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J Crawford

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DORIC LAYS:

BEING

SNATCHES OF SONG AND BALLAD.

BY

JOHN CRAWFORD.

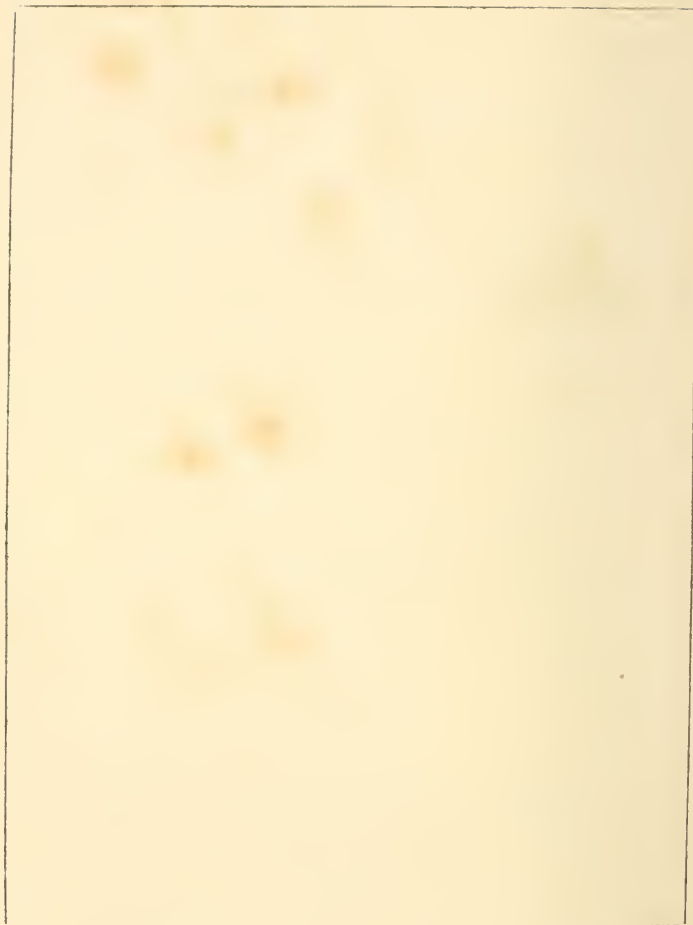
“ Let me but list the melodies
O’ some o’ Scotia’s sangs,
And I will a’ forget my waes,
Will a’ forgie my wrangs.”
IMLACH.

Second Series.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MACPHERSON & SYME.

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To the Memory of

THE LATE

LORD COCKBURN,

ONE OF THE SENATORS OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE,

THIS VOLUME

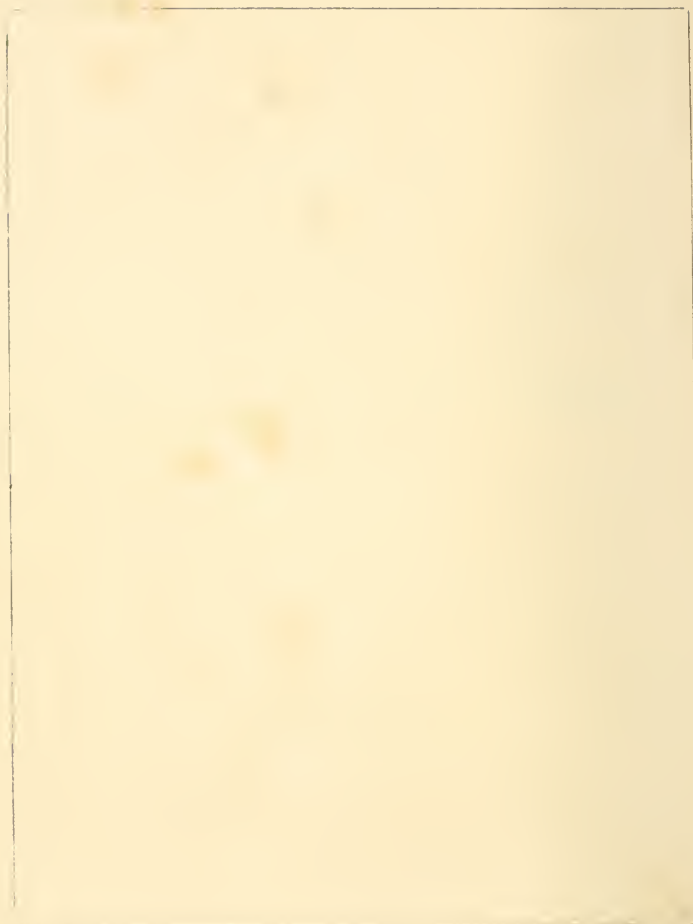
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REVERENTIALLY DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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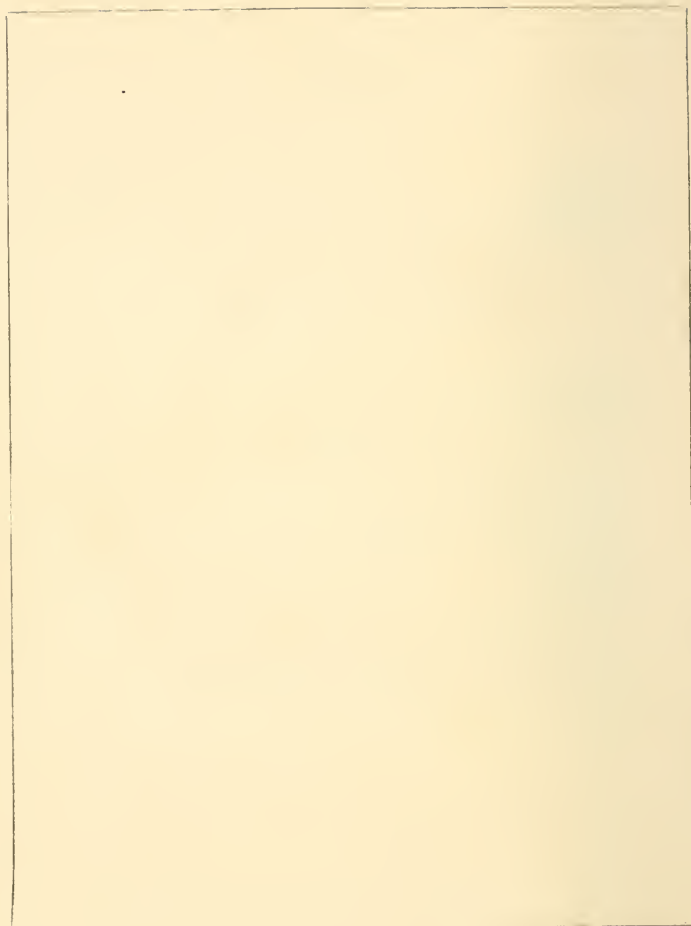
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DORIC LAYS.

Simmer Flowers.

YE come and gang sweet simmer flowers,
And laich ye may be laid,
But weel I ken ye'll blume again
Whatever may be said.

Tine as ye will your silken claes,
The bonniest o' ye a',
Tho' ye but tell the nitherin' tale
That sae I'll slip awa'.

Yet, idols o' my hamely hearth,
Ye're aye the same to me
As when, wi' steekit een, I eoor'd
Aside my mither's knee;

When that fond mither bent aboon
Her tottin' dawtit bairn,
Aye claspin' my wee han's in hers,
My prayers a' to learn.

Sic happiness shall come nae mair,
For, oh, that mither's smile
Micht mak' an aulder head believe
This earth was free o' guile.

Sweet sinmer flowers ye mind me o'
Anither hame o' bliss,
Where pairted frien's shall meet again,
In nae cauld world like this.

I kenna how ye ever bring
Sic pleasure aye to me,
Nor how your leesome whispurin's
Aye mak' me like to dee,

Ye mak' me like to dee wi' joy,
And, lang tho' life may run,
I'll loot aside ye as afore,
And worship as I've done.

Years hinna a' gaen lauchin' by
Since owre ye first I hung,
When holiest dreamin's calm'd ilk care
That canna noo be sung.

Sae thochtless o' anither day,
Or what ye hae to dree,
Ye licht us but to where ye cam',
To wither and to dee.

Ye tell us ne'er wi' murmurin's
To hallow grief and care,
For saikless eild and frien'less worth
Shall live for evermair.

I've wearied lang to lea' this warld,
This eerie warld o' ours,
Where sin has breath'd on a' thing fair
But you, my darlin' flowers.

And when my hinmost race is run,
The only boon I crave—
That for ae simmer lovingly
Ye'll blossom owre my grave.

Fair fondlin's o' ilk riven heart,
When Eve in Fden lay,
A' thochtless o' a waefu' weird
Or what micht lead astray ;

I wonder if in bridal white
Ye then were a' arrayed,
To busk your fairest sister's bower,
Earth's first unspotted maid.

I wonder if ye cam' and gaed
As noo ye come and gang,
When at the star-lit porch o' heaven
Your births the laverocks sang.

Unscath'd by death's cauld han's were ye,
When mune and stars were young,
When frae our first fair mither's breist
In silken buchts ye hung.

And when the gates o' bliss were closed,
The glories that ye wear
A wilderin' flood o' beauty came
Her stricken heart to cheer.

The East of the Durians.

SUGGESTED BY THE LAMENTED DEATH OF LORD COCKBURN.

“IT has often struck us that had it been an object in Scotland to keep up our accent, as separate from that of England, pursuing a competition with it for superiority in good taste, Cockburn’s accent should have been the model for his country to adopt—and it would have driven our southern neighbours hard to excel it in easy grace. It sat on him like the old-fashioned costume, which, as *he* wore it, seemed neither obsolete nor eccentric, but precisely the dress in which a gentleman ought to be clothed.”—*Scotsman*.

SPRING jimply roun’ her rokely gray
A flowery wreath had twisted,
Nor had the gowan’s loe’some lips
Ae drap o’ May-dew tasted.

The primrose and the meadow-spink
In busky shades reposin’,
To raptured nature’s worshippers
Their sweets were but disclosin’.

'Twas then by Devon's thymy knowes
I early went a rovin',
To hear the linties wooin' sang
Sae sinless and sae lovin'.

It wasna that I thought the days,
Thou dear romantic river,
When like the birds by thee I woo'd
Had pass'd awa' for ever.

It wasna that an angel flew
Frae thy fair banks to heaven,
Nor that the holy and the pure
Had frae thy bowers been riven.*

* An allusion is here made to a lady, who was born, lived, and died on the banks of the Devon.

“To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.”

It couldna be that care and toil
Had frozen ilka feelin',
That glowed wi' fervid friendship's fire,
A heaven within revealing.

Nor was it freitfu' bairnhood's lear,
Sae fu' o' wilderin' story,
That gied a tale to cairny brae,
And ilka biggin hoary.

I kentna ought o' sleepless hours
Thro' early love's forsakin',
Nor had my faith in sacred things
A moment ere been shaken.

But ill befa' the waefu' day,
O' dool an' melancholy,
I dander'd 'neath the plantin's shade
Doon by yon dreary holly.

For there a tale nae mortal tauld,
O' sadness and o' sorrow,
That never mair my listless lyre
A lilt frae mirth shall borrow.

A buirdly wight lang lyart grown,
Sae waebegane and weary,
A duddie carl bleer'd an' beld,
Wi' eldritch mane drew near me.

A Patriarch o' the past I ween,
His grey hill plaid flung ower him,
Sae silken and sae saft his beard,
A snaw wreath hung afore him.

What means thae tears thou man o' eild,
Hae frien's forsook ye fairly,
What means thae sighs, auld carl, quo I,
That wrings thy heart sae sairly?

What means my grief, ye needna speir,
When heatherie brae and valley,
Their beauties shade in misty veils
To mourn wi' *thee* Bonaly.*

The win' souch's eerie doon thy glen,
Noo lanesome and forsaken,
For last o' a' the *Doric train*,
Thy lord nae mair shall waken.†

The nitherin' bands snell winter weaves,
May a' be burst asunder,
Thro' frozen tears the smiles o' spring
May lure the bee to wander.

* The country residence of the beloved and lamented Judge, near Edinburgh.

† With every forbidding feature, characteristic of a former age, polished into perfection, Lord Cockburn, it is here presumed, was the last representative of the fine old Scottish gentleman of the latter part of last century.

Sweet simmer in her kirtle green,
Wi' wanton hairst may dally,
And scatterin' perfume in their glee,
May scent ilk holm and valley.

But ne'er again the kindly heart
A kindred core will rally,
To feast on nature's rip'nin' charms,
In thy lov'd shades, Bonaly!

Katie Glen.

NAE silks nor satins I'll put on,
Nae flowers shall bloom for me—
But Lady Alva's snawy web *
My winding-sheet shall be.
The fruits o' sinfu' lemanry,
The wiles o' weirdless men,
Hae sear'd the heart an' turn'd the head
O' bonny Katie Glen.

* LADY ALVA'S WEB,—a stripe of snow which may often be seen when summer is far advanced, on the slope of one of the Ochil Hills, above the village of Alva; and so called from its resemblance to a web of linen undergoing the process of bleaching.

The plantin's eerie shade I'll seek,
Aboon the Fairies' Burn,*
For there my maiden vows I brak,
And there I'll sit and mourn—
Where frien' nor fae may pity me,
For nane on earth shall ken
The waefu' tale o' lemanry,
O' bonny Katie Glen.

My Willie lo'ed me lang an' weel,
And fain my han' wad hae;
Alake for woman's fickleness
To mak' a fond heart wae.

* THE FAIRIES' BURN—a streamlet in the vicinity of Alloa, where, according to tradition, Queen Mab and her elfin train were wont

“To pu' the roses braw,
And the blossoms that hing frae the rowan tree
As white as the drifted snaw.”

Kilbagie's goud had glamour in't,
His cozie but and ben—
A lyart lairdie's sinfu' love,
Was a' to Katie Glen.

Alake for woman's fickleness !
Alake that love should dee !—
Aneath the cauld an' cruel scorn
O' witchin' woman's ee.
The gray clud hovers on the brae,
An' owre the buskie den,
Where Willie brak his manly heart
For love o' Katie Glen.

We parted on the broomie Arns, *
Nae mair to meet on earth ;

* ARNS-BRAE.—The ingenious James Kennedy, author of "Glenochil," in a note to that poem, hints at the possibility of Alloa having derived

Oh, wha wad marry sin an' shame,
To loyalty and worth?
We parted at nicht's mirkest hour,
But we shall meet agen,
Where sin an' sorrow winna scaith
The joys o' Katie Glen.

its name from Aloa, an Autumnal feast observed by the Romans ; and as there is a mount at the west end of " Arns-Brae " bearing some resemblance to those at Dunipace, and evidently artificial, it may not perhaps be going too far to suppose that the appellation was derived from an altar which might have been erected at this place to one of the rural deities, to commemorate the first observance of a Country Kirn in this part of Scotland. Be that as it may, Historians and Antiquaries concur in making one division of the Roman Army, A.D. 83, cross the Firth of Forth at the Throsk Ford, about two miles west from Alloa, and as the line of march observed by Agricola, in this memorable campaign, is conjectured by the learned to have been regulated by the course of the Devon, the Arns-Brae and the Gubber being the nearest rising grounds east of the Throsk Ford, from which an idea of the adjacent country could be obtained, we may conceive that the prospect from either elevation must have struck the Roman soldiers as possessing charms which perhaps no other country could boast of ; and cold indeed must his temperament be whose heart does not glow with patriotism and devotion to

Yestreen I dreamt we met aneath
Our bonny trystin' tree,*
An' waefu' waefu' was the look,
My lost love cuist on me.

..... " the virgin land

Of the fearless heart and the fetterless hand,"

on beholding the rich and varied scenery of the Valley of the Devon, and the silvery and serpentine windings of the Forth from the rising grounds above Alloa. And he who could return from a day's ramble among our ever green Ochils, ere

" Autumn has laid her sickle by,"

without having fancied he had enjoyed a glimpse of a fairer scene than even this beautiful world can afford, may be great in many respects, but it is humbly presumed that he must be a stranger to those joys which the lovers of nature can, at all seasons, and under every visitation of Providence, partake of.

