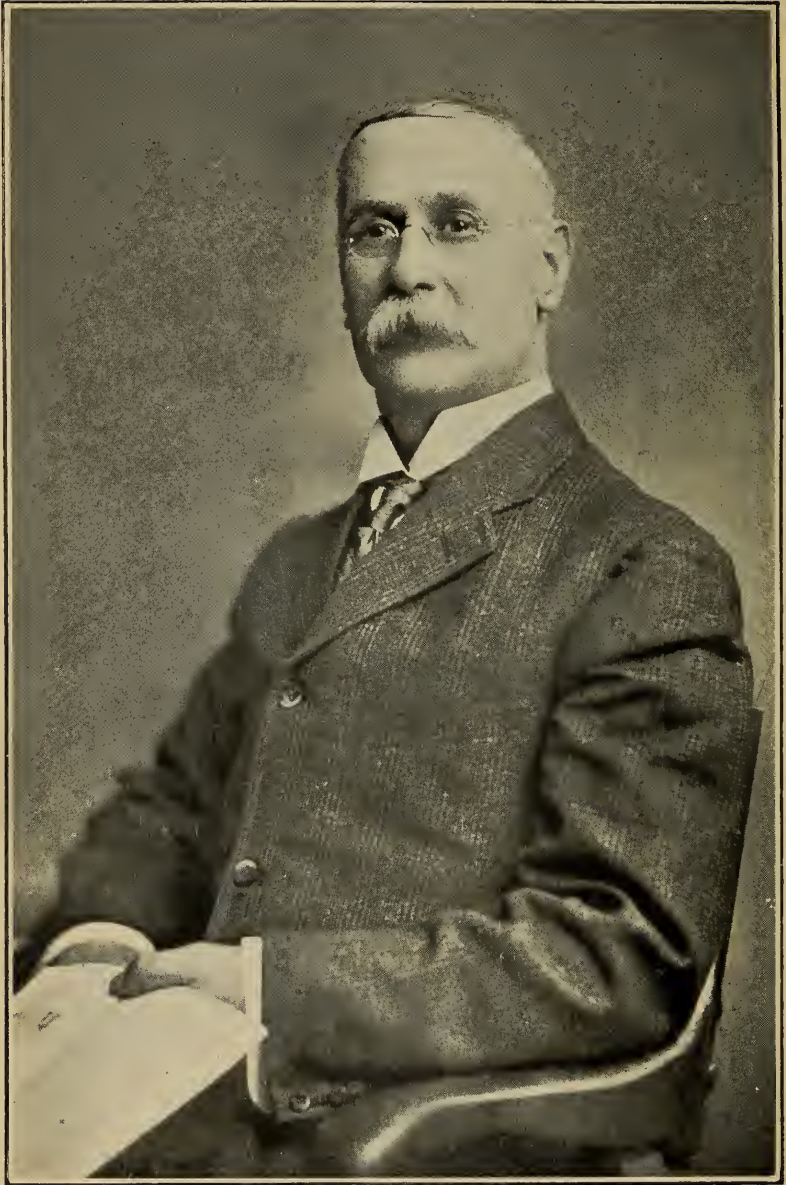


LAYS O' TH' HAMELAND

JAMES H. MURDOCH





J. A. Mundeck.

PREFACE

DEAR READER :—

As you peruse the following verses, your attention will doubtless be drawn to one thing at least, namely: the simplicity of the language used in their composition. To be entirely frank with you, this has always been my intention; because, when I first started to write, I thought it better to speak in the plain doric or language of the common people. True, it may not be considered classical Scotch, but is as near to that which is used generally as I could possibly write it. It has been my effort to strike a happy average, remembering that “oor ain folk” in some localities in Scotland have their own peculiar forms of speech and expression. I have also interjected here and there some poems in English, which it is hoped may lend a pleasing variety to the book.

I have studiously avoided using words or phrases that might lead one away from the standard of life with which, I may say, I have always been associated.

It has always been an unwavering principle with me to call things by that name in which they are best known, and not to inject into this edition of verses meaningless, high-flown technicalities, which might have a tendency to mislead some from the true meaning of what it was intended to convey; so much so, indeed, that in writing, I have never lost sight of the fact that my humble efforts have been always to please those people who are used to the plain, every-day, simple life, which is undoubtedly the most beautiful and beneficial, not only to those who live it, but to the world.

I think the reader will agree with me that, after all, this is best, since the most of the enclosed verses are woven around the fireside "at hame." The scenes I have tried to depict will doubtless appeal to a great number of people who have "played the part"—especially Scottish people—for I dare say there are few who have been born in the land o' cakes that have not been at a Sabbath Schule Suree, or helped their mothers on washing days; and many of us can look back with tearful eyes and fancy we are again proudly bearing aloft a wee white or blue flag in the Sabbath Schule 'Trip, winding our way down some flower-scented glen, accompanied by the song of the sky-lark, to the private grounds of some kind-hearted Scottish laird; there to be regaled with milk, buns and gooseberries!

I was born of Scottish parents who were, by instinct, hand-loom weavers, in the village of Cumbernauld, Scotland. When between the age of six and seven years, I was sent to the public school, and after about three years of the most strenuous part of my life, with the most exacting and cold-hearted schoolmaster that ever lived, I emerged at the other end from what was then known as the eighteen-pence book class, which, I think, would be equivalent to our modern fifth reader or standard. No dust, if I can remember, was allowed to accumulate in the seams of any boy's jacket in this school. The master, I always thought, claimed the exclusive privilege of attending to that, so much so, that to this day I have always wondered why some one was not killed or permanently crippled; not because we committed any depredation, but simply because we didn't have our lessons committed to memory in the most unreasonable time, or failed to solve any problem given us to do in the shortest time possible.

When I reached the age of ten years, my father died, leaving my mother nearly helpless. I was taken from school to try and do something to help her; and ever since then, the great busy world has been my school house, where the most of us, of course, have learned more of the world's ways than we did at school or around our mother's knee.

When between the age of sixteen and seventeen years, I was bound to the trade of clothlapper and pattern book making with Robert Smith & Sons, Parkvale and Hayford Mills, Stirling.

Leaving my native land in 1878, I turned my footsteps toward the setting sun, where, I am proud to say, I have never been without many kind-hearted friends in the great Republic of the West.

While our whole duty is toward the land of our adoption, yet, the green fields, the rushing waters, the beautiful flower-clad valleys of our native land keep continually rising before the mind's eye, and often make us think of that exquisitely beautiful song:—

“Aft, aft, hae I pondered on scenes of my childhood,
The days ance sae happy, O come back again!
When I pu'd the wild daisies that spangled the green-
wood,
And gie'd them awa' to my wee lovers then. -
O memory's dear.”

With these few remarks, kind reader, I will leave this volume of verses with you to judge them as you see fit; content with the thought that, after all, the plain people shall be, as they should be, the final arbiter.

THE AUTHOR.

Glassport, Penna., U. S. A., November, 1911.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In all our long experience, never have we published a book that has given us more pleasure in the doing of it, than "Lays o' th' Hameland." The Scottish people here and everywhere are being done a distinct service in the publication of such a volume of poems, and are to be congratulated that we have in our midst such a gifted Scottish bard with a mission in life which he is trying to fulfill to the best of his ability. That this first great work of Mr. Murdoch will be appreciated by those for whom it is primarily intended, we confidently predict; not only so, but all those who love really good poetry with an entertaining and uplifting purpose in it, will revel in these verses.

There is no doubt whatever that these "Lays" will very soon permeate "wherever Scotsmen gather," and that they will reap increment with the passing years—a reasonable prediction. Indeed, many of them will in due season be household words among our people. There is no Scottish poet living to-day, that we know of, who can approach Mr. Murdoch in his incomparable, simple, homely style, which reaches the heart; and there is no book published at present just like this one, depicting the sweet, pure, natural life of the Scottish people and their beautiful country. When the merits of these poems are more understood and appreciated (and this is sure to happen) there will spring up a demand for them that will be hard to keep pace with.

Like all other really worthy Scots, Mr. Murdoch is modest; but the urgent solicitation of his many friends prevailed with him to set these poems before the people in book form. There should be no qualms as to the result, and it is

to be hoped that he will be induced and encouraged to keep on edifying and entertaining us in his own happy and gifted way.

This collection will make a very suitable Christmas present to send a brother or sister Scot anywhere; indeed, is suitable as a gift at any time. The pleasure these beautiful poems will afford cannot be computed. We ask for the author a generous supply of that encouragement which true Scots everywhere, of whatever station in life, never were known to withhold to a worthy thing or cause, and that they will do all in their power to help along the sale of the book. Mr. Murdoch, like many others who have benefited the world by their presence and work, is not a rich man, so far as this world goes, and cannot hope to make anything out of this volume except the appreciation of his grateful fellow-countrymen, for whom he has labored so long and earnestly in this special field for which his natural gifts are so eminently fitted. Yet, financial stimulus is also a necessary thing in this world; and such a form of encouragement, along with the heart's appreciation, should make a combination that would go far towards perpetuating and even further enlarging his work among and for us.

In Mr. Murdoch we have a helper. He is trying to benefit the world by his labors. Shall we not also do our part by him?

THE AMERICAN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

BY WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, *Proprietor.*

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Lays o' th' Hameland

BY

JAMES H. MURDOCH

11

Friends I hae many—some are far o'er the main,
But years hae gane by since their dear hands I shook;
When the fire burns low, they come crowding again
With their soft, winning smiles, round my quiet Inglenook.

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Nov

NEW YEAR IN TH' COUNTRY.

When up th' vale, th' frosty wins,
Their dolefu' tale o' winter bring;
An' thro' th' naked thorny whins,
Their sad an' waefu' requiems sing.

Ilk thing is covered owre wi' snaw,
Nae shelter for wee birds ava',
That used tae sing tae cheer us a',
An' drive dull cankert care awa'.

Within th' shielin', on th' brae,
There's rustic cheer an' comfort, tae;
For Hielan' he'rts, I'm prood tae say,
Are true as steel, come weal or wae.

Th' bairns, whase he'rts are free frae care,
Are playin' bogles on th' stair;
Auld Rover's dreamin' on th' flair;
Tabby's singin' thrums on th' airm chair.

It's then th' freens frae faur an' near,
Come stappin' in wi' words o' cheer;
An' for your health they'll kindly speir,
An' wish ye mony a guid New Year.

Th' freens wad kindly nod, an' say:
 "Th' same tae you, for mony a day—
 An' for th' health an' strength we hae,
 We'll thankfu' be as long's we may."

Doon comes th' curran' bun, an' cakes
 An' bannocks white as snawy flakes,—
 Th' braw white cheeny cups an' plates
 Are a' brocht oot, jist for their sakes.

An' Rab an' Tam, an' Jess an' Jean,
 Declare "sic scones they'd never seen."
 Weel pleased, th' guid wife's twinklin' een
 Betray th' he'rt tae ilka freen.

Auld granny sits back in her chair,
 An' strokes wee Jimmie's yellow hair,
 An' croonin' owre some eldritch air,
 She haps him doon wi' tentie care.

Ayont th' cupboard, on a shelf,
 Weel hidden' in ahint th' delf,
 Rab slips his haun wi' canny stealth
 An' brings a drap tae drink their health!

An' sae, they a' sit doon th'gither,
 An' wish guid luck tae yin anither,
 An' speak o' craps, an' wonder whether
 They're gaun tae hae some backward weather!

"Rab," says Tam, "gies yon sang o' mine,
Ye sang sae sweetly in yer prime,
It's been ringin' i' my ears sin' syne,
Come on! ye ken th' tune o'ot fine!"

Rab clears his throat an' then begins:—

"Come, lassie, whaur th' burnie rins,
An' louns like spirits owre th' linns,
An' jouks sae bonnie 'neath th' whins,
An' we'll spend th' day sae cheery O.

My offer's no this warld's gear,
But I've a he'rt that's aye sincere,
Sae, come awa', ye needna fear,
An' roam wi' me, my dearie O."

Then ilka ane sings i' their turn—
Some sing o' deeds at Bannockburn—
Some sing o' sighin' swains that murn
In some lone glen beside th' burn.

Th' chairs an' tables scor'd sae braw,
Are a' placed nicely in a raw,—
The big meal kist, it gets a thraw,—
Th' auld pirn wheel's hung on th' wa'!

Then up they get wi' ne'er a care
If a' th' kings on earth were there!
An' wi' a fit as licht as air,
They trip it trimly on th' flair.

Noo, Jess an' Jean are keepin' time!
And Rab an' Tam—weel, they're daein fine,—
They're no exactly jist in line—
But then, their he'rts are leal an' kind.

Jean lauchin' says: "When in my prime,
When folks wad meet in days lang syne,
I could keep th' flair an' tak th' shine
Aff ony dancer in my time!"

Whar is th' ane wad dare tae say
That puir folk's wrang, an' shouldna dae
Sic things as this? Heth, ye needna pray
For Scotch folk on a New Year's day!

It's true, puir folk mak' little gain,
But what they hae is a' their ain;
Their he'rts are true—their love is fain,
They're maist content wi' hoose an' hame.

O' burdens, aye, they hae their share,
But manfully they war on Care!
They've health an' strength an' some tae spare—
Th' king himsel' can boast nae mair!

But critic folk will toss their heid,—
Puir things! guid kens, they dinna need
Tae gang about an' hum an' plead,
They've ither fauts, faur waur indeed!

An' sae it comes an' sae it gangs,
When times are blae they sing their sangs!
Their common sense aye richts their wrangs,
An' grief can gang whar it belongs!

They ne'er forget that owre it a',
However fortune kicks th' ba',
It's Him aboon, an's sacred law,
They thank for every breath they draw.

They aye alloo that He kens best,
Whate'er betides, He'll grant them rest;
It's aye th' he'rt within th' breast
An' naething else that stauns th' test!

An' wi' an' honest smile an' tear,
They pairt frae ilka freen, sae dear,
An' promise, wi' a he'rt sincere,
Tae meet again some ither year.

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF CLAN McDONALD,
161, McKEESPORT, PA.

Brither clansmen—freens an' a',
You're welcome tae th' banquet ha';
We're modest folks—nae pride hae we,
But a' th' same, we're fu' o' glee,
An' when we say you're welcome ben,
It's comin' frae th' he'rt, ye ken.

We've met th' nicht—oor annual spree,
Tae crack an' haud oor jubilee;
May ilka ane wi' freenship clean
Say, "There's a' haun, my trusty freen,"
An' a' ootside we'd say tae you—
Come in! McDonald's he'rt is true.

Let's a' gang back for twa-three 'oors,
An' gaze on Stirlin's auld grey too'rs,
Or play again wi' childish pride,
Alang th' bonnie banks o' Clyde;
Or watch th' lark spring frae his bed
Upon th' verdant banks o' Jed.

By Tweed's clear stream, or Forth's calm river,
We'll sit an' watch th' sunbeams quiver;
An' chase th' bee an' butterflee
By rollin' Erne, or rapid Spey,
Or pu' a rose wi' tender care,
By bonnie Doon, or windin' Ayr.

My freens, th' he'rt aye warms yet,
An' shall until oor sun shall set,
For that brave land ayont th' sea,
O' grandeur, love an' liberty;
Sae here's tae Scotia, true an' brave,
Lang may her bonnie tartans wave!

God bless oor mission here on earth,
God bless th' soul that gave it birth,
May He wha' rules amang th' spheres
Send peace tae his declinin' years;
An' may a' clansmen, faur an' wide,
Tae Truth, an' Love, an' Peace subscribe.

**LINES ON THE DEATH OF A NOTED ANGLER,
JOHN HEMPSTEAD, OF CAMBUSBARRON**

Come oot frae in below th' stanes,
 Frae mossy banks an' stagnant drains,
 An' bring yer frichtit, timorous weans,
 An' soom wi' glee;
 Yer foe that aften trod th' glens,
 Death's closed his e'e.

Gae speed th' news thro' a' th' rills,
 Frae windin' Forth tae Fintry Hills,
 That he, th' chief o' a' yer ills,
 Has had his day;
 Th' wee troots noo may flap their gills—
 Th' bigs yins, tae!

Drumsuggle, whar' it tak's a turn
 Tae join th' roarin' Limestane Burn,
 Whar sparklin' cascades foam an' churn,
 Gae flee wi' speed;
 An' tell wee troots nae mair tae murn,
 For Johnnie's deid!

An' tell th' freens in "Kings" an' "Carron,"
 Tae loup th' linns, they're free frae harm;
 Yon sleekit chap frae Cambusbarron
 Wi' rod an' reel,
 Nae mair he'll work wi' subtle charm,
 His cunnin' spiel.

E'en cocks an' hens may cease their wail,
For Jock's nae langer on their trail,
Tae pu' th' feathers oot their tail
 Tae busk sae braw;
Some clever bait tae hook th' frail,
 Clean thro' th' jaw!

Wee helpless bugs may chirp and sing,
An' rise an' flee wi' hummin' wing,
Across th' linn whar torrents fling
 Their foamin' spray;
Th' haun that pierced ye thro' th' een
 Is cauld as clay!

Ye'd see him crawlin' on his knees
Alang th' sides o' rotten trees
For wee white mauks or fancy flees,
 Wee troots tae bribe;
Or onything he thocht micht please
 Th' finny tribe!

When mists were trailin' owre th' brae,
An' dews were dreepin' aff th' slae,
Jock trod th' muirs at mornin' grey,
 Ere larks had risen;
Syne hame he'd trudge at close o' day,
 Wi twa-three dizen!

But wae's me, auld Jock's noo awa',
 Nae mair he'll lash an' deftly draw
 His line across th' waterfa'
 In Fintry glen;
 His like Cam'sbarron never saw
 'Mong fisher men!

They'll miss his kindly, smilin' face,
 An' quiet, retirin', manly grace;
 We hope his soul has found a place
 Amang th' blest,
 Wi' Him wha' guides th' human race
 An' kens th' best!

TH' WEE HAME

Sometimes a body's puzzled
 An' kens nae whar tae gang;
 Sometimes we're led tae think this world's
 A sweet, harmonious sang,
 But, oh, hoo quick oor idle thochts
 Gang glimmerin' like th' snaw,
 An' mak' us think there's nae place
 Like oor wee hame, efter a'.

What tho' th' hame be humble,
Wi' its low riff theeked wi' strae,
An' th' doorstep wearin' thin an' low
An' th' wa's look auld and grey?
'Twill cling aroun' th' memory,
Like th' ivy tae th' wa',
An' monie a time you'll heave a sigh
For th' wee hame, after a'.

Tho' senseless pride should flaunt its gear,
Ye needna care a preen,
If love be blinkin' roun' th' hearth
Tae consecrate th' scene!
E'en tho' th' warld should gang ajee
An' kingdoms rise an' fa'!
Th' smile that lichts yer ain fire en',
Is th' best thing, efter a'.

Sometimes th' clouds may lower,
An' th' sky look geyin' black;
But it's fine tae ken ye hae a freen
Aye staunin' at yer back!
Their tears will mingle whiles wi' yours,
Sae dinna gang awa'
An' leave th' cozy, wee fire en',
Th' best place, efter a'.

TH' CRAW'S AN' TH' TATTIE BOGLE

Tae a' th' craws in Beltane wood,
A note was sent oot—greetin':—
That ilka craw, wi' honor, should
Attend a special meetin'.

An auld fule—so th' notice says—
Ye keen him, Jamie Russell,
He's resurrected some auld claes,
An' a lum hat, bare as grissel.

Frae a' th' airts th' win' can veer,
They cam' for twa-three days,
Tae view th' bogle dressed sae queer
In Jamie Russell's claes.

Th' chief craw gied them a' a speech,
An' quoted certain laws,
Tae prove that tattie bogles teach
A lesson tae th' craws.

“When ye see them set a bogle oot,
A dreadfu' sicht revealin',
Juist tak' my word—without a doot,
There are tatties for th' stealin'.

Noo, Russell's schemes ('tween me an' you,
He's some I daurna mention),
But wha he's tryin' tae pautern noo,
It's past my comprehension!

An' freens, I've leeved for seeven year',
An' o' bogles made a study,
But for a fricht, I'll vow an' sweer
That this yin 'coves th' cuddy!

Will some yin say—if ony can,"
Th' chief craw asked at each yin,
"If it's 'Paurly Wull' or 'Candy Dan'
Or daft Jock Watson preachin'?"

A wee yin said, 'twas "Mealy Tim,"
Or bleer-ee'd "Davey Wallace,"
Anither said "it looked like yin
New cutted frae a gallows!"

Some couldna name th' thing ava—
Some didna care a whistle—
Some wished a big hey stack wad fa'
An' smother Jamie Russell!

Tae settle th' unseemly row
An' calm their doots an' fears,
Th' chief craw ran alang a bough
An' cawed for volunteers!

“Dis ony craw,” he fairly cried,
 “Propose tae stand defeated,
 An’ by a strae stiff’d ghost defied
 An’ frae their richts be cheated?”

A big yin streech’d his glossy neck
 An’ gied his neb a dicht,
 Quo’ he, “I’ll steal a hauf a peck
 Afore th’ morn’s nicht.

Wha cares for Russell’s weddin’ claes?
 Dear me! they’d mak’ ye gasp!
 I’ve leev’d on tatties a’ my days
 An’ shall dae till th’ last!”

Awa’ he flew wi’ lichtnin’ speed,
 ‘Tae whar th’ bogle sat,
 He made twa circles roun’ its heid
 An’ lichtit on its hat.

He even delved amang th’ mud,
 Below a spreadin’ shaw,
 Syne cairriet hame a juicy spud
 An’ shair’d it wi’ them a’.

Th’ feat was hailed wi’ great acclaim—
 They gied him lood applause!
 An’ voted glossy there an’ then
 Th’ king amang th’ craws.

Says he, "My freens, mak' little din,
Nae mair sit doon an' greet!
For when th' spuds are gaithered in,
We'll start on Russell's wheat!

An' when th' wheat's a' gaithered hame,
An' hap't frae winter's snaws,
We'll get a leevin', even then,
By pu'in' oot th' straws.

An' as for Russell? Simple chiel,
Wha's sneered at Nature's laws!
He'll be lucky if he 'scapes th' deil
For tryin' tae sterve th' craws."

THE WILD ROSE

Let the roses bloom and die;
Let their perfume-laden leaves
Leave their sisters with a sigh,
Scattered by the Western breeze.

Oft times has the evening gale
Flung its incense far abroad!
Bringing back some sweet told tale
To some lonely, drear abode.

The blighted hopes of days gone by,
Whose spirit haunts us down the years,
Are but the rose leaves shrunk and dry,
Tho' watered oft by countless tears!

Let their leaves lie where they fall;
Their mission on this earth is done!
Perhaps 'tis better, after all,
They fall and wither, one by one!

So let the roses bloom and fade,
They tell of some forgotten joy;
Some other star which God hath made
May yet their mission sweet employ.

Sweet transient of the rural vale,
Thy vernal year too soon goes by;
The winds that whisper down the dale
Are sighing, when you droop and die!

