fules,  
 An' really are scarce worth the heedin'.

But if ye ha'e guid health,  
 It's far better than wealth,  
 For siller's the root o' a' evil ;  
 An' it's weel enough kent,  
 When ill got or ill spent,  
 It's a curse, an' drives lots tae the deevil.

Then, whatever's yer share  
 O' life's meat, wark, or care,  
 Be thankfu' tae Him that has sent it ;  
 An' altho' that yer coat  
 Is whiles scarce worth a groat,  
 'Twill fit ye, if ye are contentit.



## AIRDRIE AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK P.M.

T nicht, if ye wad dauner roon',  
 An hour frae twal, thro' Airdrie toon,  
 Then ye wad hear wild roars  
 Arise frae 'mang the motley crew  
 Gaun staggerin' hame, a' daz'd an' fu',  
 When Forbes steeks the doors.  
 Some quarrelling here, an' swearing rough,  
 An' there some coupit in the sheugh,  
 An' lying quite content ;  
 An' aiblins, if ye onward pass,  
 Ye'll here an' there see lad an' lass  
 On matrimony bent.  
 An', when some corner ye turn roon',  
 Ye'll maybe meet some wench or loon  
 Firm in the police clutches,  
 For quietly takin' just the len'  
 O' something that was not their ain,  
 Or cleaning oot some pouches.  
 But I maun stop, an' say nae mair,  
 Or else ye'll think that I'm owre sair  
 In gi'en this description  
 O' Airdrie ; as if ilka vice  
 Was unco rife, at little price,  
 Or rais'd in't by subscription.



## TRUE GREATNESS.

**T**RUE greatness is to throw aside  
 All selfishness and empty show,  
 And with an honest, noble pride,  
 Do acts of kindness to a foe.

It stands 'gainst tyrants in the cause  
 Of wrong'd humanity by might ;  
 And, with a patriot spirit, draws  
 The sword, for to defend the right.

But scorns all mean and servile slaves  
 Who cringe for favour, power, or place,  
 And stamps as base such selfish knaves,  
 As blots upon the human race.

It spurns away with real contempt,  
 The bribes of wealth and threats of power,  
 That try from rectitude to tempt,  
 And virtue into vice allure.

It stands to truth, and does not change,  
 Tho' it a heavy loss may prove,  
 For wrongs receiv'd has no revenge,  
 And pays back hatred with love.

It looks on pomp and empty show  
 As meanness, and the want of sense ;  
 That shows the intellect is low,  
 And all its merit pounds and pence.

But loves the poor man for his worth,  
 The rich man for his lowly mind ;  
 Can see no difference in men's birth,  
 And has a love for all mankind.





### FAREWHEEL ADDRESS TO THE SWALLOW.

**F**AREWEEL, sweet bird o' supple wing,  
I see ye're on the road,  
Awa' tae meet the cheerfu' spring  
In some place far abroad,  
Whaur Nature's in perpetual bloom,  
An' sunbeams kep back winter's gloom.

I'm wae tae see ye gaun awa',  
For aye, when ye are here,  
The bonnie flowers bloom unco braw,  
An' days are warm an' clear ;  
While Nature's chor'sters cheer the heart,  
An' 'mang them ye act weel your part.

Ye skim along the auld dyke backs  
When ye are chasin' flees,  
An' whiles jink roon' about the stacks,  
Or through below the trees ;  
Aye glib amang the bizzie bum,  
An' whiles sit twitterin' on the lum.




But best o' frien's maun pairt at times,  
 An' sae maun you an' me,  
 For ye are bent for ither climes,  
 Awa' ayont the sea ;  
 An' lang your absence I will mourn,  
 But hope neist year ye will return.

Come back when storms gang tae their rest,  
 An growlin' winter's fled,  
 An' big again your cosie nest  
 Up in oor auld cart shed ;  
 There's walth o' room upon the bauks,  
 An' ye'll be hidden frae the hawks.

An' if I'm weel, I'se no be slack,  
 As lang's I hae a rung,  
 Tae cudgel weel oot owre the back  
 Them that wad fash your young,  
 Until they ha'e baith wings an' tails,  
 An' can shift brawlie for themsel's.



## BEAUTY IN UNIVERSAL NATURE.

OD'S works are beautifully grand  
 Where'er we cast our eyes,  
 On mountains, rivers, sea, or land,  
 Or on the starry skies.

In every season of the year,  
 By day, as well as night,  
 They in magnificence appear,  
 All lovely to our sight.

There's beauty in the rugged hills,  
And in the rocky glens,  
In woods, and lakes, and murmuring rills,  
And in the flow'ry plains.

There's beauty in the foaming deep,  
When howling tempests roar,  
Or when at rest, while tempests sleep,  
It ripples on the shore.

And lovely is the orb of day,  
That wondrous source of light,  
The moon and all the rich array  
Of sparkling stars at night.

There's beauty in spring's cheerful morn,  
In summer's flow'ry forms,  
In autumn's golden load of corn,  
And in wild winter's storms.

Yes, even when wild winter reigns,  
And cleads the hills with snow,  
And binds the streams with icy chains,  
Which makes them cease to flow.

And when sweet nature prostrate lies  
In every place around,  
Amidst the wrecks that meet our eyes,  
Still, beauty doth abound.

The poet's eye sees beauty wild  
In every angry storm,  
As well as, in its aspect mild,  
In flowers of every form.

---

## A FRIENDLY ADDRESS TO ARCHIE.

(A FORMER PROPRIETOR OF THE "AIRDRIE ADVERTISER.")