* KATIE GLEN'S TREE—which stood on the Arns-Brae, was cut down some years ago, to the regret of a considerable number of the lovers of antiquity. From its proximity to the pleasure-grounds of Alloa House, the all-accomplished, but ill-starred, Mary Queen of Scots, who, it is well known, passed some of her early years at this ancient seat of the Mar family, might have under the branches of the venerable " trystin' tree," imbibed that love for the beautiful which so much adorned her character in after life.

The het tears trickled owre my cheek,
As frae yon buskie den.
My Willie pu'd a wither'd flower
To gie his Katie Glen.

We daunder'd 'neath the craw-trees' shade,
Nae mair to taste o' bless—
For caulder than the Ochil breeze
Was Willie's partin' kiss;
Nae caulder is a sinfu' warl,
Where leal hearts canna fen;
But death 'ill mak a cozie beil
For bonny Katie Glen.

Ilk scented bower blooms bonnily,
Wi' sangs the woodlands ring!
But ne'er again I'll set a fit
Where nettles dinna spring.

I fain wad hear the dead-bell's soun',
Its welcome sough I'd ken,
An' soon the gloomy grave will close
Owre bonny Katie Glen.

The Bride o' Ashentriël.

A LAY OF THE COVENANT.

THERE's joy and social happiness
Owre a' the vale o' Devon—
Such joy as sainted spirits prove
When leaving earth for heaven.
There's joy in mony an Ochil cot—
Such joy as lovers feel
When Gloamin's starnie blinks aboon
The braes o' Ashentriël.*

* In the county map it is designated *Ashentrool* ; but the more ancient appellation is here preferred.

There's gladness in the hazel glen,
Frae whence sweet sounds ascend,
And to the brattlin' burnie's din
A soothin' saftness lend.
The lyart and the light o' heart
Frae glade and coppice pour,
To raise the sang o' prayer and praise
At midnight's cerie hour—

The youth frae Devon's rashy dell—
The matron dim and auld—
The stalwart frae the heatherie hut—
The shepherd frae the fauld.
The warder frae the feudal tower
Unfaulds nae bluidy brand,
But seeks the muirland solitude
To join a saikless band.

And ane is there in youthfu' blume,
Whase silken ringlets wave,
As gentie harebell bends aboon
The lane forsaken grave.
A tear glints in her saft blue e'e,
Whare joy alane should live,
And smothered sighs a voicless tongue,
To hidden sorrows give.

But why has beauty left her bower
And sought the lanely glen,
When rustles in the mountain breeze
The din o' armed men?
And why has age his ingle left—
The hoary and the leal,
When death and sorrow brood aboon
The bras o' Ashentriell?

There's wae in mony an Ochil bower,
Aboon the vale o' Devon,*
For ae pure spirit gane awa'
To seek a hame in heaven.

* About the end of the year 1677, when what is called in the annals of the period the "Highland host" descended like an avalanche upon the western counties of Scotland, a party of this ruthless and dreaded horde, as related by tradition, bound on a tour of extermination to the beautiful vale of Devon, having discovered that the marriage ceremony was about to be celebrated in the lonely situated house of Ashentriell, the site of which is now distinguished by a clump of trees on a slope of the Ochils a short distance north from Dunmyet. Several of the Highlanders having intercepted the bridegroom's party near Menstry, without the sacrifice of life or limb on either side, the others, unobserved and unopposed, made good their approach to the place of meeting, drove away the cattle, and set the house on fire. On this occasion booty seemed to be more the object of the mountaineers than the lives of the persecuted Presbyterians; for at the dawn of morn, the lifeless and un mutilated body of the bride alone was found at the bottom of Menstry glen.

In our well kept and deeply interesting parish records no reference is made to the persecution; nevertheless it may not be uninteresting to those taking an interest in local antiquities to know that in the "Session Book of the Kirk of Alloa" of the same year in which the incident is sup-

There's wae in mony a heatherie cot,
In mony a shepherd's shiel,
For ae fair flower untimely pu'd
Frae sunny Ashentriell.

posed to have occurred that occasioned the above verses, It is ordered to be recorded that the sacrament was celebrated on the 29th of October and 5th of November." On the 29th of May, following, it was likewise ordered "To be recorded that two large silver cups were gifted by Lady Marie Areskine to the Kirk of Alloa," from which circumstance we may infer that our good town took no active part in the politics of those perilous times.

The Dockan grows aside the Nettle.

“ We shall always find mercy behind a cloud, if we look for it.”

My guidame noo lang i' the yird,
Tho' unco gi'en to tittle tattle,
When aught gaed wrang aye said to me
The dockan grows aside the nettle.

We ha'e a joy for ilka wae—
The very gorbals when they keckle,
A tait o' parritch mak's them fain,
And dockans grow aside the nettle.

The mirkest mornin' e'er cam' yont,
Wi' threatenin's keen to try our mettle,
Gaed clean awa' just as it cam'
And left the dockan 'side the nettle.

We ken fu' brawly ilka hour,
Wi' gruesome girn brings something fatal,
But never heed as lang's we see
The dockan grow aside the nettle.

See ye yon carle wi' eldrich een,
Wha's grunstane face nicht sharp a whittle—
Wha's glower nicht skin a taid—ne'er thinks
The dockan grows aside the nettle ;

Tormentin' a' wi' fractious wheems,
That sauntly soberness nicht kittle,
While no a sookin' calf but kens
That dockans grow aside the nettle.

The sorrows that we a' maun thole,
Ilk donnert fool maun haud in pickle,
But folk and dogs aye hae their day
While dockans grow aside the nettle.

For clashin' faes, and velvet frein's,
What need we care a 'bacco spittle—
Ne'er claw your haffets, nor your head,
The dockan grows aside the nettle.

We camna here to glunsh and gloom,
But manly out to fight life's battle,
And should we fa' we'll rise again,
The dockan grows aside the nettle.

The Sailor's Widow.

I'm weary o' the lang nichts,
O' winter's frost an' snaw;
I'm weary o' the whistlin' winds,
That round our biggin blaw.
I'm weary o' the brattlin' blast,
Wi' wailin's loud an' deep;
That bends the saplin' to the swaird,
And breaks my bairnie's sleep.

Oh when will summer come again,
Wi' warblin's saft an' sweet—
To hymn a spirit worn wi' care,
To sorrow's last retreat?
Fu' fain I'd bid the flowers fareweel—
The bushes clad in green;
I'd tell the tale o' what I've tyned—
The happy days I've seen.

I'm weary o' the lang nichts,
O' winter's wind and weet ;
I'm weary o' the stormy blast,
O' winter's snaw an' sleet ;
For fain I'd lay my sorrows down,
When gowans clead the dell.
Three summer's flowers hae bloom'd an' died,
Since I hae been mysel'.

I'm weary o' the lang nichts,
They bring sae sair to min',
The day my Willie gaed awa,
An' a' I've tint sin' syne ;
Sae lang an' lanesome is the nicht—
The doolfu' nicht to me,
That frae the gloamin' to the dawn
I canna bou an ee.

Oh weary fa' the reivers,
Wha reft me o' my love ;
They kentna o' the constancy
A woman's heart can prove ;
They hadna seen the burnin' tear,
In secret sorrow shed,
Nor kent they o' the thorns that strew
The wae-worn widow's bed.

To share the weird o' war wi' them,
They forced my love to sea ;
And ye are a', my saikless wean,
They've left to lanely me.
But soon the sod will cover me,
Nae mair thy bread to earn—
Then wha on earth will care for THEE ?
A puir wee friendless bairn !

Then wha will tent thee, winsome dear,
Thy fairy footsteps lead ?
Then wha will hap an' haud thee hale,
When I am wi' the deid ?
Then wha will watch when thou art wae,
To dry my dautie's ee ?
I maun gie o'er sic sinfu' thochts—
I'll live, my bairn, for thee !

The Wander'd Bairn.

THE moon gaed wadin' owre the lift,
The snaw in divots fell,
An' like the wull-eat's dreesome din,
The lum gi'ed mony a yell;
An' waukrife scream'd the bieldless bird,
An' flaff't its flaket bouk,
An' whirrin' thro' the leafless trees,
The frozen brake forsook;
" Guid guide us aye!" quo' auld Dunrod,
" An' shield us a' frae harm,
I hear a yirmin' i' the blast!—
' Let in a wander'd bairn!' "

“ O tak' the puir wee wand'rer in !”

Was heard frae ilka tongue.

While frae the bairnie's tautit hair

The frozen crystals hung.

An' cauld an' blae her gentie han's,

Her feet a' tash'd an' torn,

An' duddie bare her brats o' claes,

Unlike a nicht o' storm.

An' 'wilder'd row'd her watery een,

That nae the tale could learn

That tauld o' chillin' scaith an' wae,

To that wee wander'd bairn.

The auld guidwife, wi' kindly words,

The lameless wand'rer cheer'd,

An' frae the cozie ingle neuk

The grumblin' collie steer'd.

Ilk sough that shook the lanely bield,

The smorin' cluds sent down,

That gar'd the kindly wifie's heart
Wi' kindlier feelin's stoun ;
For artless was the sonsie face,
'Twad thow'd a heart o' airn,
To see the trinklin' tear-drops fa'
O' that wee wander'd bairn.

But nane e'er kent the wand'rer's tale,
Tho' months an' years gaed past,
Sin' first the lanely muirlan' bield
Had screen'd her frae the blast ;
An' wooers cam' to seek the han',
The lily han' that strove
To mak' her foster-father's hame
The hame o' peace an' love ;
But aye the tear-drap dimm'd her ee,
Tho' ne'er a ane could learn
The saikless sorrows that oppress'd
Dunrod's wee wander'd bairn.

Now simmer clad ilk bower and brake;
An' thirlin' owre the lea,
The lintie sang a lightsome lilt
O' love an' liberty.
To roam amang the snowy flachts
That spaired the speckled lift,
The lav'rock left its leesome lair,
An' bathed its head in licht;
An' sweetly smiled the loved o' a',
Nae mair wi' thocht forfairn,
For lady o' Ardgowan ha'*
Was now the wander'd bairn.

* The view from Dunrod Hill, on the estate of Ardgowan, is allowed by travellers to be unsurpassed for sublimity and grandeur. By antiquaries the writer has often heard it stated, that the tottering old bridge across the ravine was the only vestige of Roman architecture in Scotland, after the demolition of Arthur's Oven, on the banks of the Carron.

Saft pity aft a balm has brocht
To lanely widow'd grief,
An' kindred waes ha'e aften socht
In kindred tears relief.
Wi' fortune's favours aft comes pride,
Wi' fortune's frowns despair,
An' aften has the pauchty breast
Been torn wi' grief an' care ;
But ne'er the kindly feelin' hearts
That could owre sorrow yearn,
Had cause to rue the love they show'd
To that wee wander'd bairn.

The Lyart and Leal,

A LAY OF THE COVENANT.

“ GUIDMAN,” quo’ the wifie, the cauld sough blaws eerie,
Gae steek ye the winnock, for danger I dree;
The bluidhounds o’ Claver’s, forebodin’ an’ dreary,
I’ve heard on the blast owre the snaw-covert lea—
A stranger I’ve seen through the dusk o’ the gloamin’,
Uncovert I saw the auld wanderer kneel;
My heart fill’d, as waefu’ I heard him bemoanin’
The cauld thrawart fate o’ the lyart and leal.”

The bleeze frae the ingle rose sparklin’ an’ cantie,
The clean aiken buffet was set on the floor;
She thoughtna her ark o’ the needfu’ was scanty,
But sigh’d for the wanderer she saw on the moor.

“ Ah! wae for the land where the cauld cliffs maun shelter
The warm heart that wishes our puir kintra weel;
In thy bluid, bonny Scotland, the tyrant maun welter,
The faggot maun bleeze roun’ the lyart an’ leal.”

The tear owre her cheek rowed—the aumry stood open—
She laid out her sma’ store wi’ sorrowfu’ heart—
The guidman a grace owre the mercies had spoken,
Whan a tirl at the door made the kind wifie start.
“ I’m weary,” a voice cried, “ I’m hameless an’ harmless,
The cauld wintry blast, oh! how keenly I feel—
I’m guiltless, I’m guileless, I’m friendless an’ bairnless,
Nae bluid’s on my hands,” quo the lyart an’ leal.

“ Ye’re welcome auld carle, come ben to the ingle,
For snell has the blast been, an’ cauld ye maun be;
In the snaw-drift sae helpless ye gar’d my heart dinle—
Ye’ll share our puir comforts, nae dainties hae we.

A warm sowp I've made ye, expectin' your comin',
Like you for the waes o' puir Scotland we feel,
But death soon will end a' our wailin' an' moanin',
An' youth come again to the lyart an' leal."

She dichter a seat for the way-wearit stranger,
An' smilin' he sat himsel' down by the hearth—
"The Man wha our sins bore was laid in a manger,
Nae Prelate proclaim'd the mild innocent's birth."
Thus spak' the auld wanderer, his een glist'n't wildly,
A sigh then escaped for the cause he lo'ed weel—
The wifie drew closer, and spak' to him mildly,
But breathless an' cauld was the lyart an' leal.*

* A clump of trees, west from the Shaws' Farm House, above Greenock, indicates the spot where the incident occurred on which the foregoing ballad is founded.

The Wars o' Gild.

(For an old Gaelic air.)

THE cranreuch's on my heid,
The mist's now on my een,
A lanesome life I lead,
I'm no what I hae been.
They're runcles on my broo,
They're furrows on my cheek,
My wither'd heart fills fu'
Whan o' bygane days I speak.

For I'm weary,
I'm weary,
I'm weary o' eare,—
Whare my bairnies ha'e gane,
Oh, let me gang there.

I ance was fu' o' glee,
And wha was then sae gay,
Whan dreamin' life wad be
But ae lang simmer day?
My feet, like lichtnin', flew
Roun' pleasure's dizzy ring,
They jimply staucher noo
Aneath a feckless thing.

For I'm weary,
I'm weary,
I'm weary o' care—
Whare my first luvie lies cauld,
Oh, let me lie there.

The ourie breath o' eild
Has blawn ilk frien' frae me;
They comena near my beild
I ha'e dauted on my knee;

They haud awa their heids,
My frailties no to see ;
My blessing on them ane and a'—
I've naething else to gie.

For I'm weary,
I'm weary,
I'm weary and worn—
To the friens o' my youth
I maun soon, soon return.

Our Bonny Green Aik Tree,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE "GREENOCK FOLK."

GAE sing o' saunts an' seers o' auld—
Nae patron saunt hae we—
Our faithers maskt their hamert maut,
An' drank its halesome bree ;
An' as their drouth they slokent down,
They sang wi' cantie glee—
"Oh ! stately fair may flourish aye,
Our bonny green aik tree."

An' 'neath its spreadin' branches wide,
When storms our lift o'erblast,
May buirdly chiels for aye be rear'd
To brave ilk threaten'd blast ;

An' when a foreign soil they tread,
Or stem the briny sea,
The homely chorus let them raise—
Our bonny green aik tree.

Oh ! ne'er may pleasure warm the heart,
Nor beauty smile to bless
The bairn wha slights a mither's hearth,
Nor langs her han' to press—
Wha thinks na o' his kindly hame,
Tho' distant far be he,
That wadna then the chorus raise—
Our bonny green aik tree.

Our faithers drank their nappy yill,
Our gaucy mithers span ;
Ilk lassie busket trig and braw,
To win a young gudeman ;

An' as they trippet fair an' fond,
They sang wi' lightsome glee—
Our sunny shore, our broomy braes,
An' bonny green aik tree.

A *crooket steeple* tower'd na then
Aboon our neighbour toun ;
The bairnies toddled thro' the glen
To pu' the gowden broom,—
Whan circlin' roun, ilk grassy knowe,
They sang wi' blithesome glee—
That ne'er a *pottet bell* wad hing
Aneath their green aik tree.*

* For an elucidation of the above verses, "Young Greenock" must consult the works of the highly accomplished author of "Annals of the Parish," "Lowrie Todd," &c.

Cakes and Barley Bree.

MUSIC BY WILLIAM MUIL.