JAMIE BROON

(Lines on Mr. James Brown, Clerk of the City of McKeesport, Pa.,
native of Coatbridge, Scotland)

Auld Scotlan' aye hauds up her heid,
An' looks th' braid world in th' face!
Tae crooch an' cringe, she disna need,
She's represented every place.

Aroun' th' world's circle wide,
Where brawn an' brains are in demand,
We place auld Scotia's sons beside
Th' best they have in any land.

They guide th' plow an' wield th' pen,
They sink th' mine an' hew th' rock!
In a' th' ways o' mart an' men,
You'll find auld Scotlan's sturdy stock.

In peace an' war—on land or sea,
They're pressin' forward in th' van!
Beneath th' banner of th' free,
Th' Caledonian takes his stan'.

In councils o' th' kirk an' state,
They're there wi' ready wit an' pen,
They snap their thooms at luck an' fate,
An' solve th' problems there an' then.

McKeesport, famed owre a' th' earth,
Among her councillors sits a chiel!
(I needna say o' Scottish birth,)
An' keeps her books, an' keeps them weel.

Oor honored freen, wi' smilin' face,
Can tell ye a' aboot th' toon;
An' a' that ken him, frankly place
Explicit faith in Jamie Broom.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF

The golden Autumn leaves are falling,
Their song is past and done ;
They march in countless mute brigades
And fall out one by one !

The wailing winds with chilling breath,
Thro' the naked branches roam ;
The red sun's sinking in the West
And birds are winging home.

The humble daisy in the dell
Hath shed its petals now ;
The mighty oak's imperial crown
Hath left his kingly brow !

O, say not that the Autumn leaves
Have sung and sighed in vain !
They teach that we, like them, may fall
Ere Springtime comes again.

TH' WEE PATFU' O' TATTIES

There are times when a body will heave a bit sigh
For th' freen's o' lang syne, an' th' days that's gane by;
When leal he'rts wad gether, as pure as th' snaw,
Roun' th' wee patfu' o' tatties an' a herrin' or twa.

Hoo fain were th' he'rts, an' hoo blithe was th' sicht;
Sittin' aroun' th' fire on a lang winter nicht;
An' hearin' th' rain an' th' win' loodly blaw,—
Roun' th' wee patfu' o' tatties an' a herrin' or twa.

Some gey couthie folks wad invite a bit freen,
'Tae be shair an' ca' in aboot blithe Hallowe'en;
Syne, th' sang an' th' story, they'd whup an' they'd ca'.
Roun' th' wee patfu' o' tatties an' a herrin' or twa.

Some wad mak' us believe they heard a strange soun',
Then we'd a' draw th'gether an' were feert tae look roun';
Whiles we'd lauch at oor shadow sae droll on th' wa',
Roun' th' wee patfu' o' tatties an' a herrin' or twa.

What signifies wealth if th' wee lovin' flame
Disna sit at th' fireside tae licht up th' hame?
Faur better wi' love tho' you've naething ava'
But a wee patfu' o' tatties an' a herrin' or twa.

Sma' wonder we sigh for th' days that are gane—
 For th' wee thacket hoose wi' its "but an' its ben"—
 For th' kindly advice th' auld folks gaed us a',
 Roun' th' wee patfu' o' tatties an' a herrin' or twa.

Here's a health tae th' freens o' th' days o' lang syne,
 An' tae Faith, Love an' Hope, may their he'rts aye incline;
 May they never want when adversities blaw,
 A wee patfu' o' tatties an' a herrin' or twa.

THE FISHERWIFE'S LULLABY TO HER CHILD

Hush ye and sleep, 'tis the sea wind that's wailing,
 It is dying away with the red setting sun!
 Father will come—o'er the salt sea he's sailing—
 To the one's he loves best, when the toiling is done.
 Hush ye and sleep,
 Till the dawning has come!
 And the waves homeward sweep
 Brings fond father home.

Hush ye and rest, the cold dewes are dreeping!
 The thrush is asleep near his mate on the tree,
 Afar up the deep glen the grey mists are creeping,
 And all nature's still but the sob of the sea!
 The bright silver moon
 Is abroad o'er the deep,
 To guide father home,
 Sleep, darling, sleep!

Thy father is brave, as his sires were before him,
Who first saw the wild foaming waves in their glee!
His arm, it is strong, like the kindred that bore him,
Who toiled for their bread in the depths of the sea!
Sleep, darling, sleep!
Kind angels are near,
God's hand rules the deep,
And mother is here.

WANDERING WITH THE MUSE

Th' Muse an' me, ae bonnie day,
Resolved—atween us twa,
Tae gang tae whar th' foamin' linns
Come bockin' oot amang th' whins
An' wear th' day awa'.

She wore a girdle by her side,
An' in her silken hair
I saw th' flowers of every hue
Entwined with rosemary an' rue,
Th' thorn an' rose were there.

Her wind-swept harp she held aloft,
An' thro' its tremblin' strings
I heard th' music of th' streams
That glance beneath pale Luna's beams,
With melodious murmurings.

A-down th' glen where brackens green
Nod to th' Summer air,

We sat an' mused on Nature's gift,
Th' lark was liltin' i' th' lift,
Th' world was bright an' fair.

We wandered o'er th' scented hills,
An' by th' thicket green;
An' thro' th' meadows, wet wi' dew,
Where buttercups an' daisies grew,
An' wee flowers blaw unseen.

She smiled an' said: "My freen, tak' heed,
Not all th' flowers we meet
Are gifted wi' a radiant air,
For some are false, an' some are fair,—
Th' bitter an' th' sweet.

Not all th' songs th' Shepherd sings
So blithe at eventide,
Can heal a sad an' broken heart,
For some will soothe an' some will smart
An' some with coldness chide.

Her rustic harp she sweetly tuned
An' sang a hamely strain,
O' gowden days o' dear lang syne,—
I thocht th' lang lost freen's o' mine
Smiled roun' th' fire at hame.

I heard th' songs that touch th' he'rt
Gang roun' th' circle wide;
 O' patriotic, valiant knights,
 Who triumphed in a hundred fights
An' for Scotland's honor died!

I saw our sandaled fathers bold
Proud England's offer spurn!
 An' far across th' spreadin' lea,
 I saw th' foemen turn an' flee
From bloody Bannockburn.

I heard th' shearers in th' corn
Pour out a simple sang;
 An' up th' verdant, ferny glen
 Th' mavis joined th' glad refrain,
Th' woods with echoes rang.

She sighed an' said, "We've wandered far
Ayont th' restless tide;
 Then took her flight on airy wing,
 An' lured me back again to sing
Aroun' th' auld fireside.

BY THE QUIET INGLENOOK

A fine, easy chair, wi' a paper or book,
 An' my auld twusted slippers, worn down at th' heel,
 Half hid in a den by th' quiet Inglenook,
 Bring a measure o' peace, unco hard to conceal.

Th' auld eight-day clock wi' its sober-like air
 Wi' slow measured throb keeps tick tackin' awa',
 Sly Tabby sits singin' "green thrums" on a chair,
 An' th' bairns, wi' their fingers, mak' forms on th' wa'

"John Frost," in his chariot, set wi' gems glitterin' fine,
 Is roamin' o'er hills—by th' vale an' th' brook;
 He may laugh in his glee, I'm content tae recline
 In my auld easy chair, by th' quiet Inglenook.

Friends I hae many—some are far o'er th' main,
 An' years hae rolled by since their dear hands I shook;
 When th' fire burns low, they come crowdin' again
 Wi' their soft winnin' smiles, roun' my quiet Inglenook.

Th' great hae their spacious baronial halls—
 Their quaint, ivied towers whar th' owls sit an' hoot,
 But bring me th' faces fond memory recalls
 In th' flickerin' lowe, by th' quiet Inglenook.

TH' TRYSTIN' TREE

How blithesome is th' gloamin' sweet,
That brings th' 'oor sae dear tae me;
When I maun haste awa' tae meet
Wi' Marion at th' trystin' tree.

Th' cushet loves th' birkin shade,
Th' laverock seeks th' tufted lea;
But I will wait in yonder glade
For Marion at th' trystin' tree.

Th' roses in her cheek may fade,
Th' love-glint may desert th' e'e;
But Heaven has heard th' vows we made
At e'enin' at th' trystin' tree.

Let others roam by fancy led,
I maun abide by Heaven's decree;
An' sae, content, I'll share my plaid
Wi' Marion at th' trystin' tree.

TH' SABBATH SCHULE SUREE

'Mong a' th' joys o' early youth,
 When we were young an' sma',
 There's ane we canna weel forget,
 I think it bates them a';
 I mind it made us geyin' prood,
 An' filled oor he'rts wi' glee,
 When th' teacher said, "On Friday nicht
 Is th' Sabbath Schule Suree."

'Twas then we thocht we saw them
 Bringin' oranges by th' tons,
 An' we had sich child-like visions
 O' sweeties, nits an' buns,
 An' teachers rinnin' up an' doon
 Wi' kettles fu' o' tea,
 An' tryin' tae serve us a' at yinst,
 At th' Sabbath Schule Suree.

Noo, whiles it's kind o' tichin'
 When ye think o' youthfu' days,
 When yer mither used tae wash yer face
 An' button on yer claes,
 An' whusper in yer careless lug—
 "Let me neither hear nor see
 Ye movin', passin' hauf an' inch
 At th' Sabbath Schule Suree."

You can hae yer gaudy ballroom
Wi' its bricht, uncertain licht!
An' oexterin' yin anither hame
In th' deid 'oor o' th' nicht!
But for a doon-richt wholesome time
An' a guileless jamboree,
Gie me th' kintry clachan
Wi' its Sabbath Schule Suree.

Th' minister, wi' smilin' face,—
A pious lookin' man,
Wad slowly rise an' then begin
By haudin' oot his haun;
Syne silence reigned owre a' th' kirk,
Like a placid moonlit sea,
While we listened tae his few remarks
At th' Sabbath Schule Suree.

He'd maybe speak o' tardy anes
Who'd been absent maist a year,
"But was gled tae see a sprinklin'
O' his truant laddies here,"
An' wad gently hint that extra bags
Had been ordered, jist tae see
That nane wad be forgotten
At th' Sabbath Schule Suree.

An' th' ministers frae neebor kirks,
 (A worthy band o' brithers,)
 Wad tell sic queer-like stories
 An' hae funny jokes on ithers,
 They made us lauch sae muckle
 That we sometimes skailt oor tea,
 Ah, there werena ony broken he'rts
 At th' Sabbath Schule Suree.

An' whar are a' oor wee freens noo?
 Oh, some hae crossed life's tide,
 An' are lyin' in th' green kirk yaird
 An' sleepin' side by side;
 They're faur frae this cauld, cruel warld—
 Frae grief an' sorrow free!—
 Th' anes we gaed wi' haun-in-haun
 Tae th' Sabbath Schule Suree.

God gie us grace an' strength tae fecht!
 Tae meet th' foe like men;
 An' let us aye be ready
 For that 'oor we dinna ken!
 An' if oor lamps be fu' o' oil,
 Ah, then, wi' tearless e'e,
 We'll meet th' freens we kent lang syne,
 At th' Sabbath Schule Suree.

TO AN AMERICAN CHAT

(Written in the woods above Glassport)

Come, sing a bit sang, to remind me o' childhood,
An' th' happy days spent o'er th' wide ocean blue,
When freely I roamed thro' th' meadows an' wildwood,
Ere sadness and sorrow had daurkened th' broo.

Your sweet notes are few, but they're a' free frae sorrow,
Your mission o' love is frae sunrise till dine!
What would I no gi'e if your sang I could borrow,
'Twould bring back th' loves o' th' days o' lang syne.

Sing on! wee bird, sing! your wild wood notes shall ever
Bring thochts to this breast o' a time in life's Spring!
When birds sang sae sweet by a clear shining river,
An' he'rts were as pure as th' dew on your wing.

Th' wild flowers may fade when th' Summer is ended!
But th' song shall remain when th' singer has flown!
When youth's golden hours wi' th' sere leaf have blended,
Th' spirit of love, in th' soul, shall live on!

CAULD, DREARY WINTER

How waesome an' drear are th' days in December,
 When ilka thing's covered wi' cauld, driftin' snaw;
 Nae feathered choir singin';
 Nae gentle flooers springin';
 Wae's me! but th' Summer is noo faur awa'!

Th' sauchs by th' river are sighin' sae weary,
 Th' cauld waters lap owre th' grey, glossy stanes;
 Th' chill win's are weepin'
 Whar th' snawdraps are sleepin';
 Th' roses lie withered an' deid in th' lanes!

Th' wee bird that sang frae th' spray in th' woodlan',
 His nest, noo, is damp, in th' clift in th' tree,
 His wild notes are broken;
 He's swayin' an' rockin'
 On th' snaw-covered lim', wi' a pityin' e'e.

But Hope, in the breast, is a fountain aye springin';
 Kind Summer will come wi' her flooers doon th' lane;
 Auld Nature's jist sleepin';
 In her bosom she's keepin'
 Th' loves an' the joys that will cheer us again.

A HEARTFELT DESIRE

(Respectfully dedicated to a worthy Scot, Samuel Gibb)

I've aften thocht, this wee while back,
I'd like tae tak' a trip,
An' slip awa' some bonnie day
On a great big ocean ship;
I wadna want nae great adae,
Nor flunkeys followin' me;
But jist a quate-like dauner
In some Scotch glen, ere I dee!

Then, I nicht forgether wi' some freens
I hinna seen for years;
An' sweet wad be their lovin' smiles
Tho' dim-like thro' th' tears!
But, oh! tae see their face again
An' feel their haun in mine,—
'Twould bring sweet memories back again
Frae auld lang syne!

Wi' retrospective glance I see
Th' waters foam an' churn;
An' purple heather leanin' owre
An' dippin' i' th' burn!

And an eerie nook ayont th' rock,
Whar warlocks haud confabs,—
Whar th' dew is dreepin' aff th' slae
An' speeters weave their wabs.

It micht be that we're lured wi' gold,
Beneath some foreign sky,
But Scotsmen have a few things yet
That siller canna buy,—
It canna buy th' warm he'rt
That's beatin' aye for thee,
Dear ocean washed an' mist bedimmed
Wee Scotlan' owre th' sea.

Wha kens, but I micht staun again
Whar glorious Wallace stood!
An' dared his treacherous Southern foes
An' shed their dearest bluid!
I wadna want, as I have said,
A great thrang followin' me,—
Jist ae fond look, an' a lang fareweel
Tae Scotlan' ere I dee!

TH' WEE SHOW

Bluebeard

To be given at th' heid o' Cowie's yaird. Admission, five preens,
or five buttons)

Five preens was th' price of admission,—
Or buttons, if ye hadna th' preens;
We had robb'd granny's auld saw-dust cushion,
Tae admit us tae witness th' scenes.

Jamie Watt, who collected th' passes,
(Jist tae prove hoo he handled his part,
An' tae show aff his skill tae th' lassies,)
Licked a scoffer or twa, for a start.

Geordie Bryson indulged in some caperin',
Then announced that th' show would begin,
Th' door was an auld drogget apron,
That aye rose an' fell wi' th' win'.

Wullie Walker, whose face was a puzzle,
Wi' red paint—an' hair like a broom,
Had telt Maggie Watt he wad guzzle
Her, if she entered th' forbidden room.

Altho' she was frichtit, she tried it,—
'Twas mair than wee Maggie could staun,
Tho' th' order was stern, she defied it,
An' there was th' stain on her haun.

Thro' a hole in a hauf worn blanket
That hung whar th' stagin' began,
Maggie screamed, wi' a voice like a trumpet,
"Sister Ann! Sister Ann! Sister Ann!

For I canna get th' bluid aff th' key!"
"Look an' see if there's ony yin comin',
Annie heard but th' win's sullen moanin',
For deil tae th' yin could she see.

Bluebeard, wi' a roar an' a stampede,
That made a' oor bluid fairly freeze,
Made a clacht at wee Mag by th' hair o' th' head,
An' sternly demanded th' keys!

'Twas saftnin' tae see Maggie pleadin'
Wi' Bluebeard tae spare her her life,
An' naebody near intercedin',
Tae stay Bluebeard's haun wi' th' knife.

But we a' thocht we seen something movin'
Below some auld claes (let me say,
It didna need arguin', nor provin',
There was something no canny that day).

Slyly hid in a corner, an' covered
Wi' face towels, serks, jeckets an' shawls,
Th' twa brithers lay undiscovered
Till they heard Maggie's he'rt-rendin' calls.

But Bluebeard seemed bent on th' killin',
(For a meenit we a' held oor breath!)
When th' twa brithers sprang at th' villain,
Savin' Maggie frae a horrible death.

Geordie Bryson got intae th' habble
An' pushed Maggie Watt thro' a hole,
Yin by yin a' got mixed in the rabble,
For 'twas mair than us laddies could thole.

Wee Maggie ran up thro' th' kaleyard,—
Fairly flew like a bird newly freed
An' sabbin', telt her mither "that Bluebeard
Had pu'd a' th' hair oot her heid!"

When th' scammel was settled an' over,
An' again we made up, an' were freens,
Jamie Watt disappeared under cover,
Wi' th' box an' th' buttons an' preens.

On oor innocent childhood we ponder,
An' th' dear, gowden days o' th' past,
Lovin' memory, somehow, grows th' fonder,
Tho' th' sunshine o' youth's overcast.

We hae paid, lang syne, for oor learnin',
 In this vale, with its sorrow an' tears,
 Till th' he'rt for some haven is yearnin',
 At th' close o' th' lang, weary years.

We hae wandered afar since youth's mornin',
 Thro' this warld wi' its variant scenes,
 Life has cost us a hantle sicht more than
 A few paltry buttons an' preens.

LET TH' WEE DOUG ALANE

Let th' wee doug alane!
 It's no meddlin' wi' you,
 It's lookin' for some yin
 Tae lay their haun on its broo;
 Its tongue ne'er was made
 Tae describe grief an' pain,
 It suffers in silence—
 Let th' wee doug alane!

Go, search roun' th' earth
 Tae its furthest end
 An' produce—if you can—
 Half so faithfu' a friend;
 Tho' th' warld has ignored ye
 An' laughed at your fa',
 It'll staun by your side
 Tae th' last breath ye draw.

On an auld torn jocket
Or a wee pickle strae,
It'll watch for a foe
Tae th' breakin' o' day;
Its way is tae warn ye
Wi' a he'rt fond an' leal,
An' a' th' honors it asks
Is tae trot at yer heel.

An' e'en when yer deid,
An' th' mourners are weepin',
It's th' last yin tae leave
Th' cauld grave whar yer sleepin';
It canna believe
That ye'll never return
It's th' first yin tae miss ye
An' th' last yin tae mourn.

An', sae, when yer toilin'
Thro' this warld o' care,
Yer fortune's taen wings
An' yer he'rt's unco sair;
Yer wee freen will never,
Thro' sunshine or rain,
Betray ye, nor leave ye,—
Let th' wee doug alane!

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears of boyhood years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

—Moore.

TH' SABBATH SCHULE TRIP

You may speak o' your journeys by land an' by sea,
An' th' sights ye hae seen on a ship;
But I'll wager ye didna enjoy't hauf as weel
As th' wee village Sabbath Schule trip.

Ye'll hae mind o' th' time when th' grozets were ripe
An' th' red cheekit apples, sae fine,
Hoo oor teeth fairly watered when they dailt them aroon'
In th' dear, bonnie days o' lang syne!

Oor faithers an' mithers wad staun at th' door,
An' were prood-like tae see us sae braw;
An' th' preacher, guid man, wi' a smile on his face,
Took a he'rtfelt delight in us a'.

'Th' wee village baun had been hired for th' day,
Tae lead us tae some shady glen;
Then we'd a' fa' in line an' swing nicely awa'
Tae th' "March o' the Cameron Men!"

We'd offer oor haun tae oor mate at oor side,
An' he'd lay his wee saft haun in oors;
An' some o' them cairriet wee white an' blue flags
An' th' lassies a wee bab o' flooers.

E'en th' birds seemed tae ken, for they waukened th' glen
 Wi' their echoes, an' sweetly they sang;
 An' th' lark, as he soared i' th' lift, seemed tae say,
 "I'll sing tae ye as faur as ye gang!"

As we swung doon th' glen wi' oor wee clippin' flags-
 Tae th' auld brig that crosses th' burn;
 Th' folks roon th' "Big Hoose," wad gie us a cheer,
 An' we'd a' cheer them back in return.

Sich laughin' an' daffin' an' rinnin' about
 Like a lot o' wee fairies, sae free;
 We'd loss ane anither tae we saw twa blue een
 Keekin' roon by th' side o' a tree.

'Mang a' th' dear dreams that come back tae me noo
 In this warld wi' its sorrow an' pain,
 Are th' days when we thocht that th' sun would aye shine
 But they're past, an' will ne'er come again.

An' aft-times sweet memory beckons me back
 An' mak's th' saut tear rin doon tae th' lip;
 For I'm jimpin' an' rinnin', an' contendin' again
 At th' wee village Sabbath Schule trip.

LINES ON OUR WORTHY TREASURER, DAVID
H. BROWN, OF CLAN McDONALD 161,
McKEESPORT, PA.

My hairp ance mair I'll gladly tune
An' sing th' praise o' Davie Broon,
His bawsant, sonsie, lauchin' face
Is welcomed aye in every place.

His Scottish he'rt's aye fu' o' glee
For oor wee kintry owre th' sea,
That's been th' cradle o' th' great,
On field an' flood, in ha' an' state.

He's had misfortunes, like us a'!
An' whiles his back's been at th' wa'!
But bravely aye he's warsl'd throo
'Tae start th' battle owre anew.

When ony Scotch spree's gaun tae happen,
Ye'll never catch oor Davie nappin',
But whar there's ony wark or care
Jist nod yer heid—say, Davie's there.

When he sings, th' foeman backward reels
On Scotland's famous battlefields,—
An' for an urgent, lood encore,
"I'm Lyin' on a Foreign Shore."

In his ample chair he sits fu' snug
Wi' a red pen balanced on his lug,
An' wi' a fine, contented grin
He draws th' clansmen's shekels in.

Th' bits o' bawbees tremble sair,
When they hear him comin' up th' stair,
They ken their jinglin' days are past—
When he lab's them in his pouch at last.

Noo, when th' palms yer dailin' roun'
Jist twine a bay for Davie Broom,
An' freens, let's hae it strong an' heavy—
Three lusty, roarin' cheers for Davie!

ADDRESS TO THE YEAR 1911

Come, gie's yer haun, wee honest freen,
I understaun' ye cam' yestreen,
Yer smilin' face an' sparklin' een
 An' rosy cheeks,
Wad mak' a sinner pure an' clean
 For fifty weeks!

Noo. seein' that yer blithe an' gay,
An' smilin' like th' flooers in May,
I thocht I'd ask ye—by th' way,
 If you could see
A way tae mak' th' Muse behave,
 She glooms at me.

A rhymin' chap frae Glessport toon,
Wha, every time th' year comes roun,
Mak's resolutions—notes them doon,
 Tae write a sonnet,
That'd mak' ilk ither rhymin' loon
 Tak' aff his bonnet.