**N**AN, Archie, ye are sair tae blame,  
 Ye'll stain the *Advertiser's* fame,  
 And bring a slur upon its name,  
     Tho' it's noo cheaper;  
 For really it's a doonricht shame  
     Tae use sic paper.

The thing will never dae ava',  
 Tae print on paper made o' straw,  
 Sae frail, that, if ye gie't a blaw,  
     Or yet twa shakes,  
 The rotten dirt just fa's in twa,  
     Or cracks an' breaks.

Can ye no dae like ither folk,  
 Get paper that will stan' a shock,  
 An' no yer constant readers mock  
     Wi' trash sae silly?  
 But if ye mean't just for a joke,  
     Ye are a billy.

Be that's it may, I just may tell,  
 An' ye ken weel enough yersel',  
 That ye print papers for tae sell,—  
     That's a' ye're heedin';  
 But buyers wad like just as weel  
     They'd stan' a readin'.

Mind folk are noo grown unco nice,  
 Sae Archie, frien', tak' my advice,  
 An' get guid paper, if ye're wise—  
     Ye muckle need it;  
 An' tho' ye pay a bigger price,  
     Ye manna heed it.

For ilka ane in your position,  
 Ev'n tho' sair fash'd wi' opposition,  
 Should hae a kind o' grand ambition  
     For fair an' square,  
 An' no aye dabble at addition,  
     An' naething mair.

---

 THE AULD SESSION HOUSE.

**T**H'LL no gang in a lang digression  
 About this hoose, built for the session  
     Tae haud an antrin meetin' ;  
 When lasses for an odd transgression,  
 Afore them made a forc'd confession,  
     Wi' lang face ha'flins greetin .  
 Since e'er it was at first ereckit,  
 It has, by some, been weel respeckit,  
     An' ithers it has frichted ;  
 When they oot owre some dyke had loupit,  
 An' in some dirty dub had coupit,  
     An' in't had tae be dichted.  
 Nae doot it's noo grown auld an' hoary,  
 But has heard mony a gey queer story,  
     That it will never tell ;  
 Sae heaps o' stories that we hear,  
 We shou'dna tell, tho' ithers speer,  
     But keep them tae oursel'.  
 If bodies wad dae aye what's richt,  
 They needna be in ony fricht  
     That they will get abuse ;  
 They'll no get shame, nor yet disgrace,  
 Altho' their meetin's whiles tak' place  
     In the auld session hoose.

---

## THE HOLE IN THE WA'.

**A** HILE splashing along on the rough road o' life,  
 Amidst this warl's pleasures, its cares, an' its strife,  
 We see heaps o' things, that are no unco braw,  
 If we tak' a keek, thro' a hole in the wa'.

When we cast our een tae affairs o' the state,  
 We see that its posts are aft gi'en tae the great,  
 An' pensions tae them wha ha'e nae need ava',  
 While merit's show'd by, as is seen thro' the wa'.

The warl' thinks that puir folk ha'e ne'er muckle sense,  
 That wisdom gangs aye wi' pounds, shillings, an' pence;  
 But gey aft the wealthy, the proud, an' the braw,  
 Are mighty big cuifs, when they're seen thro' the wa'.

As lang's we ha'e plenty, then plenty pretend  
 That they like us dearly, an' will us befriend,  
 But when straits come on us, they a' slide awa',  
 We see but their backs, when we look thro' the wa'.

We see some hing on a lang sanctified face,  
 An' visit the sick, pray, an' say a lang grace,  
 But break wi' the fu' han', an' pay nocht ava'—  
 Religion's their cloak, when ye see't thro' the wa'.

Then ithers pretend great regard for the poor,  
 But ne'er sair a beggar that comes tae their door,  
 Wha grind down their workers, an' try tae grab a'—  
 Their charity's hameward, when seen thro' the wa'.

When puir folk meet nobles, an' lords o' the lan',  
 Wha gi'e them a nod, an' a shake o' the han',  
 An' then mak about them a michty frac—  
 It's for their ain ends, if ye look thro' the wa'.

Gey aft foolish blockheads wi' blockheads cast oot,  
 Tho' whiles at a loss for tae ken what about,  
 An' when at a process they ha'e a bit draw,  
 The gainer's a loser, when seen thro' the wa'.

We see lot's weel pay'd for tae watch thieves at nicht,  
 But, when they're maist wanted, are aft oot o' sicht ;  
 But really the framework, an' stoops o' the law,  
 Are a' alike rotten, when seen thro' the wa'.

We see mony braw, gaucy, modest-like wives,  
 Pretend that they lo'e their liege lords as their lives ;  
 But when they are absent, their conduct's no braw,  
 They've ithers they like, if ye look thro' the wa'.

An' mony braw lasses, that ye wad think douce,  
 When they are afore folk, are mim as a moose ;  
 But when oot o' sicht, they ha'e nae shame awa'—  
 Their modesty's fled, if ye look thro' the wa'.

An' mony a father, an' husband's tae blame.  
 For stayin' oot late, frae their wives, weans, an' hame,  
 Wha say press o' business aye keeps them awa',  
 While it is debauch, if ye look thro' the wa'.

But we see our neebours, an' ne'er see oursel',  
 Their fau'ts an' their failings we're ready tae tell,  
 Tho' aiblins oor ain blots are black as a craw,  
 If we saw them richt, thro' the hole in the wa'.

In ilk thing in nature, we beauty can trace,  
 But see something queer in the hale human race,  
 They look aye far better a guid piece awa',  
 Than when near at han', thro' a hole in the wa'.