WHEN wintry winds
Blaw loud and shrill,
And streamers spang the lift ;
When ower Demyat's* craigy crest
The frosty vapours drift,
Sae vauntingly, sae wantonly,
We'll ca' the bicker roun',
Till 'neath the soothin' spirit's spell,
The cares o' life gae down :
Then hey the quaich, auld Scotland's quaich,
A reamin' quaich for me !
A canty frien'
To meet at e'en
Ower cakes and barley bree.

* One of the Ochils near Stirling.

The balmy breeze
Amang the trees,
May win our hearts to love ;
And beauty's power, in evil hour,
May weighty woes remove :
But when misfortune's bitin' blast
Wad freeze the warmest heart,
The reamin' quaich, the beamin' quaich,
Can other joys impart :
Then hey the quaich, auld Scotland's quaich,
The cantie quaich for me !
A couthie frien'
To meet at e'en
Ower cakes and barley bree.

My heath'ry hame
Nae slavish strain
Shall waken frae the lyre—
The lyre that gars ilk carkin' care
Wi' melody expire ;

Thy thistle waves aboon the graves,
Where sleep the honour'd dead ;
The heroes o' the covenant,—
For Scotland's weel wha bled.

Then here's a health, my mountain land,
A health, my hame to thee,
Auld Scotland's hills,
Her siller rills,
Her cakes and barley bree.

Weel may we sing
O' crystal spring,
O' lake and mountain blue ;
Our heath-clad hames hae happy hearths,
Whilk freemen weel may lo'e.
And wild and free for aye shall be
The theme o' Scottish lyre,
And soft shall be its melody,
When tuned to chaste desire.

Then here's a health, my heather land,
A reamin' health to thee !
And ne'er may tyne,
Ae son o' thine,
His cakes and barley bree.

Our lassies leal,
In ha' or shiel',
A fairy-footed train,
Forever may their virtues blend
Wi' Scottish minstrels' strain.
Should foes invade, in glen and glade
They'll find a bluidy grave ;
Our " altars and our hearths " shall be
The watchward of the brave.

Then here's a health, my fatherland,
A health, my hame to thee,
Auld Scotland's hills,
Her siller rills,
Her cakes and barley bree.

The Wife to her Weans.

A NURSERY RHYME.

MY bairnies, we've a weary fecht
In this fair warl' o' ours,
Where some are born to sleep on thorns
And ithers amang flowers;
And where the worthless o' the earth
Are owre us aften set,—
Sae, dearies, when ye've bite an' bield,
The poor, oh! ne'er forget.

We envy aft the pauchty proud
Wi' a' their gaudy gear,
And aften, 'midst our ceaseless toils,
The road to fortune spier.

But, shooting wi' a feekless bow,
The mark we seldom hit,—
Sae, dearies, when ye've bite and bield,
The helpless ne'er forget.

It is na aye the eident han',
Nor willin' wight, that wears
The best days o' a waesome life
In sorrow, toil, and tears—
Wha gets the butter'd cake to eat,
The honey pats to lick,—
Sae, dearies, when ye've bite an' bield,
The poor, oh! ne'er forget.

The fool, a' taivert fools aboon,
By silly snools ador'd,
Wha clavers an' wha clashes to
My lady and my lord.

For a' his fraiks an' wylie gaits
Gets owre the shins a kick,—
Gif e'er he asks ye for a bite
His failin's a' forget.

The fykie aften mak' a din
About—they kenna what—
An' aye their fingers they maun hae
Into ilk neighbour's pat;
Tho' aft their souple tongues they seaud
When till't they gang owre het,—
In pity let their fauts abee
And ne'er their wants forget.

We hae a tangled hasp to win'
In this auld-farrant warl',
Where wylie louns maun frae the leal
Aye tak' the ither harl,

Till mourning owre a waefu' weird
The kindly heart maun break,—
Noo, dearies, when ye've bite and bield,
The poor ye'll ne'er forget.

My Laddie Wean.

A NURSERY RHYME.

DAUTED dearie, round me toddlin',
Fu' o' fun, sae fond o' hobblin',
Wha your like has ever seen ?
Smear'd wi' candy owre the een.
Caiklin', wheetlin', glaikit thing,
Fond to hear thy mither sing,
Kiss me, kiss me ; oh to be
Half as free o' care as thee !

Teasin', pleasin' butterba',
Wi' a bosie like the snaw,
Een as gleg as keerie hawk,
And a brow as white as caulk ;

Aft I think when we're our lane,
What I'll mak' my laddie wean,
Kissin', blessin', fond to prove,
A' a mither's care and love.

Craw, wee cockie mak' a din,
Fools think less o' wark than win,
Crack your fingers, dauted toddler,
Kiss me, kiss me, bonny cuddler;
When ye grow a muckle man,
Gatherin' a' the gear ye can,
Will ye think how fond how fain,
"MAM" was o' her laddie wean?

Mary.

A NURSERY RHYME.

BAULIE loo ! wee waukrife peerie,
Naething ill shall ever steer ye ;
Dream o' lilies, dream o' roses,
Sunny flowers and scented posies,
'Neath a sky o' cloudless licht,
Where the saikless ken nae nicht.
Baulie loo ! wee winsome fairy,
Dream o' heaven, my bonnie Mary.

Baulie loo ! thy mammie near ye,
What ava can fash or fear ye ?
Fain to see my lassie sleepin'
Doon ilk starny's kindly keekin',

Drowsie bum-bees winna sip
Hinnie frae the gowan's lip,
For the sun has gaen to harry
Gowden warld's for my dear Mary.

Baulie loo ! thy mither's bozie
For her wean aye warm and cozie,
Kens nae wealth it wouldna gie
For the tottie on her knee.
Weary hours she aft has haen
Ere her lammies gaed their lane,
Yet her back the lade shall carry
A' for thee my darling Mary.

Mind what ye hae been:

A NURSERY RHYME.

AIR—" *The Miller of Dee.*"

Now, bairnies, mind your mither's words,
For kind to you she's been,
And mony a waukrife night she's had
To keep ye tosh and clean—
And mony a shift she's ta'en to mak'
Her sonsie stouries braw ;
For through her lanely widowhood
Her back's been at the wa',
But ye'll yet cheer the widow's hearth,
And dry her watery een,
And when ye've bairnies o' your ain,
Ye'll mind what ye ha'e been.

The bitter sneer o' witless pride,
In sorrow ye maun thole,
Sae lang as poortith on our hearth
Cowers owre a cauldrie coal ;
But when ye've brought your heads aboon
Your dour, your early lot,
And rowing grit wi' happiness,
Your cares ye've a' forgot ;
Then cozie mak' the widow's hearth,
And dry her tearfu' een,
And when ye've plenty o' your ain,
Oh, think what ye ha'e been.

What's fortune but a passing gleam
Of pleasure, toil, and care ;
The stanie heart, o' warldly gear
Gets aft the better share ;

But gi'e ye aye wi' willing heart
What Mercy sends to cure
The troubles o' the lowly cot,
The sorrows o' the poor.
Then warm the widow's lanely hearth,
And dry her tearfu' een,
And when your cup o' pleasure's fu',
Oh, think what ye ha'e been.

My Mother, can I e'er return.

AIR—"Coming through the Rye."

My mother, can I e'er return
The love I owe to you ?
Can I forget the smile that burst
Frae 'neath thy eloudit brow ?
Whan todlin' round thy widow'd hearth
Ilk thoughtless tottie's tongue
Had music in't to charm the dool
That owre thine ingle hung.
Then let me kiss the pearlie draps
Frae aff that sunken e'e,
An' press to mine thae wither'd lips
That aft ha'e prayed for me.

A wearie weird ye've had to dree,
An eerie lot was thine ;
A cauldrie warld was laith to gi'e,
It left thee lane to pine.
Sair serimp't aye o' fortune's gifts,
Ye've toil'd baith late and ear' ;
And strove to lift our youthfu' hearts,
Aboon this warld o' care.
Then let me kiss the pearlie draps,
Frae aff that sunken e'e,
An' press to mine thae wither'd lips
That aft ha'e prayed for me.

The fleichin' tongue was never thine,
That laithsome falsehood wears ;
The warldlin' kentna what I ken,
For secret were the tears

That waukrife mem'ry bade to flow
Owre love's untimely urn,
That scaith'd the lentryne o' thy life,
An' left thee lane to mourn.
Then let me kiss the pearlie draps
Frae aff that sunken e'e,
And press to mine thae wither'd lips
That aft ha'e prayed for me.

A Scottish Mother's Address

TO HER CHILDREN ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

A BURNING sun nae langer shines aboon the greenwood shaw,
For cauldrie winter's keeking down through clouds o' sleet
and snaw ;

And the chirping o' the robin gars thy mother's heart be wae
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The cuckoo lang has ta'en his flight for warmer climes than
ours,

The nipping blasts ha'e reft us o' our sweetly scented flowers ;
I'm glad to see my totties weel, but, oh ! my heart is wae
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The swallow's sought a shelter in some sunny southern nook,
For weel it likes to skim aboon the sparklin' siller brook ;

Aye when it leaves our hills behind, my heart is ever wae
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The corneraik now is never heard amang the rip'ning corn !
The lintie limps sae listlessly beneath the leafless thorn,
That its chirping and its chirring gars thy mother's heart be
wae

For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The bat has made a cozie bield in yon auld castle wa',
To dream through lang and eerie nights, if dream it can ava' ;
And the snell and crisping cranreuch gars thy mother's
heart be wae

For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The bee, the bumming bee, nae mair is heard wi' cheery din,
Like summer breezes murmuring outowre the foaming linn ;
The window's spraing'd wi' icy stars, sae weel may we be wae
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The butterflee nae mair is seen amang the woodland bowers ;
Auld baudrons, purring pawkily, ayont the ingle cowers.
I like to see ilk creature weel, and, oh ! my heart is wae
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

We fret at what we ne'er can win, and yaumer at our lot,
And fractious folk would fractious be, tho' half the world
they got ;
But let us aye contented be, as weel, my bairns, we may,
When we think upon the sailor, and the shepherd on the brae.

We that Thales Ourecomes.

AIR—" *Auld Langsyne.*"

A CANTIE sang, my auld guidman,
I'll lilt wi' lightsome glee,
We winna, shanna yaumerin' yirm,
Though fortune's freaks we dree.
Sae, stamp your foot—mak' sorrow flee,
And blythely crack your thumbs !
We've fouchten sair, baith late an' ear'—
But he that tholes owrecomes.

We've been thegither, man an' wife,
For forty years an' mair.
An' leal we've warsled through the warld,
An' gi'en our bairnies lear.

An' aye ye've muckle thocht o' me,
Tho' mony hicks an' hums
Ye've war'd owre poortith's antrin dauds—
But he that tholes owrecomes.

Sax buirdly chiel's, baith stark and steive,
And bonny dochters three,
As e'er drew huik owre harvest rig,
Or blest a mither's ee.
We've rear'd an' lear'd; an' wcel may we
Think muckle o' our sons,
For aft their kindness to us proves
That he who tholes owrecomes.

Our dochters, women-muckle grown,
Wi' a' their winnin' airts,
Can thow the icy tags that hing
About our wallow't hearts.

They bind wi' flowers our wrinkled brows—
Eke out life's brittle thrums,
An' tell us, by their smiles o' love,
That he that tholes owrecomes.

Sae round about, an' round about,
We'll jump an' dance an' sing;
Noo, up an' till't, my auld guidman,
We'll gar the kebars ring.
Sae, stamp your foot—mak' sorrow flee,
An' gaily snap your thums,
A guid life mak's a happy death,
An' he that tholes owrecomes.

Jessie.

(For a Gaelic Melody).

Oh the days o' fairy dreamin's !
Days again I ne'er shall see,
Blissfu' moments, hours o' pleasure,
Jessie then was a' to me.
Oh the days o' sunny bairnhood !
Gaen awa' for evermair,
When at beauty's altar kneelin'
Jessie's smile was a' my prayer.

Saftly, wimplin', murmurin' music,
Finnart's burn gaed by us twa,
Daunderin' doun its braes o' breckan,
Buttercup and flakie haw.

Oh the days o' saikless wanderin's !
Stolen by I kenna how,
When I faund my weird was written
On my lassie's stainless brow.

Thochtless aye and careless ever,
Ne'er I dream'd an angel's tongue,
Whisperin' o' the bliss aboon us,
Could this heart sae lang hae wrung.
Never on the braes o' Finnart,
Where the bumbee hinney sips,
Shall I pree the joys o' heaven,
Frae my Jessie's balmy lips.

Oh the hours o' leesome daffin !
Oh the moments I hae seen !
When some glaiket spirit lauchin',
Glamour cuist frae Jessie's een.

Oh the days o' fairy dreamin's !
Days again I ne'er shall see,
Blissfu' moments, hours o' pleasure,
Jessie then was a' to me.

Mother's Pet.

A NURSERY RHYME.

MOTHER's bairnie, mother's dawtie,
Wee, wee steering, stumping tottie,
Bonnie dreamer,—guileless glee
Lights thy black and laughing e'e.
Frae thy rosy dimpled cheek—
Frae thy lips sae soft and sleek,
Aulder heads than mine might learn
Truths worth kennin', bonnie bairn.

Gabbing fairie! fondly smiling!
A' a mother's cares beguiling;
Peacefu' may thy fortune be,
Blythsome braird o' purity.

Ne'er may poortith cauld and eerie,
Mak' thy heart o' kindness wearie;
Nor misfortune, sharp and stern,
Blight thy bloom, my bonny bairn.

Stourie, stoussie, gaudie brierie !
Dinging a' things tapsalteerie ;
Jumping at the sunny sheen,
Flickering on thy pawky een.
Frisking, lispig, fleecing fay,
Dinna tow't poor baudrons sae !
Frae her purring kindness learn
What ye owe me, bonny bairn.

The Sleepy Bairn.

A NURSERY RHYME.

THE buds now open to the breeze,
The birds begin to sing,
The gowan's keeking thro' the sod,
To hear the voice o' spring.

Fu' blythe the maukin mumps the swaird,
Wi' pleasure in his e'e,
Or pu's the budding heather bell,
A type, my wean, o' thee.

Unnumber'd webs o' fairy weft,
Wi' pearlie dew-drops weet,
Are spread owre sprouting furze and fern,
To bathe my bairnie's feet.

Then dinna dicht, my drousie tot,
The silken fringe awa',
That shades the bonniest e'e o' blue
That ere fond mother saw !

Twa hours an' mair the gouldie's lilt
I've heard sae shrill and sweet ;
And mony a thistle tap has fa'n
Beneath the sangster's feet.

Then rise, ye roguie !—dinna think
That mither means ye harm,
Saft kisses for your smiles she'll gi'e,
My sweet, wee, sleepy bairn !

Down by the burnie's brierie banks,
Where water-lilies blaw,
Nae mair is seen the dazzling sheen
Of sheets o' frost and snaw ;

But flowers and bowers, wi' balmy showers,
Are budding in the breeze;
Nae mournfu' wail o' dowie bird
Is heard amang the trees.

Then rise, my wee, wee winsome wean !
This lesson ye maun learn,
That spring-time winna bide for thee,
Nor me, my bonny bairn.

Lichtly got Siller gangs lichtly awa'.

BE thrifty, be cident, and save a' ye can,
For hain weel, and guide weel, is aye the best plan,
Syne ne'er wi' a toom pouch your haffets ye'll claw,
For lichtly got siller gangs lichtly awa'.

The ne'er-do-weel dandy, the trump o' his pack,
Wha carries the feck o' his gear on his back,
Gets an antren bit groat for his sangs and guffaa,
But his ill gotten siller gangs lichtly awa'.

I ance kent a doctor, sae daidlen and drucken,
That thro' a haystack a hale browst he'd a sucken ;
Aff swine-seam and water he made his gear a',
It lichtly cam' till him, an' slippet awa'.

A lawyer I kent, at the head o' his claith,
Wha'd gar ye clink doon for a pluff o' his breath;
He harried the poor, and the upshot o' a'—
His son got his siller, and gamed it awa'.