But ere th' snawdraps deck th' plain,
He's back tae whar he was, again,
It's aye th' same auld crude refrain
 O' simple verse,
He's like some wanderer faur frae hame,
 Behint a hearse.

It's likely, tho', ye'll busy be,
'Mong a' th' grafters, big an' wee,
They'll try tae throw yer plans ajee,
 But never mind!
Stern truth an' justice—let them see,
 Are kind o' blind.

Th' auld year, ere he gaed awa',
Faur owre th' hills o' sleet an' snaw,
Left th' "Referendum an' Reca'"
 For you, my freen.
Nae doot, ye'll show them—big an' sma',
 Th' law's supreme.

'Mang state an' municipal foes,
Ye'll hae yer share o' griefs an' woes,
But up an' bang them on th' nose,
 We'll staun behint ye!
You've lots o' freens in verse an' prose
 Owre a' th' kintry.

An' when aboot th' month o' May,
(Yer hair will then be turnin' grey),
Ye can stan' wi' heid erect an' say,
 There's aye salvation
For honest folks who watch an' pray,
 In every nation.

An' when yer skies are overcast
An' leave us for yer hame, at last,
We'll haud yer freenship lang an' fast
 When ye are gone
Tae join th' weary years at last
 In realms unknown.

MY FIRST PAIR O' BREEKS

There are lots o' things I canna mind,
 An' things I would forget,
An' whiles my brain is sairly taxed,
 For I've lots tae learn yet.
But there's something in th' mind aye lurks,
 An' wi' a subtle tone it speaks,
An' reminds me when I strutted roun'
 In my first pair o' breeks.

I mind they were a kind o' faded
 Shepherd tartan chack,
Wi' enough o' claith abune th' legs
 Tae gang hauf wey up my back!
An' mither made them braw an' wide
 For fear I'd burst th' steeks,
An' they cost her mony a weary stitch—
 My first pair o' breeks.

Great was th' day I got them on,
I gaed bravely up th' closs;
Wi' a pair o' gallisus that formed
A rale St. Andrew's cross!
My legs? They were nae thicker
Than twa Musselburgh leeks,
An' they very seldom tiched th' sides
O' my first pair o' breeks.

My pouches, aye, were stappet fou
O' nonsense, mair or less—
Wi' peeries, bools an' fancy twine
An' bits o' colored gless!
An' mither used tae say that folks
For trouble never seeks,
That hae a waukrife laddie
Wi' his first pair o' breeks.

But, oh, sin' syne, I've wandered faur
Across th' stormy sea;
An' sweet reflection aften mak's
Th' tear well in th' e'e!
For I'll never feel th' warm breath
That fanned my youthfu' cheeks,
Nor see th' smile o' her that made
My first pair o' breeks.

THE LOST SHEPHERD

Come, children, gather round the fire
And hear my mournful lay,
About an old and aged sire
Whose locks were thin and grey.

He was a keeper of the sheep
That browsed on yonder hill;
Where bocking torrents foam and leap—
They wandered at their will.

'Twas many, many years ago,
When snows lay long and deep,
And chilling winds blew to and fro
'Round scar and rocky steep.

This aged shepherd's feeble step,
Bespoke the crowding years;
Remorseless Time his head had swept
And dimmed his eyes with tears.

The ghostly snow, like fleecy down,
Was drifting with the blast;
And birds sought shelter in the town—
The sky was overcast.

His flocks were snow-bound on the hills,
Far from the sheltering fold;
He needs must seek them by the rills,
To save them from the cold.

He wrapped his old grey Highland plaid
Around his shivering form;
They saw him seek with faltering tread
His pathway thro' the storm.

"Come, Rover, good old faithful dog,
We'll brave the storm together!
Our duty leads thro' brake and bog
Tho' tempests round us gather!"

Around the hills where heaving drifts
Looked like the foaming sea—
Where powdered snows whose form shifts
Far o'er the trackless lea,

He sought his flocks by icy rills,
He sought them everywhere;
But some were lost among the hills—
He went to find them there.

And thro' that biting northern gale,
He heard a pitying sound;
A painful, pleading, mournful wail,
As coming from the ground.

The shepherd tore the drift away,
And Rover helped him some;
And never did they stop nor stay
Until their task was done.

And there lay in that lonely place,
The ewe so piteously;
A smile lit up the shepherd's face,
And Rover jumped with glee.

But high above the mountain's crown,
The storm raged long and loud;
And people feared in the town,
The snow would be his shroud.

He sank beneath his tender load,
His strength at last gave way,
And kneeling in that drear abode,
He stopped awhile to pray.

With parting breath he trembling said:
 "Now, Rover, haste! and go!"
And pointed from his snowy bed
 To the village far below.

Down from the lofty mountain steep
 Came Rover like the wind,
And panting reached the village street,
 Then turned and turned and whined.

There was hurrying by the lantern light,
 Of hardy men and true;
Who feared not for the darkest night,
 Or gale that ever blew.

Up, up they strode, thro' tempests rude
 They clove their dangerous way;
Until they came where Rover stood
 And where the shepherd lay.

They found him where the chilling breath
 Of winter snows abide;
His kindly eyes were closed in death—
 The ewe wrapped in his plaid.

A WEE LINNET SANG

A wee linnet sang frae a wild rowan tree,
As th' sun was gaun doon owre Ben Lomon',
An', oh, but his kind he'rt was bubblin' wi' glee,
In th' saft mellow licht in th' gloamin'.

"I've built me a hame in th' low yellow whin,
Where th' stream flows sae sparklin' an' bonnie,
I sing wi' th' sough o' th' white foamin' linn
Tae my wee mate that's fairer than ony."

Fair shines th' sun in th' green, green glen,
Where th' love-echoes answer your singin',
Tho' I've wandered awa' tae a faur, faur hame,
Your sang in my ear's ever ringin'.

Sing on, wee bird, sing, wi' your he'rt fu' o' glee,
An' saft fa' th' dew on your pinions,
No king on his throne nor his knights are as free
As you, in their haill wide dominions.

THE CRICKET'S SONG.**On Hearing One Sing in the Engine Room.**

Romantic friend and cheerful neighbor,
Reminder of my boyhood years;
Your unskilled song seems pleasant labor,
And drives away my groundless fears.

In years gone by, when tired and weary,
And leaning 'gainst the ample hearth,
The winter nights were long and dreary
Without your song, sweet soul of mirth.

When round the fire fond hearts would linger,
And weave their tales of fay and sprite,
You tuned your pipe, wee, simple singer,
Till friends had said the last "good-night."

Long years have gone, but, ah, the faces
That smiled around the Yule fire's glow;
They linger still—fond memory traces
Their winning smiles of long ago.

Sing on! wee, humble minstrel, sing!
And measure out your simple lays,
Rehearse again your theme, and bring
The dear lost friends of by-gone days.

'Tis sad to think, friends ne'er may meet,
Nor bask in youth's bright, giistening beams;
But, sing your song, so clear and sweet,
Enchanter of romantic dreams.

AULD GRANNY

A canny auld body was granny, I ween,
Wi' her saft withered hauns, and the love in her een,
She could hum a bit sang, an' could deftly relate
Some auld farrant story tae mak' ye keep quate.

Ah, there ne'er was a freen like auld granny on earth,
She was sad when we wept, an' would smile at oor mirth,
Her lullaby soothed—her love never failed,
A refuge was granny when dangers assailed.

When ony misfortune would fa' tae my lot,
Auld granny was there wi' her haun on th' spot;
She'd vow an' declare, it was naething ava,
An' a wee white stripp't sweetie would settle it a'!

An' we'd dance roun' aboot her when she'd whusper th'
news

That th' "fair-time was comin' wi' its braw shoogy
shoos!"

In oor dreams we could see prancin' horses an' kye,
An' big sugar castles toorin' up tae th' sky.

An' sae carefu' she'd lead me roun' ilka nit staun,
Aye giein' me an advice, an' squeezin' my haun;
For granny an' me were as canty a pair
As ever bocht grozets at Cummernaud fair.

Tho' it's monie a year—an' I say't wi' a sigh,
Sin' granny gaed awa' tae her hame in th' sky,
Yet I think, whiles I feel, till I maist think it's true,
Her auld, kindly, saft, withered haun on my broo.

But a' things doon here maun fa' tae decay,
We are merely sojourners, toiling on by th' way;
Stern Time, wi' his rule, measures on thro' th' years,
An' we sit an' reflect wi' a smile thro' th' tears.

THE PEASEBROSE

You've heard it sung and said,
And in books, no doubt, you've read,
'Bout Scotia's hailsome parritch and her famous oat-
meal cake!

But there's never onybody
Thinks it worth his while to study
'Bout the ochre-colored peasebrose that our mothers
used to make!

Romantic little diet,
Easy made, and soft and quiet,
You weave such memories round the heart, no time nor
change can shake!
And while I sing this sonnet,
I am raising up my bonnet
To the saffron glamoured peasebrose that our mothers
used to make!

When your mother at the washing,
Sent the soapsuds skyward splashing,
And you had to carry water—enough to drain a lake!
You were highly complimented,
But you had to be contented
With a bowl of dun-red peasebrose that your mother
used to make!

This much despised—rejected,
Often shunned and sad neglected
Little yellow dish of “put-you-in” until some scones
she'd bake!
Has a niche in Scottish story,
And has added to her glory,
This little unassuming dish our mothers used to make!

And it should not be forgotten,
When Britain's laws are broken,
That the lads who rush thro' battle's smoke for dear
auld Scotland's sake
Have a faint-like recollection,
There exists some close connection,
'Tween their dourness and the peasebrose that their
mothers used to make!

And when nesting time came round,
In the woods we'd then be found,
Climbing trees and searching hedges and a wee bird we
would take!
And we'd in our child-like blindness,
Nearly choke it dead with kindness,
With the suffocating peasebrose that our mothers used
to make!

Ah, it almost starts me greetin'
When I think how 'Time is fleetin',
Since I used to roam with breeks rowed up, a wee, sly,
 cunning rake!
And my heart with sorrow weighs,
When I think on other days,
And the sunset-tinted peasebrose that our mothers used
 to make!

A LETTER ON THE PEASEBROSE

To Mr. William Congalton, of Pittsburgh, formerly of Glasgow,
 Scotland.

Dear Wullie, lad, I got your note
In answer tae th' yin I wrote;
'Mang a' th' din, I ne'er forgot
 Your sma' request,
Tae send ye doon yon sang I wrote,
 It's maist my best.

Man, Wull, I hae an awfu' time,
'Tween dreelin' weans an' stringin' rhyme;
You see th' point's tae mak' it chime
 So's folks can read it;
Unless it flows wi' gracefu' line,
 They'll never heed it.

But here, I'll at it tooth an' nail,
 Tho' hard's th' task, I'll ne'er say fail,
 An' heth, I'll clap it in th' mail
 An' never cheep,
 My muse's wing maun catch th' gale
 Afore I sleep.

You say, th' "Peasebrose"—humble fare,
 Has taen your fancy tae a hair?
 Some folks are ready tae declare
 It's no sae bad!
 While ithers say, it's pretty fair,
 For you, my lad!

While Scotlan's dishes hae been sung
 By a' th' nations, auld an' young,
 An' rhymes by hundreds hae been strung
 Tae spread their fame;
 Th' auld peasebrose—her heid she's hung—
 Nane speaks her name.

Hae mercy on my feeble pen,
 I'm least amang th' sons o' men;
 But I wad like tae let ye ken
 Which side I'm on!
 Ye'll no fin' faut, if I preten'
 Tae blaw my drone!

Noo, honest freen, let me digress,
For twa'-three meenits—mair or less—
I started oot tae write in prose,
When, lo! I met th' auld "Peasebrose;"
Her subtle charms she wove sae fine,
I changed th' hail thing intae rhyme;
Quo' she: "Sit doon an' tell your freen
What I hae dune, an' whar I've been,
An' tell him freely aff th' reel
Hoo I've been snubbed an' made tae feel
I wisna wanted by th' vain,
Licht-heided folks amang oor ain;
An' say I'm weel an' tae th' fore
An' patriotic tae th' core!"
Wi' that she waved a fond adieu,
An' wi' a bow, was lost to view.
Noo, honest freen, here comes th' test—
An' if I fail, I've dune my best.

As lang's I leeve, I'll sing yer praise,
Wee dun-red dish o' by-gane days,
You're worthy o' th' sweetest lays
 Man ever wrote!
If I can croon yer heid wi' bays,
 Aff comes th' coat!

Ye mind me o' th' dear lang syne,
 Sweet memories roun' th' he'rt ye twine,
 An' aye yer bringin' back tae min'
 Some hidden joy!
 When simmer days were lang an' fine,
 Withoot alloy.

When daurk misfortune, lean an' lank,
 Cam' stappin' in wi' flickerin' lamp,
 'Twas you, wee dish, we'd aye tae thank—
 Ye saw us throo;
 An' that's th' reason why I want
 Tae bow tae you.

When fearless Wallace met war's blast,
 And freedom's blows came thick an' fast,
 Ye saw th' foes o' Scotlan' gasp
 Wi' deein' groan!
 An' when th' fiery clans swept past,
 Ye cheered them on!

Wee, ancient theme o' Scottish lore,
 Yer pedigree I'll aye adore;
 While senseless heids yer name ignore,
 I'll never dae't!
 Tho' I should gang frae door tae door
 An' play a flitt!

Na, fegs, ye needna hide yer face!
Come on, step up! an' tak' yer place,
Yer woven in amang th' race
 O' brawn an' brain;
An' mony a hero's said a grace
 For you alane.

I'll venture, Wullie, you an' me,
Could nicely gauge its quality,
An' bate oor hinmost broon bawbee
 'Th' auld pease meal
Has dune it's shair for liberty
 An' Scotlan's weal!

But, Wull, th' years hae lang gane by,
Sin' wee bit laddies—you an' I,
Cam' limp'in' hame, maist like tae cry
 Wi' wauket heel;
An' dreamt oor dreams wi' fitfu' sigh
 On guid peasemeal.

My freen, when we lay doon th' load
We've borne alang Life's thorny road,
(For mony a weary fit we've trod
 Thro' thick an' thin);
May we baith reach yon blest abode,
 Frae care an' sin.

MY FIRST VALENTINE

New hope may bloom, and days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!—Moore.

'Twas but a wee, small paper box,
 Wrapped with a piece of twine,
To keep the lid from coming off
 My first, sweet valentine.

The postman, with a knowing glance,
 Kept looking straight at me—
Said: "Jamie, lad, I needna speak,
 You're looking for't, I see!"

No miser watched his hoarded gold,
 Brought from the Indian mine,
As I did o'er that simple leaf—
 My first, sweet valentine.

A bonnie wreath of frosted leaves
 Hid all she had to say:
"If you'll be true, I'll constant be—
 My heart is yours for aye!"

Long years have passed since last we met,
But, ah! I mind it fine;
I thought that all the world was in
My first, sweet valentine.

Many's the ups and downs in life
Have been our lot since syne;
And many a lesson we have learned
From old grey-bearded Time!

But deep engraven in the heart,
The face of her shall shine,
Who gave me—with a bairn's trust,
My first, sweet valentine.

LINES ON CHIEF JOHN RAE,

CLAN McDONALD, 161, McKEESPORT, PA.

Hear ye! whom it may concern;
Oor worthy chief's a "Bobby!"
He's doffed th' tweed, an' donned th' blue;
An' my! but he looks nobby!
You see, Jock's made tae fit th' garb,
He's nearly sax feet twa;
An' when he's steppin' in th' ranks,
He toors abune them a'.

Thae gentry wi' th' velvet paws
 That thro' daurk alleys prance,
 Had better seek green pastures new
 As lang's they hae a chance;
 For gin Jock gets his e'e on them,
 They're shair tae come tae grief;
 They'll rue th' day they ran against
 Oor powerful worthy chief.

An' as for bravery? Haud yer tongue—
 For that ye needna fear,
 For Jock delights in haundlin' chaps
 Wi' shady records queer!
 Gie ony toon th' size o' this
 A dizzen o' chaps like Jock,
 An' I'll lay a croon, that very soon
 There'd be room for daicent folk.

An' yet, wi' a', a kindly chiel,
 Guid-he'rted, leal an' free;
 He comes frae whar th' heather blooms,
 Somewhere roun' fair Dundee!
 I wadna be a bit surprised—
 In fac', it's my belief—
 Ye'll see, ere lang, twa smert-like strips
 On oor genial worthy chief!

He heaves a wee bit sigh betimes
For Scotlan' owre th' sea,
An' is hame among th' ither bairns
An' rinnin' fond an' free!
In dreams he's playin' "hide an' seek,"
Tae th' sun dips owre th' brae;
Whiles howkin' holes wi' a broken spune
On th' silvery sauns o' Tay!

He has th' Scottish Clans at her't,
An' sae faithfu' has he been,
He could skreed th' ritual aff by her't,
Wi' a grauvet roun' his een!
May He wha has th' dailin' oot
O' oor few short years sae brief,
Be pleased tae watch him nicht an' day,
An' shield oor worthy chief!

THE OLD SPUR INN

At Cumbernauld, Scotland

The following verses were inspired by receiving a picture of the Inn from Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Millar, of "Glenmurry House," Cambusbarron, Scotland.

I thank you, my friends, for the sweet little token
From the land of the heather, the broom, and the whin!
I'd fain sing again, ere my harp strings be broken,
A song of the past and the old Spur Inn.

Tho' long years have passed, my heart with commotion
Beats ever for thee on a far foreign shore!
No duty that calls, nor the wide rolling ocean
Can put thy sweet charm from my heart's inmost core.

Bring back the playmates of life's golden morning,
Who knew not the world with its sorrow and sin—
Whose smiles were like dew, when the sun was adorning
The vales, and the hills, near the old Spur Inn.

Oh! for one hour of yon bright sun's anointing!
And to roam by the hedge with its old-fashioned stile;
And to gaze on the crude, painted finger-board pointing
The way, and the distance, from there to Carlisle.

Well I remember (when youth's sun was shining)
The old "Bog Burn," where I sometimes fell in!
We ne'er thought of home till the sun was declining,
Then we'd part with a smile at the old Spur Inn.

Oh, spirit me back to the days of my childhood,
From the world's busy mart with its clamor and din;
Let me roam with my wee mates again thro' the wild-
wood,
And bid them "good-night" at the old Spur Inn.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT

I was born where the lightnings gleam and glance,
And rocked by the thunder's shock!
I know no fear; in my wild career
I sweep o'er the rifted rock.

I come from the deep-scarred rocky steep,
I race thro' copse and vine;
My splashing fall is a madrigal,
I sing with the sighing pine.

I bound and leap, I sing and sweep,
And swing beneath the fern,
With gleeful song, I speed along,
Where hunts the stalking hern.

I swirl and reel, I charge and wheel,
And shriek with frantic glee!
I sing a song to the brave and strong
And they sing it back to me.

From my dark-brown tide, where the troutlets hide,
I fill the fisher's creel,
And just below, where the children go,
I turn the miller's wheel.

The sparkling rills from a hundred hills
Glide on thro' flowery lea—
From distant brake—their scenes forsake
To join my jubilee.

I fling my spray where the clouds are grey ;
I know no night nor morn !
The winds may weep by tower and steep ;
I joy in the brewing storm.

I sigh and moan, and churn and foam,
Unbridled, my course is free !
I journey on, where lost—unknown,
I plunge in the sounding sea !

PARTED

In lang syne, when the heart was young,
It's many years ago !
When neither care nor sorrow's blight
Did wring our hearts with woe !
The days were long and fair then,
The sky a bonnie blue ;
And every day seemed bright with hope,
And lovers' hearts were true.

We wandered by the burn-side,
Till far in gloaming grey!
And sometimes o'er the heather hills
And whiles o'er "Marion's Brae!"
And aye we said we'd never part
Till death did us divide,
And lay us in the cold, cold grave,
By one another's side.

And so we drifted down life's stream,
To our haven that was to be!
And Love was standing at the helm
Till we reached the open sea!—
The sea, with treacherous rocks and shoals,
Its ebb and its flowing tide,—
A storm broke down on our slender crafts
And parted us far and wide.

I strove with the tide to return again
O'er that dark and lonesome sea!
But the ghostly winds and the raving storms
Seemed to mock my misery!
No kindly light, nor beckoning star
Shone o'er the dreary sea;
And I strained to catch a glimpse of the craft
That bore me company.

The storm raged—we were far apart,
 Like the leaves from the autumn trees!
 For I sailed under the “Northern Lights,”
 And you in the “Southern Seas”;
 We slowly crept 'neath the headlands bold,
 To our fateful destiny;
 And we each made fast to a harbor strange,
 And our haven that was to be.

A NEW YEAR WISH

Here's wishin' that th' Fiery Cross
 An' a' th' clansmen, faur an' near;
 Th' wives an' weans, an' a' th' freens,
 An' lads an' lassies i' their teens,
 May prosper thro' th' comin' year.

An' let us no forget th' folks
 That's owre th' ocean, faur awa';
 Their faces an' their smiles are dear,
 An' gettin' mair sae, year by year,
 Let's foast them, yin an' a'.

An' here's tae a' th' guid an' true
 In every clime, in every lan'!
 May honest effort never cease
 Until we hail th' gladsome peace—
 Th' britherhood of man!

A TRIBUTE TO THE THRUSH

Sweet herald of the twilight hour,
Whose home is where the harebells hide;
Ayont the stile in yonder bower
Where lovers meet at eventide.

A humble bard would sing of thee,
Who heard you tune the sweetest lays
Above the torrent rushing free
At evening's close in boyhood days.

'Tis when the sun dips down the hill,
O'er far Ben Lomond's lofty rim;
And streaks with gold the winding rill,
I've heard you sing your evening hymn.

Far up the glen in woody grot,
I've heard you singing in the briar;
With drooping tail and bubbling throat,
And leading in the vernal choir.

Sweet minstrel, in thy russet coat,
No gaudy plumes to thee were given;
But from thy breast love's paeans float
To Him who formed thy song in heaven.

Thy faithful mate is pleased to hear
Your wood-notes wild—great prince of song;
You won her heart when spring was near,
And buds were opening on the thorn.

Could I, sweet friend, thy haunts pursue,
And were my heart as light as thine,
Content, I'd roam the vale with you
Thro' endless spring, and ne'er repine.

A REVERIE

I sat by my window at twilight,
I heard the last song of the thrush,
And faint grew the gleam of the skylight,
The wind died away to a hush.

A dream o'er my senses came stealing,
Like a spectre from out of the night;
All my youthful companions revealing,
Their hearts brimming o'er with delight.

I roamed far away back to childhood,
Thro' the dim, straggling course of the years,
Like a sound dying far in the wildwood,
Was the laughter, the joys and the tears.

They beckoned me back to the meadows,
And again 'mong the wild flowers I stood,
They held out their hands 'mid the shadows,
By the edge of the echoing wood.

The lark with his music was winging
'Mong the white clouds that rolled slowly **by**,
His message of love fondly singing,
Far up in the bright purpled sky.