## BROTHERHOOD.

**I**F men to men would brothers be,  
 As God designed them when created,  
 The rich man then would gain respect,  
 The poor man would not then be hated ;  
 But all the world would be in peace,  
 And love and friendship would increase.


But while mean av'rice bears the rule  
 O'er men, their minds will be corrupted  
 With selfishness, that mighty bar  
 Where friendship's tide is interrupted ;  
 For vile ambition, greed or pride,  
 The bonds of brotherhood divide.

Why let vain, empty, pompous pride  
 Make us despise a fellow creature ?  
 Or why let selfishness destroy  
 The finer feelings of our nature ?  
 Or mammon, sympathy control,  
 And freeze benev'lence in the soul:

Oh, never let us speak a word,  
 To wound the feelings of another ;  
 And never let us do a deed,  
 That would give pain unto a brother ;  
 But let our words and actions prove  
 Our faith, our charity, and love.



## TO DAVID MORRISON.


 DAVIE, dinna sing my praise  
 Sae lood on Calder's bonnie braes,  
 Or echoes wild, I'm fear't ye'll raise,  
     As lood as thunner,  
 An' gar the bodies at me gaze,  
     As at a wonner.

They'd laugh at me, o' humble lot,  
 Whase pouches scarce e'er held a goat,  
 An' aften wears a ragged coat,  
     Far frae genteel—  
 Up poesy's height (sweet, lovely spot),  
     Attempt tae speel.

Nae doot I aften try tae speel  
 Parnassus' hill, but then I feel  
 That I'm noo far owre auld a chiel'  
     For sicna fash ;  
 An' then my head begins tae reel,  
     An' doon I clash.

But, if I was as gleg as you,  
 I'd twine mysel' up, like a screw,  
 Richt tae the tap, an' tak' a view  
     O' a' aroon',  
 Then tell the warld o' something new,  
     When I cam' doon.

But tho' I'm auld an' scant o' gear,  
 I'm aye fu' happy a' the year,  
 When simmer smiles, and flow'rs appear  
     In colours braw,  
 An' 'mang wild winter's storms severe,  
     I hum awa'.



At some bit verse tae keep me cheerie,  
 'Mang sunshine or when days are drearie,  
 It keeps aye that they dinna wearie,  
     In foul or fair,  
 An' gars time whirl roon' like a peerie,  
     An' drives aff care.

I canna noo, guid frien', dae less  
 Than thank ye for your kind address,  
 An' if we ever meet, I guess,  
     I'll be fu' fain  
 Tae get your waukit loof tae press,  
     Firm in my ain.



## MY AULD FRIEN'.

☞ COME clap yer waukit loof guid frien',  
 In this hard nieve o' mine,  
 An' I will gi'e't a hearty shake,  
     For days o' auld langsyne.

Ye're aye the same, ye alter nane,  
 Ye're honest, leal an' true,  
 Sic sterling worth is ill tae fin'  
     Amang the bodies noo.

For times are altered unco sair,  
 Sin' you an' me ha'e min',  
 Folk are no hauf sae frien'ly noo,  
     As what they were langsyne.

For lots wha mak' a great fracca,  
An' frien'ship dae pretend,  
Aft care aboot ye nocht ava',  
But for some selfish end.

An' noo a days, the honest man  
Is treated wi' neglect ;  
While he that cheats his neibours maist,  
Aye gains the mair respect.

Ye'll min' when we were callan's baith,  
It rais'd an unco crack,  
When ony chiel' gaed aff the straught,  
Or ony body brack.

But folk were far mair sterling then,  
An' honest were wi' ither,  
But noo they think it nae disgrace  
Tae cheat their very mither.

Ev'n some hing on a saunt-like face,  
An' aften sigh an' pray,  
Yet fleece folk like a' ither rogues,  
That never like fair play.

Nae wonner then folk gang agley,  
When greed's the ruling passion,  
For ilk ane does as ithers dae,  
Because it is the fashion.

But gi'e's yer han' my worthy frien',  
We ither days ha'e seen,  
Guid plain substantial honesty  
Is best, an' aye has been.

## DISCONTENTMENT ;

OR, WARL'S CARES.

**W**ARL'S griefs an' cares are unco rife,  
 An' warple roond a body's life,  
 An' aften raise an' unco strife  
       'Tween hope an' fear ;  
 An' when they are gleg as a knife,  
       They're ill tae bear.

But some auld farrant chap has said,  
 That cares by discontent are bred,  
 For when ambition lifts its head,  
       To be our guide ;  
 Then maist o' a' life's wants are made  
       By greed or pride.

There's lots o' folk wha are intent  
 Tae grasp far mair than tae them's sent,  
 But tho' they cou'd get cent. per cent.  
       Aboon their share,  
 They wadna then be half content,  
       But wad ha'e mair.


Pride aften gangs tae sic excess,  
 'Mang folk for ornaments and dress,  
 That aft it gi'es them great distress,  
       Forbye expense ;  
 But it aye clearly does express,  
       Their want o' sense.

The puir complain for want o' bread,  
 The rich, when they ha'e little need ;  
 An' pingin' misers just thro' greed,  
       The hale year roon' ;  
 But poets only when their reed  
       Gangs oot o' tune.

If wi' their lot, folk were content,  
 An' thankfu' aye, for what is sent,  
 An' no on pride's vain show be bent,  
     An' war'ly gain ;  
 Few cares they wad ha'e tae lament,  
     Scarce ane for ten.