They hae an auld bye-word—the folk in the south—
“ Ne'er let the nose blush for the sins o' the mouth ;”
To tak' and to gi'e is the best plan o' a',
An' ne'er let a bare back the belly misca'.

Be thrifty, be eident, and save a' ye can,
Nor let ye the beast tak' amends o' the man ;
A wee drap may do when your friends on ye ca',
But dinna let a' your means flee to the wa'.

My Auld Wife Jean.

AIR—" *There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.*"

My couthie auld wifie aye blythesome to see,
As years slip awa' aye the dearer to me ;
For ferlies o' fashion I carena ae preen,
When I cleek to the kirk wi' my auld wifie Jean.

The thoughts o' the past are aye pleasin' to me,
And mair sae when love lights my auld wifie's e'e ;
For then I can speak o' the days I hae seen,
When care found nae hame i' the heart o' my Jean.

A hantle we've borne since that moment o' bliss,
Frae thy lips breathin' balm when I stole the first kiss ;
When I read a response to my vows in thy een,
And, blushin', I prest to my bosom my Jean.

Like a rose set in snaw was the bloom on thy cheek,
Thy hair wi' its silken snood glossy and sleek,
When the Laird o' Drumlochie, sae lithless and lean,
Wad hae gaen a lang mile for ae glisk o' my Jean.

Thy mither was dead, and thy faither was fain
That the lang-luggit lairdie wad ca' thee his ain ;
But auld age and frailty could ne'er gang atween
The vows I had niffer't wi' bonnie young Jean.

I canna weel work, an' ye're weary an' worn,
The gudes and the ills lang o' life we hae borne ;
But we hae a hame, an' we're cozie and bien,
And the thrift I've to thank o' my auld wifie Jean.

Baith beddin' an' cleadin' o' a' kind ha'e we,
A sowp for the needy we've aye had to gie ;
A bite and a drap for baith fremit an' frien',
Was aye the warst wish o' my auld wifie Jean.

The puir bieldless body has scougg't the cauld blast,
'Yont our hallan he's houf't till the gurl gaed past,
An' a bite aff our board, aye sae tidy an' clean,
He's gat wi' gude will frae my auld wifie Jean.

Our hopes we ha'e set where our bairnies ha'e gaen ;
Though lyart we've grown since they frae us were ta'en,
The thoughts o' them yet brings the tears to our een,
And aft I've to comfort my auld wifie Jean.

The paughty and proud ha'e been laid i' the dust,
Since the first hairst I shore, since the first clod I cuist ;
And soon we'll lie laigh ; but aboon we've a Frien',
And bright days are comin' for me an' my Jean.

Ye Needna Craw sae Crouse.

MUSIC BY D. TAYLOR.

YE needna craw sae crouse, my jo,
For a' your wanton wiles,
May gar some witless lassie greet,
Or win anither's smiles.
Ye're no what ye wad ha'e us think,
Altho' ye're mither's pet—
There's just as gude fish i' the sea,
As e'er cam' out o't yet!

Sae dinna let a tear-drap tash
Your bonnie ruffled sark;
For, Bobbie, it would grieve me sair,
To gie your mither wark.

But tak' your staff an' toddle hame,
Whene'er you think it fit—
There's just as gude fish i' the sea,
As e'er cam' out o't yet !

Put on your bonnet, Bobbie, lad,
An' dinna hing your brow ;
But learn to time your tongue awee,
Ere ye come back to woo.
An' dinna hing your head sae laich,
Nor be sae laith to flit—
There's just as gude fish i' the sea,
As e'er cam' out o't yet !

Confound thae dauted mither's weans,
They fain would bear the bell,
An' my bright beau amang the lave,
Thinks muckle o' himsel'.

But wi' his havers ne'er again,
At our fireside he'll sit—
There's just as gude fish i' the sea,
As e'er cam' out o't yet!

Nae doubt he'll gang an' tell thro' a',
How favour'd he has been,
And how he euist the glamour owre,
A witless lassie's een.
But if he taks his ain way o't,
He'll no dee in the pet—
There's just as gude fish i' the sea,
As e'er cam' out o't yet!

He's noo awa' for gude an' a'—
I wish him muckle luck,
Altho' I'll never lout sae laich,
To lift sae little up!

Some ane may try my bauchels on—
I carena tho' they fit—
There's just as gude fish i' the sea,
As e'er cam' out o't yet!

My Mary Dear,

TUNE—"Annie Laurie."

THE gloamin' star was show'rin'
Its siller glories down,
And nestled in its mossy lair
The lintie sleepit soun' ;
The lintie sleepit soun',
And the starnies sparkl'd clear,
When on a gowany bank I sat
Aside my Mary dear.

The burnie wanders eerie
Roun' rock and ruin'd tower,
By mony a fairy hillock,
And mony a lanely bower ;

Roun' mony a lanely bower,
Love's tender tale to hear,
Where I in whisper'd vows ha'e woo'd,
And won my Mary dear.

Oh, hallow'd hours o' happiness
Frae me for ever ta'en !
Wi' summer's flowery loveliness
Ye come na back again !
Ye come na back again,
The waefu' heart to cheer,
For lang the greedy grave has closed
Aboon my Mary dear.

We ne'er were made to Mourn.

A NURSERY RHYME.

THE sultry, sunny summer months
Are come wi' joy and glee,
And furzy fell, and rashy dell,
Are fill'd wi' melody ;
The roving rae, frae break o' day,
Now roams frae brake to burn,
Then wha would think, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn ?

The butterflee has flung awa'
The shell that bound it fast,
An' screen'd it frae the chilling breeze—
The winter's bitter blast ;

How like some moths o' mortal mould,
It flutters round its urn !—
But dinna think, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn.

The lav'rock frae his dewy bed,
Wi' lilts o' peace and love,
The cottar tells, wi' a' his toils,
How lightsome life may prove ;
Nae care kens he but sings the joys
That in his breastie burn,—
Then wha would say, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn ?

The song of nature's happiness
Is heard o'er meadows green,
And opening to the fresh'ning breeze
The blawart's bell is seen ;

The fragrance o' some Eastern clime
Is frae our plantin's borne,—
Then wha can think, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn?

The kye in languid listlessness
Now seek the caller brook,
The streamlet's speckled citizens
Now shun the barbed hook.
Oh! wha would grasp a gilded lure,
And nature's riches spurn?
We camna here, my bairnies dear,
For goud and gear to mourn.

The lambkins o'er the flowery dell,
In gambols wild and free,
Enjoy the sweets, the halesome sweets,
O' blissfu' liberty;

The fetters o' the prison-fauld
The fleecy wanderers spurn,—
Oh ! never think, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn ?

The miser kensna o' the joys
That nature's riches bring—
He dreamsna o' the happiness
That frae pure feelings spring ;
Amidst his golden heaps he pines
To grasp a gilded urn,
Nor thinks he that tho' Fortune frowns
We ne'er were made to mourn.

Oh ! wha would weary life wi' sighs,
For what they ne'er may hain,
Or scrimp the needfu' o' a bite
A safter couch to gain,

And leave this warld o' loveliness
Unfriended and forlorn ;
Tho' such we see, my bairnies dear,
We ne'er were made to mourn.

Grannie's Bairn.

A NURSERY RHYME.

WEE, bonnie, dimpled cheekit Jeanie,
Sae proud about your braw new peenie ;
Beetlin' wi' thae baffie feet
Till ye're in a pour o' sweat ;
Touslin' a' that clew o' yairn,
No ava like grannie's bairn.
Aff my head the mutch ye'll harl,
Thou wee conceitie, waukrife barrel.

Haud doun your han's, it ill besets
The bairn to break her grannie's spec's ;
For ken, my dear, tho' ithers see
Their neighbour's fauts wi' naked e'e,

It tak's me whiles an unco pokin'
To find a loose loop in my stokin' !
We've failin's a', and aye may ye
Your ain afore anither's see.

Happy Harvest.

A NURSERY RHYME.

AGAIN has happy harvest come to cheer ilk cottage hearth,
To sweeten lowly labour's toils wi' happiness and mirth ;
For lightsome hearts are owre the lawn, and plenty owre
the lea,
Sae ye shall welcome harvest in, my bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The garden's tint its gaudy garb, the glebe its robe o' green,
For summer's sun the glade and glen another shade has gi'en ;
But love nae season kens but ane, then come, my bairns,
wi' me,
And welcome merry harvest in wi' a' its mirth and glee.

The lily's lost its loveliness, the thistle sheds its down,
The tulip's tint its summer braws, the buttercup its crown;
But fairer flowers are in the bowers o' love and charity,
Sae welcome merry harvest in, my bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The nut and slae, owre bank and brae, in rip'ning clusters hing,
And happy hearts, wi' harmless glee, now gar the welkin ring;
The reapers reap, the gleaners glean, a cantie sight to see,
Then welcome merry harvest in, my bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The wren has left her cozie cot, aboon yon siller spring,
And haps in eerie laneliness, a waesome wearied thing;
But nature feeds wi' open hand ilk birdie on the tree,
Sae ye shall welcome harvest in, my bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The squirrel springs frae tree to tree; the eident ant has gaen
To sip the balmy sweets o' thrift, and share the joys o' hame;
And ye shall share a mother's care, an' a' she has to gi'e—
Sae welcome merry harvest in, my bonnie bairns, wi' me.

A Dying Mother to her Child.

AIR —“ *Caledonia.*”

I'm wearing aff this weary warld
Of trouble, toil, and tears,
But thro' the dusk of death the dawn
Of happiness appears.
And, oh ! wi' a' I lo'ed sae weel
It's sair for me to part,
The bairnie at my breast who clung,
The treasure o' my heart.

Who fondly toddled round my knee,
When could misfortune's blast
In eerie soughs gaed thro' my breast,
And laid my bosom waste.

I'm wae to leave the friends I lo'e,
In tearfu' grief forfairn,—
Oh ! who can tell a mother's thoughts
When parting wi' her bairn !

The tender twig, by nursing care,
Will grow a stately tree,
But who will turn the withering blast
Of warldly scorn frae thee ?
The stranger's hand may crush my flower,
May scaith its earthly peace ;
But we shall meet to love for aye,
Where toil and troubles cease.

Ae kiss, a last fond kiss, my bairn,
And then, oh then we part !
Ae kiss, my ain, my only bairn !
Ere breaks my widow'd heart.

I'm laith to leave ilk lovesome thing
Thro' life I've ca'd mine ain;
Oh! who can read a mother's heart
When parting wi' her wean!

The Dying Boy.

MOTHER! dear mother! haud up my heid,
Put the claes on my feet, sae eauld and deid,
And I'll kiss your broo, and I'll daut your neck—
But, oh! dinna tell me your heart will break.

Mother! dear mother! I'm gaun awa',
Where the mists o' the gloamin' never fa',
And where nae kind hearts wi' grief are riven;
When ye greet then ye grudge me the joys o' Heaven.

Mother! dear mother! when I'm awa',
Ye'll gie my wee brither my bools and my ba',
And when my schule-copy or books ye see,
Ye'll think ye ha'e word, my ain mother, frae me.

Fareweel, dear faither ! aye dear to me,
Tho' the tear winna come to your sorrowfu' e'e—
I fain would bide wi' ye, while fears I hae nane
To gang to the gloomy kirkyard my lane.

My mother shall pass some nichts o' pain,
Syne her grief will calm in her love for the wean :
But your heart's in the mools, and ye'll weary to be
In a happier hame wi' my sister and me.

My dearest, my darling, the father said,
(And no tear fell on that loved one's bed,)
The fountains of sorrow may deluge mine heart,
But in Heaven we'll meet never more to part.

Leah.

*Music by D. TAILOR—Symphonies and Accompaniments for the
Pianoforte by M. WILSON.*

BLAW, win'try winds blaw,
Ye but echo my strain,
Your murmurings are music
To hearts torn wi' pain ;
And sad shall my sang be,
For, oh ! I am wae
For Leah, the lovely,
Now cauld in the clay.

The spring time may come,
Wi' the hum o' the bee,
The sang o' the lintie
May ring owre the lea ;

But naething can cheer me,
For, oh ! I am wae
For Leah, the lovely,
Now cauld in the clay.

Sweet summer ye'll come,
Wi' your blossoms an' bloom—
Thy banks, bonny Devon,
To bathe in perfume ;
Nae pleasure ye'll bring me,
For, oh ! I am wae
For Leah, the lovely,
Now cauld in the clay.

The hairst, yellow hairst,
In its gladness and glee,
May sprinkle wi' gowd draps
The fruit-laden tree ;

But sad shall my sang be,
For, oh ! I am wae,
For LEAH, the lovely,
Now cauld in the clay.

Ann o' Cornylee.

Gaelic Air—" *Soraiadh slan do'un Ailleagan.*"

ILL twine a gowany garland
Wi' lilies frae the spring ;
The fairest flowers by Clutha' side
In a' their bloom I'll bring.
I'll wreath a flowery wreath to shade
My lassie's scornfu' e'e—
For oh, I canna bide the frown
O' Ann o' Cornylee.

Nae gilded ha', nae downie bed
My lowly lot maun cheer,
A sheilin' on the banks o' Gryfe
Is a' my worldly gear ;

A lanely cot, wi' moss o'ergrown,
Is a' I ha'e to gie ;
A leal heart, sinking 'neath the scorn
O' Ann o' Cornylee.

The linty 'mang the yellow broom,
The laverock in the lift
Ha'e never sang the waes o' love
O' hope and joy bereft ;
Nor has the mavis ever sang
The ills I ha'e to dree,
For lovin' o' a paughty maid,
Fair Ann o' Cornylee.

Flora Steen.*

Music by W. M'LAY.

O WEEL I lo'e the mountain's broo
Where blooms the heather bell,
O weel I lo'e ilk broomy knowe
Adoon yon flowery dell—
Where wand'ring, natal Clyde, to thee
In a' its silvery sheen
The burnie rows roun' fairy bowers,
Where won sweet Flora Steen.

* The above verses were suggested by the unfortunate issue of a friend's courtship, and written in the winter of 1842.

O weel I lo'e the mountain's broo
 When summer days grow lang.
O weel I lo'e ilk heath'rie howe
 Ardgowan's hills amang.
For there, when gleam'd the gloamin' star,
 When bower an' brake were green,
Like spirit frae some sinless warl',
 I've met fair Flora Steen.

But days an' years ha'e gaen sin'syne,
 An' painfu' nights ha'e pass'd;
An' flatt'rin' frien's ha'e turn'd my faes,
 An' a my hopes o'ercastr—
Sin' 'neath the thorn aboon the mill,
 By mortal e'e unseen,
When wild flowers shed their scented sweets,
 I woo'd fair Flora Steen.

Oh, Love! ye're like the glimmering light,
That flickers o'er the fell,
To wile the weary wand'rer where
Nae tongue his tale may tell.
And fickle as the fitfu' lowe,
That runs the rigs between,
Was she, the lassie o' my love,
The faithless Flora Steen!

O gie me a Cuggie n' Ale.

O GIE me a coggie o' ale,
Or a reamin' het bicker o' toddy,
And far frae my door keep the deil,
The beagle, the lawyer, and howdie.

A leg o' guid mutton or lam',
An' a cantie auld frien for to sair wi't,
The kebbers weel plenished wi' ham,
An' a heart leal and willin' to pairt wi't.

The wheels o' Affection would rust,
Could glunchin' Austerity pairt us ;
Clish-clashin' owre *congo* and crust
Nae mair than cauld kail can divert us.

Gie me a big ark o' guid meal,
And an aumry just fu' to the bursting,
And gie to ilk honest young chiel
The lass o' his love for the asking.

Syne ne'er would the poor man compleen
When he cam to my door for a mouthfu',
And ne'er would a cantie auld frien'
Lament owre no getting his "*toothfu'*."

Snell winter might come wi' a birr,
On his whirlwin' chariot careerin',
And dreesome our auld lum might whirr,
The ghaists and the rattans a' fearin'.

The hailstanes the windows might smash—
Sae lang's we had shutters within
I'd carena, they're auld rotten trash,
And the laird be't to put new anes in.

The lum tap might flee owre the street,
And daud up the whisky shop door—
I'd laugh till the tears wet my cheek,
At the win' breedin' sicna splore.