The flower scented breath of the woodlan'
Came wooing where the sun softly shines,
I heard the dove am'rously croodlin'
Far, deep in the whispering pines.

The long toiling years were forgotten—
The sea with its passionate swell—
The brave, loving spirits now broken,
Were lost in the dream of the dell.

They sang thro' the shadows that hid them,
Like the soft, dying tones of a bell,
I awoke from my dreaming to bid them
A long, loving, fervent farewell.

TAM'S AWA'

Mr. Thomas Baird, formerly of Coatbridge, Scotland. Now a
fruit farmer in Santa Clara Valley, California.

Clan McDonald's lost a chiel
That wore th' plaid an' looked sae weel;
He's aff tae whar th' orange peel
 Perfumes th' air!
His loss, ilk Scot will keenly feel—
 We'll miss him sair.

He's noo awa' whar birds an' bees
Are singin' strange sangs in th' trees,
An' whar th' balmy Western breeze
 Does saftly blaw
Frae aff th' braid Pacific seas,
 Faur, faur awa.

Nae doot, but whiles—when a' alane,
He'll think o' Scotia—land o' fame—
He'll wander up some echain' glen,
 An' in his dreams
He'll sit amang her hills at hame
 An' chant her themes.

He'll see th' red-broon throated thrush,
Hauf hid in swingin' hazel bush;
He'll hear him pipe at even's hush,
 His closin' hymn;
Faur up th' glen whar waters gush
 Oot owre th' linn.

He'll hear th' peesweep's waefu' cry
Above th' cairn where heroes lie,
An' wi' his retrospective eye
 Look up abune,
An' hear th' laverock in th' sky
 Rehearse his hymn.

Th' lintie on th' broomy brae,
That sang sae fine at break o' day,
He'll hear him trill his bonnie lay—
 (If I'm no wrang,
He had some notes o' "Scots Wha Ha'e,"
 Mixed in his sang!)

No faur frae Stirlin's castle wa's,
(When nicht her sable curtain draws),
He'll hear victorious, lood huzzahs,
 O' conquerin' knights!
Who focht for Scotlan' an' her laws
 An' human rights.

He'll see his sandal'd fathers, brave,
 Press on tae glory or th' grave!
 Whar Scotia's rampant lion wave
 An' hurryin' on
 Against a base, usurpin' knave
 That wore a crown!

A' this an' mair he'll likely spy
 Beneath fair California's sky!
 An' let us hope, that by an' by
 He'll tak' a notion
 Tae view th' fields where freemen lie,
 Across th' ocean.

Jist let me whusper, honest brither,
 Auld Scotlan's aye oor grey hair'd mither,
 Ye couldna match her wi' anither
 Th' world roun';
 Her name an' fame shall never wither
 Till crack o' doom!

Of coorse, we ken, oor duty's here,
 An' that we'll dae withoot a fear,
 Tae dae aucht else it wad be queer
 For Scottish folk;
 Wha wrung their heritage sae dear
 Frae tyrant's yoke.

We've queer things in this warld, I ween—
We've some things that should never been—
That's kept apart ilk honest freen
 Frae daein' guid!
An' drenched th' earth—for private gain—
 Wi' human bluid.

We hae th' bloated millionaire
Wha canna warsle up a stair—
We dinna want freen Tam tae fare
 'Mang sic a tribe;
But may th' Fates gi'e him his share
 An' some beside.

An' should he ne'er come back again
'Tae sing us "Jane, My Pretty Jane,"
Or auld "Cockpen" sae prood an' vain,
 We wish him weel!
An' may his boat on Life's rough main
 Ne'er turn its keel.

GANG AWA', DREARY WINTER

Awa', gang awa'! tae yer hame in th' Northlan'!

It's plain, you an' me n'e'er were made tae agree;
You've silenced th' wee feathered choir wi' their singin',
That cheered up th' he'rt wi' their sweet jubilee.

Fauld up yer white mantle you've spread owre th' val-
leys,

An' flee ye awa' thro' th' rime an' th' haze;
Th' folks aboot here wadna sigh hauf a meenit
If ye stoppit in Greenlan' th' rest o' yer days.

There's naebody sits by th' stream in th' bowers

An' fancyin' they hear ye chantin' a sonnet;
An' gleefully singin', or rinnin' tae meet ye
Comin' doon th' green glen wi' a floer in yer bonnet!

This warld's had enough o' yer hoastin' an' wheezin';

Yer muffled drum marches an' tales o' th' sea!
Hist ye hame! an' let Spring wi' her lang gowdin' tresses
Strew daisies an' violets far o'er th' green lea.

Could ye keep yer cauld thooms aff th' puir feckless
bodies

That hivna enough tae keep snug, warm an' bien ;
We'd forgie ye for a' th' sair nips ye hae gien us—
We'd even sing yer praise wi' th' tears in oor een.

THE BANNOCK

Let me sing o' the bannock, th' historical bannock,
Whase primitive start was a place on th' hob!
It belongs tae auld Scotlan', an' we'll dee tae defend it,
Its fame as a diet has encircled th' globe.
It's ane o' th' things that has made Scotlan' famous,
An' has cheered on her sons on th' red battle plain,
It's enthroned in th' herts o' th' darin' an' fearless,
It stauns at th' tap—has a place o' its ain—
Three cheers for th' bannock! Let us soond it wi' glee,
Till th' echoes rebound frae vale, mountain an' sea.

Its neebor, th' oatcake, th' auld twusted faurl,
Could it argue sae weel, 'twould endanger its fate!
But th' bannock has a wey o' declarin' its virtues,
'Twould be worth hauf a croon, jist tae hear th' debate!
What mair d'ye want than a rive at a bannock,
Wi' its big lusty sides, guid eneuch for a king!

Built high on th' table an' toorin' like Tintock,
 It's entitled tae th' best, sweetest sang ye can sing—
 Sae douce-like an' braw, an' sae kindly tae feel,
 Th' immaculate bannock we a' like sae weel!

I carena a preen for your dishes an' doses,
 Dailt roun' wi' a daurkey an' hoved up wi' yeast!
 That keep ye lyin' dreamin', an' speakin', an' watchin'
 Wee red horned men dancin' reels on yer briest!
 But gie me th' bannock, torn doon thro' th' middle,
 Th' backbane an' stay o' oor sires long ago!
 Th' men that could sweep past th' red bleezin' cannon,
 An' bound owre th' briestwarks an' grapple th' foe!
 O, th' victorious bannock, patriotic an' leal,
 Th' first an' th' foremost, we a' liked sae weel.

Wher'er fortune ca's ye, in hameland or foreign,
 Be it doon in th' deep mine, or plooin' th' lea!
 Or high on th' mountain, or doon in th' valley,
 Or speilin' a mast on th' wide rollin' sea!
 In your dreams ye'll see mither, sae anxious an' thrifty,
 Wi' her sleeves turned up an' her face marked wi'
 cares,
 An' a wee bunch o' strae in th' baun o' her apron,
 Sae haundy at times, for tae haud stockin' wares!
 Bakin' bannocks th' size o' a chariot wheel,
 The big, spongy bannocks we a' liked sae weel!

An' aft in th' gloamin', 'mong th' blue bells I'm roamin',
An' thochts o' th' hameland my spirit imbues!
Bare-fitted I'm staunin' wi' a big floory bannock,
Nippin' bits aff th' corners an' feedin' th' doos!
But here I maun stop, for my dream noo is broken,
I thoct I was back in auld Scotlan' sae free!
An' pu'in my mither owre towards th' wee cupboard
Tae teer aff a piece o' a bannock for me!—
O, th' broon mottled bannock, tho' your hame's owre the
 sea,
We canna forget ye tae th' day that we dee!

LAND OF MY SIRE

Land that I love!
Whose stay has been Israel's God from above!
'Mid the battle's loud roar, your sons proudly bore
The flag of their country for 'homeland an' God!

Thinking of thee!
My bonnie brave land girded round by the sea!
Where the silver moonlight makes hallowed the night,
As its shadows it casts o'er the white gowany lea!

Land of my sires!

'Twas your grandeur that kindled the patriot's fires!
From your heath covered hills and your silver streaked
rills,

Came the heroes that dared and who knew how to die!

Dreaming of home!

The land of my love, o'er the wide ocean's foam!
Where the loud tempest raves round the sprite haunted
caves—

Shall be dear to this fond heart, wherever I roam!

CLANSMEN'S PARADE IN PITTSBURGH

Parade of the Allied Clans of Western Pennsylvania, April 25th, 1911, in honor of Mr. John Hill, Royal Chief, O. S. C., who visited Pittsburgh on the above date.

It's a gey dreary day when th' clans about Pittsburgh
Canna kick up th' stoor when a veesitor comes,
Ye'd hae thocht we were leavin' for some faur foreign
station,
Wi' oor glitterin' gear, oor pipes an' oor drums.

Awa' to th' fore was oor braw Scottish banner,
(Lang may that ensign triumphantly wave!)
Screamin' high owre th' din, were the strains o' the
pibroch,
An' firin' th' he'rt wi' "Auld Scotlan' th' Brave."

An' there was oor Chieftain, wha leads a' th' clansmen,
He's adorned th' name!—may his glory ne'er fade!—
Lang may he live tae dispense inspiration
Tae th' lads that would fecht for th' auld tartan plaid.

Th' great, big shop windows were litter'ly dirlin'
As we started awa' wi' a fine, easy swing;
'Twas then that we a' took a flicht back tae Scotlan',
An' were hoverin' owre Stirlin' like birds on th' wing.

'Twas a sicht for sair een, juist tae see th' McPhersons
Giein' their fit a bit shuffle, syne stappin' awa'—
An' the Camerons, wha hae sworn tae follow their
Chieftain!
They'd wade thro' th' foe tae th' last man wad fa'.

Th' Homestead McKenzies, aye bonnie an' cheerfu',
Were there wi' their plaids an' their pipers sae braw—
Th' McKeesport McDonalds had resolved ere they
started
That their banner wad float owre th' tap o' them a'.

"Wee McGregor" frae Greensburg, wi' lofty ambition,
(Ye'll see him ere lang wi' a bonnet an' plaid,)
He has sworn by his kinsmen that fell roun' Glenorchy,
That he'll show us wha's wha in th' next big parade.

An' there were th' Robiesons, aye trig-like an' pleasant,
 Whase big and warm he'rt gangs alang wi' their hand,
 Their spirits are licht as th' dawn o' the mornin'
 That breaks owre th' hills o' their ain native land.

“Come o'er th' stream, Charlie,” come Wull, Rab an'
 Tam,
 We want ye tae join us for th' sake o' th' bairns,
 There's plenty o' room for ilk Scotsman that's true,
 Oor Order will haud ye secure in its airms.

Come awa', come awa'! dinna staun', man, an' swither,
 But flee tae some clan moot', an' write doon yer name,
 For brawly ye ken (when yer life's wark is ended)
 It's a gey chilly hoose when there's naething at hame.

Then here's tae auld Scotlan', oor dear, sainted mither,
 Here's tae ilk clansman wharever he be!—
 May oor Order aye flourish, th' helpless tae nourish,
 An' be true tae each ither tae th' day that we dee.

A LETTER

To Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Millar, Glenmurry House,
Cambusbarron, Scotland.

Deer Freens—

A body, whiles, when a' alane,
Jist canna help frae seein' hame
An' a' th' freens that were sae fain
 In days lang syne,
E'en tho' it kin' o' gies us pain,
 An' mak's us pine!

There's whiles, dear freens, I think I see
Your faces as they used tae be,
Wi' love glints flashin' frae th' e'e,
 An' pawky smiles
Creepin' roun' th' mooth sae wantonly,
 Wi' cunnin' wiles.

I see th' shielan' on th' brae,
Th' rushin' torrent's silver spray;
Th' gowany knowes where lambkins play
 On dewy lawn;
I hear the lark at break o' day
 Proclaim th' dawn.

I see th' red sun's golden hue,
On far Ben Lomond's lofty broo,
Sink deeper doon till lost tae view
 At e'enin's close,
Till peacefu' shadows deepening grew
 In calm repose.

I hear th' deep toned Sabbath bell
Borne on th' breeze wi' surgin' swell,
Proclaimin' peace tae a' who dwell
 In Scotlan's isle;
Castin' owre th' land its holy spell
 An' love th' while.

There's one I'll never fail tae see,
Wi' God's Word spread upon her knee,
She'd tell hoo Christ on Galilee
 Said: "Peace, be still;"
Th' waves that raged most furiously,
 Obey'd His will.

It seems th' langer folk's awa'
Frae Scotlan's hills an' vales, sae braw,
Th' stronger love grows for it a',
 Faur owre th' main;
Thro' Simmer's heat an' Winter's snaw,
 It's aye th' same.

I mind gey weel, I couldna hide—
Yon mornin' on th' banks o' Clyde
When we were staunin' side by side—
 Some groundless fear,
When pairtin'—owre th' waves tae glide,
 Frae freens sae dear.

But monie a year has slipped awa',
An' noo oor hair's as white as snaw,
But still, while we hae breath tae draw,
 We'll sing fu' gay,
"Loch Lomon's Banks" an' "Kelvinhaugh,"
 Or "Scots Wha Hae."

There's naething made by sittin' doon
An' greetin' 'mong a waste o' gloom,
We'll turn December intae June
 An' sing wi' glee;
Jist like th' lintie in the broom,
 Richt merrily.

I mind gey weel, when you an' Kate
Were busy coortin' ere an' late,
Ye wisna bauld, but unco blate,
 Jist like mysel;
An' hoo ye strove tae set th' date,
 I ne'er could tell.

I think when Kate wad hear ye hummin'
 An' chowin' words, she'd ken 'twas comin',
 An' wi' th' cunnin' o' a woman,
 She'd say: "O, ay!"
 Then courage tae yer he'rt ye'd summin',
 And heave a sigh.

Th' ither nicht, nae faurer gane,
 I thocht that you an' me had taen
 A dauner up th' auld "Coo Lane,"
 An' there we sat
 Cross-legged on a big whin stane
 An' had a chat.

We spoke o' freens we kent lang syne,
 Th' dear lost freens o' yours an' mine,
 Their guileless looks, their smiles sae fine
 Were aye th' theme;
 I thocht I saw their faces shine
 In memory's dream.

We spoke o' ane wi' gowden hair,
 Whose smile still haunts me everywhere,
 No time nor scene can e'er impair
 Yon youthfu' dream;
 In a' the warld, nane could compare
 Wi' her, I ween.

We sat an' viewed th' ruined mill,
Where a' thing noo is cauld an' still,
An' thro' th' he'rt shot monie a thrill
 For by-gane days;
'Twas there we learned tae sing wi' skill,
 Auld Scotia's lays.

Th' sang you sung wi' gracefu' style,
Was "Bonnie Mary of Argyle,"
But, Archie, it's a lang, lang while
 Sin' you an' me
Could warsle wi' th' Tonic scale
 Clean up tae "G."

Th' yin I thocht was aye th' best,
At least for me—amang th' rest,
Tho' whiles it put me to th' test,
 Was "The Arm Chair;"
It moved th' he'rt within th' breast
 Wi' its bonnie air.

This letter leaves me weel, th' noo—
'Twad mak' me prood tae think that you
An' Kate were weel an' canty, too,
 Wi' he'rts as bright
As laverocks springin' frae th' dew
 On wings of light.

I hope, my freens, ye'll no be vex'd,
 But I hae taen tae wearin' specs,
 An' guidness kens what's comin' next,
 Or hoo I'll fare!
 But come what will, I'll thraw th' necks
 O' Grief an' Care!

It tak's a seaman, strong an' brave,
 Tae guide his boat on Life's rough wave,
 When win's begin tae roar an' rave
 We mauna leave
 Th' barque that's made for us tae save,
 Nor sit an' grieve.

I was glad tae read that Kate an' you
 Were weel, an' daein weel th' noo,
 I'd like tae say afore I'm throo,
 This rhymin' letter
 Ran aff th' reel afore I knew
 O' something better.

I'll bid ye baith guid nicht, my freens,
 An' dwell nae langer on th' themes
 That you an' me, when in oor dreams
 Thocht were sublime;
 Let's drop th' curtain on th' scenes
 O' dear lang syne.

May He wha notes th' sparrow's fa',
An' kens what's guid for ane an' a'.
Protect ye baith until ye draw
 Your latest breath;
'Then throo th' stars, fleet wing awa'
 Frae pain an' death.

—Jamie.

NAE LOVE AT HAME

O, wae is th' he'rt, when there's nae love at hame,
Saut, saut is th' tear, when there's nae love at hame,
 We fear th' comin' morn,
 Wi' its cauldness an' its scorn,
An' we rue that we were born, when there's nae love at
 hame.

Th' sky's leaden hue when there's nae love at hame,
Oor prospects are but few, when there's nae love at
 hame,
 We gaze across th' lift
 For a blink o' kindly licht,
An' we're weary o' th' nicht, when there's nae love at
 hame.

Oh, th' Springtime never comes, when there's nae love
at hame,

Th' he'rt it winna croon, when there's nae love at hame,

An' th' birds, howe'er they sing,

Canna mak' th' welkin ring,

But flit on dowie wing, when there's nae love at hame.

But I'm thinkin' o' a place where it's aye love at hame,

An' there's never ony nicht, an' it's aye love at hame,—

It maun be bonnie there,

Where there's neither grief nor care,

Wi' a Faither's love tae share in th' faur sweet hame.

HAVE YOU SEEN MY LASSIE?

Have you seen my lassie?

Her eyes are azure blue;

She's a bonnie, bonnie lassie

And her heart is good and true;

A rose, a bonnie red, red rose,

Bedecked her sunny hair;

Her lips are like the rubies;

Have you seen her anywhere?

Chorus.—

Have you seen my lassie,
So gentle, kind and fair;
Have you seen my bonnie lassie
With the roses in her hair?

She promised when the laverock
Seeks his bed among the dew,
She'd meet me in the gloamin'—
My lassie good and true.
But, oh, I fear she's wandered far
Ayont the trysting tree,
And I'm weary, weary waiting
For the love blink of her e'e.

When the pea bloom scents the walley,
We'll to the church repair;
And plight our troth forever,
And vow to pairt nae mair.
Then we'll wander aye th'gither
And tell our love so true;
When the laverock's wing is folded
'Mong the gowans wet with dew.

ROSE AND BRIAR

The following lines were sent to Mr. William B. Kay, **Managing Editor** McKeesport Evening Times, in a bouquet of roses:

To lofty thoughts of love divine,
Our hearts sometimes aspire ;
But who can fathom God's design,—
The rose upon the briar?

To which Mr. Kay replied :

'Tis meant to teach a sober truth,
And thus perform a duty ;
A symbol showing that, forsooth,
The devil baits with beauty.

GRANDFATHER

An' auld man wi' a 'Tam o' Shanter,
Bowed down wi' four score years an' ten,
Gaed up an' doon wi' childish banter,
Oot an' in, an' but an' ben.

His haun was saft as ony lassie's,
Th' tear aye glistened in his e'e;
An' he would peer oot owre his glasses
A loving glance tae big an' wee.

We'd hear him speakin', whiles, an' hummin'
Some auld Scotch sang we didna ken,
An' wi' his finger ends keep drummin',
Like rain draps on th' window pane.

His auld "clay cutty" burned sae black,
(His boon companion nicht an' day,)
He'd draw, an' tell, 'tween ilka smack,
Its age an' wha he bocht it frae.

He'd tell us whiles o' Scotlan's glory,
An' hoo th' gallant "Forty Twa"
Leapt owre th' trenches grim an' gory,
An' waved their plumes abune them a'.

He'd dover, whiles, an' sigh, an' start,
 An' speak o' Heaven ayont th' blue—
 Th' places God had set apart,
 For a' th' faithfu', guid an' true.

But, ah, at last he fell asleep,
 When winds were sighin' in th' night,
 An' thro' th' vale where shadows creep,
 His kindly soul has taen its flight.

THE SCOTTISH PIPERS

The following verses were inspired by hearing the pibroch at the Royal Clan Convention, held at Manchester, N. H., August 17-20, 1909:

Hark! 'tis the pibroch! it's sounding so bonnie,
 Its strains fill the soul with sweet memories o' hame,
 Tho' far from the land that is fairer than ony,
 In spirit, we clamber her'mountains again!

Pipes of the Northland! long famous in story,
 To the call of your slogan, our forefathers bled;
 When they leapt to the wild charge on fields grim and
 gory,
 You sang 'mid the cheers of the Highland Brigade.

On a far foreign shore, when the brave and true-hearted
Were borne to their rest on the African veldt!
The "Flowers of the Forest," you played ere you parted,
And tears stained the altar of stone, where you knelt.

And here in the valleys of peaceful New Hampshire,
You are calling the clansmen to gather again!
Not on the bleak hillside, nor round the dim campfire,
But on fields that are fairer than fields of the slain.

Land of my sires! may your fame never perish
Till the foam-crested torrent turns back from the sea;
Till then, may your sons in their breasts ever cherish
A fond, loving thought, Caledonia, of thee.

LOVE'S MESSAGE

Blow softly, sweet flower-laden gale,
And bear a fond message from me;
Waft it far over woodland and dale—
Over mountain, and valley, and sea.

There is one that is faithful and true,
With eyes, oh, so wondrous and bright;
She is waiting and wishing that you
Will bring her a message to-night.

Breathe softly, and tell her, some day,
I'll return when the brake is in bloom;
When the lark sings his glad roundelay,
And the roses are opening in June.

A RALE GUID FREEN

I wadna gie a faurdin
For your high society;
Nor do I care a button
Hoo they toss their heid at me!
I wadna niffer places
Wi' th' feck o' folks I've seen
For a canny 'oor or twa at night
Wi' a guid true freen.

There's a kin' o' telepathic thrill
That's hard tae unnerstaun,
Rins thro' th' he'rt o' trusted freens
Whene'er they grasp th' haun;
An' th' kindly look an' smile
That twinkles brightly roun' th' een,
O' a faithfu' chiel that's honest
An' a rale guid freen.

They didna get their learnin'
At some ither folks' expense;
But my! they aye regale ye
Wi' a routh o' common sense!
They lichten aye th' burden
Till ye feel that you could lean
On th' sturdy self-reliance
O' a guid, true freen.

I've traiveled faur awa' frae hame,
An' queer folks I hae met;
An' monie scenes hae met my gaze
I canna weel forget!
But there's ae thing, I'm glad tae say,
Wherever I hae been,
I could aye fa' back for comfort
O' a guid, true freen.

Oor journey's lang an' wearysome,
Alang Life's thorny road;
Oor burden's like tae weigh us doon,
Sae heavy is th' load!
But we struggle on fu' bravely
Wi' a conscience pure an' clean,
An' loving consolation
Frae some guid true freen.

There are better things than riches
Comin' yet—we a' agree;
There are glitterin' prizes yet unwon,
Tho' their gleam we canna see;
An' believe me, freens, they're waitin',
When we end life's fitfu' dream,
They'll be gien tae weary toilers
By a guid true Freen.

LET US NOT BE AFRAID

Brother, are you journeying homeward
To the land beyond the sun.