### THE BEST MEN FOR SODGERS.


 UR rulers noo cry oot for men  
 Tae gang tae India tae be slain,  
     By climate or Hindoo ;  
 An' promise honour, glory, fame,  
 Tae them wha leave their peacefu' hame,  
     Tae serve a selfish few.

But honest men should ha'e mair sense  
 Than leave their hames for sic pretence,  
     An' just look at the past ;  
 The sodger's honour, glory, fame,  
 When he is shatter'd, blin', an' lame,  
     Is poverty at last.

If stupid rulers bring on war,  
 Then loopy lawyers are by far  
     The best men tae enlist,  
 For strife an' plunder is their trade,  
 An' tho' they were a' maim'd or dead,  
     They wadna sair be miss'd.

But honest men should mind their wark—  
 It's it that gie's them brecks an' sark,—  
     An' wives an' weans maintain,  
 An' let sic idle worthless crew,  
 Gang oot an' fecht the black Hindoo,  
     An' ne'er come back again.



## THE ORBS OF NIGHT.

**N**OW wondrous are the orbs of night,  
 That nightly shine on high,  
 All sparkling clear, like diamonds bright,  
 Upon the sky.

On heaven's blue arch, spread all abroad,  
 Like gems both great and small,  
 Directed and upheld by God,  
 Who made them all.

Unnumber'd worlds that run their race,  
 In depths of space profound,  
 Where mortal eyes can never trace  
 Their utmost bound.

Yet when deep shades hide nature's bloom,  
 When night is dark and drear,  
 They burst in beauty through the gloom,  
 Our hearts to cheer.

Then let us upwards cast our eyes  
 And view them with delight,  
 For God has plac'd them in the skies,  
 To rule the night.



## ON GEOLOGY.

**HOW** dare some men to doubt God's Word,  
 The record He hath giv'n,  
 That in six days, He made the earth,  
 The sea and hosts of Heav'n?

Yet there are men, who do maintain  
 That by some process slow,  
 The earth took ages vast to form,  
 Which they pretend to show.

Such men do limit God's great power,  
 To their own fancied rules;  
 But, trying to be over-wise,  
 They make themselves but fools.

For let them search earth's caverns deep,  
 Or scan the orbs on high,  
 No witness anywhere they'll find,  
 To give God's Word the lie.

God could have made the universe,  
 For aught that now appears,  
 As well in six brief days of time,  
 As in ten million years.



## I LO'E MY JOCK.

**LO'E** my Jock, an' Jock lo'es me,  
 For on life's road we equal draw,  
 An' help ilk ither up the brae,  
 When hardship's blasts against us blaw.

Nae doot we've ha'en oor ain adae,  
 Sin' I was his an' he was mine,  
 Yet in contentment's peacefu' bowers,  
 We aye affection's wreath dae twine.

The lowe o' love burns yet as bricht,  
 (Tho' therty years ha'e flown awa'),  
 As when first kindled in oor breasts,  
 An' we were made but ane o' twa.

An' tho' we dine on humble fare,  
 While we are spar'd an' ha'e oor health,  
 We'll be content, an' seek nae mair ;  
 True love is better far than wealth.

What signifies great stores o' gowd,  
 When it is mix'd wi' grief an' care,  
 Or gaudy show 'midst gilded ha's,  
 If peace an' comfort arena there.

A lowly cot wi' peace within,  
 Where man an' wife in love agree,  
 Has far mair charms than gilded ha's,  
 Or aught else that the warl' can gi'e.

Then I will ne'er envy the great,  
 Altho' their wealth be e'er sae rife,  
 Their pleasures are no half sae sweet  
 As what's enjoy'd in humble life.

Sae I'll lo'e Jock, my ain auld man,  
 An' tae the very day I dee,  
 I'll mak' him happy if I can,  
 An' Jock will dae the same to me.



## L O V E .

**H**EECH! love is a gey queer sensation,  
 An' raises a wonnerfu' row ;  
 It puts ane a' hildegalerie  
 When ance it breaks oot in a lowe.

I ance thocht it was a weak passion,  
 Just nonsense—a puir silly dream,—  
 But noo, when it has catch'd me fairly,  
 I think that it's stronger than steam.

I ne'er had a guess o' the pith o't  
 Till ae nicht I was wi' a frien',  
 An' saw a big, braw, strappin' hizzie,  
 Wi' twa laughin', dazlin', blue een.

I ne'er was sae muckle dumfouner'd,  
 For love, aye as gleg as a knife,  
 Ran in tae my heart like a tarrie,  
 An' threatens tae trail oot my life.

My head has gane a' tapsalteerie,  
 My mind is sair rackit wi' care ;  
 For in't there's a great collyshangy  
 Gaun on atween hope and despair.

I canna get sleep in the nicht for't,  
 But tumble and row in a fyke ;  
 It ne'er gi'es me peace in the daytime,  
 It follows me gang whaur I like.



But I'm gaun tae try tae get quat o't,  
 For this fash will no dae ava' ;  
 I think I've fund oot a new process,  
 That aiblins will fricht it awa'.

The cure that I'm ettlin tae try for't  
 Is no dear, an' gey easy ta'en :  
 I'll tak' a big drink o' cauld water,  
 An sit a lang while on a stane.



## THE ABSENT MUSE.


**M**Y donnart muse has noo gane gyte,  
 An's left me fairly, just thro' spite,  
 For no ae word she will indite,  
     Sae I suppose  
 That aught noo that I ha'e tae write,  
     Maun be in prose.

