

ORIGINAL POEMS.

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THE GRAVE OF THE MISANTHROPE.*

I SAT upon the hermit's grave ;
'Twas on a smiling summer's day,
When all around the gloomy spot
Was brightened by the skies of May.
In undistinguished lowliness
I found the little mound of earth,
And bitter weeds o'ergrew the place,
As if his heart had given them birth,
And they from thence their nurture drew—
In such luxuriance they grew.

No friendship to his grave had lent
Such rudely-sculptured monument
As marked the peasant's place of rest ;
For he, the latest of his race,
Had left no friend behind, to trace
Such frail memorial o'er his breast.
But near his head a sapling waved
The honours of its slender form,
And in its loneliness had braved
The autumn blast, the winter storm.

* This poem relates to David Ritchie, a deformed and eccentric pauper, who, for many years previous to 1811, dwelt in a solitary cottage in the vale of Manor, near Peebles, and is allowed by Sir Walter Scott to have been the prototype of the fictitious character of the Black Dwarf. With an intellect of considerable native strength, and by no means uncultivated, this poor hater of his kind had a superstitious veneration for the mountain-ash, or rowan-tree, and his grave in Manor churchyard was marked by a plant of that species.

Some friendly hand the tribute gave,
 To mark the undistinguished grave,
 That, drooping o'er that sod, it might
 Repay a world's neglectful scorn,
 And catching sorrow from the night,
 There weep a thousand tears at morn.

It was an emblem of himself,
 A mateless, solitary thing,
 To which no circling season might
 An hour of greener gladness bring ;
 A churchyard desert was its doom,
 Its parent soil a darkling tomb ;
 Such was the Solitary's fate,
 So joyless and so desolate ;
 For, blasted soon as it was given,
 His was the life that knew no hope,
 His was the heart that knew no heaven :
 Then, stranger, by one pitying drop
 Forgive, forgive the Misanthrope !

1821.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

SOFT star of eve, whose trembling light
 Gleams through the closing eye of day,
 Where clouds of dying purple bright
 Melt in the shades of eve away,
 And mock thee with a fitful ray,
 Pure spirit of the twilight hour,
 Till forth thou blazest to display
 The splendour of thy native power.

'Twas thus, when earth from chaos sprung,
 The smoke of forming worlds arose,
 And, o'er thine infant beauty hung,
 Hid thee awhile in dark repose ;
 Till the black veil dissolved away,
 Drunk by the universal air,
 And thou, sweet star, with lovely ray,
 Shone out on paradise so fair.

When the first eve the world had known
 Fell blissfully on Eden's bowers,
 And earth's first love lay couched upon
 The dew of Eden's fairest flowers ;

Then thy first smile in heaven was seen
 To hail the birth of love divine,
 And ever since that smile hath been
 The sainted passion's hallowed shrine :
 Can lover yet behold thy beam
 Unmoved, unpassioned, unrefined ?
 While there thou shin'st the brightest gem,
 To Night's cerulean crown assigned.

Since then, how many gentle eyes
 That love and thy pure ray made bright,
 Have gazed on thee with blissful sighs—
 Now veiled in everlasting night !
 Oh, let not love or youth be vain
 Of present bliss, and hope more high ;
 The stars—the very clods remain—
 Love, they, and all of theirs must die !

Now throned upon the western wave,
 Thou tremblest coyly, star of love !
 And dip'st beneath its gleamy heave
 Thy silver foot, the bath to prove.
 And though no power thy course may stay,
 Which nature's changeless laws compel,
 To thee a thousand hearts shall say—
 Sweet star of love, farewell, farewell !

1821.

MY NATIVE BAY.

My native bay is calm and bright,
 As e'er it was of yore,
 When, in the days of hope and love,
 I stood upon its shore ;
 The sky is glowing, soft and blue,
 As once in youth it smiled,
 When summer seas and summer skies
 Were always bright and mild.

The sky—how oft hath darkness dwelt
 Since then upon its breast ;
 The sea—how oft have tempests woke
 Its billows from their rest !
 So oft hath darker wo come o'er
 Calm self-enjoying thought ;
 And passion's storm a wilder scene
 Within my bosom wrought.

Now, after years of absence, passed
 In wretchedness and pain,
 I come, and find those seas and skies
 All calm and bright again.
 The darkness and the storm from both
 Have trackless passed away ;
 And gentle as in youth, once more
 Thou seem'st, my native bay !

Oh that, like thee, when passion's o'er,
 And all my griefs are past,
 This ravaged bosom might subside
 To peace and joy at last !
 And while it lay all calm like thee,
 In pure unruffled sleep,
 Might there a heaven as bright as this
 Be mirrored in its deep !

1823.

P A R A P H R A S E

OF THE FIRST ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE ODES OF HORACE.

*Intermissa, Venus, diu rursus bella moves?
 Parce, precor, precor——*

ONCE more, enchantress, wilt thou try
 To wars long ceased my soul to move—
 Cease, cease, I pray, nor think that I
 Again can e'er be warmed to love.

What once I was, I am not now,
 Alas ! nor e'er shall be again,
 Since years have left upon my brow
 Their tracks of passion, grief, and pain.