Far from the life of corroding care—
 To the land above,
 And a Father's love,
For no evil enters there!

Are you afraid to cross the river,
When your fitful journey's done?
 Shall we fear the tide of the dark, dark stream
 To launch our boat,
 With the common lot,
To the land of a pleasant dream?

When our friends are crossing the river,
And we shed the bitter tear,
 And with grief and pain our bosoms swell,
 Let us say "good night"
 Till the morning light,
In the land where there's no farewell!

For death's but the gate to the City
And endless felicity;—
 And the pinioned soul on its heavenward flight,
 Shall soar afar,
 To the gates ajar,
 Where the Saviour has banished night!

And a golden cord shall bind us,
And our memories shall cherished be;
 Let us not be afraid to launch away—
 Where our friends will meet us,
 And fondly greet us,
 To reign through the crowning day!

DON'T LAUGH WHEN OTHERS CRY

Don't laugh when others cry,
Don't sneer when others sigh,
But thoughtfully say, as you go on your way,
That God knows the reason why.

COME, GENTLE MAY

Come, gentle May, strew your garlands of poses
Across the deep glens and awaken the roses ;
They're drowsy, you know, but your mystical wand
Will 'wake them from slumber to hail the new dawn.

Come, verdant May, for the robin is calling
Across the green fields where the sunbeams are falling ;
The flower-scented gale is a-wooing the bee
And all Nature's calling, sweet maiden for thee.

A-down the green vale where the brackens are spreading,
The wee purple violets their green hoods are shedding ;
The shepherds are waiting thy footsteps so gay,
So, tarry no longer, oh, bright, joyous May.

Haste, gladsome May, set the valleys a-ringing,
Start the gay feathered choir with their anthems a-sing-
ing ;
The brooklets are laughing as they sing on their way,
They, too, will adore you, kind, beautiful May.

SING ME THE SONGS OF MY NATIVE LAND

Sing me the songs my mother sung,
When the world was wee, and the heart was young;
For a voice is calling from a far-off strand,
And I hear the songs of my native land.

Thro' the vanished years comes a sad, sweet thrill,
Like some holy theme breathing o'er me still;
And I wander again on the sea-washed strand
Of the sun-kissed shores of my native land.

Let me hear again the simple lays,
Untutored the song, unsought the praise!
For none but an exile can understand
The love-born songs of his native land.

Sing them low, sing them sweet, let them breathe of the
past,
Let them break o'er the heart like sunbeams cast
Across the meadows with soft winds fanned,
Till they rest my heart in my native land.

O, we've wandered afar down the winding years—
We scan the past thro' the blinding tears!
In vain we look for the castle, grand,
We built on the borders of fairyland.

When the toiling days of my journey's done,
And the river is crossed at the setting sun!
May the long-lost friends around me stand
Who sang so sweet in the fatherland.

OCTOBER

The sky is clear, and blue, and cold,
And seems so far away,
The birds, in flocks, flit all about
The woodland's edge; and in and out
The nimble chipmunk, in his route,
Chirps gaily all the day.

Across the meadow's winding path,
Where limpid streamlets lave,
The red sun's fiery golden sheen
Lies far athwart the fading green
Of hill, and vale, and woodland scene,
Where tangled grasses wave.

The woodcock calling to his mate
From 'neath the heather spray,
Sends echoes down the purple hill
And o'er the burnished, laughing rill,
The plover with his mournful trill,
Pipes out the closing day.

Tired Nature rests her weary head
 'Mong leaves of grey and gold;
 The choir is silent in the glen;
 And all along the stubbled plain,
 The dreary, moaning winds proclaim
 The year is growing old.

A WEE SPRIG O' HEATHER

Received from Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Millar, Glenmurry House,
 Cambusbarron, Scotland.

I received your wee bit heather, an' my he'rt louped tae
 my mooth,
 For it brocht back hallowed memories o' my careless,
 joyous youth,
 When I watched th' mountain torrent, rushin' doon th'
 hill sae free,
 Chantin' ever on its journey, freedom's sangs tae you
 an' me.

I heard th' muircock crawin' tae his mate faur up th' hill,
 I saw th' red sun's golden shafts fa' across th' windin' rill,
 An' th' blackbird's sang sae bonnie, I he'rd it owre again,
 Wi' its echo reverberatin' frae th' woodlan' an' th' glen.

It told a silent story, of ane I daurna name,
When first I entered love's estate an' felt its sacred
flame,—
It told o' glintin' shadows floatin' doon life's silver
stream,
An' sparklin' in th' sunshine, makin' life a fairy dream.

It spoke of days when men of old proclaimed with tongue
an' pen
Salvation's message full an' free tae a' th' sons of men,
An' on th' misty mountain's brow, beside their altar
stood,
An' sang their praise of God th' Lord, an' wrote their
names in blood!

An' patriotic feelin's came crowdin' thick an' fast,
I saw our plaided clansmen marchin' doon th' windin'
pass!
Wi' th' pibroch's war-like challenge tae death or victory!
An' floatin' proudly o'er their heads, th' banner o' th'
free!

An' sae, I sat an' pondered owre that emblem o' th' free,
Till I couldna see its purple bells for th' saut tear in
my e'e,
I turned it owre an' owre again wi' tenderness an' care,
For a' that childhood held sae dear, was loved an' cen-
ter'd there.

An' tho' I never more may see auld Scotlan's hills again,
 Tho' I may never hear th' thrush at e'enin' in th' glen,
 Th' happy days o' dear lang syne, in a' their bright array
 Will come an' cheer my closin' years until my latest day.

An' sae, my freens, I'll lay awa' your bonnie sprig o'
 heather,
 That's dared th' Northern tempest's breath thro' rude an'
 stormy weather,—
 When ither floers are swept awa' by Winter's chillin'
 rain,
 I'll gaze on thee, that's cam' sae faur, frae my dear auld
 Scottish hame.

THE SEA OF LIFE

O'er the ocean of life we are sailing,
 With the will of the winds, where they roam!
 On an uncharted sea we are drifting,
 Far away from the port of our home.

We go to the world for our schooling,
 We're impressed with the knowledge we glean!
 We arrive at the lane's sudden turning,
 And the past fades away like a dream.

There's nothing worth keeping, to cherish,
Save the love of a brother and friend;
We long for a brighter to-morrow,
And hope against hope to the end.

We play with our trinkets, like children,
As we rest on the long, weary way,
Then leave them awhile in our dreaming,
That begins with the new-born day.

Our eyes greet the sun at the dawning,
Then the glory of youth melts away—
What is Fame, in this world, but a bauble?
What is Life, after all, but a day?

THE SONGS WE USED TO KNOW

Oh, sing again the dear old songs
That mother used to sing;
When the heart was free from sorrow
And the days were always Spring!
When simple thoughts were pure and white
As the blossom on the sloe,
When we rambled 'mong the heather
With the songs we used to know!

“You’ll tak’ th’ high road, an’ I’ll tak’ th’ low road,
And I’ll be in Scotlan’ before ye;
For me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o’ Loch Lomon’.”

They’re a solace and a balm
To the weary, troubled heart;
They bring back hallowed memories—
Make the tear unbidden start!
They’re a beacon on the sea of life,
When the tempests rudely blow,
And we love each other better
For the songs we used to know.

“You’ll break my heart, ye warbling birds,
That wanton through the flowery thorn,
Ye mind me o’ departed joys—
Departed never to return.”

The world may offer comforts,
Gained by others’ toil and tears,
They may smooth our rugged pathway
As we journey down the years;
But the tender chords of life are touched,
And the heart feels all aglow,
When we wander back ’mid scenes of yore
With the songs we used to know.

“Dinna gang, my bonnie Mary Grieve,
An’ glower into the water so clearly;
Or a fairy will turn you into a wee, wee flower,
And ye’ll grow up by the ‘Wells o’ Weary’.”

The dear old songs—my mother’s songs,
I never can forget
Her low, sweet, sympathetic voice
Enthralls my spirit yet!
O, take away your gaudy art,
’Tis but a hollow show,
Restore to me the trusting heart,
And the songs we used to know.

“By cool Siloam’s shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon’s dewy rose!”

And when I cross life’s dreary bound,
Far from this world of pain!
I’ll only ask the same sweet voice
To croon them o’er again;
No other treasure do I crave,
’Twill be heaven enough, I trow,
To mingle with the pure in heart
And the songs we used to know.

SO LET IT BE

May we, like the sheep in the fold, find a rest,
When our tired, weary feet cease from roaming;
With a fond Father's love in the mansions above,
When we all gather home in the gloaming.

I'LL NEITHER BORROW NOR LEND

I'll neither borrow nor lend,
I'll neither lend nor borrow,
But I'll laugh with the glad, and sigh with the sad,
And help them to bear their sorrow.

IT HAPPENED IN McKEESPORT

'Twas a bleak wintry nicht, an' th' win' cauld was
blawin',

Th' weather took turns at rainin' an' snawin',

I wandered awa' doon th' toon for awee,

For I thocht, maybe, some yin was lookin' for me.

But ilk ane seemed busy wi' views o' their ain;

Says I tae mysel', "Hang th' luck! I'll gang hame!"

Sae I turned up Locust Street,—a' things looked sae
damp,

As I heided as fast as I could, for th' camp.

When a' in a sudden, a figure I saw,

That made me remark, "What in th'—" but I'll no
say it a'.

I cautiously said: "Freen, ye seem tae be lost;"

But there he stood still, like a white-sheeted ghost!

Says I, "Are ye lookin' for freens o' yer ain?"

But never a word—the result was th' same.

"Weel," says I, "if ye're leevin', gie's a grup o' yer fist."

Still his mooth remained closed like th' lid o' a kist!

I walked hauf aroond him—examined his claes,

Frae th' tap o' his heid and doon near to his taes;

Thinks I, "Hang my skin, if ye don't tak' th' cake

Or onything else that a baker can bake!

Hooever," I thocht, "what th' de'il needs I care
If ye're frozen as stiff as th' leg o' a chair!
Ye can gang tae the deuce, or jimp intae th' Yough,
Or sleep wi' th' swine, an' eat oot o' their trough,
By my sang! if ye'll no speak nor open yer jaw,
Ye can staun there, my chap, tae ye're covered wi' snaw."
Noo, freens, dinna think I am jokin'; oh, no!
But what dy'e think? when I started to go,
He cam' doon aff th' curbstane, an' in less than a blink,
Said: "Stranger, could ye spare me th' price o' a drink?"

A TOAST

Here's a health to the ones we love best,
 May they never know sorrow nor care!
May love in their hearts ever rest,
 And plenty and peace be their share.
May their anchor of hope never fail,
 Nor their lives be with storms overcast!
And true to the chart may they sail,
 To the harbor, in God's house, at last.

VERSES WRITTEN FOR THE SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF CLAN McDONALD, 161,
McKEESPORT, PA.

Let's tak' th' hands, my trusty freens,
We've held sae lang th'gither,
Thro' ups an' doons an' varied scenes
We've stood by yin anither.

Our Order is no idle dream,
Its mission's high an' holy,
To 'fend th' weak, an' help a freen
Is somethin' else than folly.

For six lang years we've dune gey weel,
Of coorse we nicht dae better,
But still, when Fortune turns th' wheel,
None may her wisdom fetter.

Th' fates, my freens, hae kindly dailt
Wi' oor beloved clan;
Th' hand o' death's been lightly felt
Amang oor social ban'.

For this, oor gratefu' thanks we owe
Tae Him wha rules abune us,
An' to His will we'll humbly bow
Wi' a' th' faith that's in us.

An' let us no forget that we
Hail Scotlan' as oor mither,
Sae let us a' in faith agree,
Wi' love for yin anither.

We've wandered faur across th' feam,
Frae th' lan' o' song an' story,
But we'll cherish aye th' dear auld hame
That's crowned wi' freedom's glory.

We love her purple heath-clad hills,
Where th' foam-capped torrent flashes,
An' while we toast her glens an' rills,
We'll no forget her lassies.

An' freens, believe, you're welcome here,
MacDonald's he'rt is open,
May a' enjoy oor humble cheer
An' kindly words be spoken.

Let each an' every clansman here,
Send love tae ilka brither,
Where'er he be—that love an' cheer
Which binds us a' th'gither.

An' when oor barques hae reached yon strand,
Across Life's ocean driven,
May each ane join th' ransomed band,—
Th' celestial clan in heaven.

HE SLUMBERS NOT, NOR SLEEPS

The sleepless Watchman on the walls
Of Zion's gates, His yigils keep;
He's marked the sphere of mortal ken,
And will give His beloved sleep.
O tired and weary soul, arise!
For light is breaking with the sun!
'Toil on! nor covet earthly gain,
Be patient till the night is done.

SHATTERED HOPES

I built me a house on the green hillside,
And fair was the road to the winding river
That onward swept with a graceful glide,
And murmuring sang where the aspens quiver.

The birds sang merrily in the trees,
The bees were droning in the clover;
I sat me down, with my heart at ease,
'Neath the vernal shade, when the day was over.

The wild rose leaned on the bending spray—
The 'suckle crossed to the sylvan bowers;
And down the valley at dawn of day,
The choristers wakened the sleeping flowers!

No fitful dreams thro' the silent night
Did waken me to a day of sorrow;
No phantom scenes did my senses blight—
No fears had I for the coming morrow!

But woe is me and the song so sweet!

For the heart is dulled when the summer ends;
The flowers lay dying at my feet,
In the valley below, where the pathway bends.

The dull sky frowned o'er the distant hills,
The sun dropt down 'mong the cold grey clouds;
The merlin's song was hushed by th' rills,
The tall trees swayed in their ghostly shrouds!

The bleak winds chanted a mournful song,
Saying, "Alas, alas! when the wild flowers fade;
I cannot tarry for weak or strong,
I follow the path of the silent dead!"

Night, darkening, flung her sable robe
O'er hill and vale—o'er ocean swelling;
No sound was heard, save the deep, deep sob
Of the tempest's voice, round my lonely dwelling.

I called aloud, but no echoes spoke,
I lonely mused till the morning hours;
The heart grew faint when the daylight broke,
And Hope expired 'mong the dying flowers.

TO THE SCOTS OF THIS TOON

Brither Scots, frae owre th' sea,
I'd like tae speak tae you awee,
Concerning things that you an' me
Should aye tak' heed;
It's sae ordain'd that folks maun dee,—
It's Heaven decreed!

When sittin' at yer ain fireside,
Nae doot you've thochts hoo tae provide
For wee bairns—when ye lay aside
A' earthly ties,
An' slip awa' across th' tide,
Beyond th' skies.

Perhaps ye hae a grey hair'd mither,
(An' fine ye ken there's no anither,
In a' this big warld put th'gither,
Thinks mair o' you);
Sae dinna let her auld he'rt wither,
Nor cause her rue.

Noo, brither Scots, ye needna grieve,
Nor wear yer troubles on yer sleeve,
We hae a plan—if you'll believe
 A Scottish lad,
It's helped tae comfort an' relieve
 Th' sick an' sad.

“Th' Scottish Clans,”—frae coast tae coast,
Are noo th' Caledonian's toast!
Gang whar ye may, ye'll ne'er get lost,
 You'll aye can feel
Ye hae a freen, when tempest toss'd,
 In ilka chiel.

Cauld is th' hame without a heid,
When wife an' bairns are left in need;
It matters not howe'er they plead,
 Th' warld is deaf!—
Th' Scottish Clans will come wi' speed
 Tae their relief.

My freens, tak' tent, an' form a clan,
It's th' cleanest, best insurance plan
That ever helped a fellow man
 In time o' need;
Its torch is bleezin' owre th' lan'
 Wi' lichtnin' speed.

Some fourteen thoosan' earnest men,
 Frae every Scottish hill an' glen,
 Are banded in this broad domain
 Wi' prospects bricht!
 Pick oot a tartan—sign yer name
 This very nicht.

In Akron toon, I'm told, you've there
 A band o' Scots that's guid an' square,—
 Then awa' wi' scruples, doot an' care,
 Come, briest th' tide!
 Get up beside th' lads that wear
 Th' tartan plaid!

A DREAM

I stood on a bridge that crosses a brook,
 Where silver Luna casts her rays,
 In a fairy glen, far across the sea,
 Where I loved to wander in other days.

And all night long, thro' the changing hours,
 I waited and watched by the moaning linn,
 When a form, like as out of the Spirit Land,
 Sang a song of love thro' the shadows dim.

She seemed to say that in days of yore,
I waited for you thro' the dreary years,
And I longed and looked o'er the ocean's foam
Till my weary eyes grew dim with tears.

Now the way is long and the road is rough
We have to travel, ere we reach the goal,
And we must wander in different paths,
Tho' the fondest longings possess the soul.

I thought the light of other years
Broke sweetly o'er my troubled heart,
But thro' the few short, transient hours
We met, as friends, again to part.

A smile she wore of Love and Hope—
Supremely sweet, I could espy,
And I thought that form was the fairest yet,
That was ever seen by mortal eye.

Her golden ringlets loosely hung
Round her fair young face, full of blissful joy;
And I thought I had seen such a maid as this
In years gone by when a thoughtless boy.

And fain were the promptings of the heart
 To tell of the barriers that Time had reared!
 But ere the lark proclaimed the dawn,
 That beautiful form had disappeared.

THE BRITISH ROBIN

Wee spark o' life, wi' legs like threeds,
 An' glistenin' een, like twa black beads,
 Ye strut aboot, sae trim an' trig,
 On some auld dyke or burn brig,
 Wi' spunky mien an' tail erect,
 An's quick as ony jimpin' jeck.

I'd like tae sing yer praise in rhyme,
 But, faith, I think yer no th' kin'
 O' bird that sings in yonder lane,
 Sae I'll noo lee aboot yer fame,
 But juist aff-haun tell things about ye
 That folks that ken ye, winna doot me.

Noo, Robin; first, I'll here admit
 Ye ne'er was lazy—no a bit—
 For plannin' hoo tae bigg a nest,
 Yer heid an' shouthers owre th' rest!

I'll tak' an oath, there's naething finer
Than your abode—wee deft designer!
Outside o' that, ye've nae desire
Tae mingle wi' th' vernal choir.

But when it comes tae scrap an' fecht,
Nae birds there are, nine times yer weicht,
But what wad flee faur oot their path
Before they'd cross ye in yer wrath!
Cock'd on th' haunle o' a plew,
Ye'd jimp an' dance, an' gasp an' spue
An' offer challenge efter challenge
Until ye'd nearly lose yer balance.
Nae thocht o' risks—come, win or lose,
Ye'd fecht wi' peesweeps, craws an' doos,—
My sang! ye'd mak' th' feathers flee
An' chase them owre th' highest tree!
Syne back ye'd come—skoot up th' lane,
Prepared tae face th' foe again.

Yer only match was "Auld John Frost,"
Owre him ye couldna brag an' boast,
For when he cam' he nipp't yer hoard
An' clapp't ye on th' "Pairish Board."

Yer pride, aye, got an' awfu' fa'
When wuds an' fields were cower'd wi' snaw!
Then thankfu' was ye—'gainst yer will,
Tae loiter roun' some window sill,
An' there ye'd plead wi' wattery e'e,
As if tae say—folks peety me!
Ye'd mak' us think ye had repented,
An' wisna quite as black's yer painted.

But years hae passed sin' you an' me
Roamed thro' th' woodlan' full an' free!
Noo we're pairted by th' stormy main,
Perhaps nae mair tae meet again.
Th' barefit laddie minds ye fine,
Wha kent yer nest in days lang syne,
But noo he's gettin' grey an' sere,
Sae fare-ye-weel, wee buccaneer!

DOON BY YON DYKE-SIDE

D'ye mind th' happy days
Doon by yon dyke-side?
Where th' linnet tuned his lays
Doon by yon dyke-side?
Tho' we've wandered far since then,
Th' he'rt gangs back again
Tae th' fairy haunted glen
Doon by yon dyke-side.

We pu'd th' rashes, green,
Doon by yon dyke-side,
Tae croon some fairy queen
Doon by yon dyke-side,
An' th' gowans wet wi' dew,
We'd string them thro' an' thro',
Tae deck her sunny broo,
Doon by yon dyke-side.

An' th' guileless, artless lauchin'
Doon by yon dyke-side!
Th' rinnin' an' th' daffin'
Doon by yon dyke-side!

An' tho' wearied ane an' a',
We couldna come awa'
Tae th' shades o' nicht wad fa'
Doon by yon dyke-side.

Ah! th' tender he'rt was true
Doon by yon dyke-side!
Th' cares o' life were few
Doon by yon dyke-side!
But those bonnie youthfu' scenes
Hae flown like sunny beams,
Noo we wander in oor dreams
Doon by yon dyke-side.

ADDRESS TO A SPRIG OF HEATHER FROM
SCOTLAND

Far o'er the sea among the mists
Stands Scotland where she did!
Whose monuments are not of stone,
But sighs, and tears, and blood!
From off her hills you've wandered far
Across the stormy main,
To mind me o' the dear, sweet Past,
And woo me back again.

There are many flowers fair to see
'Round hut and lordly ha',
But Scotland's purple heather
Is the bravest o' them a'!
Around you cling sweet memories dear
O' sunny, youthful days,
When a guileless bairn I rambled
On your bonnie banks and braes.

Ah, many a time among your bloom
In the dark, dark, weary years,
Auld Scotland's saints have sought your shade
And watered you with tears!—

When cruel men with bloody hands
Pursued the chosen few
Who dared to speak of "Israel's God"—
The only God they knew.

You've heard the "Songs of Zion" sung
With tongues of sacred flame,
And dying, with their latest breath,
They breathed Jehovah's name!
They died for sacred liberty,
Bequeathed from "Calvary's Cross,"
They braved the dungeon, fire and sword
And counted all but dross.

You've seen God's holy standard
Fall and rise again!
And flowing like a crimson tide
The life-blood of the slain!
You've seen the purifying
Of the saints—wee purple sprig,
At "Cairntable," and "Wardlaw Hill,"
And far-famed "Bothwell Brig."

Can we forget the storied Past,
 With its agony and pains?
Can we forget while Scottish blood
 Is bounding in our veins?
Ah, not while Scotia's emblem blooms,
 Beyond the rolling waves,
And Heaven's winds chant their requiems
 Round our martyred heroes' graves.

Had I the pen of Burns or Scott,
 Or the gentle Tannahill,
I'd deftly weave your praise in rhyme
 With master hand and skill;
But let me sing while life is lent—
 Until the day I dee—
Wave on! and toss your honored head,
 Brave emblem of the Free!

JUIST SHOOTHER THE BURDEN

It's aye been a peety, an' sae it maun be,
 When folks are mismated an' canna agree!
 But th' best thing tae dae is tae thole till ye dee,
 For there's naebody kens nor cares!

Cho.—Juist shouther th' burden an' laugh at th' pain,
 Ilka ane has his sorrows an' griefs o' his ain,
 Gin ye've ony tae tell,
 Keep them a' tae yersel',
 For there's naebody kens nor cares!