My verses ne'er were unco guid,  
 But tho' no fine they werena' rude,  
 An' I did aye as weel's I cou'd,  
     But yet for a',  
 The jade has ta'en a surly mood,  
     An' gane awa'.

But let her gang tae Banff or Coulter,  
 Or e'en to Fife, it doesna matter,  
 I winna fash my head about her,  
     A single bit,  
 I did fu' weel langsyne without her,  
     An' can dae yet.



## THE LOVER'S ADDRESS.

OME, Aggie, fling dull care awa'  
 An' cheer up noo that heart o' thine,  
 For sune we'll be made ane o' twa,  
 An' I'll be yours, an' ye'll be mine.

For winter win's ha'e ceas'd their din,  
 An' spring comes skippin' owre the lea,  
 The lambs are dancing on Drumfin,  
 An' birds are blythe as blythe can be.

Sae 'mang the warblers big and sma',  
 Wi' joyfu' hearts let's lilt and sing  
 That gloomy winter is awa',  
 An' noo has come sweet smiling spring.

Tho' sordid misers lo'e their cash,  
 Their pleasure maun be unco sma'  
 Compar'd wi' a' their fear an' fash,  
 Lest thieyes should come an' steal't awa'.

But youthfu' lovers pleasure feel,  
 When honestly each acts their part,  
 For real affection nane can steal,  
 When love has souther'd heart tae heart.

Then clap, dear lass, yer loof in mine,  
 An' say ye'll aye be true tae me,  
 For weel ye ken my heart is thine,  
 An' will be tae the day I dee.





TO BOTHWELL CASTLE.

**W**LD, hoary, ivy-mantled pile, whose walls,  
Firm as a rock, defy time's wasting hand,  
Tho' now denuded of thy gilded halls,  
A noble relic of past years you stand.

From time far distant in the gloomy past,  
Unknown to man, you on that bank have stood,  
Resisting the rude tempest's wildest blast,  
Dipping your shadow in the crystal flood.

Oh what rude grandeur and what haughty pride  
You've seen displayed all round you in your day  
When your bold barons revel'd by the Clyde,  
But, like its flood, they all have pass'd away.

Yes, they are gone, and your firm walls decay,  
A striking emblem of all human power ;  
Tho' it seems strong, it may not last a day,  
Or, like the rainbow, vanish in an hour.

But lovely nature, still in youthful bloom,  
 Smiles yet beside thee on the banks of Clyde,  
 And waves in rich luxuriance round the tomb  
 Of faded grandeur and of humbled pride.

Yet still in ancient pride you lift your head,  
 Tho' but the shadow of what you have been,  
 And though your grandeur is for ever fled,  
 Your shatter'd form's a beauty in the scene.



### ON THE FALKIRK BURGHS ELECTION, 1857.

(WHEN MR. MERRY, CARNBROE, WAS ELECTED OVER  
 MR. BAIRD OF GARTSHERRIE.)

**A**H ! humbled Tories, sair I fear,  
 That mony a muckle sony tear,  
 Doon by your nose in wild career  
 Will noo be toss'd ;  
 Since a' your influence, your gear,  
 Its charm has lost.

Nae doot your grief will be intense,  
 Tae think that ye've been sic expense,  
 Tae get up votes on false pretence,  
 Tae cheat the law ;  
 An' noo tae think thro' common sense,  
 You've lost it a'.

Bricht sovereigns noo may hide their head,  
 Since honour's ta'en the place o' greed,  
 The Tory cause is doon, 'maist dead,  
 An' *baird*less lies ;  
 Tae its lang hame we wish it speed,  
 Nae mair tae rise.



## TO JOSEPH FINDLAY.

**T**HO' noo the wee birdies are singin' fu' sweet,  
 An' snawdraps are springin', I'm maist like tae  
 greet,

Tae think hoo my hearty bit bairns ane an a',  
 Ha'e lost a guid neighbour, when Joseph's awa'.

For Joe is a guid natur'd hearty auld cock,  
 Aye keen o' a sang, a bit reel, or a joke,  
 Obligin' an' handy, an' no feart for snaw,  
 Sae he'll be miss'd sairly when he is awa'.

When he bade a while wi' us up at Hillen',  
 Alang wi' John Angus oor trusty guid frien',  
 He keepit us cheerie, an' raised ghosts an' a',  
 But ghosts will be still noo, when Joseph's awa'.


Oh, foul fa' the wretch, that wad nae wish him weel,  
 For he is a kind-hearted, canty, auld chiel';  
 For my pairt if ever I meet the old boy,  
 I'll gi'e him my haun, wi' a guid ship a-hoy.

## ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

(A FRAGMENT.)

**A**N' likewise that I wish him weel,  
 For he's an honest, hearty chiel',  
 An' fearsna witches, ghost, or deil,  
 In ony auld, dark, haunted biggin';  
 An wad far sooner laugh than squeal,  
 Tae see them dancin' on its riggin'.  
 Lang may ye be fit for your wark,  
 An' aye ha'e meat, shoon, breeks, an' sark;  
 An' in yer chimley a bit spark  
     Tae keep ye warm;  
 An' never wander in the dark,  
     Nor meet wi' harm.

## REFORM.

 HEAR that monster freedom's foe,  
 Base Toryism, crying,  
 That it has got a fearfu' blow,  
 An' thinks itsel' a-dying.

For Johnny Bricht, wi' patriot nicht,  
 Has roond it fetters locked,  
 An' wi' fair justice, manhood's richt,  
 He has it maistly choked.