Go to the youth whose eager prayers
 Are hourly breathed before thy shrine,
 And leave to its austerer cares
 This cold reluctant heart of mine.

I see thee in the mazy dance
 To witching measures brightly move,
 I feel the lightning of thy glance—
 But yet I cannot, cannot love.

Nor, though I might, could love avail
 To chain the swift-decaying hours?—
 As pulses in our temples fail,
 Although we wreath them round with flowers.

Age now advances—loveless, vile,
 Age, sullen, torpid, cold, severe—
 When pleasure yields no grateful smile,
 And pain brings no relieving tear.

1825.

THE LADYE THAT I LOVE.

WERE I a doughty cavalier,
 On fire for high-born dame,
 With sword and lance I would not fear
 To win a warrior's fame :
 But since no more stern deeds of blood
 The gentle fair may move,
 I'll woo in softer, better mood,
 The ladye that I love.

For helmet bright with steel and gold,
 And plumes that flout the sky,
 I'll wear a soul of hardier mould,
 And thoughts that sweep as high :
 For scarf athwart my corslet cast,
 With her fair name y-wove,
 I'll have her pictured in my breast,
 The ladye that I love.

No crested steed through battle throng
 Shall bear me bravely on,
 But pride shall make my spirit strong,
 Where honours may be won :
 Amidst the great of mind and heart,
 My prowess I will prove,
 And thus I'll win by gentler art
 The ladye that I love.

1825.

TO THE BELL-ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

STRANGE fancies rise at sight of thee,
 Tower of the dim and silent sea.
 Art thou a thing of earth or sky,
 Upshot from beneath, or let down from on high ?

A thing of the wave, or a thing of the cloud,
 The work of man, or the work of God ?
 Old art thou—has thy blue minaret
 Seen the young suns of creation set ?
 Or did but the yester years of time
 Wake their old eyes on thy youthful prime,
 Object of mystery sublime ?

Strange are thy purposes and fate,
 Emblem of all that's desolate.
 Outcast of earth, as if cursed and exiled,
 Thou hast taken thy place on the ocean wild,
 And rear'st, like a mournful repentant Cain,
 Thy conscious and flame-lettered brow on the main,
 Telling all who might come to companion and cheer,
 To shun thy abode of destruction and fear !

Hermit of the waste of sea,
 Loneliest of all things that be,
 The pillared fanatic was nothing to thee !
 Morn breaks on thy head with a blush and a smile,
 Noon pours all his splendours around thy lone pile ;
 The long level sunbeams that gild thee at eve,
 Cast thy shade till 'tis lost o'er the far German wave ;
 Or night falls upon thee, as dew falls on tree—
 Yet these alternations no change bring to thee.
 Let the sea, as the heaven which it mirrors, be calm,
 And each breath of the breeze bear its own load of balm ;
 Or let this bleak pavement be traversed and torn
 By those white-crested war-waves, on north-westers borne,
 That seem, as they rush to old Albany's strand,
 A new troop of Norsemen invading the land ;
 Or let the rough mood of this long-trooping host
 In the madder conflict of the tempest be lost,
 And to the wild scene deepest darkness be given,
 Save where God pours his fire through the shot-holes of
 heaven ;
 In calm and in breeze, amidst tempest and flame,
 Thou art still the same beautiful, terrible same !.

1826.

TO SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND ! the land of all I love,
 The land of all that love me ;
 Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
 Whose sod shall lie above me !

Hail, country of the brave and good,
 Hail, land of song and story ;
 Land of the uncorrupted heart,
 Of ancient faith and glory !

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
 Thy sky is glowing o'er me ;
 Like mother's ever-smiling face,
 Thy land lies bright before me.
 Land of my home, my father's land,
 Land where my soul was nourished ;
 Land of anticipated joy,
 And all by memory cherished !

Oh, Scotland, through thy wide domain,
 What hill, or vale, or river,
 But in this fond enthusiast heart
 Has found a place for ever ?
 Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
 To shelter farm or sheiling,
 That is not garnered fondly up
 Within its depths of feeling ?

A down thy hills run countless rills,
 With noisy, ceaseless motion ;
 Their waters join the rivers broad,
 Those rivers join the ocean :
 And many a sunny, flowery brae,
 Where childhood plays and ponders,
 Is freshened by the lightsome flood,
 As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descending vales,
 And on the lonely mountain,
 How many wild spontaneous flowers
 Hang o'er each flood and fountain !
 The glowing furze—the 'bonny broom,'
 The thistle, and the heather ;
 The blue-bell, and the gowan fair,
 Which childhood loves to gather.

Oh for that pipe of silver sound,
 On which the shepherd lover,
 In ancient days breathed out his soul
 Beneath the mountain's cover !

Oh for that Great Lost Power of Song,
 So soft and melancholy,
 To make thy every hill and dale
 Poetically holy !

And not alone each hill and dale,
 Fair as they are by nature,
 But every town and tower of thine,
 And every lesser feature ;
 For where is there the spot of earth
 Within my contemplation,
 But from some noble deed or thing
 Has taken consecration ?