My advice would aye be, tae a domineer'd man,
 Wha's life is as hard as a cast airn pan,—
 Is tae keep a caum sough, as it's a' in th' plan,
 For there's naebody kens nor cares!

Tho' th' anchor o' hope should gae driftin' awa',
 Aye staun by th' ship tho' th' gales loodly blaw,
 An' sing a bit sang tho' it stick in yer craw,
 For there's naebody kens nor cares!

I WONDER IF WE'LL MEET AGAIN?

(Written to a Friend)

I wonder if we two shall meet,
 To roam again where the roses bloom;
And wander on with careless feet
 Beneath the pale and silent moon,

To mend again the broken vow,
 We swore to Heaven that naught could part;
Ère sadness marked your fair young brow—
 Ère stormy tempests rocked the heart!

It may be in some coming year,
 When the eye is dim and the step is slow,
When youthful folly shall disappear,
 And the evening shadows come and go.

Ah, could we meet at eventide,
 Where the foaming flood leaps o'er the linns—
When the sun dips down the mountain side
 And the yellow blossoms on the whins!

What tho' your brow be furrowed, love,
And silvered be your bonnie hair!
The lasting joys of youthful love
Would guide our footsteps roaming there!

The hedges in their snow-white dress
Will bloom as sweet as in bygone years,
When we with youthful love confessed—
Ere sorrow dimmed the eye with tears!

The stream is flowing just the same,
To you the thrush his song shall sing,
As when I called you by your name,
Ere hopeful love had left its sting.

Or must we wait till Time is past,
When our mutual souls shall cleave the skies—
When heart shall beat with heart at last
In never-ending Paradise?

DYING WORDS OF A SCOTTISH PATRIOT

Weave me a sang of the hameland,
Ere th' mists gather thick on my brow;
Sing again of her undying glories,
I have dreamed of from childhood till now.

Tell again of her glorious triumphs—
Of her brave sons that dared to be free—
Of her deeds that are written in story,
Tho' her green fields I'll never more see.

Sing again of my own loved mountains,
Her flower-covered valleys and dells,
Her sprite-haunted caves and her cairns,
Her streams singing free o'er the fells.

For sweet is th' theme to th' wanderer,
When th' shadows of life come and go;
'Twill cheer me again in my sorrow,
And brighten my path here below.

Speak again of th' flash of th' claymore,
'Gainst th' shield of th' Saxon and Dane,
On Larg's bloody strand and th' Bannock,
When th' war cry was "Scotlan' and hame!"

And tell me again of th' martyrs,
Who feared not th' faggot and sword;
Whose songs reached th' "City of Zion,"
And were heard by th' ear of th' Lord!

Ah, me! but th' story's worth telling,
Of th' pains and th' blood and th' tears,
And th' lives Scotia's sons freely offered,
Thro' th' long, weary siege of th' years.

And say to the children that gather
At th' close of th' day, round your knee,
That their sire's dying wish was to heaven
To defend our sweet land of th' free.

THE GOLDEN-ROD

National Flower of the United States

When other flowers have sung their song,
And sighed and fallen asleep;
When birds have ceased to woo their mates
In vale, and hill, and steep!
The dying year has placed a wreath
Where Summer's feet hath trod;
Before she waved a fond good-bye
She left the golden-rod.

It blooms where eerie winds blow chill,
Thro' leafless bush and tree;
Its golden spray swings with the gale,
Proud, independent, free!
It gilds the mountain side, and showers
Its gleaming rays abroad,
And cheers, and brings sweet memories back—
The bonnie golden-rod.

It may be other flowers can boast
Of foliage rich and rare;
Their song is brief—they smile and leave
Us lonely in despair.

But Freedom's voice is in your song,
Tho' humble be the sod
That bears you up—a nation's pride—
The bonnie golden-rod.

FOND MEMORIES

From the silent years of the Long Ago
Comes a voice I knew so well ;
It breaks o'er the heart with a cadence soft,
Like the song of a vesper bell.
But, ah, the years—the weary years
That have passed thro' the heart's deep core,
Are murmuring sad, sweet memories now,
For the love and the dream are o'er.

The Autumn leaves lie brown and sere,
With the Summer past and gone ;
And thro' the lonely forest bare
I wander on and on !
I think I hear the wild winds say
As they roam on this dark, bleak shore :—
“The flowers that are faded can never return,
For the love and the dream are o'er.”

I wandered away on a leaf-strewn beach,
Where the moonbeams kiss the sea ;
I looked far away o'er the sobbing tide
And I thought it said to me :—
“No tender words can ever avail,
Since the heart is torn and sore ;
For the day is spent, and the night is here,
And the love and the dream are o'er.”

HAEIN' FUN WI' GRANFAITHER

Auld granfaither rests for a while on th' stair,
But is quite unaware that a wee rogue is near,
Wi' a sma' stalk o' strae, maist as licht as a hair,
An' cunnin'ly kittles auld granfaither's ear.

An' aye he plays swish wi' his auld withered hauns,
An' gets sae uneasy an' looks up an' doon ;
But no faur awa' in th' corner there stauns
A sly, nimble elf, in a wee sleepin' goon.

“I wonder whar Rab is? That wee throuter imp!”
 Says granfaither, tryin’ tae capture a *flee;
 Then a’ in a sudden he catches a glimp’
 O’ a wee curly heid, wi’ th’ tail o’ his e’e.

He carries him aff tae his wee cot sae nice,—
 Wi’ his auld trimlin’ haun he turns doon th’ licht;
 Then oot frae th’ claes comes a tired, droozy voice,—
 “Granfaither! Tell mither I’m sleepin’—guid nicht!”

Th’ wee bairn’s awa’ whar th’ hobgoblins dwell,—
 Whar th’ munelicht sae saft’s streamin’ doon thro’ th’
 trees,—
 Auld granfaither rises an’ says tae his sel’,
 “Gor, I thocht a’ th’ time ’twas thae impident flees!”

*Fly.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

Kennywood Park, 1910

Ho! hear ye th' summons, brave Clansmen an' true,
'Tis the voice of your Chieftain—he's calling for you!
To come with your bonnet an' feather an' plaid,
As your sires did of old when for battle arrayed!

As th' bold eagle swoops down o'er dark Lochnagar,
An' swings on th' blast from his valleys afar!
So, haste! brother Clansmen, get up with the lark,
For th' standard is flying in Kennywood Park!

We meet not in conflict, as our sires did of yore,
By th' banks of Loch Lomond, or Lochaber's shore;
But friendship's th' mark—let our hearts so incline,
An' we'll grasp friendly hands for th' days o' lang syne!

It's likely we'll meet with some kin that we know
We have played with in youth, in th' days long ago,
By the brown foaming Spey—th' Tweed or th' Awe,
An' say kind, loving words for th' time that's awa'!

In fancy, let's roam in th' land o' th' heather,
'Neath th' thunder-rent crags let us wander together!
An' gaze on th' torrent an' loud-roaring linns,
An' th' straths by th' hills where th' yellow deer rins!

We'll sing o' th' Highlands—her Clansmen so brave—
Th' heroes that died dear auld Scotlan' to save!—
Her lochs an' her fens and her hazel-clad glens,
Her mist-shrouded hills and her echoing bens!

Tho' our lot is now cast on Columbia's fair shore—
Tho' it may be we'll see our loved Highlands no more!
Yet th' tartan is dear to th' hearts of th' brave,
For its braw checkered folds never covered a slave!

Then arouse ye! brave Clansmen, th' cross is afire!
Lay your labor aside, bring th' son an' th' sire—
Th' young an' the old, th' grave an' th' gay;
Th' Clansmen are gathering. up, up an' away!

Make the glens an' th' woodlands re-echo with mirth—
We are all Caledonians—'tis th' land of our birth!
So, haste, brother Clansmen, get up with th' lark,
For the standard is planted in Kennywood Park!

TH' SOOCHIN' O' TH' WIN'

What witchery dwells in th' exile's breast,
When memory wanders back
Tae th' hame we left in early years
Faur owre th' ocean's track;
For I'm dreamin' o' th' fitfu' blast,
Till I think I hear again
Th' soochin' o' th' win'
Thro' th' riggin' at hame.

Refrain:—In th' wee hoose at hame,
Faur awa' across th' main,
I can hear th' win' soochin'
Thro' th' riggin' at hame.

How happy were oor childhood days
Aroon fond mither's knee!
She'd saftly sing o' "Logan's Braes,"
An' "Bonnie Craigielee!"
Her tunefu' voice wad seem tae chime
(When she sang th' sweet refrain)
Wi' th' soochin' o' th' win',
Thro' th' riggin' at hame.

An' whiles we thocht th' water wraiths
 (When th' win' wad blaw an' roar)
Were singin' eerie dirges
 Thro' th' keyhole o' th' door;
We'd slip oor hauns roon ither's necks,
 Syne swoon awa' sae fain,
Tae th' soochin' o' th' win'
 Thro' th' riggin' at hame.

Awa' wi' thochtless minded folks
 Wi' he'rts as cauld as snaw!
Wha canna see th' blinkin' lowe
 Cast shadows on th' wa',
An' gleefu' bairnies playin' roon
 About th' auld hearthstane,—
Nor hear th' soochin' win'
 Thro' th' riggin' at hame.

OLD HOME WEEK

The following verses were written for McKeesport's "Old Home Week," by request of His Honor, Dr. H. S. Arthur, Mayor of the City of McKeesport:

England has her Tyne and Tees,
Scotland has her Clyde and Forth—
Worthy, famous rivers these,
Industrial themes of civic worth!

But let me chant McKeesport's pride,
Her mighty plants of iron and steel;
By old Monongahela's side,
Where furnace lightnings flash and wheel!

The famous products of her mills,
'Gainst the world's trade, she's fairly won;
Her well-known tubes have pierced the hills
In every clime beneath the sun.

A Hercules in the world's mart—
Broad-chested—ready for the fray;
Strong-limbed, and young, and stout of heart,
And adding wealth from day to day.

From where the Andes pierce the sky
To far-off India's sultry sea,
McKeesport's "trade mark" greets the eye,
And foremost stands triumphantly!

A brilliant, burning beacon light,
Her seats of learning shine afar!
We honor him who points aright
To exulting youth's imperial star.

And he who stands with manly pride
And guides the city's ship and crew,
He sits with Justice at his side,
An honored servant, tried and true.

To-day he bids you "bide awee,"
And welcomes you with open heart,
And hopes your stay may pleasant be
And a safe return when you depart.

If by the Mississippi wide,
Or by the classic Suwanee,
Or by fair Susquehanna's tide,
Or by the historic Tennessee—

Wherever be your "home, sweet home,"
In city or by rolling stream,
Please bear with you where'er you roam
McKeesport's love and fond esteem.

TO MR. FRANK ABERCROMBIE

Chief, Clan McKenzie, No. 2, Boston, Mass.

My Freen:—

You'll likely hae min' o' th' lang winter nichts

In th' wee hame in Scotlan', faur, faur owre th' sea,
When freens gethered roun' by th' dim caunel lights,

An' sang till th' tear glistened bricht in the e'e,
A wee drap gaed roun' wi' th' fine curran' bun;

They'd say: "Tits! drink it up! it's no often we meet,"
An' man, hoo they'd grue, when ye'd push back their
haun,

Then owre it wad gang tae th' soles o' their feet.

LINES TO THE BLUEBIRD

Come, wee bird, with your coat o' blue,
Blithe harbinger o' Spring;
With music in your bubbling throat,
And sunshine on your wing.

The school boy with his strapped books,
Who wanders thro' the glen,
Will hail you on the dogwood bough
And call you by your name.

Here, Spring will hide you 'mong her robes,
And shield you from the foe;
Soft, balmy gales will lull your young
And rock them to and fro.

Your home is where the shadows flit,
Midst Nature's wildest scenes—
Where midnight fairies daff and dance
'Neath Luna's trembling beams.

May heaven protect your cozy nest,
Unsoiled by human hands,
Until your birdlings spread their wings
And hie to other lands.

And when again the snow lies long
With cold and biting sting,
We hope to see you come again
To tell us o' the Spring.

A POSTAL CARD

Sent to W. H. Steen, Past Royal Chief, O. S. C., Braidwood, Illinois.

This humble picture postal caird, I couldna help but buy,
When I saw th' burn, th' auld stane brig, th' woodlan'
an' th' kye;
Nae doot you've seen a sicht like this, in happy days
that's gane,
Sae I thocht I'd send it on tae you, it looks sae much
like hame.

SPRINGTIME

A blink o' th' sun, an' a robin on th' brae
An' a wiff o' th' moss on the birches;
Th' chirping o' th' wren, down th' green grassy way,
Makes th' heart leap an' sing
In th' calling o' th' Spring,
Where th' bramble vines form flowery arches.

A linnet on th' bough, an' a song in th' glen,
Where th' choristers are matin' in th' woodlan',
An' Jean with her milk pail, singing down th' lane,
Makes th' heart leap an' sing,
In th' calling o' th' Spring,
Where th' cushet in th' glade's fondly croodlin'.

There's a faint purple haze, an' a murmur in th' rill,
An' an echo stealing softly by th' river;
Th' turtle dove that's cooing 'mong th' larches an' th' firs,
Makes th' heart leap an' sing
In th' calling o' the Spring,
Where th' soft downy willows nod an' quiver.

TH' CANDY MAN

D'ye mind among our youthfu' scenes,
Th' queer auld candy man,
Wi' his wee win' mills an' red balloons,
An' candy in a pan?
An' when he blew his trumpet,
It made sic an awfu' din,
We'd a' rin doon th' road in droves
Tae meet him comin' in.

Chorus:—

No matter where I chance tae roam,
I hear his trumpet blaw;
I hear him sayin': "Gether up!
I've something for ye a'!"
Wi' his wee win' mills an' red balloons,
An' candy in a pan,
My sun shall set, ere I forget
Th' funny candy man.

He had a wee claw-hammer
For tae break his candy rock;
An' whiles ye couldna see his face
For black tobacco smoke;

But ye'd gie th' last thing that ye had,
E'en yer bonnet aff yer croon!
For a dizzy, whurlin' win' mill
Or a bonnie red balloon.

An' hoo they'd try tae fricht me
Till th' tear stood in my e'e;
They'd declare that he was lookin'
For wee laddies juist like me,
That he'd pit me in his muckle poke
If I wudna sune come hame,
An' sell me tae th' sailors
That ploo th' ragin' main.

An' mither, aye beside my bed,
When nicht began tae fa',
She'd tak' my string an' wee balloon
An' hing them on th' wa';
I'd warn her, aye, tae watch them weel
When I was sleepin' soun';
An' no tae let them tak' awa'
My bonnie wee balloon.

But noo we've scattered faur an' wide—
We've wandered faur awa'—
Some are lyin' in their graves,
Th' candy man an' a';
But memory ever fondly turns,
An' wi' gentle voice it croons,
An' minds me o' th' wee win' mills
An' th' bonnie red balloons.

A WEE BIRD SANG A DOLEFU' SANG

'Twas in th' bonnie month o' June,
When buds were opening on th' thorn,
A wee bird sang a dolefu' tune,
Sae lanely an' forlorn.
"I've lost my mate! I've lost my mate!"
I thocht th' wee bird said—
"Whatever noo may be my fare,
God kens th' best—her fate I'll share
In some clay bed an' sing nae mair,
Far in some woodlan' glade."

He plumed his pinions for a flight,
An' ere his sang was done,
He flew awa' faur oot o' sight
Towards th' setting sun.
An' aye sin' syne, I've wondered why
That wee bird sang sae fine—
Was I th' ane he liked th' best?
What kenned he o' th' human breast,
An' a' th' scenes now laid at rest
Sin' days o' lang, lang syne?

Or was he sent tae wauken dreams
O' times sae lang gane by,
When love shone like th' starry beams
That flash a-down th' sky?
But this I know, the sang he sung
Brocht echoes from th' past—
Th' sweetest tale that e'er was told,
O' buried hopes that'll ne'er unfold
Within th' breast till Time is old,
Or while this life shall last!

I'll wander when th' leaves are sere,
Th' naked woods amang.
Perhaps, far in some woodlan' glade
A ravished hame I'll see,
Where murderous hands hae wracked and torn
A bridal bed amang th' thorn,
An' caused th' wee bird's he'rt tae mourn,
An' sing sae piteously.

A JOURNEY TO COSHOCTON, OHIO

Written Aboard the Indianapolis Special

A gentle jolt, and we slowly move
Down the misty street—thro' the crowded town,
Faster and faster the polished rails
Go sweeping past—and up and down.

The throbbing monster drags us on
Past wood and glen, and the village spire;
The children clap their hands with glee,
As the sparks fly up from the bocking fire.
An' tho' I ne'er again may hear
That wee bird's dolefu' sang,

Like a demon shot from a bed of flame,
Clang! and another flashes past!
For the signal's right and the road is clear—
They reach the goal of their speed at last.

Round swinging curve, by the wooded slope,
The tall trees bend, and nod, and quiver;
We shoot along by flowery banks
That gently slope to the flowing river.

With cautious speed, we slowly creep
Across the Ohio's lapping tide,
Then up the valley—round the curve,
Then skirting by the mountain side,

Till circling thro' the meadows green,
The dark Muskingum winds along!
We cross its many tortuous bends
As it flows to join the Ohio's song.

With hope exulting in our breasts,
As our smiling friends are drawing near,
We pause and look at the iron steed,
With silent thanks to the engineer.

DINNA CRAW

It's hardly worth a body's while
Tae boast, an' croosly craw;
Th' day we micht be hale an' weel
An' th' morn taen awa'.
Tae keep a caum sough, whiles, ye ken,
Adds tae oor dignity,
An' disna get us intae holes,
That itherwise we'd see.

I've seen sae monie ups and doons,
Wi' yae thing an' anither,
That life is but a transient dream
When summed up a' th'gither.
When folks that hivna much tae dae,
Gang crawin' up an' doon;
Ye'll aften think hoo blest are they
That never fash their thoom!

"We're here th' day an' awa' th' morn,"
Are words, whiles, lichtly spoken,
But Time, my freens, aye keeps a tag
On promises we've broken;
Sae, I wadna flee sae awfu' high,
In case ye get a fa'
That'll mak' ye rue ye ever tried
Tae open yer mooth ava'.

MOTHER'S LOVE

Some one kissed me, true,
And, perhaps, you'll wonder who ;
 For myself, I'm busy trying to discover ;
It was so sweet and kind,
Caressing, soft and blind,
 But I'm certain sure 'twas neither fool nor lover !

Because I saw a smile
That did all my fears beguile,
 With ecstasy my heart did leap with joy ;
No flower that scents the air
With its sweetness could compare,
 Nor can Time its fond remembrance e'er destroy !

O, well, I think I know,
For its memory haunts me so,
 In my heart it lingers like some fairy scene—
'Twas mother with her love,
Had descended from above,
 To kiss her wandering laddie in a dream.

THE SILVER WEDDING

'Twas their silver anniversary,
And the friends from far and near
Gathered round to see the wedding done again,
And the happy, smiling faces that were seen in days
of yore
Were in evidence from valley, hill and plain.

"May your shadow ne'er grow less!"
Sat enthroned on every lip,
And joy in each true heart was bubbling o'er;
They all had secret wishes that the same might come
their way
And be coupled up as they had been before.

When the friends were fairly started,
And had got their second wind,
Some suggested that they might join in a reel!
And the way they set and balanced would have
honored even the king,
For 'twas gracefulness itself they did reveal.

Some sang a song of other days

 Regardless of the key,

And they all joined in the chorus with a vim,

 Tho' 'twas plain to see the kindly folks had all seen
 better days,

Yet their cup of joy was edging round the rim.

Then the folks grew reminiscent,

 And told some early tales,

Of how the thing got started, first of all;

 Some declared 'twas in the Springtime, and they simply
 met by chance,

While some declared 'twas early in the Fall.

Quoth the blushing bride, "I'll tell you,

 (With a twinkle in her eye,)

And every word I say to you is true!

 It was on a Summer evening when he blurted out the
 words:

'I've been looking all my days, my lass, for you!'

So, with fond congratulations

(They said them several times,

For the happy pair now twice made into one,

They hoped that He whose gentle hand had led them
all the way,

Would guide their feet until their day was done.

Then the host and hostess blandly

Joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne,"

That song so dear to Scots across the main;

And they parted from the goodwife, standing smiling
at the door,

With a kindly admonition, "Call again."

THE END OF US ALL

A monarch sat on Mammon's throne!

And great was his power and glory,
His subjects bore the marks of toil,
From the bench, and forge, and the teeming soil—
They sighed and told their story.

The first that spoke was the swarthy smith,

And his horny hand was the token—
"I've toiled for you, O King!" he said,
"For scant reward and a crust of bread,
Till my heart, my heart is broken."

Then the one who fashioned with level and rule,

The valve, the spindle and pinion!
Said he: "I, too, till my latest day,
Have spent my strength and my hair is grey,
And have cringed in your wide dominion."

The toiler who followed the rustling plow
Stepped forth in his homespun garb ;
Said he: "I've toiled that my brothers may live,
But your princes have said, 'Just so much you may give ;
Our laws you must regard!'"

Years rolled on and this haughty king
Laid his scepter and crown away,
And the one who fashioned with level and rule,
With the plowman and smith who fashioned the tool,
Lay mouldering in the clay.

A hundred years had come and gone—
Ah, death is ambition's spoiler!—
A sexton asked, when the years had flown,
"Pray, on which of these brows did the crown sit on ;
And which is the king or the toiler?"

LINES ON MY WORTHY FREEN,
WILLIAM CONGALTON

Dear Editor, lay a' aside,
An' listen tae yer humble scribe!
I'd like tae introduce tae you
A man o' worth—a Scotsman true.

He's yin amang ten thoosand men;
There's few guid herts he disna ken;
Where'er he gangs he mak's a freen,
He's wutty, an' as shairp's a preen.

His portly frame, an' sonsie face
Could nicely fill a Bailie's plact—
A product o' St. Mungo, clean,
Wi' laughter dancin' roun his een.

Nae pea-shell game is oor freen Wull!
His jokes can pierce th' thickest skull!
Like roses i' th' broken vase,
They'll cling tae you throo a' yer days.

When pressed wi' grief an' ither ills,
See Wull, and save yer doctor's bills!
He's shair tae mak' dull care tak' leave
Wi' some droll story up his sleeve.

We wush oor freen, Wull, length o' days,
Wi' a bite o' breed an' a stitch o' claes,
An' when tearfu' watchers say "He's gane!"
May oor Heavenly Faither lead him hame.

FAREWELL TAE BONNIE SCOTLAN'

Farewell! a loving, fond farewell!
My native land, to thee!
Fate bids my wandering feet depart
From scenes that's woven round the heart
From earliest infancy.

Farewell, the fields where Wallace trod!—
The ferny glen—th' hazel dell;
Thy peaceful lakes and murmuring rills,
The gowany lea and purple hills—
A loving, fond farewell!

And may the God our fathers knew,
Be aye thy guide and trust;
And may the foeman never tread
O'er sacred mound where sleeps the dead,
Our cherished patriot dust!