But yet its Heralds soond its praise,  
 An' every scheme are trying,  
 Tae lengthen oot the tyrant's days,  
 A' puir men's richts denying.

Sic touting doctors canna save  
 A thing sae foul an' tainted,  
 For soon 'twill fill a traitor's grave,  
 An' winna be lamented.

Then merit will not meet wi' scorn,  
 Or worth be unrewarded ;  
 Men will be noble, tho' low-born,  
 An' rank be disregarded.

For sense maun tak' the place o' pride,  
 An' walth a lower station,  
 When honesty flings fraud aside,  
 An' virtue guides oor nation.

The rich will not the puir then slicht,  
 Just for the very reason,  
 That richt will stan' its ain 'gainst nicht,  
 An' nane daur ca' it treason.



## ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH.

(WRITTEN DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR.)

**B**RAVE Britons stand forth 'gainst the hordes of the  
North,

And for justice and freedom contend.  
In the cause that is right ye boldly will fight,  
And the weak from oppression defend.

With France by your side, keep a watch on the tide,  
And the bark that's in danger protect,  
Till the base northern Czar, that great man of war,  
Be stranded and shatter'd to wreck.

May peace, gentle star, chase the dark cloud of war,  
And when tyrants are sunk in the grave,  
Let a laurel be spread over those that have bled,  
And let justice be done to the brave.

May war ever cease, and true friendship increase,  
Then all nations alike will agree  
To join in the mart of industry and art,  
And all slaves from their bondage set free.



## THE HYPOCRITE TYRANT.

(WRITTEN DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR.)

**T**HE hypocrite tyrant has come from the North,  
And with bold face the rogue does pretend,  
That the only cause of his now coming forth,  
Is the rights of the Church to defend.

But in truth, it's ambition is the real cause,  
Although under religion he'd lurk ;  
He cares not for justice, religion nor laws,  
Could he murder and plunder the Turk.

The crafty old rascal will find to his cost,  
That the Turk has more friends now than he,  
And his conquests by vill'ny soon will be lost,  
And his power both on land and on sea.

Our brave hardy sons to the war have gone forth,  
And their allies the French by their side,  
Determin'd to hunt the Great Bear to the North,  
And in some snowy den make him hide.

His slaves and his strongholds, they'll crush to the earth,  
His ships they'll sink, capture, or burn,  
And show the Great Robber, proud of his high birth,  
They can give him Sinope in his turn.

Success to the armies of Britain and France,  
And their navies—the pride of the sea—  
May their goodwill and friendship ever advance,  
May they always be just, brave, and free.

May they join hand and hand the weak to protect,  
And their aid in a good cause aye lend,  
And teach all proud tyrants good laws to respect,  
And the rights of the just to defend.

May liberty, justice, and truth be wide spread,  
Let honour be given to the brave,  
A tear of grief shed for the wounded and dead,  
And let freedom be given to the slave.





## THE DREADED INVASION.

**Y**E British rulers, be aware  
 O' despots' fair pretensions,  
 O' friendship, for 'tis but a mask  
 Tae hide their base intentions.

Trust not to despots, whase deep plots,  
 An' councils are sae hidden,  
 Whase slaves dare neither speak nor act,  
 But only as they're bidden.

Sae let nae perjur'd despot e'er  
 Deceive ye wi' pretences,  
 But strengthen weel your wooden wa's,  
 An' a' your coast defences.

An' work awa' till ye're prepar'd  
 At ilka port an' station,  
 Tae gi'e them mair than they wad like,  
 Whaever tries invasion.

An' let true Britons, ane an' a',  
 O' every rank an' station,  
 Unite in ae big fearless ban',  
 For tae defend the nation.

An' watch a' roon' your rugged coast,  
 That if foes come ye'll see them,  
 An' if they ever dare to lan',  
 A warm reception gi'e them.

Just let them ken that British soil  
 Is no a place for tyrants,  
 Nor yet for downtrod servile slaves,  
 Nor world-wide power aspirants.

No, Britain's sons are brave and free,  
 Fu' o' determination ;  
 If despots think them to enslave,  
 They've tint their calculation.

They winna cringe tae despot power,  
 Nor yet be in submission,  
 But will work on as they have done,  
 An' ne'er ask their permission.

Sae if they come wi' hosts o' slaves,  
 O' sodgers, ships, an' seamen,  
 They'll aiblins fin' they're scarce a match  
 For Britain's noble freemen.



### THE GREAT FIGHT.

(WRITTEN DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR.)

**A** GREAT Bear frae the north, wha did lately come  
 forth,

And his auld trick o' plund'rin was tryin' ;  
 Thocht he had in his power, ilka beast tae devour,  
 Till he met wi' the Eagle an' Lion.

When he saw them staun still, then he took tae the hill,  
 An' tae conquer them there was relyin' ;  
 But they at him did rush, an' they gi'ed him a crush,  
 Then he fled frae the Eagle an' Lion.

He ran tae a den, at the side o' a glen,  
 Where he thocht he in safety cou'd lie in,  
 When within his stronghold, then he got unco bold,  
 An' his attitude there was defyin'.

But his foes did advance, an' they took up a stance  
 Where his stronghold they could keep an eye on,  
 Then the crafty auld Bear was hemm'd in geyan' sair  
 By the gleg sighted Eagle an' Lion.

He tried a' his skill tae get on tae the hill,  
 Where his hardy opponents were lyin',  
 But he died in the nicht, he got sic a fricht,  
 Frae the furious Eagle an' Lion.