The sheugh at the stairfoot might moan,
Like a man wi' the nightmare oppress't—
I'd trouss out ilk bannock and scone,
And a greybeard o' Cambus the best.

I'd stan' at the head o' the stair
Wi' a tankard o' guid reekin' toddy,
Should there come up a dozen or mair,
I'd welcome ilk puir droocket body.

I'd stir the fire up till it bleezed,
And tak a bit whiff and a drappie ;
I'd spier how my balsam had pleased,
Till ilk ane lay cozie and happy.

Causey Courtship;

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A BESOM CADGER AND A FISHWOMAN.

SCENE—*The Auld Brig, Alloa.*

CADGER.

LASSIE wi' the creel,
Can ye lo'e a cadger,
Licht o' heart an' heel,
Fain to be your lodger?
Wooers like yoursel'
Ye may hae in dizens,
Nane my wealth may tell—
Wh-a-'ll buy besoms?

FISHWOMAN.

Gruesome, auld an' lame,
 Dinna fleitch an' flatter,
Siller I hae nane
 In your gaet to scatter.
Up an' doun I gang
 'Mong the gentle bodies,
Roarin' loud an' lang—
 Wh-a-ll buy haddies ?

CADGER.

Let me pree your mou' ;
 Dinna fidge an' swither,
Time enough to rue
 When we gang thegither ;
Come, ye dorty thing,
 Let us weet our wizens,
Owre our drappie sing—
 Wh-a-ll buy besons ?

FISHWOMAN.

Touch me for your life ;
 Dinna pu' my apron ;
A' the fools in Fife
 Couldna match your cap'rin.
Gang ye to the bent,
 Cuddle wi' your cuddies,
There ye're better kent—
 Wh-a-'ll buy haddies ?

CADGER.

Glaiket thing, ye'll rue,
 Sairly ye'll repent it,
If the tether's fu'
 Ne'er afore I kent it.
Less nicht mak' ye fain ;
 Drouth the timmer seasons,
I'll ca' back again—
 Wh-a-'ll buy besoms ?

FISHWOMAN.

We'll no hae maut an' meal,
Frae Crail to Tullibody,
When I go to the deil
On a cadger's cuddy.
Sae airt yoursel' awa'
Wi' a' your tatter'd duddies;
A fumart ye would staw—
B-u-y caller haddies.

A Fu' Man's Soliloquy;

SHOWING THE POTENT EFFECTS OF CAMBUS WHISKY.

SCENE—*Arns Brae.* TIME—*Midnight.*

CONFOUND that Cambus whisky,
I canna move a fit;
My knees they knoit thegither sae,
And down I daurna sit;
For I nicht sleep my hin'most sleep—
But, losh, I canna gang!
The like o' this I never saw—
I'm a'thegither wrang.

That's surely no a coach I hear,
Tirwhirrin' owre the stanes;
I'll airt my bouk ayont the dyke,
For fear o' broken banes.

Down, heels owre head, into the ditch,
I've flounder'd wi' a bang !
Confound that Cambus whisky—
I'm a'thegither wrang.

Twa horns o' Knox's* best I drank,
Twa mae frae Willie Bell,†
And, for to haud my stamach het,
Anither frae the stell;
But when I smelt the caller air,
Ae fit I couldna gang;—
Confound that Cambus whisky—
I'm a'thegither wrang.

* Messrs Knox & Son of Cambus, who have long been celebrated for the excellency of their ales.

† This worthy individual was for more than a quarter of a century cellar-clerk at Cambus distillery. He died shortly after these verses were written.

I shouldna like the minister
 Would see how laich I'm laid ;
Nor would I wish my fellest fae
 To share my glaurie bed ;
And naething waur I'd wish on them
 'Bout me wha'd mak' a sang ;—
Confound that Cambus whisky—
 I'm a'thegither wrang.

That's surely no the Red Well bush,*
 Loud, loupin' owre the brae ;—
I wish some kindly hearted soul
 Wad bring a pickle strae :
Hech, sirs ! I ne'er was trysted sae,
 Tho' aft I've haen a dram ;—
Confound that Cambus whisky—
 I'm a'thegither wrang.

* So called from its proximity to a Chalybeate Spring.

I've fairly brak' the pledge I doubt,
And, should the mune appear,
The very stanes wi' truth may tell,
That I hae gat my beer;—
But what would sober Sandy say,*
Whom I gar't ride the stang?
Confound that Cambus whisky—
I'm a'thegither wrang.

That's surely no the mune I see,
Blink, blinkin' thro' the wuds;
Gae down, for gudesake, dinna shine
Outowre my draigled duds.
It's just the mune; oeh hey! oeh hey!
Could I but creep or gang!
Confound that Cambus whisky—
I'm a'thegither wrang.

* Then *ballman* at Cambus distillery.

It's surely past twal hours at e'en,
But be it late or ear';
O' stell an' steep, o' dubb and ditch,
I've had an unco share;
Weel, be it sae; the pin maun out,
Tho' aften wi' a bang;—
Confound that Cambus whisky—
I'm a'thegither wrang.

This surely is a punishment,
For slightin' nature's gifts;
For oh how far the wee drap drink
The burden'd spirit lifts,
Aboon the miser's hoarded heaps,
The blust'ring bigot's ban;—
But I hae gane ayont the score—
I'm a'thegither wrang.

We'll a' be Brawly Yet.

AIR—" *Highland Watch*," or *March in the 42d Regiment*.

AULD RABBIE sat wi' tearfu' een—
Wi' runkled brow, and pale—
Lamentin' owre what ance he'd been,
Wi' mony a sich and wail;
An' Mirren yerk't her spinning wheel,
An' tauld him no to fret,
Quo' she, " tho' poortith sair we feel,
We'll a' be brawly yet."

" O Mirren ! Mirren ! forty years
Wi' mony a stormy blast—
Tho' lyart noo wi' toil and tears—
Thegither we hae past,

Since first the simmer sun o' life
On our young hopes has set ;—
Then dinna tell me noo, guidwife,
That we'll be brawly yet."

" Gudeman ! gudeman ! frae e'en to morn
'Bout warldly gear ye pine,
An' sae wad ye had ye been born
To heir a gowden mine ;
Ha'e we no had o' health our share ?—
An' aften ha'e ye set
A wilfu' snare for grief and care—
But we'll be brawly yet !"

" O tell na me o' what I've been,
Owre what I'm left to mourn ;
O tell na me that sunken een,
Can e'er to joy return.

Nor can this heart renew its life,
These lyart locks their jet ;
Then dinna tell me noo, gudewife,
That we'll be brawly yet.

“ O feckless cild, can e'er ye look
Wi' pleasure owre the past ?
Or smile on memory's sakeless book
When cluds your joys o'ericast ?
The bairns that cheer'd our lightsome hearth
How can I e'er forget ?—
They're gane ! an' lown's the voice o' mirth,
Or we'd be brawly yet.”

“ Gudeman, gae lift your thochts aboon
This cauldribe world o' care,
An' seek, through Gude, baith late an' soon,
A balm for your despair ;

An' let ilk qualm o' youthfu' shame
Wi' penitence be met ;
Nae mair your luckless fortune blame,
An' we'll be brawly yet."

" My ain gudewife ! my dear gudewife !
Nae mair my failin's name ;
I'll bless, through a' my after life,
The day I brought you hame.
To be a leadin' star to me ;
Then ne'er again I'll fret,
To a' your wishes I'll agree—
An' we'll be brawly yet."

Pease Charley.

One of the Writer's children is supposed chattering to a Pigeon which frequented the window-sill for several years.

PEASE Charley, Pease Charley, poor birdie come in,
To tow't ye or tash ye would be a great sin,
And while I can get ony moolin's or barley,
Ye'll no want a gebbiefu', pretty Pease Charley.

Toots, toots, noo ye're just like a sweetie-wife haverin',
But weel I'm acquaint wi' your cooin' and claverin'—
I think ye wad sing, but atweel ye're nae singer,
And the clout ye hae taen aff my sair cuttit finger.

Hech, sirs! sicna din and a fyke as ye mak',
O' fleechin' and fraikin' ye've got a guid nack;
And as your surtoo winna spoil wi' the rain,
Just gang to your wife till ye're hungry again.

Ye're aff noo, ye roguie, ye're aff to your hame,
Its braw to be you wi' a weel theiket wame—
While somebody's bairn may hae naething to tak',
And jimply a dud for to eover its back.

My mither aye says, " weans be cheerfu' but lowly,
And learn frae the foolish the price o' their folly ;
What need we be pridefu' when lady and laird
Maun sleep wi' the worms in the eerie kirk-yard."

I'll learn to be thrifty and do a' I can,
(Tho' I mayna mak' siller), to be a guid man ;
My breeks may be duddy, my back may be bare,
But wi' the poor body my last bite I'll share.

The Land o' the Bonnet and Plaid.

MUSIC BY THOMAS MARTIN junior.

HURRA! for the land o' the broom-cover'd brae,
The land o' the rowan, the haw and the slae;
Where waves the blue harebell in dingle and glade—
The land o' the pibroch, the bonnet and plaid.

Hurra! for the hills o' the cromlech and cairn,
Where blossoms the thistle by hillocks o' fern;
There Freedom in triumph an altar has made
For holiest rites in the land o' the plaid.

A coronal wreath where the wild flowers bloom,
To garnish the martyr and patriot's tomb;
Shall their names ever perish—their fame ever fade,
Who ennobled the land o' the bonnet and plaid?

O hame o' my bairnhood, ye hills o' my love!
The haunt o' the freeman for aye may ye prove;
And honoured forever be matron and maid,
In the land o' the heather, the bonnet, and plaid.

Hurra! for the land o' the deer and the rae,
O' the gowanie glen and the bracken-clad brae,
Where blooms our ain thistle in sunshine and shade—
Dear badge o' the land o' the bonnet and plaid.

Mary Smiles on Me.

AIR—" *Lowland Lassie wilt thou go.*"

WANDERING wild bee from the flowers
Pearly with the summer showers,
Bring thy balmy treasures sweet,
Lay them at my lassie's feet,
To love's banquet come wild bee—
My Mary sweetly smiles on me.

Hoary hawthorn busk your bloom,
Rich in summer's soft perfume,
Oak and alder wave your boughs
O'er Glendevon's thymy knowes,
All to beauty bend the knee—
My Mary fondly smiles on me.

Woodland warblers rouse the glade,
Where your vows to love are paid,
Viewless forms of fairy fay
Lilt a winsome witching lay,
Softness breathe o'er bush and tree—
My Mary sweetly smiles on me.

Weary careworn toiler come,
Leave the dusky city's hum,
Where thy days few pleasures know,
And thy nights are nights of woe,
To the woodlands come with me—
My Mary winna frown on thee.

Fashion's flimsy butterfly,
Drain the cup of folly dry,
Shun the pleasures of the cot,
By the bustling crowd forgot,
Cringing falsehood fawns on thee—
My Mary's smile is heaven to me.

Sing on, Fairy Devon.

Music by DAVID TAYLOR.

SING on, fairy Devon,
'Mong gardens and bowers,
Where love's feast lies spread
In an Eden o' flowers.
What visions o' beauty
My mind has possess'd,
In thy gowany dell
Where a seraph might rest.

Sing on, lovely river,
To hillock and tree
A lay o' the loves
O' my Jessie and me ;
For nae angel lightin',
A posie to pu',
Can match the fair form
O' the lassie I lo'e.

Sweet river, dear river,
Sing on in your glee,
In thy pure breast the mind
O' my Jessie I see.
How aft ha'e I wander'd,
As gray gloamin' fell,
Rare dreamin's o' heaven
My lassie to tell.

Sing on, lovely Devon,
The sang that ye sung
When earth in her beauty
Frae night's bosom sprung,
For lanesome and eerie
This warld aye would be,
Did clouds ever fa'
Atween Jessie and me.

The Lass o' Logie.*

Music by T. MARTIN sen.

THE gentie gowan steeks its e'e,
Aneath the fa'ing foggie ;
An' I'll awa' to Menstry glen,
To meet the lass o' Logie,
Awa' wi' care, wi' cauld despair,
O' frien's I'll aye be vogie ;
A plack I hae for weary wae,
My love for Ann o' Logie.

Wi' ony lass in Devon dale,
A king might share his coggie ;
But queen owre a' for aye maun be,
The bonnie lass o' Logie.
Awa' wi' care, &c.

* Menstry and Logie—two villages beautifully situated at the foot of the Ochils between Stirling and Alva.

The shepherd lo'es the sunny brae,
His lammies and his doggie;
I wonder what I e'er could lo'e,
Afore the lass o' Logie?
Awa' wi' care, &c.

The lovelicht flickers frae her e'en,
Like spunkies owre a boggie;
Her smile's the sunshine o' my life—
The bonnie lass o' Logie.
Awa' wi' care, &c.

I'm aye sae laith to tell my love,
Her e'e says, " Bashfu' body,
Ye'll no gie owre your dummie gaits,
An' bless the lass o' Logie."
Awa' wi' care, &c.

Love's liken'd to a wylie wean,
A wilfu' wanton roguie—
Ha! weel I ken he's thow'd the heart
O' bonnie Ann o' Logie!
Awa' wi' care, wi' cauld despair,
O' frien's I'll aye be vogie;
A plack I hae for weary wae,
My love for Ann o' Logie.

The Ochil Maid.

AIR—" *Ant-Ailleagan*."*

I'm laith to leave Ardgowan glen,
The burnie's cantie din,
My cottage where the cushat coos—
Her love lay owre the linn.
I canna, no, I daurna think
My bairnhood's haunts to flee,
Where I hae built a bonny bower,
My Ochil Maid, for thee.

The broom may scent the sunny knowes,
Aroun' my lassie's sheil,
An' summer's sweets may ne'er forsake
The braes she loe's sae weel ;

* Vide Albyn's Anthology, vol. i. p. 12.

But love has spread a honey'd feast,
Where care can never be,
Aneath the bower, the bonny bower,
That I hae built for thee.

The gaudes o' wealth we winna seek,
They're fashious as they're vain—
Within our cozie bield we'll hae
A heaven o' our ain.
And happiness shall be our lot,
And happy we will dee,
Syne sleep thegither where I've built
A bonny bower for thee.

The Answer.

THE bracken and the heather brae
O' bairnhood's love and glee,
My faither's cot, my kith an' kin,
My sunny hills I'll lea';
And should a sigh come frae my heart,
A feckless tear-drap fa'—
For scenes I ne'er may see again,
Ye'll kiss that tear awa'.

When ye sit down to sing a sang
O' Scotland's wae or weal,
Or lilt a lay o' auld langsyne,
I'll to my spinnin' wheel;

And should the simple strain to min'
Ae thought o' hame reca',
And bring a tear-drap to my e'e,
Ye'll kiss that tear awa'.

The Kelpie on the banks o' Gryfe *
May mak' an eerie din,
And waefu' down Ardgowan glen
May sough the wintry win' !
The wanderer we will welcome in
And should a tear drap fa'
In pity for the hameless poor,
Ye'll kiss that tear awa'.

* A hill stream above Greenock.

Ar Starnie.

Music by WILLIAM M'LAY.

THE grey mist now gatherin'
O'er Glume's lanely towers,*
May balsam wounds left by
The bee on the flowers ;
But soothe it can never
My sorrow and shame,
For nae door now opens
To welcome me hame.

Oh never again shall
I see the laird's son,
Wha led me to ruin
And left me undone ;

* Castle Campbell.

But ae starnie shines o'er
The Devon's pure breast,
To wile me awa' where
The warld-weary rest.

Then row, dearest Devon,
Sweet river, row on,
By thee I've been happy,
When ae starnie shone ;
And when I am laid
Where the hoar willows wave,
The same star will shine
On my low narrow grave.

An Auld Scottish Sang.

BRING ben bow and fiddle, my auld wifie dear,
Like oursels they're the waur baith o' tear and o' wear,
But ae tune I'll scribe ye, tho' feckless my han',
And a lilt it shall be o' our ain heather lan'—
The hame o' our bairnhood, sae famous in sang;
O leeze me, auld Scotland, on thee and on sang!