No more on Forth's sweet verdant banks
I'll watch the sunbeams quiver;
Nor trace the lark with youthful eye,
God's tender minstrel of the sky.
Farewell, dear land, forever!

TH' WEE COZY KIRK IN TH' GLEN

Awa' wi' yer turrets, an' queer shapet domes,
Yer high screechin organs an' choirs;
Yer thrummin' o' fiddles tae tickle th' ear,
Yer fantastic designs an' yer spires.
Jist gie me th' Psalms on a braw Sabbath morn,
Sung by God-fearin' women an' men;
Wha's he'rts hae been filled wi' th' love frae abune,
In the wee cozy kirk in th' glen.

How sweet tae th' ear was pathetic "Glencairn,"
An' triumphant "Dunfermline," sae braw;
An' plaintive "Dundee," wi' its penitent soun',
An' "St. Andrew's," wi' its wonder an' awe.
Nae mystic, mechanical, meaningless signs
Marred th' sangs frae th' he'rt that was fain;
But like incense they floated awa' tae God's throne
Frae th' wee cozy kirk in th' glen.

Lang years hae gane by since I saw th' wee kirk,
An' I think, whiles, I'll see it nae mair;
But, sweet smilin' faces appear in my dreams
An' th' he'rt is a stranger tae care!

Tho' Fate wi' her subtle, mysterious wand
Has lured my feet faur owre the main,
Fond Memory says, whiles, let us wander awa'
Tae the wee cozy kirk in th' glen.

But th' maist o' them noo hae answered th' "call,"—
Tae their promised reward they hae passed!
An' th' heid o' th' flock wi' his snawy-white hair
Has cooried down amang them at last—
Some are still left, bent wi' hard honest toil,
An' are patiently waitin' th' en',
For th' summons tae come, tae waft them awa'
Frae th' wee cozy kirk in th' glen.

In th' auld kirk yaird, roun' that wee hallowed hoose,
Whar th' guid folks are sleepin' sae soun',
Nae monument rises tae mark whar they rest
An' proclaim tae th' warld roun' an' roun',
But awa' 'mang th' brier an' th' sweet eglantine,
Ye may read on some flet, mossy stane
Th' day an' th' date when they slippit awa'
Frae th' wee cozy kirk in th' glen.

Its lessons hae aye been a buckler an' shield,
Mid th' glare o' this warld an' its wiles ;
They've aye been a chart thro' this strenuous life,
Wi' its trials, its tears an' its smiles ;
An' when we are called tae yon braw land abune,
God grant that we may mak' a fen
Wi' th' humble credentials we got in oor youth
Frae th' wee cozy kirk in th' glen.

HURRAH FOR THE HIGHLANDS

Written for the Gathering of the Clans at Kennywood
Park, August 4th, 1911

Hurrah for the Highlands!—the ramparts of Britain!
That halted the march of Imperial Rome!
In the pages of history, oft times it is written
How th' invaders were scattered like sea driven foam.

Hurrah for the Highlands!—her sons and her daughters!
Tho' far from their heath covered mountains they've
strayed,
Their hearts are as free as the pure laughing waters
That flow thro' each flower covered valley and glade.

Hurrah for the Highlands!—the bluebell and heather!
The land where no tyrant can ever prevail!
Your fame is secure till the last tie shall sever,
And the soul-stirring pipes heard no more in the vale.

Hurrah for the Highlands!—her lads and her lassies
For fun and diversion have met here to-day!
May friendship and love grow with each hour that
passes,
And true hearts be wedded for ever and aye.

Hurrah for the Highlands!—with fond retrospection,
We behold you in dreams since we're far, far from thee
Our memories shall cherish with sweet recollection,
Our dear land of home o'er the wide rolling sea.

OUR HIELAN' LADS ARE COMIN'

To Mr. William B. Kay, Managing Editor *McKeesport Evening Times*,
the following verses are respectfully dedicated by the author.

Man, Wullie, juist ere I forget,
I'd like tae let ye ken,
On Tuesday nicht ye'll get a sicht
O' some braw Hielan' men.

An' ten tae ane your Celtic bluid
May rin wi' extra canter;
When ye see th' plaid an' white cockade,
Wi' dronin' pipe an' chanter.

Th' gallant Kays hae bled wi' Moore,
Their country's flag tae save!
On Corunna's shore they strive no more—
They sleep where sleep th' brave.

Th' wind-swept Heights of Abraham
Hae heard their ringin' cheers,
Wi' flags unfurled they backward hurled
Brave Montcalm's grenadiers.

On Youghioghenny's virgin banks,
When lurkin' foes were near,
Brave Forbes men, frae hill an' glen,
Hae crossed wi' knife an' spear!

In days gane by on Plassy's Plain
Was heard their wild halloo!
At Inkerman, an' Alma's Heights
An' bloody Waterloo!

Brave Jessie Brown in dark Lucknow,
Where shot an' shell were hummin';
They thocht she raved when she cried, "We're
saved!
Oor Hielan' lads are comin'!"

But watch th' lads on Tuesday night,
An' see them step th'gether;
They're juist as trig, an' braw an' big
As ever left th' heather.

Alang McKeesport's busy streets
You'll hear their wild refrain;
Juist let them by, tae "do or die,"
They're used tae that, ye ken.

An' sae, freen Wullie, when ye hear
Th' pibroch blawin' fine,
Ye may think an' sigh for days gang by,
An' you're sires o' lang, lang syne.

SIN' WE LEFT TH' WEE HOOSE IN TH' GLEN

This warld's grown sae big since we grew to be men,
An' left th' wee biggin' that sat in th' glen,
Whar we thocht a' th' time, neither sorrow nor care,
Nor th' burdens o' this life could harm us there.

Oor he'rts were as free as th' saft simmer win's
That ruffle th' stream, as it pours owre th' linns;
We lay doon tae rest, an' oor prayers we said,
Contented an' cozy in oor wee trunnel bed.

Since then we hae wandered awa' frae th' glen—
Awa' frae th' freens that were guid tae us then;
Nae haun's been as saft, nae word's been as sweet
As hers that protected oor totterin' feet.

Freens, this life has its burdens we've a' got tae thole,
 We maun drink frae th' cup, not a part, but th' whole;
 We maun drink tae th' dregs, whatever we brew,
 Be it bitter or sweet—'twas intended for you.

But we'll carry oor cross tae th' en' o' th' road,
 Tho' lang be th' journey an' heavy th' load,
 Believin' an' trustin' that God kens th' best,
 For after th' toil comes th' lang-promised rest.

TH' WEE ALARM CLOCK

Wee bunch o' nerves, ye never fail,
 An' sae, I'm hauf inclined tae thank ye!
 I'll warrant ye could weave a tale
 'Bout some lang-heided doon-east Yankee.

But never mind, wee cockieleer,
 Your mission here's tae raise th' deid;
 Unless they've lain a hunner 'ear
 Wi' turf an' stanes abune their heid.

Th' ither nicht as I lay dreamin',
I thoct I sat in London toon,
An' wi' a lot o' chaps was schemin'
Tae pu' Westminster Abbey doon.

I boldly mounted up th' wa',—
'Twas then my heid began tae spin!
Th' thing collapsed like melted snaw—
Th' riff blew up, an' I fell in.

Then up I jumped oot on th' floor,
(Th' imps an' gnomes had quit their chasin')
An' there ye danced an' yelled "encore!"
Frae th' bottom o' a cheeny basin.

Sic things as whustles' rackin' din
Are faur below my comprehension;
But th' chap that sleeps when ye begin,
Is awa' ayont this world's redemption.

I ken you're ca'd some awfu' names,
An' some hae sworn tae break yer jaw!
But there ye are; an' guidness kens,
Ye snap yer fingers at them a'!

Sae here's "guid nicht!" wee jumpin' jeck,
 I ken yer lungs are fit an' prime;
 Ye earn yer board—wee nervous wreck,
 Sae, work awa', yer daein' fine!

MEMORIES O' YOUTH

Ah me, but th' years, noo, seem lanely an' weary,
 Th' way seems sae strange, an' th' road rough an' dreary;
 But, sometimes a spell draws this lane he'rt o' mine
 Gey near tae th' freens o' th' days o' lang syne.

Dear freens o' lang syne, an' th' faith they put in us,
 Nae wiles did they work nor play fause moves tae win us,
 But juist a bit glance, an' a smile roun' th' mooth,
 An' th' he'rt wad respond tae th' freens o' oor youth.

Th' sweet dreams o' youth are but sad memories noo,
 For this warld's left its impress an' furrowed th' broo.
 Whiles a vision comes at will, parts th' curtain in twain,
 An' beckons me back tae th' green fields again.

When we lay doon th' burden an' sigh for oor rest,
An' pairt—juist a while—frae th' freens we love best—
We'll forgather again, in a faur happier clime,
An' be leal, aye, an' fain, wi' th' freens o' lang syne.

OOOR WEE JOCK

Dinna speak abune yer breath,
Oor bairn's soun' asleep;
A licht is breakin' owre his broo,
That thrills my hertstrings throo an' throo,
His lips are like th' honey dew,
Wheesht! dinna gie a cheep!

I wonder whar th' dreamer's gane,
An' whar his wee feet's strayin'?
If in some scented floo'ry dell,
An' glowerin' doon some crystal well,
Whar fairies weave their magic spell—
I wonder what he's sayin'?

His wee pug nose an' dimpled chin,
His broo sae fair an' bonnie;
Are mair than fickle fame tae me,
Or a' th' pearls in th' sea,
Or a' th' comforts wealth can gie,
He's fairer faur than ony.

He'll soon be back frae fairyland,
Wi' its wondrous sights deceivin',
Syne up an' doon th' hoose he'll rin,
An' tummel chairs wi' muckle din
Until my heid is like tae spin
Wi' his noise an' his deavin'.

But still, we wish oor laddie weel
Thro' a' th' comin' years;
An' may his rest, at last, be sweet—
When oor wee laddie fa's asleep,
Tae waukin whar they dinna weep,
Beyond this vale o' tears.

OUR MAYOR

The following verses were composed and read at a banquet given by His Honor, Dr. H. S. Arthur, Mayor of the City of McKeesport, to the members of Clan McDonald, 161, O. S. C., at Hotel White, January 7, 1910:

Come brither Scots, an' gether roon
Th' banquet board that's weighin' doon;
Let ilka careless, festive loon
Fu' lood declare
There's naething in McKeesport toon
Can tich th' Mayor!

There's no a clansman here th' nicht,
But kens th' Mayor's he'rt is richt;
Nae mystic dailins, daurk as nicht,
Disturb his rest!
But constantly, in braid daylight
He gies his best!

Should His Honor wish another term,
He'll get it, if it costs a ferm;
For in his bluid there floats th' germ,
An' clansmen, hark!
It has simmered doon thro' heroes stern
Frae Noah's ark!

This nicht we never can forget,
No, not until our sun shall set,
When clansmen wi' th' Mayor met
 In White's hotel!
Oor he'rts he's captured in his net,
 And's done it well!

Kings o' th' earth may happy be—
But what is that tae you an' me?
For them we dinna care a flea,
 We'll laugh an' sing!
We're just as happy—ful o' glee,
 As ony king!

Noo, should th' future henchmen boom
Some ither lad tae rin th' toon—
(Of coorse on this ye'll keep yer thoom)
 It's on th' square!
We'll staun by Arthur, sink or soom,
 Our present Mayor!

I hinna muckle mair tae say,
But own I'm raither prood th' day;
I've waited tae my hair is grey,
 An' heid is sair!
Tae get a chance tae tune my lay
 Before a Mayor!

Noo, honest clansmen, hail yer brither,
For in th' toon there's no anither,
Descended frae a Scottish mither,
 I'm certain shair!
Could better glue things a' th'gither
 Than oor present Mayor!

THE FORTY-SECOND (BLACK WATCH) LEAV-
ING STIRLING CASTLE

(1867)

Th' flag o' th' brave has again been unfurled,
An' MacCrimmin's war pipes loodly blaw;
An' Britain's defenders are marchin' again
To "Kenmure's on an' awa'."

Refrain:—

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Young Alec an' Ronald looked braw;
Their he'rts were as leal as their true Hielan' steel
Th' day they gaed marchin' awa'.

Th' Nor' win' tosses their braw sable plumes
As they swing to th' pibroch sae clear;
An' boldly they follow their captain so brave,
For they never knew danger nor fear!

An' wha wad upbraid oor brave Scottish lads
If a clear, pearly tear they'd let fa'?
It's no for th' foe, but th' freens they held dear,
Th' day they gaed marchin' awa'.

Wherever th' flag o' th' free's been unfurled,
Wherever a true he'rt has been;
Wherever a sword has been drawn for th' right,
Th' plaid an' th' kilt have been seen.

May God keep a watch owre oor brave Scottish **lads**,
An' bring them a' back to their hame;
Then wha wadna cheer till th' echoes rebound
To welcome them a' back again?

BY ALLAN'S WINDING STREAM

By Allan's bonnie winding stream,
In flowery verdant Spring;
Where scented daisies nod their heads,
And laverocks lilt and sing.

'Tis there that Nature's gentle smile
Invites the feet to rove—
Where the wood-dove croodles to his mate
'Mid scenes of peace and love.

Tho' far from thee, I see you still,
As in Summers long ago;
Your murmuring song falls on my ear
With a cadence soft and low.

The hawthorn hoar that fringe your banks,
Are dearer, far, to me,
Than flowers, however bright their hue,
That bloom ayont the sea.

And tho' I never more may see
Your bonnie banks and braes,
Fond memory turns with anxious thoughts
To scenes of childhood days.

I fain would roam your banks again,
And fondly, sweetly dream;
And pass my closing hours away
Near you, romantic stream.

WELCOME, ROBIN REDBREAST

Wee freen, we've waited lang an' weary
Tae see you happin' owre th' lea;
You're lookin' fine, an' blithe an' cheery,
An' bright's th' glint within your e'e.

You're welcome, wee, kind, modest bird,
You banish cares o' Winter grey!
'Mong a' oor trials we hinna heard
Such welcome news for monie a day.

You carry hope within your breast—
Your mission in th' world is true!
We see you swingin' in your nest
Owre four wee eggs o' spotted blue.

When lovers wander in th' glen,
You're there tae cheer them as they gang;
Or happin' thro' some thorny den,
You sing tae them your sweetest sang.

Dear freen, th' cares o' life you droon—
You cherish faith, an' hope an' love—
Don't leave us when th' harvest moon
Is tremblin' in th' lift above!

But thro' th' drear, sad Autumn days,
Be our companion—I'll be thine!
Stay with us 'mang th' woods an' braes—
Forego your flight to Southern clime!

But, ah, when sere an' yellow leaves
Proclaim abroad th' dyin' year!
Alas! 'tis then our bosom grieves
To part with you, wee freen, sae dear.

THE LONG AGO

Sweet were the days in the long ago,
 When the heart was young—without a sigh;
When the song had never a note of woe,
 And Love, with his darts, was standing by.

The blackbird piped from the birkin tree,
 And his notes were charged with love twice told;
The sunbeams waved o'er the verdant lea,
 Bespangled o'er with white and gold.

The reapers sang 'mid the rustling grain,
 And sweet was their song on my listening ear;
The balmy gale caught the glad refrain,
 All Nature sang with the golden year.

'Twas the long ago; yet, the vanished years
 But brighten the faces that Memory brings;
Tho' their harp hath slept, yet the song appears
 Like some unseen touch on its trembling strings.

Glad Hope may reign in the troubled breast,
E'en tho' our ways lie far apart;
The dove may return to her cozy nest,
Tho' the way may lead thro' a broken heart.

With eyes that are weary and tear-stained now,
With a heart that is throbbing with weal and woe,
I fondly gaze from the mountain's brow
To the golden days of the "Long Ago."

A PRAYER

When, Lord, at last my race is run—
When I have reached life's journey's end,
And stand at last before Thy face,
Wilt Thou be still the sinner's friend?

I know I'm weak and steeped in sin,
Unworthy, Lord, and vile am I;
But surely all my frailty's known
Before Thy great omniscient eye.

I ask no favors, gracious Lord,
But just a place where I may see
Thy face, and know my loving friends
Who put their faith and trust in Thee!

“No night?” you’ve said—Sweet Land of Peace!
“No heat, nor sun’s rude, scorching ray?
No foe’s harassing, subtle art
To vex the soul through endless day?”

Bright, shining, everlasting gates,
Where weary pilgrims rest within;
May I behold thy portals wide,
And God Himself invite me in.

O, blest abode of endless joys!
Where Christ’s the head, and “all in all,”
May I not weary by the way—
Hold Thou my hand, Lord, lest I fall!

But, Father, if it be Thy will
That I should suffer on and on,
Pray, let me at the last behold
The sacred shadow of Thy Throne!—Amen.

WOOD NOTES WILD

Let me wander where the shadows flit beneath the leafy
trees—

Where the golden robin pipes his roundelay ;

Let me hear the murmuring brook,

Round some fairy-haunted nook,

Where love's enthroned in every breath of May.

Let me wander when the tender buds are opening on
the thorn—

Where the sylvan echoes ring from every hill ;

Let me roam with careless feet,

Where Spring and Summer meet,

And exchange sweet, loving glances by the rill.

Let me wander where the sunbeams cast their shadows
down the lane—

When the sun is sinking in the golden west ;

When the vocal vale is ringing,

With the feathered songsters singing

Their songs so sweet to them they love the best.

Let me hear the low, dull crooning of the nectar-laden
bee,
Far away beyond the city's straggling rim ;
Let me list' to Nature's story,
Arrayed in all her glory,
For it speaks of love, and hope, and faith within.

THE PEESWEEP

Weeping and wailing,
Soaring and sailing,
Sad is your song, and how deeply you mourn ;
Grieving thro' weary days,
Chanting your plaintive lays,
Sighing for heroes that will never return.

Fanning the heather bells,
Skimming the fairy dells,
Chanting your dirge for the patriot brave ;
They hear not your sobbing cry,
Low in the grave they lie ;
They peacefully rest tho' wild tempests rave.

Calm be your downy breast,
Heaven guard your lonely nest,
Near by the cairn where the brave martyrs fell!
They wept with you long ago,
They hear not your tale of woe;
They're safe in the land where the true-hearted
dwell!

Could I with boyish haste,
Roam with you o'er the waste,
Hear once again your sad song on the lea;
Then with a youthful heart,
Loath would I be to part,
From all the sweet dreams that are dearest to me.

ONLY LOVE

Away with your wealth, with its trouble and care;
Its cold calculation brings pain and despair!

Rather this be my lot, in some vine-covered cot,
With the one whose sweet smile lights my path every-
where!

Let them delve in the deep mine or trawl the salt sea,
Their gifts are delusions, and will take wings and flee;
Their jewels and treasure are meaningless pleasure,
Compared with the love 'tween my lassie and me!

The breezes that blow o'er the fresh, verdant wold,
Sweetly telling the story that never grows old,
Are messages dearer, more lovingly nearer
To this heart than a chariot that's axled with gold!

O come, gentle Spring, and awaken the rose,
And we'll wander away where the sunbeams repose;
And a garland I'll twine for this true love of mine,
Where the bobolink sings and the jessamine grows!

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? Who can tell?
Soft' as the murmur of a shell;
Thro' ages past and yet to come,
Its mission, like th' eternal sun,
Is always and is never done.
It lays the keel and guides the prow,
It digs the mine and speeds the plow,
It's kind and patient—suffers long,
It sheds the tear and brings the song.
The heathen hears and at its call
Obeys its summons—risks his all.
However low be man's estate,
It tarries not without the gate;
No living thing can e'er exist
That does not by its power subsist;
It dwells in hut and lordly hall—
Its magic charm is over all!
The heavens and earth and air and sea,
And things that were and are to be,
Shall own its powerful majesty!

It crowns the brow, it winds the shroud,
It's equal heir to poor and proud,
It maketh war—declareth peace—
It comes and bids the tempest cease.
It's ever humble, yet it's bold!
And never bartered, bought nor sold.
Its measure no man ever told.
Like faithful magnet to the pole,
It ne'er deceived a single soul!
'Tis said it comes from God alone,
Its habitation is His throne!
O'er heaven and earth it weaves its spell,
But what is love? Ah, who can tell?

WHERE THE SUSQUEHANNA FLOWS

I see a river in my dreams,
It haunts me night and day;
I hear the music of its song,
I feel its cooling spray,
And all the gifts the heart can wish,
Kind Nature there bestows
With lavish hand on every side
Where the Susquehanna flows.

Refrain:—Where the Susquehanna flows,
And the primrose sweetly grows;
O, the winds are softly sighing
Where the Susquehanna flows.

I see the fairy-haunted glens
Where the Alleghenies rise;
The foaming streams that leap and fling
Their white foam to the skies!
The peaceful glades where scented gales
Woo the jes'mine and the rose,
And waft their incense down the dale
Where the Susquehanna flows.

Refrain:—Where the Susquehanna flows,
And the wild thyme sweetly grows,
O, there's love and quiet contentment
Where the Susquehanna flows.

SAILIN' UP TH' CLYDE

I've been tae whar th' Mississippi's
Stream flows bold an' free,
An' whar th' braid Missouri's tide
Rins tumblin' tae th' sea,
But they hinna that romantic worth
Tae pilgrims faur an' wide,
Like a sicht o' Scotlan's purple hills
When sailin' up th' Clyde.

Chorus:—Sailin' up th' Clyde,
Sailin' up th' Clyde,
Ye ken yer freens are waitin',
But they hinna lang tae bide;
Soon they'll hear your welcome voice
Aroun' th' ingleside,
An' yer smilin' wi' th' thochts o't
When yer sailin' up th' Clyde.

There are bonnie lands ayont th' sea
Wi' lakes an' streams, sae grand,
But they canna win th' he'rt awa'
Frae Scotia's silvery strand;
It mak's th' he'rt swell i' th' breist
Wi' patriotic pride,
Wi' th' thochts o' seein' Scotlan'
When yer sailin' up th' Clyde.

Th' years they hae been dreary
Since ye left th' Broomielaw;
An' tho' yer e'e is no sae clear,
An' yer hair's turned like th' snaw,
Ye feel th' he'rt grow young again,
As thro' th' waves ye glide;
O, yer rowin' hame tae Scotlan'
When yer sailin' up the Clyde.

EARLY VOWS

Let us all be duly thankful
That we're living here to-day;
And that foolish threats we made in youth
Have long since passed away;
It seems the Fates have intervened
And blocked our little plan,
To cripple half the human race,
When we grew to be a man,

There's the Dominie who taught you
How to multiply by two,
And who never lost a chance to make
An example out of you;
You said that you'd pursue him
From the Clyde to Turkestan,
And kick the buttons off his clothes,
When you got to be a man.

And many a night you've lain awake
And purpos'd what you'd do
To the one who had a habit
Of undervaluing you ;
You've got his record off by heart,
And on him you've placed a ban ;
And you're going to shift his collar bone,
When you get to be a man.

And you'll scarcely overlook the one
Who made you shed a tear,
And caused the other boys to laugh
As he led you by the ear ;
He's elected for a lickin',
And his beastly hide you'll tan,
In the not far distant future,
When you get to be a man.