First, I could sing how brave thy sons,
 How pious and true-hearted,
 Who saved a bloody heritage
 For us in times departed ;
 Who, through a thousand years of wrong,
 Oppressed and disrespected,
 Ever the generous, righteous cause
 Religiously protected.

I'd sing of that old early time,
 When came the victor Roman,
 And, for the first time, found in them
 Uncompromising foemen ;
 When that proud bird which never stooped
 To foe, however fiery,
 Met eagles of a sterner brood
 In this our northern eyry.

Next, of that better glorious time,
 When thy own patriot Wallace
 Repelled and smote the myriad foe
 Which stormed thy mountain palace ;
 When on the sward of Bannockburn
 De Bruce his standard planted,
 And drove the proud Plantagenet
 Before him pale and daunted.

Next, how, through ages of despair,
 Thou brav'dst the English banner,
 Fighting like one who hopes to save
 No valued thing but honour.

How thy own young and knightly kings,
 And their fair hapless daughter,
 Left but a tale of broken hearts
 To vary that of slaughter.

How, in a later, darker time,
 When wicked men were reigning,
 Thy sons went to the wilderness,
 All but their God disdaining ;
 There, hopeful only of the grave,
 To stand through morn and even,
 Where all on earth was black despair,
 And nothing bright but heaven.

And, later still, when times were changed,
 And tenderer thoughts came o'er thee,
 When abject, suppliant, and poor,
 Thy injurer came before thee,
 How thou didst freely all forgive,
 Thy heart and sword presented,
 Although thou knew'st the deed must be
 In tears of blood repented.

Scotland ! the land of all I love,
 The land of all that love me ;
 Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
 Whose sod shall lie above me ;
 Hail ! country of the brave and good,
 Hail ! land of song and story ;
 Land of the uncorrupted heart,
 Of ancient faith and glory !

1826.

OH, MAID UNLOVING!

OH, maid unloving, but beloved,
 My soul's unchanging theme,
 Who art by day my only thought,
 By night my only dream ;
 Thou think'st not, in thy pride of place,
 When gay ones bow the knee,
 How bends one lonely distant heart
 In earnest love of thee.

As ancient worshippers but knew
 One attitude of prayer,
 And, turning to the holy east,
 Poured all their spirit there,

So to thy home inclines this heart,
 All distant though it be,
 And knows but one adoring art,
 An earnest love of thee.

1826.

YOUNG RANDAL.

A BALLAD.

YOUNG RANDAL was a bonny lad when he gaed awa',
 Young Randal was a bonny lad when he gaed awa' ;
 'Twas in the sixteen hunder year o' grace and thretty-twa,
 That Randal, the laird's youngest son, gaed awa'.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
 To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
 That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
 And mony wae friends i' the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha',
 His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa,
 And his bonny cousin Jean, that looked owre the castle wa',
 And, mair than a' the lave, loot the tears doun fa'.

' Oh whan will ye be back ? ' sae kindly did she speer,
 ' Oh whan will ye be back, my hinny and my dear ? '
 ' Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear,
 To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear.'

Oh Randal's hair was coal black when he gaed awa',
 Oh Randal's cheeks were roses red when he gaed awa',
 And in his bonny e'e a spark glintit high,
 Like the merrie, merrie lark in the morning sky.

Oh Randal was an altert man when he came hame,
 A sair altert man was he when he came hame,
 Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a *sir* at his name,
 And gray, gray cheeks did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit wi' the ring,
 And down came a lady to see him come in,
 And after the lady came bairns feifteen—
 ' Can this muckle wife be my true love Jean ? '

' Whatna stoure carl is this, ' quo' the dame,
 ' Sae gruff and sae grand, sae feckless and sae lame ? '
 ' Oh tell me, fair madam, are ye bonny Jeanie Grahame ? '
 ' In troth, ' quo' the ladye, ' sweet sir, the very same.'

He turned him about wi' a waefu' e'e,
 And a heart as sair as sair could be ;
 He lap on his horse, and awa' did wildy flee,
 And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh dule on the puirtith o' this countrie,
 And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
 And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be—
 For they've wrecked the bravest heart in this hale countrie !
 1827.

LAMENTE FOR THE AULD HOSTELS.*

'OH, Edinbruch, thou heich triumphand toun,
 Within whose boundis rycht blythful haif I bene !'
 Sae said Schir David Lyndsay, that slie loun,
 Wha kened what blythenes wes rycht weil, I wene ;
 And sae say I, that monie a bouse haif sene,
 In quyet houses round about the Croce
 (Haplie now herboure for the vyle and meane),
 In the Hie Streit, or als in wynde or closse,
 Renowned for punche and aill, and eke hie-relished soss.

But now, alas for thee, decayed Dunedin !
 Thy dayis of glory are depairtit quite ;
 For all those places that we once were fed in,
 And where we decently gotte foue o' night,
 Those havyns of douce comforte and delighte,
 Are closed, degraded, burnt, or changed, or gone,
 Whyle our old hostesses have ta'en their flight,
 To far-off places, novel and unknowne,
 About whose verie names we skairslie may depone.