Tho' the auld Bear is dead a young cub's in his stead,  
 As the chief over a' the great Bruins,  
 The Eagle an' Lion his hale force defyin'  
 Ha'e noo riven his stronghold tae ruins.

Noo his stronghold he's lost, an' he'll fin' to his cost,  
 That his great power is shatter'd at length,  
 When he comes tae the scratch, he's an unco pair match  
 For the Eagle an' Lion in strength.

Bruin's courage maun cease, for he's losing his grease,  
 An' wi' hunger an' wounds he is dyin';  
 An' he noo wad be fain tae slink north tae his den  
 If he cou'd, frae the Eagle an' Lion.

Let a' beasts noo beware, by the fate o' the Bear,  
 If for plunder or conquest they're tryin';  
 If they do persevere, they will soon get a tear  
 Frae the claws o' the Eagle an' Lion.



## THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

(WRITTEN DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR.)



SAD'S my heart, when noo I mind,  
 How I was happy aye an' fain,  
 To meet young Donald blithe an' kind,  
 Doon in the bonnie' bushy glen.

We oft sat by the burnie's side,  
 When bonnie flow'rs were blooming braw,  
 Our pleasant hours swift by did glide,  
 An' sweart we were tae part ava'.

We aften wander'd thro' the wood,  
 An' heard the bonnie birdies sing  
 In chorus tae the murmuring flood,  
 That owre the rugged rocks did spring.

Our youthfu' hearts were aye content,  
 Whene'er we cou'd thegither be ;  
 An' mony happy days we spent,  
 In wood, in glen, an' on the lea.

But ah ! the morning may be bricht,  
 The sun unclouded up may rise ;  
 But lang ere ever it is nicht,  
 Black clouds may overspread the skies.

Sae my fond hope soon blighted was,  
 An' my bricht prospects soon were o'er,  
 When Donald, in his country's cause,  
 Left hame for a far distant shore.

On battlefield he met the foe,  
 Amang a shoor o' shot an' shell;  
 But mony Russians were laid low,  
 Before my gallant Donald fell.

Noo I am dowie, left my lane,  
 An' my puir heart is sad an' wae,  
 For my braw Donald's dead an' gane,  
 An' lies on Alma's bluidy brae.



## FLORA'S LAMENT.

(WRITTEN DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR.)

**W**HEN gloamin' the day frae the nicht was dividing,  
 Lang after the sun had sunk doon in the wast;  
 The moon speel'd the sky, but was unco aft hiding  
 Her pale face ahint the dark clouds as they pass'd.

Then doon in the glen, lovely Flora was singing,  
 Beside the wee burnie that murmur'd alang,  
 Her voice frae the rocks in sweet echoes was ringing,  
 Her words they were plaintive, and this was her sang.

Noo lanely I wander in glen and on mountain,  
 Thro' green flowery meadow, and white gowan lea,  
 Alang by the burn side, an' clear gushin' fountain,  
 But nane o' them a' noo gi'es pleasure tae me.

Ilk place that I gang noo looks lanely an eerie,  
 The bonnie wild flowers, a' unheeded do blaw,  
 A's dark, dull an' dreary, that ance was fu' cheerie,  
 When Donald was here, but noo Donald's awa'.

The dark clouds o' grief, my puir heart ha'e enshrouded,  
Since e'er tae the war, my braw Donald has gane,  
My hopes are a' blighted, my prospects a' clouded,  
An' noo I in sorrow, maun wander my lane.

Ye wee twinklin' stars, as ye climb up the blue sky,  
An' hurry alang in your nightly career,  
If ye see my Donald, tell him as ye're gaun by,  
That his ain dear Flora in grief wanders here.

O Peace, gentle dove, let your wings be extended,  
An' soar o'er a' nations, baith near and afar,  
May ye be by justice, an' mercy attended,  
An' chase frae the earth, the vile vulture o' war.

Then hope, lovely star, wad arise bright as ever,  
An' thro' grief's dark clouds on my puir heart wad shine,  
True lovers wad meet then, again ne'er tae sever,  
An' I wad be Donald's, an' he wad be mine.



SAMUEL SAFTHEAD TAE THE ELECTORS O'  
LANARKSHIRE.

**E**LECTOR chaps, baith far an' near,  
Ye'll soon be in an unco steer,  
Gaun aff your candidates tae hear  
Tell their fine stories ;  
An' get saft win' blawn in your ear,  
By Whigs an' Tories.

Ilk ane will say if he is sent,  
It is his honest, true intent,  
Your wants tae fairly represent,  
Your grievance tell ;  
While a' the time it's easy kent,  
He means himsel'.

Real honest men are unco rare,  
An' Scotland lang has miss'd them sair,  
But there are men yet here an' there,  
That weel nicht fit  
Tae seek for Scotland her ain share  
O' justice yet.

Electors, ye shou'd really seek  
Some honest chiel's wha weel can speak,  
Wha bauldly wad haud up their cheek,  
Amang them a' ;  
An' no be like the Tory clique,  
Wha hum an' ha'.

Men that wad try wi' a' their micht,  
Tae get for Scotland what is richt,  
An' wadna be in ony fricht,  
Whae'er oppose  
Tae tak' them, if her cause they slicht,  
Firm by the nose.

Men wha ha'e Scotland's weal at heart,  
 An' like true patriots act their part,  
 An' no by bribes, an' cunning art,  
     An' false pretensions ;  
 Wad frae her cause gey soon depart  
     For posts an' pensions.