O' them that hae cheer'd us, when waesome were we,
The praises we'll sing till the day that we dee;
And when our last hour comes—as soon, soon it must—
May their sangs sough aboon us when laid in the dust.
An auld Scottish sang, a guid auld Scottish sang,
May we go to our graves wi' the honours o' sang.

We'll sing o' the bard wi' the " Wonderfu' Wean," *
To match him at sangs for the bairns there are nane;
May the joys of his heart ever blink frae his e'e,
Wi' little to fash him and far less to dree.
An auld Scottish sang, a guid auld Scottish sang—
O weel Willie loes a guid auld Scottish sang.

Slee Robbie † comes out wi' " Auld Peter Macrae "—
Sic a portrait he paints as the warld never saw;
But when he gets fu', as the *new year comes in*,
O foul fa' the loon wha would " keep in the pin."
An auld Scottish sang, a guid auld Scottish sang,
A tumbler for Robbie, o' punch, and a sang!

Ye cauld-water wights, owre your dribblins o' tea,
If care ye would conjure, the *helicon* pree;

* Mr William Miller of Glasgow.

† The late Mr Robert Gilfillan of Leith.

For dear to the Muse is the steam o' the still,
And what can gie life like a bicker o' yill?
A coggie o' peat-reek, the mither o' sang,
We'll haud by, the wells o' affection to fang.

A bumper to Charley,* the minstrel marine,
May never the saut tears o' grief blin' his een!
Till he sing wi' the seraph in heaven abune,
Where a gowd harp bespangled wi' pearls he'll tune,
Till, then, wi' a sang—a guid auld Scottish sang—
He'll no think the winter nichts eerie or lang.

There's Jamie,† the bard o' our love and our pride,
Wi' his *Wallet* o' sangs for the Scotch ingle side;
May the lilt o' his lyre ring owre valley an' brae,
Till Ailsa wi' Bass dance a jig owre a strae,

* The late Captain Charles Gray, R. M.

† Mr James Ballantine of Edinburgh.

We'll aye think the mair o' the bard and his sang,
Wha learns the weans wisdom *afore they can gang.*

The clerk* wha can tak' a bit "kiss 'hint the door,"
Or saften our hearts wi' his sangs and his lore,
We'll sing o' (tho' not in so lofty a strain
As he 'woke at the WIZARD o' ABBOTSFORD's fane.)
The honours o' sang, o' guid auld Scottish sang,
To him and to his may they ever belang.

Wha sings o' the blawart, the hip, and the slae,†
O' the land o' the thistle and heather-clad brae—
Wha sings o' the salmon, the deer, and the fawn,
Wi' a gun owre his shouther, a rod in his han',
Nae warmer heart beat's Scotia's minstrels amang,
Than the lad wha gars Till loup wi' joy to his sang.

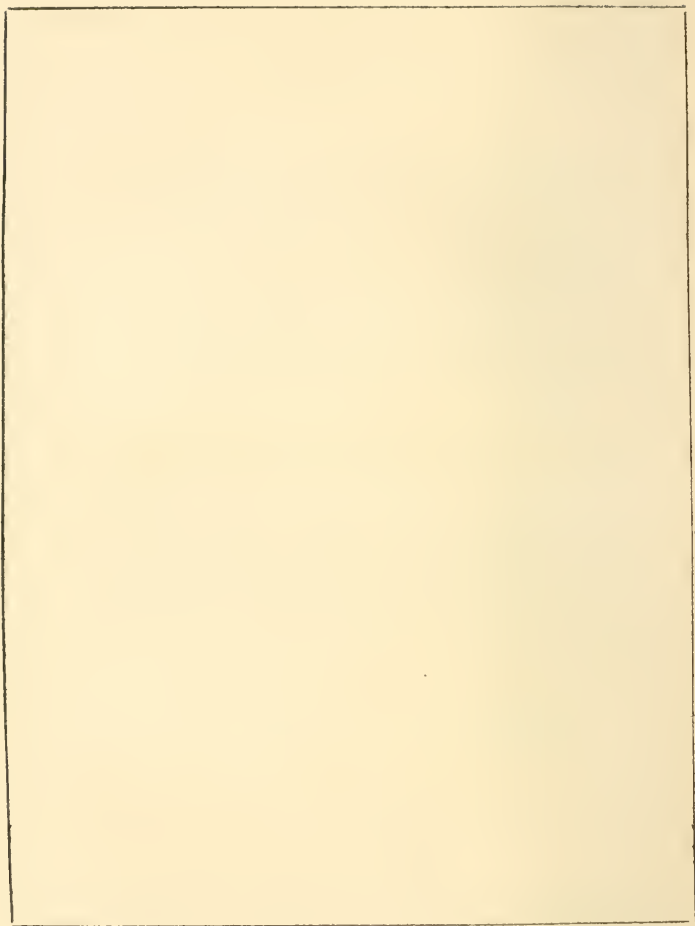
* Mr T. C. Latto, late of Edinburgh.

† Mr Wm. Air Foster of Glasgow.

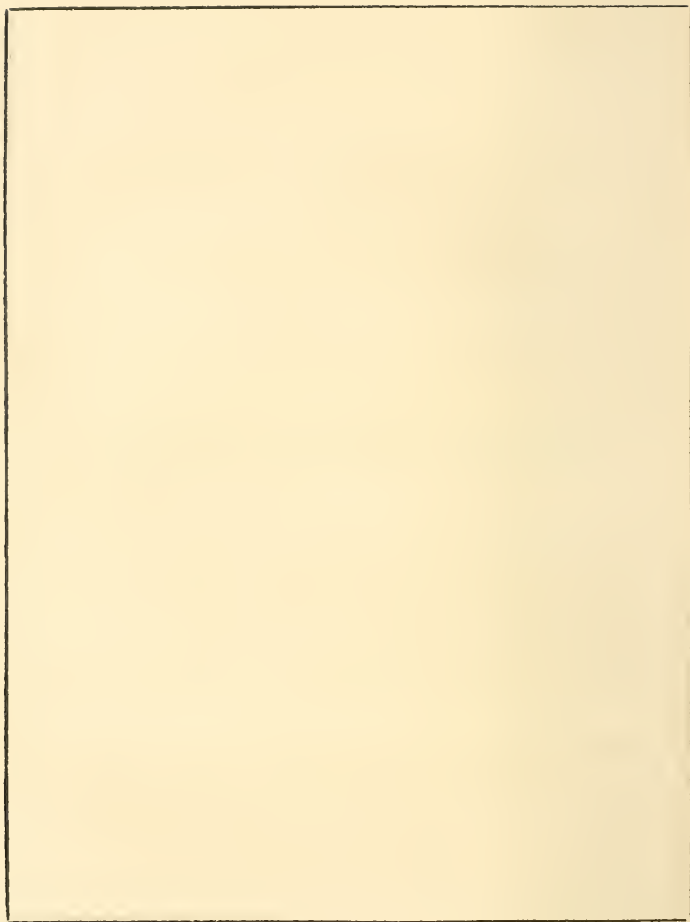
O' mair we nicht sing, but the nicht's wearin' late,
The Devon rins owre, and the hills brew a spate,
Bencleuch's* grisly beard's got a springlin' o' gray,
And scowlin', he bids brither Benbuck gude-day.
Let a' come that may come the winter night lang—
We'll share what we hae in the spirit o' sang.

Lay by bow and fiddle, my ain kindly dear,
And toom out a drappie, our auld hearts to cheer ;
Syne 'neath the warm blankets, till morning blinks ben,
We'll dream o' sic joys as the warld winna ken ;
In peace and contentment we'll eke out life's span,
And fricht awa' care wi' an auld Scottish sang.

* Bencleuch and Benbuck—two of the Ochil hills.



MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

The Christian Cottager.

“ O’er the sinner, still

The Christian had this one advantage more,
That when his earthly pleasures failed—and fail
They always did to every soul of man—
He sent his hopes on high, looked up, and reached
His sickle forth, and reaped the fields of heaven,
And plucked the clusters from the vines of God.”

Pollok’s Course of Time.

THE silver lake bland, like a dream of the blest,
Reflects the first rays of the bright star of even,
The minstrels of nature have sunk into rest,
And the hills are embalmed with the fragrance of heaven.

Slow sauntering the herd-boy comes whistling along,
Nor curbs his rude charge in their gambollings wild ;
Now soft o’er the fields comes the milk-maiden’s song,
Or the lilt of the cottar’s wife fondling her child.

But see ye yon cot in the gloom of the glen,
Where hovers the bee o'er a banquet of heath?
Afar from the haunts and the vices of men—
Few wild flowers bloom there for the minstrel to wreath.

Still pass it I ne'er could, for 'neath yon thatched roof
Ambition might blush o'er its follies and pride;
Humility give lucre's minion reproof,
Or the cares and the woes of the worldling deride.

But he who gave life and delight to the scene,
Now silently sleeps 'neath the grass-covered sod,
Whose joys the reviler of truth should have seen,
Has passed in the ripeness of years to his God.

I saw him when life's lamp burnt glimm'ring and dim,
Ere death had the soft bands of worn nature riven,
When faith had surmounted the barriers of sin,
And lit up the path of the pilgrim to heaven.

I've known the fair cheek of the maiden betray
The bosom-born secret of beauty and love,
In nature's pure language, in truth's bright array,
The low whispered vows I've heard virtue approve.

And when the pine faggot blazed bright in the cot,
I've seen the fond mother caress the fair child,
And from the dark leaves of her memory blot
Her cares and her sorrows when innocence smiled.

And when the fond husband returned from his toils,
To the home of his youthful love happy and gay,
How oft have I shared in the soft winning smiles
That wore the rude crust of his manhood away.

I've seen the wild joys of the exile returned,
Unfettered and free to the land of his love;
His pure heart the trammels of tyranny spurned—
Such feelings are holy, they come from above.

But ne'er from the bright eye of beauty might beam,
Ere pride has o'ershadowed the dawning of worth,
The peace-speaking mildness, the soul-softening gleam,
That told the last hour of the peasant on earth.

Nor yet the fond mother nor husband have shown,
Nor exile returned to the scenes of his youth,
The rapturous pleasures that peasant had known
When faith stilled his cares at the fountain of truth.

The Poor Old Man.

AN! Poor Old Man, how hard's thy fate,
How wretched and forlorn;
Can pity stay that falling tear,
Nor leave thee thus to mourn.

Thy dreams are fled of happy youth,
And none to pity left;
That home of innocence and truth,
Of all its joys bereft.

Still thou hast happiness in store,
Of purer joys to come;
For He who all our sorrows bore,
Shall soon thee welcome home.

Ah! Poor Old Man, affliction's child,
Thy son, in youthful prime,
Has left thee here to mourn his fate,
In a far distant clime.

Thy wife—thy last, thine only stay—
Now mould'ring in the dust;
Yet hope can brighten up the day,
And make thy sorrow blest.

For ne'er the harden'd heart shall know,
Those joys awaiting thee;
A rich inheritance in heaven,
A blest eternity.

Ah! Poor Old Man, thou soon must go,
Whence ne'er thou shalt return;
No child shall o'er thy cold grave bow,
No wife thy death shall mourn.

But heavenly hope shall soothe thy fears,
And calm thy troubled breast—
Shall wipe away the falling tears,
And give thy spirit rest.

And He who guards the fatherless—
The widow's only stay—
Shall lead thee through this wilderness,
And calm thy latter day.

In Memory of
Mrs John Munbray of Mairs,
WHO DIED AT CAMBUS ON THE 25TH MAY, 1853,
Aged 65 years.

Endowed with every Christian virtue
which makes youth beloved and old age honoured and revered;
without any sacrifice of natural feeling,
or ambitious desire of being held up to public admiration,
as a benefactress of the unfortunate,
the Divine precept,
“ He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,”
was constantly before her,
and found an echo in every movement
of her pure and benevolent breast.

What an all-merciful Providence
so bountifully and so wisely bestowed upon her,
with a grace and liberality worthy of all praise,
she shared with the poor;
and
in the full hope of a glorious resurrection,
her gentle spirit,
borne heavenwards on the sighs of the widow and the fatherless,
left its earthly tabernacle for the bosom of the Redeemer,
Sixteen years after the demise of her deeply lamented husband,
who was suddenly removed in the midst of his usefulness,
while discharging the duties of lay representative
of Auchterarder Presbytery,
at the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland,
May 28th, 1837.

Sadly and solemnly 'neath the green sod,
With what death had so ruthlessly 'reft her,
'Mong the dust of her sires, near the house of her God,
In a grief hallowed dwelling we left her.

But why shed a tear over feelingless clay,
Enough o'er the still heart we've sorrow'd;
The spirit has passed in its brightness away,
To that heaven from whence it was borrow'd.

The warrior may fall in the glow of his prime,
And his fame fleet—a phantom in story;
The lay of the bard feel the gnawings of time
And long ages o'ershadow his glory.

But they who would live when the sea and the earth,
Love's jewels,* long lost, will restore them,
Must yield in their hearts a response to her worth,
And her virtues keep ever before them.

* Malachi, 3d chap. 17th verse.

The Death of Saul.

II. SAMUEL, I. xxi.

BIND ye the cypress, fair daughters of Zion,
That erst with the timbrel could waken the lay ;
Gird on the sackcloth, fair daughters of Zion,
The strength of the mighty has faded away.

Gilboa ! no dew let thy green herbage cherish—
Let spring and bleak winter on thee be the same ;
On thy green-crested heights let the tall cedar perish—
On thee great Jehovah's anointed lies slain.

Let Ekron rejoice, and the warriors of Gath
Unbuckle the helmet, in peace to recline ;
Let Gaza the wine cup of Askelon quaff,
And thy first fruits, Azotus, be brought to the shrine.

The mighty are fallen ! the weapons of war,
Incrusted with blood, lie unsheathed on the plain ;
The cloud-sealing eagle espies from afar,
A feast 'mongst the valiant on Gilboa slain.

But, heard ye that voice ?—'twas Jehovah that spake !
Philistia ! Philistia ! no more shall rejoice !
Of thy banquets the children of Ur shall partake,
And the lures of thy maidens no more shall entice.

In thy halls shall the tiger at midnight carouse,
And the jackal, unscathed, tread the temple of Baal ;
Unburied, thy dead shall contagion diffuse,
And none shall be left o'er thy fate to bewail.

Autumnal Stanzas.

How beautiful, how beautiful,
Autumnal bright and fair,
Has nature tinged the fading year,
Then why should we despair?

The gardens teem with fruits and flowers,
The fields with golden grain;
These are the gifts of Heaven to man—
Then why should he complain?

How beautiful yon pebbled bay,
With ships from every clime,
With luxuries from every land;
Then why should we repine?

How glorious yon waterfall
That bounds 'twixt earth and heaven ;
Behold yon fragment dark and huge,
In nature's childhood riven,

From off yon rugged peak, where dwells
The eagle bold and free,
The noblest of the feathered tribe,
The bird of liberty ?

For he no tyrant lordling owns,
With power by wealth increas'd ;
No tinsel plaything is his God,
For Nature is his priest !

And circling in his cloudy hall,
From vile oppression freed ;
No earthly tyrant's power he owns,
For Freedom is his creed !

How beautiful, how beautiful,
Yon mountain's towering peak,
Above whose hoar uncultured brow,
The storms of winter sleep :

But far more beautiful the path
In lowly virtue trod ;
By him who wipes the mourner's tears,
Whose heart is with his God !

Resignation amid Poverty.

GREAT GOD, whom we adore,
We own thy power to save,
Life's short-lived transports o'er,
The prince but owns a grave.

What though from door to door,
I crave my daily bread;
Contentment gives the humble poor,
A sweet though lowly bed.

For me the varied groves,
Are clothed in brightest green,
The woods rebound with joy and love,
To bliss my childhood's dream.

For me the seasons roll,
To keep that truth in mind;
When parted from this earthly goal,
In Heaven a home to find.

The silver winding stream,
In ripples to the sea,
Can teach my soul to rest on Him,
Who form'd immensity.

The Spring's first dawning power,
The Summer's sultry heat,
The yellow harvest's freshening shower,
Alike I love to greet.