Whair now is Douglas's ? whair Clerihugh's ?
 Whair is John's Coffee-house ? and tell me whair
 Is Mistress Pratt's ? to which, when these old shoes
 Were new, at eight we used to make repair ;
 By her own ladye hand showne up the staire,
 Through a long transs, into a panyled roome
 Whair lords had erst held feist wyth ladyes faire,
 And which had still ane air of lordly gloome,
 That scarss two sturdie mouldes colde utterlie illume.

Oh for the pen of Fergusson to painte
 'The parloure splendours of that festyf place !'

* It may be as well that, in this piece, the author be understood as speaking poetically, not literally.

The nitche, sumtyme the shrine of sum old sainte,
 The ceilyng that still bore, in antique grace,
 Many a holye, chubby, white-washt face ;
 The dark-brown landscape, done of old by Norie,
 On the broad panel o'er the chimney-brace ;
 The blue-tiled fireplace gleamyng in its glorye,
 Relating, verse for verse, sum morall Scripture storye.

Then on the wall was hung that rare and ryche
 Memoriall of a tyme and mode gone by,
 The *sampler*, showing every kind of stitch
 E'er known or practised underneath the skye—
 Thread-circled holes denominated 'pye'—
 Embattled lynes—of squayr-tayled lambs a paire—
 Strange cloven-footed letters awkwardlye
 Contriving to make up the Lorde hys prayer—
 And names of John and Jean and William all were thair.

Thair, also, hung around the wainscot wall,
 Eche in its panel, of old prynts a store ;
 Adam in paradyce before the Falle ;
 The sailours mutinying at the Nore ;
 Flora—Pomona—and the Sesons four ;
 Lord Nelson's victory at Trafalgar ;
 The deth of Cooke on far Owhyhee's shore ;
 Lord North rigged out in gartyr and in star ;
 With manie mo' ta'en out of Historie of the Warre.

Then thair were tablis, also, squayr and round,
 Derke as the face of old Antiquity,
 Yet, when inspected, each a mirror found,
 So that ilke feature you full well could spye ;
 The jugges and glasses on those planes did lye,
 Lyke summer barkes in glassye seas reflected ;
 And chayrs were thair, as vertical and high
 As the proude race upoun them once erected,
 In each of whome, 'tis sayd, ane pokyr was injected.

But ah ! the mere externe of this olde haunte—
 Preciouse althoughe in everye lineamente—
 Wes the leaste worthie subject of descante ;
 The sorrow which mine anxious muse wolde vent,
 Regards alone the happy moments, spente
 Sae cozilie, within that humble dome,
 In nights of other years—jocoseness blente
 With courtesie—the decencies of home—
 Yet o'er the realmes of talke for ever frie to roame.

To me who love the olde with such regrette,
 What charme can be apparent in the newe ?
 Divans, saloons, and cafés may besette
 The heartes of youth, and seem to fancye's viewe
 Places more fit to lounge in, while the stewe
 Of numbers has a charme ; but oh how far
 From hearty is the pleasance they pursue—
 Eche manne his single rummyr and cigarre,
 Puffing, all by himself—a sulky, smoky warre !

Bot vayne it is to sorrow for the paste—
 Dunedin stands not now quhair once it stooode :
 Ilke thing of old is hastenyng from it faste,
 And brydges it must haif, althoch no floode ;
 The auld wes cozie, and the auld wes goode,
 And Mistress Pratt of hosteleres wes the quene ;
 Bot dinging down is now the reigning moode,
 And auld-toun hostels are extyngnished clene—
 I haif, in troth, ane end of al perfectioun sene.

1828.

SONNET TO LADY D—.

LADY, thou wert not formed for this cold clime,
 Nor for this tame and unchivalric age ;
 Thou'rt all misplaced upon this humble stage ;
 Thou hast come to the world *behind* thy time.
 Thou shouldst have lived five hundred years agone,
 In some lone castle by the proud Garonne,
 With such concourse of lovers from all Spain,
 That towns at length should rise on thy domain ;
 Kings should come there to break their hearts in scores,
 And thou shouldst hold a massacre of knights
 Once every week, until the river's shores
 Should peopled be with their untimely sprites.
 Thou shouldst lay waste a kingdom with thy charms,
 And yield to none but Death's *all-conquering* arms.

1829.

LOVE OVERHEAD.

SOME people say they nothing love
 In woman, save the sacred mind,
 Pretending, in her boasted form,
 No charm or merit they can find.

Others—and this is Thomson's school—
 Are all for beauty unadorned,
 Caring small things, 'twould seem, for soul,
 And holding dress but to be scorned.

Away with all such saving clauses!
 I love my Julia altogether,
 From soul within to silk without,
 From point of toe to top of feather.

Her dear idea is to me
 One lustrous silhouette of light,
 Where every edge of lace and frill
 Is as the inmost core as bright.

For instance, now, I love her eyes,
 So dark, yet dove-like in expression;
 Yet to the pendants at her ears,
My eyes will sometimes make digression.

Her cheeks are like the roses red,
 Her mouth is like the parted cherry;
 But don't these combs become her much?
 Are they not charming? yes, oh very!