There is ae thing I will maintain,  
 An' I wad like ye a' tae ken,  
 That guid M.P.'s ye'll never sen',  
     No, never, never,  
 As lang's ye sell yer votes for gain,  
     Or yet for favour.

Shame on the mean an' shabby lot,  
 Wha sell their freedom for a groat,  
 Can they e'er claim the name o' Scot,  
     In ae relation ?  
 They only are a dirty blot  
     Tae ony nation.

*March, 1857.*

---

SAWNEY'S ADDRESS TO JONATHAN.

(WRITTEN DURING THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.)

♫ SAY, cousin Jonathan, 'cross the Atlantic,  
 Ye're surely gane daft, at least ye're grown frantic  
 Tae crack aboot fechtin' wi' auld Johnnie Bull,  
 For tho' he wants brains he has a hard skull.

Mind, tho' he is auld, an' gey donnart o' late,  
 When ance he is wauken'd, he's no easy beat,  
 An' if nae advantage o' you he has ta'en,  
 Ye'll just be as weel for tae let him alane.



Mind, John is a frien', near related by bluid,  
 An' buys frae ye cotton, tobacco, an wud,  
 An' mony braw profits aff Johnnie ye gain,  
 For he gi'es ye hard cash for lots o' your grain.

Noo Jonathan, frien', if ye tak' my advice,  
 Dinna fash wi' auld Johnnie, if that ye are wise,  
 Dinna quarrel wi' a neighbour, for ony wee fau't,  
 For fechtin' is aften as ill as it's ca't.

There's ae thing I ken, that I don't mean tae hide,  
 That ye are gey pappy, an' stuff'd fu' o' pride,  
 Ye think ye are strong noo, an' wealthy an' a',  
 But dinna speel heigh, in case ye may fa'.

Be wise man, an' no mak' aye sic a flusterin'  
 Bide at hame an' dinna ye gang filibusterin',  
 In case on yoursel', ye some mischief may draw,  
 An' soon ha'e a gey scabbit elbow tae claw.

Ye'll just be as weel for tae stick by your trade,  
 An' let them a' fecht that tae fechtin' are bred,  
 Ye ha'e walth o' room in yer ain place tae bide,  
 An' micht be content, if it wasna your pride.

It's my thocht that Johnnie and you are big loons,  
 An' if ye cast oot ye'll get baith crackit croons ;  
 But the best way o' settlin' your difference wad be,  
 Own baith that ye're blockheads, shake hauns, an'  
 agree.



## BARNEY'S ADDRESS TO JONATHAN.

(WRITTEN DURING THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.)



CH thunder and mud, jewel Jonathan darling,  
 John Bull's knock'd ye under for all your great  
 swagger,

He'll teach ye what's right tho' he is not for quarrelling,  
 And show he can snub such a mighty big bragger.

Blood and wounds, honey dear, ye went wrong, for to meddle  
 His tight little steamer that carries his letters,  
 Which caus'd him to larn ye a tune for your fiddle,  
 Call'd Jonathan Bunkum has met with his betters.

With your own little war, sure, ye might be continted,  
 The world's not all yours, but belongs to some others,  
 And tho' ye get thrash'd your fate wont be laminted,  
 As long's ye're not foighten to free your black brothers.

Och sure, and ye boast still of freedom and bravery,  
 And of such tall bluster ye make your orations,  
 While all the world knows that ye glory in slavery,  
 And tramp on the laws of all civilized nations.

Now Jonathan jewel, give over your ragging,  
 And try to larn sinse from your neat little crubbing,  
 Och stop your thin jaws from their blust'ring and bragging,  
 In case you may earn for yourself a good drubbing.

Great murther and turf, what a bowld little fellow,  
 The donkey appears to himself when he's crying,  
 But och, his loud braying, so lovely and mellow,  
 Is drown'd all at once by the roars of the lion.



## FRAGMENTS.

**A** BLIGHTED flower whose fading bloom,  
 Is wet with dew in evening's gloom,  
 When howling tempests rave ;  
 A faint, but striking likeness bears  
 To a young maiden bath'd in tears,  
 Bent o'er her lover's grave.

---

**T**HE honest man of humble birth,  
 Of genius bright, and sterling worth,  
 That rises up to fame ;  
 Is like a spring that onward flows,  
 Until it to a river grows,  
 And bears a classic name.

---

**N**OW like a ship by tempest driv'n,  
 With anchor lost, and sails all riv'n,  
 That nears a fatal reef,  
 Is he who does indulge in drink,  
 It drives him soon to ruin's brink,  
 By all kinds of mischief.

---

**I**F man to man would do what's right,  
 As every one should do to others,  
 Then war the world would never blight,  
 But all would live in love as brothers,  
 But vile ambition, greed, and pride,  
 The bonds of brotherhood divide.

---

**G**REAT changes come wi' passin' years,  
 As in life's journey aft appears,  
 When frail humanity we scan,  
 For frien's may be fu' rife to-day,  
 An' gin the morn be a' away,  
 Sae unco fickle aye is man.

---

 NOVELS.

**B**UT what are Novels, oft but painted lies,  
 Drest gaily up that they may look like truth,  
 But only are deceivers in disguise,  
 That conquer and mislead unwary youth.

---

 FRIENDSHIP.

**F**RRIENDSHIP, great source of happiness below,  
 Spring of all pleasure, and life's sweetest balm,  
 Light'ner of sorrow, and the strongest bond  
 That binds society in peace and love,  
 What would life be without thee?

**T**RUTH, honesty, and sobriety, are the three  
 Principal strokes in the picture of  
 Man's moral character.