Unenvied thus I roam,
Through life's unequal road;
No passions mar my humble home,
When blest by Nature's God.

Immortality.

WHERE, immortality, on earth
Hast thou thy home? Had'st thou thy birth
In pyramid of ancient days?
By obelisk or sculptured vase
Where storied dust unconscious lies
Of pompous rites or obsequies?

Art thou the genius of the wave
That Britain's blissful islets lave?
The ruler of the rustling breeze
That wafts her gems o'er sunny seas
To deck thy brows, my sisters fair,
Or sparkle in thy mantling hair?
Thine, loveliest, is the power to free
The imprisoned soul of poesy,

And thine the soft and winning grace
That records of our woes deface,—
But lovelier far the cultured mind
With flowers that may our passions bind.

Where, Immortality, art thou?
In Druid's cave, on mountain's brow?
By mossy cairn, where warriors sleep,
Dost thou thy silent vigils keep?
Or softly sweep the Doric lyre
Where patriots lit the beacon fire,
And raised, my Fatherland, in thee,
Thy temple, glorious LIBERTY?
Wake, Minstrel, win a deathless name—
Embalm in song thy country's fame,
Ere penury, with ruthless power,
Assails thy cold unsheltered bower,
To blight the fragile flowers that spring
Around enchantress Fancy's ring.

The joys of earth thy home may flee,
Yet God thy friend and hope shall be.

Oh, Immortality, how vain
On earth to seek thy hallowed fane :
We know thee not, though powers unseen
Portray thy form in fancy's dream ;
We grasp the fleeting phantom—praise—
On fame our visioned hopes we raise ;
But thou, the zest of earthly leaven,
Dwellest amongst the bowers of Heaven.

Flowers.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

FLOWERS!

Beautiful flowers !

The power have ye
To bathe each sense
In ecstasy.

Flowers !

Beautiful flowers !

A potent spell
Have ye, life's woes—
Life's cares to quell.

Flowers !
Beautiful flowers !
Alike ye bloom
In lady's bower—
On patriot's tomb.

Flowers !
Beautiful flowers !
Ye come, ye go,
A priceless joy
To all below.

Flowers !
Beautiful flowers !
At woman's birth
Ye were the gift
Of Heaven to Earth.

Flowers !
Beautiful flowers !
From then till now
Ye've bloom'd to garnish
Beauty's brow.

Flowers !
Beautiful flowers !
From morn till even
Your tale is Love—
Your song is Heaven !
Round Infancy
By woman wove,
Ye tell us of
A world above.

The Beatified Boy.

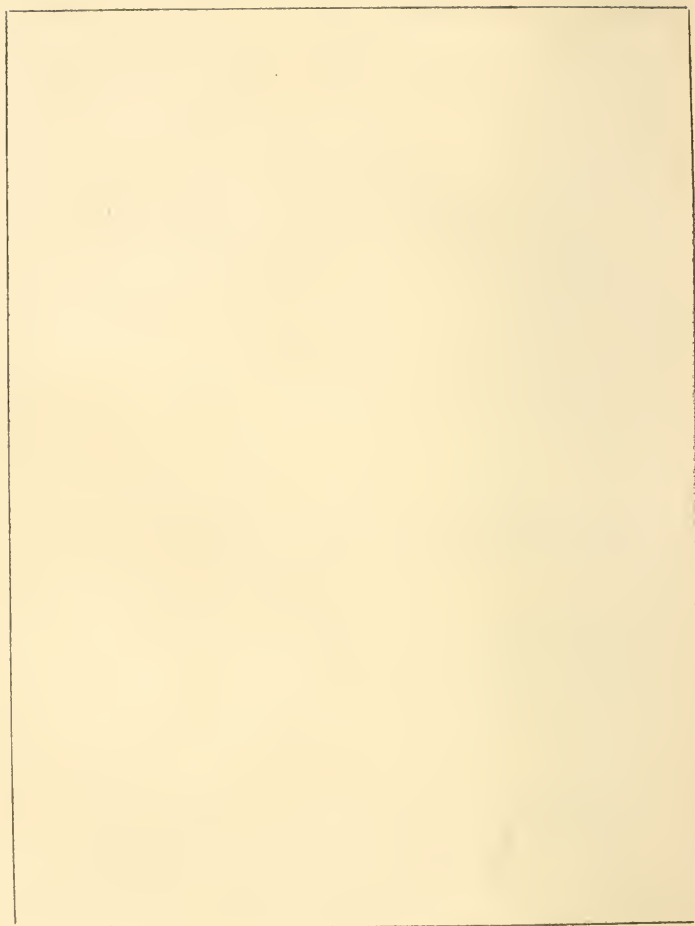
“ Let us think of them that sleep.”

A LITTLE boy, a beauteous little boy,
Lay slumbering at the gates of Paradise ;
And ever and anon as spirits passed
From this bleak world on embassies divine,
They wondering gazed to see such loveliness
Without the confines of their blest abode.

Fraught was the heavenly train with souls of men
Made pure and perfect in Siloam's pool—
The cleansing fountain of redeeming love.
From lyres, refulgent as the fitful gleam
Of Polar skies, or autumn's setting sun,
Each seraph brought a strain symphonious to
The gentle breathings of that sinless child,

And joyed to see the silken lashes raised
From those bright eyes, which seemed imploringly
To ask, *who brought me here?* In ecstasy
The angelic host ador'd ; for beauty,
As before them lay, was seldom found
On earth beneath, or worlds above the sun.
And through them ran the story of his life,
How from a poisonous soil a lily sprung
Too fair to bloom on earth—transplanted hence ;
No weeds nor brambles intercept the rays
Which beam to beautify the flowers of grace.

One little hand was raised to veil that brow,
So innocently calm, as bashfully
The cherub gazed upon the radiant throng,
And saw love beaming from each countenance ;
Entranced to know that happiness was his,
The smothered wish in fervent whispers fell
From those fair lips, “ Oh, were my mother here ! ”



“The Gatherin’ o’ the Bards.”

Burns’ Centenary.

SIR,

YOU are cordially invited to attend a Meeting of our
Local Poets in my house, on Tuesday, 25th January, 1859,
in Celebration of the Centenary of the Birth of SCOTIA’S
PLOUGHMAN MINSTREL.

Dinner on the Table at Seven o’clock p.m.

I am,

Yours aye,

JOHN CRAWFORD.

BROAD STREET,
ALLOA, *January 1, 1859.*

LIST OF TOASTS AND SONGS.


The Queen:

“God Almighty bless her; May every matron and maid in our island home emulate Her Majesty’s virtues.

Song—“The Queen o’ Bonnie Scotland,”—MR A. M’EWAN.

The British Constitution:

May it ever be, what it presently is, the polestar of Civilisation.

Song—“The Englishman,”—MR J. S. LEE.

Lord and Lady Abercromby:

May their domestic virtues have the same influence upon society as their forefathers’ heroism had upon the despotism of the world.

Song—“Gently rising Tullibody,”—MR DAVID M’NEIL.

The House of Ardgowan:

SIR MICHAEL SHAW STEWART and the LADY OCTAVIA—

May they ever be in the eyes of their country what they presently are.

Song—“The wee, wee German Lairdie,”—MR D. M’NEIL.

Robert Bald:

The Philanthropic and Renowned Mining Engineer.

Song—"Alloa House,"—MR T. MARTIN junior.

THE MEMORY OF BURNS:

"A name

That calls when brimm'd her festal cup,

A nation's glory and her shame

In silent sadness up."

Song—"Rantin' rovin' Robin,"—MR DAVID M'NEIL.

The Memory of Sir Walter Scott:

The enchanting tones of whose chivalric lyre shall only cease

. to delight mankind,

"When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,

And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below."

Song—"Hail to the Chief,"—MR J. S. LEE.

The Memory of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd:

Over the whole earth may it ever be, what it presently is, in
every quarter of his native Scotland.

"At evening fall, in lonesome dale,

He kept strange converse with the gale—

Held worldly pomp in high derision,

And wandered in a world of vision."

Song—"When the Kye come Hame,"—MR D. M'NEIL.

The Memories of Tannahill, Cunningham, M'Neil, and Wilson.

Song—"Bonnie Woods o' Craigielec,"—MR T. MARTIN jun.

The Memory of Professor Wilson.

Song—"Flowers of the Forest,"—MR J. S LEE.

The Memory of Thomas Campbell,

"THE BARD OF HOPE."

Song—"Battle of the Baltic,"—MR A. M'EWAN.

Henry Scott Riddel, and the Flibing Tynical Poets of Scotland;

Song—"The Land o' the Bonnet and Plaid,"—MR T. MARTIN junior.

"THE GATHERIN' O' THE BARDS,"

FROM THE ALLOA JOURNAL AND CLACKMANASHIRE ADVERTISER.

THIS interesting meeting, which, a few weeks ago, we, in common with many of our contemporaries, announced to take place in the house of our respected townsman, Mr John Crawford, author of "Doric Lays," &c., on the evening of the centenary of the birth of our great national poet, Robert Burns, came off with the greatest *éclat*—highly honourable to

that gentleman, and creditable to every one connected with it. The company, all of whom did not belong to "the bardie clan," several of Mr Crawford's intimate and more highly respected friends being present, met at seven o'clock, and sat down to a repast which would have done honour to the halls of the first aristocracy in the land. As a matter of course, the host occupied the chair, supported on the right by Mr David Taylor, St Ninians, and on the left by Mr Alexander M'Lauchlan, Bannockburn, while the duties of croupier were very efficiently discharged by Mr David M'Neil,—the youngest of all the poets who were present,—supported on the right by Mr Andrew Marshall, jun., Alva, and on the left by Mr Alexander Johnstone, Alloa. The room in which the meeting took place was tastefully and appropriately decorated ; banners that have braved both the battle and the breeze being hung round the walls, giving it all the appearance of an old baronial hall. On a pedestal, at the chairman's right, with a wreath of holly round his brow, stood the bust of the bard the first centenary of whose birth was that evening being celebrated, and whose praises were being sung by thousands in every quarter of the civilized world. Behind the chair, above the mantelpiece, were displayed on the wall two large swords, the blades of which were crossed. The one is a relic of Flodden Field, and the other a relic of Killiecrankie. Between the hilts of these

hung a portrait of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and betwixt their points, in a frame, was exhibited a horse-shoe found on the glorious field of Bannockburn. Over the whole hung an old straw bonnet which belonged to the song-celebrated Duchess of Athole. A fine plate of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and a beautiful portrait of the "literary Earl of Buchan," along with portraits of the poets Thomas Campbell, Professor Wilson, Allan Cunningham, &c., &c., adorned the walls. At the croupier's back was an old flag on which was painted the armorial bearings of the illustrious family of Abercromby; and suspended from the ceiling was a beautifully executed representation of a dove, with an olive leaf in its mouth. A snuff-mull, initialed "J. C.," and dated 1758, belonging to "Highland Mary's" father, was, along with an ancient helmet, belonging to the Marquis of Tulliebardine, and other very interesting curiosities also exhibited. The table groaned under the weight of the favourite national dainties with which it was loaded. From a "Highlandman's coggie," found at the battle of Sheriffsinnuir, rose, "like a distant hill," at the head of the table, the "hurdies" of a monster "haggis," kindly provided by Robert Moubray, Esq. of Cambus, and in which was stuck a pin made out of the wood of the "Red Well Bush," which was cut down a few years ago, bearing a card on which was printed these lines:—

“Fair fa’ your honest sonsie face,
Tho’ a’ should gang a-gley,
Great chieftain o’ the puddin’ race,
Immortal thou shalt be !”

Fish, fowl, venison, &c., were in abundance, all of which came from localities celebrated in Scottish Song. Ample justice having been done to the good things provided, the cloth was removed, whereupon the chairman proposed the following toasts, all of which were enthusiastically responded to :—“The Queen,” (which toast was drunk in wine from an ancient and ornamental drinking goblet which belonged to the sapient Solomon of Scotland, King James VI., and which was allowed to stand on the table the whole of the night)—“The British Constitution ;” “Lord and Lady Abercromby ;” “Robert Bald, Esq., the ‘world renowned’ mining engineer.” Mr Teirney then proposed in appropriate terms “The House of Ardgowan.” The chairman then placed upon the table a large punch-bowl which belonged to Burns, and which was presented by him to “the celebrated Johnnie Dowie, Edinburgh ; after which he produced a quantity of whisky kindly sent by Robert Moubray, Esq. ; “of real auld Cambus stuff,” brewed, as the labels said, when the Devon was a clear-winding stream ; also a quantity of rare old aqua from Andrew Mitchell, Esq., magistrate. Besides these he brought for-

ward a jar of real Kilbagie, which was presented to him by Andrew Jameson, Esq., sheriff-clerk for the county of Clackmannan, in the bung of which was stuck a pin, made from the "Bush aboon Traquair," bearing a card, on which was printed these lines :—

"Here is a jar o' precious stuff
That weel deserves a double puff;
Nae better drink can weet the craigie
As Robin says than 'dear Kilbagie.'"

A quantity of these having been mixed in the bowl, toddy was brewed, after which the chairman rose and proposed the toast of the evening,—“The Immortal Memory of Burns,”—reading at the same time a poem written by himself for the occasion. He then requested the croupier to sing “Rantin’ rovin’ Robin,” which request having been complied with, the toast was drunk in a manner becoming the occasion. Numerous poems and songs, written in special honour of the “gatherin’” were then given, the recitation of which took about two hours, and an able and eloquent tribute was paid to the memory of the poet by Mr Alexander Johnstone of Edinburgh. A long poem and song from the inspired pen of the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell, the “last of the border bards,” author of “Scotland Yet,” and some of our finest love songs, as an apology for his

inability to be present at the meeting, was then read by the croupier and much admired. These are in type, and we shall publish them next week. Want of space, we are sorry to say, fairly compels us this week to withhold them both. At this stage of the proceedings Thomas Duncanson, Esq., Glen Sciennes Distillery, Edinburgh, stepped into the room to the astonishment of all present, and placed on the table a well-filled greybeard of his own manufacture. Mr Duncanson would have been at the commencement of the meeting, but being unexpectedly detained, he managed to get to Stirling by a late train, and then hired to Alloa. The list of toasts was then proceeded with—"The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," proposed by Mr Willison; "The Memory of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd," by Mr Hogg; "The Memories of Tannahill, Cunningham, M'Neil, and Wilson," by the croupier; "The Memory of Professor Wilson," by the Chair; "The Memory of Thomas Campbell," by Mr Marshall; and, "Henry Scott Riddell and the Living Lyrical Poets of Scotland," by Mr John Haldane, jun., who confined his remarks to Riddell, Crawford, Ballantyne, Sinclair, Millar, MacLaggan, and Smart. During the night, Mr Crawford had numerous visitors, invited and uninvited, all of whom he made welcome. Several songs were sung in fine style by Messrs Martin, M'Ewan, Lee, and others. The chairman and croupier wore

on their breasts a St Andrew's cross made of blue and white ribbons, in the centre of which was a small, beautiful photograph of their mighty minstrel sire—"the ploughman bard," which were universally admired. The Flute Band, who paraded the town, drew up at Mr Crawford's door and played several Scottish airs in honour of his "gatherin'" and were handsomely treated. The affair was a great success; and we doubt much if another meeting of the kind took place in the whole world. The manner in which the edibles were prepared by Mrs Crawford, and in which everything was served up, merit the highest praise.

WE intimated to our readers that it was our intention to give publicity to one or two of the poetical effusions written in honour of the late world wide celebration of the centenary of the birth of our national poet, Robert Burns, and which were read at this interesting meeting. We can only at present afford to give the apologetic poem and the song written by the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell, Teviothead Cottage, Hawick, and other two effusions written for the occasion by gentlemen present.

TO THE GIFTED BARD OF ALLOA.

BROTHER JOHN CRAWFORD.

OH, how I'd like at Alloa
To be, when gloamin' 'gan to fa',
 On Januar' twenty-fifth;
At generous Crawford's board to sit,
To share his sang, and crack, and wit,
 And that o' them him with :
'Tis that eventfu' day's return,
 After ha'e passed awa'
A hundred years, on which was born
 The flower o' mankind a' ;
Wha warmed them, and charmed them,
 Wi' nature's lore at will,
And wha yet, 'bune a' yet,
 Will charm them ever still.