Her head moves with a queenly grace;
 A crown would not look queer upon it:
 But, in the meantime, is not this
 A very tasteful sort of bonnet?

Her hands are soft and paly white,
 Her fingers tapering, small, and seemly;
 But oh her bracelets and her gloves,
 I love them, love them most extremely!

Her feet so gentle are and small,
 They give a grace to shoe and stocking;
 Shoe, stocking, foot—'tis but one thing,
 That sets this foolish heart a-knocking.

I am of Hudibras's thought,
 Who looked on't as a sort of duty,
 While he admired his fair one's face,
 T'adore the shade even of her shoe-tye.

I wear a tassel from her gown,
 Snug near my heart in left vest-pocket;
 I have a ringlet of her hair,
 Hung not more near it in a locket.

Her parasol, that from the sun
 Protects her roseate complexion,
 I don't know which I love the most—
 The thing that takes, or gives protection.

The thrilling music of her voice
 Puts all my senses in a tussle ;
 And every nerve springs up to hear
 Her distant bombazines play rustle.

Whate'er she does, whate'er she says,
 For good, indifferent, or ill,
 'Tis all one luxury to my soul,
 'Tis Julia yet, 'tis Julia still.

Say that she talks of mutual love,
 And puts her poor swain in a rapture ;
 Say that she tells her kitchen-maid
 To make in poultry-yard a capture ;

Say that she reads some touching tale,
 That gems with tears her soft eyelashes ;
 Say that she pities but the scribe
 Whom some fell critic cuts and slashes ;

'Tis all one thing—mind, person, dress—
 The formed of heaven, or dust, or shears—
 I love the whole, and nothing less,
 I love her overhead—and ears.

1829.

THOU GENTLE AND KIND ONE.

THOU gentle and kind one,
 Who com'st o'er my dreams,
 Like the gales of the west,
 Or the music of streams ;
 Oh, softest and dearest,
 Can that time e'er be,
 When I could be forgetful
 Or scornful of thee ?

No! my soul might be dark,
 Like a landscape in shade,
 And for thee not the half
 Of its love be displayed,

But one ray of thy kindness
 Would banish my pain,
 And soon kiss every feature
 To brightness again.

And if, in contending
 With men and the world,
 My eye might be fierce,
 Or my brow might be curled ;
 That brow on thy bosom
 All smoothed would recline,
 And that eye melt in kindness
 When turned upon thine.

If faithful in sorrow
 More faithful in joy—
 Thou shouldst find that no change
 Could affection destroy ;
 All profit, all pleasure,
 As nothing would be,
 And each triumph despised,
 Unpartaken by thee.

1829.

ON AN EDITION OF HERRICK'S SELECT POEMS.

BEING AN IMITATION OF THE MANNER OF THAT POET.

A TINY tome, such as might lie
 In Mistress Mab's own library ;
 With boards of rose, and leaves of cream,
 And little print that might beseem
 The footmarks of the fairy throng,
 As o'er a snow-charged leaf they lightly tripped along.

Oh if to Herrick's sainted mind
 Aught earthly now its way can find,
 Be this sweet book-flower softly shed,
 By fays, upon his last green bed !
 'Twill mind him of those things he loved,
 When he the sweet-breathed country roved ;
 Inside he'll find his own pure lilies,
 Outside his golden daffodillies ;
 On every leaf some lovesome thing
 Back to his shade life's thoughts will bring.
 Here Phillis with her pastoral messes,
 And Julia with her witching dresses ;

There daisies from a hundred hills,
 And crystal from a thousand rills
 (Rills whose every trickling fall
 With nightingales is musical),
 And posies all around beset
 With primrose and rich violet ;
 And robes beneath the cestus thrown
 Into a fine distraction ;
 And ladies' lips, which sweetly smile,
 Among the groves of Cherry Isle.

1830.

A B S E N T F R I E N D S.

AIR—The Peacock.

THE night has flown wi' sangs and glee,
 The minutes ha'e like moments been—
 There's friendship's spark in ilka e'e,
 And peace has blessed the happy scene.
 But while we sit sae social here,
 And think sic friends we never saw,
 Let's not forget, for them that's near,
 The mony mae that's far awa'.

Oh, far beyond the Atlantic's roar,
 Far, far beyond the Australian main,
 How many Fortune's ways explore,
 That we may never meet again !
 How many ance sat by our side,
 Or danced beside us in the ha',
 Wha wander now the world sae wide—
 Let's think on them that's far awa'.

There's no a mother but has seen,
 Through tears, her manly laddies gae ;
 There's no a lass but thinks o' ane
 Whase absence makes her aften wae ;
 The ingle sides o'er a' the land,
 They now are dowf and dowie a',
 For some ane o' the social band
 Has left them, and is far awa'.

They've left us—but, where'er they be,
 They ne'er forget their native shore ;
 Auld Scotland, mountain, glen, and lea,
 They have it pictured at the core ;

E'en now, when we remember them,
 Our memory they perhaps reca',
 And while we fondly breathe their name,
 They whisper ours, though far awa'.

SUMMER EVENING.

AN ANGLO-SCOTTISH VERSION OF A PASSAGE IN GAVIN DOUGLAS.