But somehow or another,
(When you grow up big and strong)
You get a hazy feeling
That perhaps you may be wrong,
So instead of wading in their gore,
You'll take them by the han',
And laugh the matter over,
When you get to be a man.

NATURE

Near a wandering stream, in a lonely glen,
Where the songster at eve woos his mate,
Where the shimmering sunbeams dance on the pool,
And Nature reigns queen in her state!
I carelessly strayed on its winding banks,
And thought of the Creator's power—
Of the songs He gave to the feathered tribe,
In their cool, sweet, leafy bower;
And the dew on the grass, outshining the pearl,
And the rose coming forth in its bloom,
And the slender vine as it clung to the oak,
And the briar sending forth its perfume.
Here, nothing corrupts the modest wee flower,
For the laws of its Creator hath said:
“Go, teach sinful man, tho' your mission be short,
Ere you lay your green leaves with the dead!”

TH' BIG WAT CLOOT

When you're sittin' i' th' gloamin',
 An' you're thinkin'—wi' a sigh,
 An' you see th' phantom faces
 O' your freens in days gane by,
 You'll likely see your mither,
 Th' ane ye couldna dae withoot,
 Rubbin', scrubbin', dichtin', cleanin',
 Wi' a big
 Wat
 Clout.

'Twas maistly on a Seterday
 Oor mithers washed th' flair;
 An' of coorse ye kent th' order was
 Tae quietly tak' a chair!
 But lang before she reached th' door
 Ye'd say, "Mither! let me oot!"
 Then she'd help ye on your journey
 Wi' a big
 Wat
 Clout.

Th' taws that hung beside th' jam',
Sae quietly on a nail,
Had possession o' th' castin' vote
When diplomacy wad fail!
But th' thing that never leaves th' mind,
Tho' your pow be hair about,
Is th' clip you got along th' neck
Wi' a big
Wat
Clood.

Your musical conception,
In those festive days gane by,
Couldna weel divine "Gleniffer's Braes"
Frae "Comin' Thro' th' Rye!"
Still, ye thocht ye kent a difference
'Tween a solo on a flute
An' an aggravated mither
Wi' a big
Wat
Clood.

Tae you that's been sae fortunate
 In th' race for wealth an' fame,
 An' have won a high an' honored place
 Among your fellow men;
 If ye've squarely cut th' corners,
 You'll admit without a doot,
 There's lots o' credit comin'
 Tae th' big
 Wat
 Clout.

Noo, whiles I think that efter a'
 I've heard, an' seen, an' dune,
 I'd like tae be a lad again,
 An' rinnin' oot an' in!
 An' markin' mither's new washed flair,
 An' be ca'ed a rank "galoot!"
 Juist tae get a skelp along th' jaw
 Wi' the big
 Wat
 Clout.

RAB AND WULL ON THE JAPANESE WAR.

The supper dishes had been laid away for the night, and Rab and his good wife Mary, had settled down for an evening's rest and to talk of things in general, when a rather nervous, irregular rap was heard at the door.

"Hist ye, Jennie, an' see wha that is at th' door," said Mary to her oldest daughter.

Jennie petulantly said she wisna gaun; "I'm frichtit, mither; sen' Davoc."

"Losh keep me, there's naebody gaun tae eat ye!" said her mithr, rather sharply, and at the same time rising to open the door herself.

"I declare if it's no Wull Turnbull! Come on in, Wull!" said Mary. "I'm shair yer no a stranger amang us! Whit wey did ye no jist come richt in at yinst? Ye'er aye welcome at oor fire en', Wull."

"Weel, Rab, hoo's a'things gaun wi' you?"

"O, jist aboot th' same as usual, aye fechtin' awa' wi' a fu' haun an' a tim pooch," replied Rab. "Hoo's a wi' you an' Jean?"

"Weel, I canna boast o' onything, altho' things could be a hantle sicht waur," Wull replied.

"Man, Rab, this bates a' for windy weather! I wad hae been up a wee sooner, but I had tae help Jean tae tak' th' claes doon aff th' rape; th' win' wis blawin' sae strong, it wis makin' th' claes crack like whups; an' Jean, puir body, she's aye bothered wi' rheumatism in her

shouter. There'll be news o' this win' th' morn. If th' sklates are no a' lifted aff o' some o' th' hooses it'll be something funny tae me," declared Wull.

"What airt did ye say th' win' wis comin' aff o'?" Rab asked.

"I didna say it wis comin' aff ony airt," Wull replied. "But I think it's yin o' thae Nor'eesters, th' warst kin' o' a'; hooever, it'll likely dee doon afore th' morn. Rab, jist before I cam' up th' noo I lifted an auld paper an' wis readin' aboot th' Japanese War wi' Roosia, an' wis gaun tae ask at ye yer opeenion aboot that habble, whut wad be, in your opeenion, th' effect it wad hae, commercially speakin', on oor Western civilization?"

"Weel," replied Rab, "if th' past is ony criterion for th' future, th' Japs hae bitten aff an' awfu' big moothfu'; yin that'll keep them chowin' for a while, onywey. Ony nation that's worth onything has had tae fecht geyin hard tae keep whut th' got. Hooever, it nicht be th' means o' openin' a market for some o' oor calico claith an' carved stookies o' some o' oor modern statesmen, but gin a's true we read i' th' papers, we could weel afford tae sen' them th' men an' keep th' stookies at hame."

"Dinna ye think, Rab," Wull ventured tae ask, "that in turn, oor kintry wad be flooded wi' chaip rice, paper umberellas, bamboo chairs, heathen idols an' burnt offerin's? Then, again," continued Wull, "you've nae idea, then, that thae slant-ee'd folks'll tak' a swall'd heid ower their victory?"

Rab thocht that if it should cum' tae that, it nicht becum necessary for Breetain tae reduce th' abnormal-

ity o' th' situation an' shove a when o' th' heid yins back in their chairs.

"They'll fin' it's no a lot o' folk that mixes raw herren among their champit tatties an' Vodka rinnin' oot o' their een, should they ever hae th' misfortune tae meet th' "Gordons" or oor famous "Black Watch." Th' battle o' th' Sea o' Japan wid be like a lot o' weans playin' roon a bine fu' o' water wi' paper boats compared tae what wid happen if they should meet oor Breetish fleet. They'd look gey surprised, Wull, if they got a hail blacksmith's shop thrown at them every time th' Breetish fleet fired a gun."

"They bamboozled th' Roosians a' richt," said Wull, taking his pipe from between th' ribs of the grate.

"I was thinkin'," said Wull, "that altho' we micht hannel them, it wadna be sae easy as a body micht think. They're a gey clean cut lot o' chaps, thae Japs."

"Has yer patriotism suffered anither relapse again?" asked Rab, with a leer.

"No, no!" Wull made haste to reply, a little impatiently. "I'm only takin' a braid view o' things."

"It seems tae me, Wull, that yer blin' tae a' th' evidences aroun' ye. Compare th' situation wi' th' Boer War. For instance, onybody wi' th' sense o' a collie doug kens brawly that there wisna a nation on God's earth could ever hae dune what Breetain did at that time!—ship twa hunner an' fifty thoosan' men ower aboot eicht thoosan' miles o' watter in ninety days, in her ain boats, an' had th' Boers cum oot frae ahint th' rocks, an' th' yins that wis buirret up tae th' neck in

saun, had they cam oot tae fecht, their necks wid a' been thrawn in three weeks."

"Yes, Rab, but I think it wid mak' a difference wi' Japan," Wull replied.

"What difference dis it mak' wha it is, when Breetain's aroused?" Rab fairly roar'd. "Are ye aware that th' Boers had been shippin' in bullit-makin' macheenes an' rifles in peeani cases for years previous tae th' habble gien them by oor bosom freens, th' Germans? Thae kin' are awfu' guid tae Breetain's wards when they think ony habble's gaun tae tak' place. This arises frae th' fac' that we're sae closely connected by mairrage tae oor feelin'-he'rted freens—th' Germans!"

"But, Rab, ye hinna forgotten, shairly, that th' Japs are faur better aff than they used tae be. Look at th' presents Japan got frae Roosia durin' that unpleesintness. Whither it wis for past services rendered, or th' gallant wark they were daein' I canna say; but while th' thing was gaun on you could read i' th' papers every ither day o' some sympathetic Roosian general giein' th' Japs a present o' about fifteen batteries o' cannon, an' aye, mind ye, wi' th' briefest explanation. Some ither Roo-sian—no tae be ootdune an' tae vary th' thing—wad mak' some ither noted Jap a present o' about a hunner thoosan' rations for his men an' never less than twenty thoosan' tons o' hay for their horses, no speakin' o' th' saiddles, bridles, an' sic' things. Some o' th' Roosians even gaed sae faur as tae express a wush tae leeve in Japan raither than Roosia."

"Weel, Wull, I've leaved in th' neebourhood o' Kil-

syth, Croy, an' Condurrit th' feck o' my days, an' I'm free tae tak' an' oath that I never heard onybody speakin' th' wey ye dae. Whut wey dae ye mak' oot that a' this material that th' Japs got were presents?" Rab asked.

"Whut else could it be?" Wull retorted. "If some yin wis tae lay—we'll say—a box wi' a curran bun in't in my back yaird a nicht or twa afore th' New Year, could ye hinner me frae thinkin' that it maun be for me? It shairly couldna be for you, else they wud hae laid it in your yaird!"

Rab asked his wife, Mary, tae haun' him ower a drink of watter, making the excuse that he thocht it wis th' win' blawin' sae strong that made him sae droothy.

"Mair than that," insisted Wull, "hev ye no read whar th' Japs had a regular line o' ships rinnin' frae Laio Yang tae Nagisaka wi' naethin' else but war material that had been gien them by thae kind-he'rted Roosian generals? There wis never th' like o't kent in man's remembrance!"

Rab confessed "that he must, by some wey or anither, hae overlooked that phase o' th' question a' th' gither."

"An' th' Japs, no tae be ootpinted in coortisey," continued Wull, "invited a when o' th' leadin' hauns tae mak' a veesit tae Japan, an' tae bring owre aboot seventy-five or eichty thoosan' o' their men wi' them, an' hang my skin if they didna a' gang! Sic a polite an' cleen-cut war wis never focht sin' th' Fa' o' Jericho. Then, again, look at yon fearless admiral o' th' Roosian fleet—th' yin that blew th' heid aff o' a puir inoffendin'

fisherman i' th' North Sea, jist tae see if his guns were in guid workin' order. Th' Japs got yon chap at last, bobbin' aboot in a wee boat on th' Sea o' Japa, wi' his claes a' torn aff his back. An' see hoo tenderly they cared for him—took him tae Japan—fed him lke a fechtin' cock—then sent him hame, jist as if naething had happened. Whether he kissed them when he wis leevin' or no, I couldna say. Then, again, look at yon chap, Stossel, in Port Airther, sae gled wis he tae see General Nogi that he made him a present o' a braw white horse. Nogi telt him it was faur ower much kindness, but Stossel insisted that he tak' it, at th' same sayin': 'What's a horse between freens?' An' in order tae prove beyond th' shadow o' a doot that th' Roosians had th' greatest respect for th' Japs, Stossel had a' th' warships drawn intae shallow watter, inside Port Airther, an' sunk so that th' Japs wid hae nae difficulty whatever tae tak' them awa'. Ye needna speak tae me nae mair, Rab, aboot ceveelity on th' field o' battle. I tell ye there never wis a war focht on siccan terms in th' recollection o' th' human race!"

Wull noticed that everybody in th' house wis sleeping but himsel', got up an' tapped Rab on the top of the head with his fingers, notifying Rab "no tae tramp on his pipe" which had fallen out of his mouth, and with a satisfied expression on his countenance that he had fairly got away with him in his argument.

Rab got up, saying: "Th' win' seemed tae be still at its heicht."

Wull rather dryly bade Rab "Guid Nicht," and

groping his way with his hands along th' sides of the houses, with burnng tobacco flying in sparks out of his newly-lighted pipe, he sought his ain fireside.

MOUNTAIN ASH MALE CHORUS

Lines to the Mountain Ash Male Singers, of South Wales, after hearing them sing in McKeesport, March 3d, 1911.

Hail sons of Wales! your glorious song
Hath wakened thoughts of heaven before us,
When all the nations, freed from wrong,
Shall join in one harmonious chorus.

To you sweet harmony was given
To praise our God—His name extol—
Your bardic sires look down from heaven
To hear the thrillings of your soul.

On Britain's ancient, rugged shore,
Among whose hills the sea winds weep!
Your fathers met in days of yore,
And lulled the savage breast to sleep!

And when despoiling foes assailed
The home of song, from ages hoary,
You nursed "the gift"—no power prevailed
To rob your land of song and story.

A humble bard his homage pays
To you, whose voices blend so sweet,
Long life be yours in pleasant ways,
And heaven attend your wandering feet.

DESPONDENCY

By the sad sea waves, on a nameless coast,
Far, far from the haunts of men;
Where the white sea gull, like a spectre ghost,
Flits past on the waves that are tempest tossed,
There, let me abide and remain.

For the cruel world with its taunts and jeers,
Its falseness and fitful love—
Its praise and blame, has been ever the same
Since the Son of Man to this world came
From His Heavenly Home above.

The heart that beats in the human breast
No earthly one can know;
Save the one who yearns for a happier sphere,
Where the sunrise is bright and the day is clear—
Where there's never darkness nor woe.

O give me a cave where the stormy winds rave,
By the side of the murmuring sea.
Let me watch the waves as they came of yore
On the pebbled beach where the breakers roar,
Till the messenger comes for me.

A REVIEW OF THE "LAYS"

BY A. T. LIDDELL

By courtesy of Mr. Murdoch, it has been my good fortune to read these poems before going to press. I never like to rush into print unless I have a reason for doing so. In this instance I feel impelled to make some brief comment on what is surely a wonderful collection of pure, uplifting verse, and which will undoubtedly be hailed as such by English-speaking people everywhere, when the book is properly brought before the public.

First of all, I must state emphatically that the subjects written on, and the manner of depicting them, reveal a depth of knowledge of Scottish life and character that is remarkable on the part of Mr. Murdoch. No nation can boast of a purer, sweeter, more wholesome life than that of the plain, old-fashioned Scottish people and their progeny—than whom there are no finer in all the world. Scotland has given to humanity's service sons and daughters whose rugged and fearless honesty, grandeur of character, and brains and brawn, have blessed any locality in the broad universe in which they have located. Poets may well sing the praises of Scotland and her people, past and present, for in that field they have an inexhaustible mine of riches. Mr. Murdoch himself is an apt illustration of what Scotland has produced and still produces. His is the impressionable nature which marks the true poet. He can see, as Shake-

speare has written, "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." He has lived among those scenes so graphically portrayed in his "Lays"—been a part of them. The friends of the long ago are with him still, though many of them have fallen asleep. He has the brains to comprehend, the ready pen, and the happy faculty of putting into words the superabundance of exalted thoughts that course quickly through his active mind. Above all, he is true to Nature—and that's what counts!

While ably depicting past scenes and people, the author doesn't forget the present busy, throbbing world and its tireless makers of history—especially the Scotch. True to the land of his adoption, he gives us some choice specimens of his skill about portions of America familiar alike to himself and all of us.

In addition to his quaint dialect poetry he has given us in this collection some very fine work in choice English diction on themes that are edifying. They will live—they are classics.

I have always contended that anyone who has a message—something good to bequeath to the world—is guilty of woeful and lasting negligence if he does not give it, and with all the power that's in him. It is to his eternal credit, therefore, that Mr. Murdoch, a working man, has evolved these beautiful poems, often amidst harassing circumstances and in the necessarily limited time at his disposal. I am sincerely glad, as very many others doubtless will be, to see him publishing this first edition of his works—a lifetime's labor of love—though

hard beset by the trials and sorrows which enter into life, and of which he has had his full share. These poems will surely brighten existence for many—bringing back scenes of the past, and entertaining the younger element with sentiment that is for their enlightenment and good. There is not an impure thought in the whole collection; but this is only to be expected of such a man, whose private life is in keeping with his exalted verse.

Many people (especially Americans) rush through Scotland and come back with "impressions," so-called—but they don't get, somehow, into the inner life of the Scottish people, nor understand the romance that lies behind the vales, mountains, lakes and rivers of that beautiful land. This book will help all such to understand things about Scotland and her people they never knew. Scotland is not a rich country, in a material way—but she has an inheritance that money cannot duplicate. Hers are a peculiar people, always to the front in freedom's cause, and who have contributed more to the world's progress than any nation under the sun. They are a kindly sort, when you break through their natural though becoming reserve—with a droll sense of humor—and when they like you, anything you want is yours. "The heights of Highland hospitality" is no mere figure of speech in Scotland. The natural, simple life of our forefathers is not yet extinct, thank God. "Kind hearts are more than coronets."

To write poetry that will attract and hold the attention of various-minded readers—as these will surely do—is a task calling for extraordinary qualities of mind and observation, and these this gifted man possesses. True

poetry must be spontaneous—a part of one's very existence. Anyone with an average brain can write common rhyme or "doggerel." But poetry with a soul and a purpose is a different matter; it comes only to those whose natures are surcharged with poetic melody and who feel and see things that average people do not experience. The Muse, like Fortune, is a fickle jade, and it is not given to everyone to court her successfully. "It's juist like this," said a worthy old Scottish poet once to the writer: "Ye may coort the Muse for days or weeks, and deevil a haet wull she respond; for the simple reason that you're not *en rapport* (have I got it richt?) wi' her. She is caprecious, ye ken. But at ither times, when she's willing and ye feel the poetic fire yersel', ye may set the Thames a-bleezin. But ye maun hae in your soul the proper humility and reverence; there's nae royal road tae her affections. When ye catch her, haud on tae her. Efter a', it depends a guid deal on yer ain sel'." True, O king. But I think in Mr. Murdoch's case it's no great effort for him to catch the wandering Muse, because his soul seems always *en rapport*. He has composed poetry, as I have stated, amid harassing circumstances—amid the whirl of machinery or in the quiet of God's temple in the woods—with a preference, of course, like all true poets, for the more natural places. He is an inspired man; no one could write such poetry if he wasn't. The fact that he devotes his spare hours—outside of the busy workshop and his many family cares, as well as the other countless duties devolving upon any good citizen—stamp him as a man with a pur-

pose, an ideal, in the pursuit of which he is giving unstintedly of the best that's in him—his life, in fact. When you remember the limited time at his disposal, it is a wonderful feat for this son of toil to produce such a splendid collection of poems—portraying various themes and people and places in language that lifts one out of himself and transports him to the places written about.

Mr. Murdoch may not be rich in this world's goods, but he has in his make-up treasures greater far than sordid, material wealth. As a good steward of God's manifold gifts, he is giving the best that's in him, in order that many may be edified and led to see the beauty of life and character, as well as Nature's grandeur. His heart is big, open and sympathetic—anyone who reads these poems can see that—and responds eagerly to any cause or duty that is worthy. Things that are natural always appeal to him. This book cannot help being a very great success, and this assurance will be made doubly sure when his legion of friends and the Scottish public generally do their part, as they are bound to do. The poems will speak for themselves, once they are introduced to the attention of the people for whom they are written, as well as all others who enjoy pure English diction.

There is a delightful swing to Mr. Murdoch's poetry that reminds one alternately of Thomas Campbell, Robert Burns, Tennyson, and other great poets. Many of them will be recited and sung in public—indeed, that is already the case. They carry you back to the “auld hameland” again. Take “The Mountain Torrent,” for

instance: it is a classic, with its beautiful rhythm and phraseology, as well as the theme itself. "Shattered Hopes" is one of the finest poems I have ever read, reminding one of the poet Whittier's lines:

"Of all sad things of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been."

You can in imagination see the queer auld "Candy Man," a happy conception, in the author's best style, quaint and unique, carrying us back to childhood days, and which the Scottish people are now singing.

Auld grannie and grandfather are fittingly shown—typical of that grand Scottish old age, the most beautiful thing of its kind in the world. In the delineation of boyhood experiences, our poet is unrivaled. You will agree with me after you read "The Sabbath School Suree," "The Wee Show," "Oor Wee Jock," "Early Vows," "My First Pair o' Breeks," "The Wat Clout," "Memories o' Youth." They could easily be, and doubtless have been, a part of your life, dear reader.

Mr. Murdoch strikes the right chord in his dissertations on love. Where will you find anything to-day like "Mother's Love," "Have You Seen My Lassie?" "What Is Love?" "My First Valentine," "Parted," "I Wonder If We'll Meet Again," "Nae Love at Hame," etc. In describing the seasons, you will find it hard, indeed, to locate anything better than "Spring Time," "Come, Gentle May," "October," "Cauld, Dreary Winter," and "The Soochin' of the Wind."

In describing familiar places he is very successful. These poems will carry the heart by storm: "The

Quiet Inglenook," "New Year in the Country," "Doon By Yon Dyke Side," "Sailing Up the Clyde," etc. His "Wandering With the Muse" is rich in sentiment; and, as if to illustrate the poet's kindly heart, he has given us a very choice morsel in "Let the Wee Doug Alane."

Natural scenes—such as woods, braes, mountains, rivers and landscapes—are given the real color; you can see, as you read, the various domestic and wild flowers, the hawthorn hoar, and the rose. In describing the song-birds he is at his best. What is more humorous than "The Crows and the Tattie Bogle," and have you ever seen such glorious effusions as he has penned to the wee linnet, the robin, bluebird and thrush—one of which had "lost its mate" and sang its mournful lay? The peesweep with its sorrowful dirge is vividly portrayed.

The author has a natural gift in describing persons. Mayor Arthur, of McKeesport, William Congalton, Chief John Rae, Samuel Gibb, Wm. B. Kay (managing editor of the McKeesport Times), and Mr. and Mrs. Millar, of Cambusbarron, are among those who receive warm eulogies. He helps the cause of the Scottish Clans by his fervent verse, being a good clansman himself and believing in the Order.

The "Bannocks" and "Pease Meal" have suitable recognition in splendid effusions, as they well deserve, for they have done much for Scotland. In patriotism you have "The Scottish Patriot" and in friendship the "Rale Guid Freen" strikes a responsive chord. The bagpipes and the heather are not forgotten. There is something grand in "The Wee Cozy Kirk in the Glen," and

in "The Fisherwife's Lullaby" the beautiful sentiment is very touching. "Dinna Crow" is very refreshing as a warning to the boastful. In "The Prayer" we have a very fine example of what the writer can do in this line, written amid the whirr of machinery at his daily toil. Reverence to the Creator is exemplified in a beautiful poem.

I would fain dilate further on the other poems of this truly great collection, but space forbids, and your patience, dear reader, may be tried by this time. The whole book is full of good things. Seek them out for yourself. These poems should be circulated far and wide. They will help you to see things you never saw before, and will touch the heart by their greatness and simplicity.

Let us not make the mistake so often made in times past, of waiting until one is dead ere we place the laurel wreaths of our appreciation upon him. *Do it now.* Mr. Murdoch deserves the best that can be said and done for him. And we'll say and do it, too.