But circumstances—grousome loons !
In ane o' our auld Border touns,
 Ha'e doomed me to abide ;
Wha's magistrates, and a' the rest,
May ha'e for sang far less o' zest
 Than borough pomp and pride :

And whan were a' the flash and fare
 O' palaces sae fine
As that whilk still the saul can share,
 Whaur leal warm hearts combine,
To meet ane, and greet ane,
 Wi' glorious things and strang,
Amid still the gude will,
 O' lads o' sense and sang.

Oh ! Burns, what hearts ha'e ye delighted,
And in fond friendship's bands united,
 By thy immortal lays !
Wha haply else had never yet
Fund ane anither out, and met
 Amid life's darksome maze :
Sae kenned na' what's the kenning worth,
 When genial hearts comply
To twine the sympathies on earth,
 That live abune the sky ;
But cheerless, as gearless,
 Snoove on as 'mid a mist,
The pathway to death aye,
 By aught o' worth unblest.

Oh ! weel may Scotland joy in thee,
And drap, too, o'er thy memory,
 A tear frae out the heart :
Frae mine at least, by night or day,
While its pulse waddles on its way,
 It never can depart ;
And last year's leaves shall green again
 Grow, when the spring returns,
Ere Scotland cease to list the strain,
 And bless the name o' Burns ;
Still joying, yet sighing,
 That he sic war wad wage,
Throughout a', the route a',
 O' his short pilgrimage.

Oft ha'e I thought how he wad sough,
His lore inherent, at the pleugh,
 To some auld Scottish tune ;
While yet his genius stude in awe,
And he himsel' wad trow it raw,
 And dared do nought but croon ;
Till patriotism lit the flame,
 And love and friendship's glow,

And fixed upon his heart a claim
 It might nae mair forego ;
But firmly, and warmly
 The lyre o' Scotland took,
And rung on't, and sung on't,
 Till wae the land forsook.

But Crawford dear—for weel ken ye
That ye are deeply dear to me,
 And sae is ilka Bard ;
That day this heart will ever bless,
(Tho' I can meet thee not in this)
 That first thy voice I heard :
Thine ain are lays that aye will live,
 For sweeter there are nane,
And joy to Scotland's heart will give,
 When you and me are gane ;
She'll glory still o'er ye,
 And crown thee wi' her crest,
And name thee, and fame thee,
 'Mang lads wha sang the best.

Blessed be thysel', and wife, and weans,
And a' the leal and frankly free anes,

That meet thee on yon day,
And doomed although to stay apart,
Believe me, frae thee this auld heart,
Will not be far away :
Tell a', that Burns has turned the tide,
And deep it rins and strang,—
Even here, upon our Borderside,
There's nought in vogue but sang :
I've penned it, and send it,—
Scotia's ain sang to thee,
Though aye here, I'll pay ne'er,
The honour done to me.

For ye ha'e ranked me 'mang the rest
O' thae on earth that I lo'e best—
The Bards o' Scotland's Isle—
Alas! that now sae few remain!
But Scotland's glory to maintain,
We just the mair maun toil :
O'er thy leal heart nae shadow fa'
Its ardour to abate,
In that which still is mair than a'
The power o' rank and state ;

Then till't yet, and lilt it,
 On strings divinely strung,
And ring it, and sing it,
 As weel as ye ha'e sung.

II.

S A N G.

TUNE—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

I HEARD the seraphs sing this glee—
"Within your cycle o' the sea
Thou Island o' the famed and free
 May a' that's gude attend ye,"—
Sae up auld Scotland raised her powe,
And brushed the bars o' Heaven's ain bowe
Wi' thistle-tufts, that she gars grow
 Aroun' the free and friendly.

Quo' she, they howl 'bout freedom's cause
In lands where ne'er a muirecock craws,
Then their ain win'pipes slit wi' paws
 That long ha'e greened to rend me.

But let them travel a' the airts,
Within creation's far out-skirts,
They'll fin' amang them a' nae hearts
Like them that still defend me.

They meet na sae, nor soon to part,
When wit and worth come them athwart,
And melody weds heart to heart,
And they a lift would lend me.
My auld grey plaid they roun' them fit,
And they maun stand wha canna sit,
To drink a cup to Scotland yet,
And a' the free and friendly.

Fair fa' ilk douce and honest dame,
Wha right and tight keeps a' at hame,
And she—the lass I needna name,
For loveliness sae kenned aye.
Let them o' faes be ne'er afeared,
While my grey lion wears his beard,
To ward them frae a' warlike weird,
Backed by the free and friendly.

The simmer season ance agane,
Fareweel o' my wild hills has ta'en,
And Winter, left to pay the kain,
 May darksome days but send me.
But I will nouthur glunsh nor growl,
Like lands o' cauld uncordial soul,
But place a wee just cheek for chowl,
 The free-born and the friendly.

And they will trim auld friendship's ties,
Till warmth o' heart and saul shall rise,
To meet the cluds frae aff the skies,
 That roun' and roun' o'erbend me.
Bring back the joys o' other years,
And wake the hopes that geck at fears,
And a' that life to life endears,
 Amang the free and friendly.

O' a' my touns by hill and glen,
Auld Alloa's worth ither ten,
For lovely maids and honest men,
 And sangs that can commend me.

And while its sons their worth can prove,
Its laddies woo and lassies love,
The Bard's wild garlands shall be wove
 To crown the free and friendly.

III.

'To a' men livin', be it ken'd,
Ae matchless nicht we mean to spend
In house o' Highland Mary's friend,
 We've met to honour Robin.

Frae crystal fount John Maut shall flow
To drown dull care an' sullen woe,
For 'tis a hundred years ago
 Since birth was gi'en to Robin.

I wat when to the warld he cam'
The ceremony was nae sham,
The howdy weel deserved a dram
 At bringin' hame o' Robin.

An' Robin grew a dainty chiel,
His head could think, his heart could feel,
An' Scottish maids he liket weel
 An' i' their praise sang Robin.

Tho' but a peasant lad, I trow,
He ranks amang the favoured few—
Elisha like, when at the plough,
 The mantle fell on Robin.

Whene'er he struck his country's lyre,
The raptur'd soul was a' on fire—
Nae wonder than we should admire
 The strains o' rantin' Robin.

Foul fa' the loon that could disgrace
The chieftain o' the rhyming race;
Our love for haggises shall cease
 Ere love we tine for Robin.

He aye was generous an' kind,
An' had an independent mind;
O whare on record shall we find
 Ane to compare wi' Robin.

For lang-faced folk nae love he bore,
The cloaks o' hypocrites he tore,
An' set the warl' in a roar
O' lauchin' at them, Robin.

The "Holy Fair" he pictured well,
On "Hallowe'en" he cast a spell,
An' e'en the very "Deil" himsel'
Gat an address frae Robin.

His sangs o' Wallace and o' Bruce,
His "Cottar's Nicht," "Twa Dogs," and "Louse,"
The "Mountain Daisy" an' the "Mouse,"
Keep up the fame o' Robin.

While heroes brave gar faemen flee,
While love can mak' sic parties gree,
The Thistle, emblem o' the free,
Shall proudly wave for Robin.

Though death relentless didna spare
This bard wi' mind sae rich an' rare,
In spite o' death, for ever mair,
He'll live, immortal Robin.

Then though cauld water cuifs should scorn,
While wit comes out o' Barleycorn
We'll sit until the blink o' morn
To pree and sing o' Robin.

IV.

ROBIN cam' o' humble birth,
And grew beside a lowly hearth,
Still he was o' precious worth—
Our dainty Robin Burns.

Wi' cheerfu' heart through life he toiled,
An' at misfortune calmly smiled,
An' sang his native woodnotes wild—
Our dainty Robin Burns.

He ne'er could boast o' college art,
Yet mither wit supplied its part,
He frae the heart spak' to the heart—
Our dainty Robin Burns.

In nature's hamely phrase he sung,
Yet far and wide his fame has rung
Sae powerfu' was the harp he strung—
Our dainty Robin Burns.

How saft and smooth his numbers flow,
When moved by either joy or woe,
He mak's the cauldest bosom glow—
Our dainty Robin Burns.

Oh, hear his wail for Mary dead,
Or "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
He baith can mak' us sad and glad—
Our dainty Robin Burns.

A spell he's thrown o'er his dear Coil,
The braes o' Doon an' Ballochmyle,
He's hallowed e'en his native isle—
Our dainty Robin Burns.

Come forth ye hardy toiling thrang,
Revere the matchless son o' sang,
He to your number did belang—
Your dainty Robin Burns.

But where, O! where is there a Scot,
In spacious hall or rural cot,
Sure there is nane wha lo'es him not—
Our dainty Robin Burns.

Then let us hail his natal day,
An' homage to his memory pay,
We a' are proud, and so we may—
O dainty Robin Burns.

Let Albion rouse her Avon swain,
An' laud him in the highest strain,
Yet, king o' sangsters, aye maun reign—
Our dainty Robin Burns.

V.

THANKS, Crawford, for thy invitation,
To your's and Burns' demonstration,
But "business" stares me in the face,
An' this time ye maun grant me grace ;
I've sought in vain to woo the Muses,
But they defy me and excuses ;

And frae the bumps o' my phrenology
I scarce can scart a fair apology.

The Alloa rhymsters maun inherit
A portion o' the minstrel's spirit,
An' ha'e the pluck to meet an' show it
In honour o' the immortal poet.

Gi'e a' the happy rhymmin' tribe
The best, best wishes o' the scribe,
Say, that altho' I canna see them,
My very heart gangs gladly wi' them ;
Ever by me in admiration
The minstrel's held in veneration,
And that I hope ere day returns
They'll spend "a happy nicht wi' Burns."

VI.

The following is from the pen of a highly respected gentleman who, like the writer of the above, and several others, was unable to be present :—

LET ane an' a' their voices raise,
An' sing our ploughman minstrel's praise—
He set a' Scotland in a blaze,
An' still it burns for Robin.

CHORUS.

Our island braves the stormy sea,
A wall around the brave an' free,
Then let us meet an' sing wi' glee
The praise o' rantin' Robin.

O lassies, a' his kindness tell,
Upon his manly virtues dwell,
Nane could describe your charms so well,
Or in sic strains as Robin.

Our island braves, &c.

Then sing ye bardies auld an' young,
The mantle o'er you may be flung,
For frae an Ayrshire cottage sprung
The prince o' poets Robin.

Our island braves, &c.

Then oh, each patriotic bard,
Arise an' let your voice be heard,
An' heartless tyrants disregard,
A man's a man wi' Robin.
Our island braves, &c.

VII.

The following was written for the occasion by a gentleman present, and whose effusions have on more than one occasion adorned our columns. It will be observed that it is in the form of an acrostic—the first letter of each verse making, when put together, the words “Robin Burns:”—

RAISE high the shout, and raise the bowl,
Weel fill'd wi' Scotland's nappy dew,
And pledge a toast to Robin's name,
The gifted, gen'rous, and the true.

CHORUS.

For Robin was a charming boy,
A witty, independent earl,
And Robin's name shall live for aye,
Auld Scotland's pride ower a' the warl'.

Our hearths he sang, our hills and dales,
Our streams and woodlands, shaws and glens,
Our buxom maids and happy swains,
Our foamin' linns and rashy fens.

For Robin was a charming boy,
A rhyming, independent carl, &c.

Brawling cant and priestly pride,
All worldly shams he held in scorn,
And when his saul laithed to defend,
“ Better he never had been born.”

For Robin was a charming boy,
A dauntless, brave, and noble carl, &c.

In him nae narrow spirit moved,
Nae jealousies unjust and vain,
All loveliness he sung and loved,
And vice alone felt his disdain.

For Robin was a darling boy,
An open-hearted gen'rous carl, &c.

Nae better lad e'er tuned the lyre,
Noo on the willows all unstrung,

And nane again shall e'er aspire
To chant such strains as Robin sung.
For Robin was a matchless boy,
A bauld, and brave, and gifted carl, &c.

Born only to a lowly lot,
He has achieved a lordly fame,
And though our kings may be forgot,
We'll venerate our Robin's name.
For Robin was a darling boy,
A glorious, independent carl, &c.

Upon his fate nae fortune smiled,
To raise him o'er the peasant thrang,
But Nature knew her darling child,
And dowered him wi' the gift o' sang.
For Robin was a minstrel boy,
A singing, independent carl, &c.

Resplendent as the noon-tide sun,
His fame now circles all the earth,

And while that orb his race shall run,
We'll glory in our poet's birth.

For Robin was a charming boy,
A noble, gifted, glorious carl, &c.

Nae cank'ring cares shall vex our hearts,
Nae angry jar shall mar our glee,
We'll meet as brithers ought to meet,
And pledge his name in barley bree.

For Robin was a darling boy,
A blythsome, gay, and happy carl, &c.

Sae raise the shout and raise the bowl,
Weel filled wi' Scotland's nappy dew,
And pledge a toast to Robin's name,
The gifted, dauntless, and the true.

For Robin was a darling boy,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten carl, &c.

VIII.

The following was also written for the occasion, and read by the author, who was present :—

O THAT some muse would me inspire,
And nerve me wi' poetic fire,
Or gift me wi' a poet's lyre,
And rowth o' rhyme,
That I might wake the golden wire,
To strains sublime.

But, brither bardies, don't refuse
This rant, though rhyme ye maun excuse,
For wae's my heart, nae generous muse
Will kindly shed
Her sweet exhilarating dews
Upon my head.

What though it's true I ha'e na got
The powers o' Ramsay, Hogg, or Scott,
Campbell, or Tannahill, wha wrote
Wi' souls o' fire,
Surely, though humble is my lot,
Ye'll list my lyre.

Rise, Scotland, tune your stock and horn,
And hail the ever-glorious morn
Whereon your minstrel Burns was born,
 Whose name shall live for ever ;
A hundred years ha'e winged their flicht,
Since through a' Kyle 'twas said ae nicht
A child this day has seen the licht
 Whose fame shall perish never.

Apollo blessed the darling boy,
A harp he gave him for a toy,
The Graces grat wi' very joy,
 And danc'd an' sang wi' madness ;
But when auld Scotland heard his lays,
She knew the harp o' ancient days,
And wreathed his brow wi' fadeless bays,
 Then gaed clean gyte wi' gladness.

His was a harp whose magic tones
Made kings to tremble on their thrones,
Or softened hearts harden'd as stones,
 Whene'er he touched its chords ;

No craven sycophant was he,
No crouching slave to bend the knee
To belted knights o' high degree,
Priests, princes, or titled lords.

His noble soul all meanness spurn'd,
He never from the polestar turn'd,
The heart that in his bosom burn'd
O'erflowed wi' love and kindness.
He heeded not the critic's sneer,
Nor yet the bigot's taunting jeer,
He scurg'd wi' scorpions priest and peer,
And syne lauch'd at their blindness.

He lang-faced hypocrites abhorr'd,
And on their heads contumely pour'd,
Till on him some heaven's curse implor'd,
Sae piercing were his arrows.
Nae Atheist I trow was he,
Religion ! dearly he lov'd thee ;
And when men curse his memory,
My inmost soul it harrows.

He sang auld Scotland's heathery hows,
Her mist-clad hills and broomy knowes,
And classic made ilk stream that rows
 On to the sea in beauty.

He roosed in sang her matrons auld,
And maidens fair sweet love tales tauld,
The Wallace wicht and Bruce sae bauld,
 Wha ever did their duty.

O Burns, thou glorious Prince o' sang,
The mightiest a' our bards amang,
We meet this nicht to honour thee,
On this thy first centenary;
To crowd around thy ain punchbowl,
And raise a monument of soul,
To glory in thy boundless fame,
And praise in sang thy deathless name.

Immortal Bard ! what though nae lord
Presides at generous Crawford's board,
(O let thy spirit grace our meeting,
Although its stay be ne'er so fleeting,)

The hardy sons of toil are here,
Who shall thy memory aye revere,
And hail with joy, as it returns,
The day that blessed us with a Burns.

THE END.

Prospectus.

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