'Twas in the jolly joyous month of June,
 When gane was near the day and supper dune,
 I walkit furth to taste the evening air,
 Among the fields that were replenished fair
 With herbage, corn, and cattle, and fruit-trees,
 Plenty of store ; while birds and busy bees
 O'er emerald meadows flew baith east and west,
 Their labour done, to take their evening rest.
 As up and down I cast my wandering eye,
 All burning red straight grew the western sky ;
 The sun, descending on the waters gray,
 Deep under earth withdrew his beams away ;
 The evening star, with growing lustre bright,
 Sprung up, the gay forerider of the night ;
 Amid the haughs and every pleasant vale,
 The recent dew began on herbs to skail ;
 The light began to dim, and mists to rise,
 And here and there grim shades o'erspread the skies ;
 The bald and leathern bat commenced her flight,
 The lark descended from her airy height ;
 Mists swept the hill before the lazy wind,
 And night spread out her cloak with sable lined,
 Swaddling the beauty of the fruitful ground
 With cloth of shade, obscurity profound.
 All creatures, wheresoe'er they liked the best,
 Then went to take their pleasant nightly rest.
 The fowls that lately wantoned in the air,
 The drowsy cattle in their sheltered lair,
 After the heat and labour of the day,
 Unstirring and unstirred in slumber lay.
 Each thing that roves the meadow or the wood,
 Each thing that flies through air or dives in flood,
 Each thing that nestles in the bosky bank,
 Or loves to rustle through the marshes dank,
 The little midges, and the happy flees,
 Laborious emmets, and the busy bees,

All beasts, or wild or tame, or great or small,
Night's peace and blessing rests serene o'er all.

1832.

SONNET.

LIKE precious caskets in the deep sea casten,
On which the clustering shellfish quickly fasten,
Till closed they seem in chinkless panoplie ;
So do our hearts, into this world's moil thrown,
Become with self's vile crust straight overgrown,
Of which there scarce may any breaking be.
So may not mine, though quicksetted all round
With sternest cares : still for the young departed,
And more for the surviving broken-hearted,
For all who sink beneath affliction's wound,
May I at least some grief or pity feel :
Still let my country and my kindred's name,
Still let religion's mild and tender flame,
Have power to move : I would not all be steel.

1833.

THE NOOK.

Iste terrarum mihi, præter omnes,
Angulus ridet. HOR.

[Written during a visit at the Nook, near Airth, Stirlingshire.]

ONE thing seems agreed on in speech and in book,
That, if comfort exists, 'twill be found in a nook ;
All seems dreary and cold in an open area,
But a corner—how charming the very idea !
Hence, when, weary with toiling, we think of retreat,
A nook is the spot that we ask for our seat—
Some small piece of earth, 'tis no matter how small,
But a corner it must be, or nothing at all.
The poor man an object of kindred desire
Regards, in the nook of his bright evening fire,
Where, his labours all done, he may sit at his ease,
With his wee things devoutly caressing his knees ;
And where, I would know, to what promising shade,
Runs the kiss-threatened, bashful, yet half-willing maid ?
To some nook, to be sure, to some hidden recess,
Where her lover his fondness is free to confess.
Even less might have been the delight of Jack Horner,
Had his plums been enjoyed anywhere but a corner !
Since thus open pleasures are viler than tangle,
And true ones, like trout, must be caught by the angle,

Perfect joy, it seems clear, must by hook or by crook,
 Be obtained in a place called, *par excellence*, NOOK.
 The Nook!—how endearing and pleasant the word—
 As bieldy and warm as the nest of a bird!
 Sure a place so designed must know little of care,
 And summer must linger eternally there;
 No resting-place, surely, for sorrow or sin,
 But all blossom without, and all pleasure within:
 There children must sport, all unknowing of pain,
 And old folk, looking on, become children again.
 Sad Poortith will pass it ungrudgingly by,
 And Wealth only cast a solicitous eye.
 'Twere surely fit scene for a goddess' descent—
 The goddess long lost to us—holy Content.

Such thoughts it is easy to string up together;
 But reason might smash them perhaps with a feather,
 And things might be in such a concatenation,
 That the Nook might become quite a scene of vexation.
 Yet of this, as it happens, there's no chance or little,
 Unless, like the smallpox, vexation turns smittle;
 For here lives good AINSLIE,* the blithest and best,
 Who is happy himself, and makes happy the rest,
 Whose temper is such, as he proves by his look,
 That joy would be with him, *even not in a nook*;
 Who has wit for all topics, and worth with it all,
 And, while Mirth is in presence, keeps Sense within call.
 To the Nook, why, a man such as this is as pat,
 As the foot to the shoe, or the head to the hat;
 And so well do they answer to each other's quality,
 So mixed is the man with his pleasant locality,
 That a question it seems, and I cannot decide it,
 Whether he, or the Nook, gives the most of the 'ridet.'

1834.

LAMENT FOR THE OLD HIGHLAND WARRIORS.

AIR—*Cro Challein*.†

OH where are the pretty men of yore,
 Oh where are the brave men gone,
 Oh where are the heroes of the north?
 Each under his own gray stone.

* The late Lieutenant-General George Robert Ainslie, author of a learned work on the coins of the Anglo-French monarchs.

† See this air in 'A Selection of Celtic Melodies.' Edinburgh: Purdie. 1830.

Oh where now the broad bright claymore ?
 Oh where are the truis and plaid ?
 Oh where now the merry Highland heart ?
 In silence for ever laid.

Och on a rie, och on a rie,
 Och on a rie, all are gone ;
 Och on a rie, the heroes of yore,
 Each under his own gray stone.

The chiefs that were foremost of old,
 Macdonald and brave Lochiel,
 The Gordon, the Murray, and the Graham,
 With their clansmen true as steel ;
 Who followed and fought with Montrose,
 Glencairn, and bold Dundee,
 Who to Charlie gave their swords and their all,
 And would aye rather fa' than flee.

Och on a rie, och on a rie,
 Och on a rie, all are gone ;
 Och on a rie, the heroes of yore,
 Each under his own gray stone.

The hills that our brave fathers trod,
 Are now to the stranger a store ;
 The voice of the pipe and the bard
 Shall awaken never more.
 Such things it is sad to think on—
 They come like the mist by day—
 And I wish I had less in this world to leave,
 And be with them that are away.

Och on a rie, och on a rie,
 Och on a rie, all are gone ;
 Och on a rie, the heroes of yore,
 Each under his own gray stone.

1835.

LINES TO A LITTLE BOY.

My winsome one, my handsome one, my darling little boy,
 The heart's pride of thy mother, and thy father's chiefest joy ;
 Come ride upon my shoulder, come sit upon my knee,
 And prattle all the nonsense that I love to hear from thee :
 With thine eyes of merry lustre, and thy pretty lisping tongue,
 And thy heart that evermore lets out its humming happy song :

With thy thousand tricks so gleesome, which I bear without
 annoy,
 Come to my arms, come to my soul, my darling little boy !

My winsome one, my fairest one, they say that later years
 Will sometimes change a parent's hope for bitter grief and
 tears :

But *thou*, so innocent ! canst thou be aught but what thou art,
 And all this bloom of feeling with the bloom of face depart ?
 Canst thou this tabernacle fair, where God reigns bright within,
 Profane, like Judah's children, with the Pagan rites of sin ?
 No—no ; so much I'll cherish thee, so clasped we'll be in one,
 That bugbear guilt shall only get the father with the son ;
 And thou, perceiving that the grief must *me* at least destroy,
 Wilt still be fair and innocent, my darling little boy !

My gentle one, my blessed one, can that time ever be,
 When I to thee shall be severe, or thou unkind to me ?
 Can any change which time may bring, this glowing passion
 wreck,
 Or clench with rage the little hand now fondling round my
 neck ?
 Can this community of sport, to which love brings me down,
 Give way to anger's kindling glance, and hate's malignant
 frown ?
 No—no, that time can ne'er arrive, for, whatsoever befall,
 This heart shall still be wholly thine, or shall not be at all ;
 And to an offering like this thou canst not e'er be coy,
 But still wilt be my faithful and my gentle little boy !

My winsome one, my gallant one, so fair, so happy now,
 With thy bonnet set so proudly upon thy shining brow,
 With thy fearless bounding motions, and thy laugh of thought-
 less glee,
 So circled by a father's love which wards each ill from thee !
 Can I suppose another time when this shall all be o'er,
 And thy cheek shall wear the ruddy badge of happiness no
 more :
 When all who now delight in thee far elsewhere shall have
 gone,
 And thou shalt pilgrimise through life, unfriended and alone,
 Without an aid to strengthen or console thy troubled mind,
 Save the memory of the love of those who left thee thus behind ?
 Oh let me not awake the thought, but, in the present blest,
 Make thee a child of wisdom—and to Heaven bequeath the
 rest :

Far rather let me image thee, in sunny future days,
 Outdoing every deed of mine, and wearing brighter bays ;
 With less to dull thy fervency of recollected pain,
 And more to animate thy course of glory and of gain ;
 A home as happy shall be thine, and I too shall be there,
 The blessings purchased by thy worth in peace and love to
 share—

Shall see within thy beaming eye my early love repaid,
 And every ill of failing life a bliss by kindness made—
 Shall see thee pour upon thy son, then sitting on thy knee,
 A father's gushing tenderness, such as I feel for thee ;
 And know, as I this moment do, no brighter, better joy,
 Than thus to clasp unto thy soul thy darling little boy !

‘ ALL RIGHT.’

TUNE—*Packington's Pound.*

WHILE the coach stops a moment, a cup of brown ale
 To the chilly *outsides* is a welcome regale ;
 Mine host hands it smiling, and when it's drunk up,
 He takes back the sixpence along with the cup :

Not a tittle cares he
 For the jeopardy

That may be on the cards for the passengers three ;
 He slips to his pocket the silver so bright,
 And passes the word to the coachman—‘ *All Right!*’

They may drive anywhere, may lose life or break limb,
 No matter what happens, 'tis all right to him,
 He has served out his liquor, and taken his cash,
 He stands unaffected, though all go to smash ;
 Had the sixpence proved bad,
 Or none to be had,

In that case alone would mine host have been sad ;
 But the coin was forthcoming, and honour was bright,
 And so he reported to coachy—‘ *All Right!*’

If we look round the world, I think we shall see
 That many are much in the same way as he ;
 Give them all that they wish for, concede every claim,
 And what haps to others will ne'er trouble them :

They wish ill to none,
 But then there is *one*

On whose fortunes exclusive their thoughts ever run ;
 When *that one* is served, they look round with delight,
 And, though friends may be sinking, their cry is—‘ *All Right!*’

The shopman will tell you his wares are so fine,
 And he takes but five shillings for what is worth nine ;
 He advises his customers, quite as their friend,
 On goods so good-cheap very freely to spend ;

His words are so nice,
 That they take his advice,

And for all they purchase they only pay thrice ;
 He sees them depart with a bow so polite,
 And pockets their money, and thinks it—*All Right!*

The lawyer so wily will push on your plea,
 But for every new motion expects a big fee ;
 He bids you have courage, nor heed how you bleed,
 For, if you but pay well, you're sure to succeed :

Long, long the delay,
 But at length comes the day

When to all your great hopes the wise judges say nay :
 You're left just enough to pay off Master Bite,
 Who receipts your last doit with an easy—*'All Right!'*

You're ill, and the doctor attends at your call,
 Feels your pulse, and looks grave, but says nothing at all ;
 You think him so knowing—he's only demure—
 And expect every day he will bring you a cure :

He tries all his skill
 With blister and pill,

But it all ends in nothing but swelling his bill ;
 At last you march off, like a poor mortal wight,
 And he slams to the door of your hearse with—*'All Right!'*

The would-be M.P. comes with smiles and with bows,
 Caresses your children, and kisses your spouse,
 He's full of professions—will do this and that—
 And to all your opinions his own are so pat :

You think you have got
 A sound patriot,

And do less you cannot than give him your vote :
 In the House he sees things in a quite different light,
 The fellow has choused you—no matter—*All Right!*

The man who has thousands on thousands in store,
 And still every year adds a few thousands more,
 Who feasts in a palace, from plate, every day,
 With the world all around him so pleasant and gay—

He sees his poor neighbour
 Oppressed with his labour,

So unlike the old days of the pipe and the tabor,

He's perhaps no bad fellow, but still to his sight
The arrangement seems perfect—his cry is—' *All Right!*'

In short, with all human the rule must still hold—
Let a gemman, for instance, have honours and gold ;
Give a lady that handsomest, landedest squire,
Whom all other ladies most praise and admire ;

Or give to a child
A platter well piled,

While others are starving and crying like wild ;
Each fortunate elf will be satisfied quite
With the course of events, and declare it—*All Right!*

ON SEEING SOME WORK-HORSES IN A PARK ON
A SUNDAY.

'Tis Sabbath-day, the poor man walks
Blithe from his cottage door,
And to his prattling young ones talks
As they skip on before.

The father is a man of joy,
From his week's toil released ;
And jocund is each little boy
To see his father pleased.

But, looking to a field at hand,
Where the grass grows rich and high,
A no less merry Sabbath band
Of horses met my eye.

Poor skinny beasts ! that go all week
With loads of earth and stones,
Bearing, with aspect dull and meek,
Hard work and cudgell'd bones ;

But now let loose to rove athwart
The farmer's clover lea,
With whisking tails, and jump and snort,
They speak a clumsy glee.

Lolling across each other's necks,
Some look like brothers dear ;
Others are full of flings and kicks,
Antics uncouth and queer.

One tumbles wild from side to side,
With hoofs tossed to the sun,
Cooling his old gray seamy hide,
And making dreadful fun.

I thought how pleasant 'twas to see,
 On this bright Sabbath-day,
 Man and his beasts alike set free
 To take some harmless play ;

And how their joys were near the same—
 The same in show, at least—
 Hinting that we may sometimes claim
Too much above the beast.

If like in joys, beasts surely must
 Be like in sufferings too,
 And we can not be right or just
 To treat them as we do.

Thus did God's day serve as a span
 All things to bind together,
 And make the humble brute to man
 A patient pleading brother.

Oh, if to us *one precious thing*,
 And not to them, is given,
 Kindness to them will be a wing
 To carry it on to heaven !

‘ UNDER TRUSTEES. ’

TUNE.—*The Jolly Young Waterman.*

OH have you ne'er heard of a worthy Scotch gentleman,
 Laird of that ilk, and the chief of his name,
 Who not many years since, attaining majority,
 Heir to some thousands of acres became ?
 He lived so well, and he spent so merrily,
 The people all came to his house so readily,
 And he made all things in it so much as you please,
 And he made all things in it so much as you please,
 That this gentleman soon was put under trustees.

Oh never till then had our worthy Scotch gentleman
 Lived for a day as his taste did incline,
 There never were wanting some plaguy good fellows
 To rattle his pheasants and tiddle his wine.
 He kept a pack, which the county delighted in,
 He gave charming balls, and the ladies invited in ;
 Oh he never knew what was a moment of ease,
 Oh he never knew what was a moment of ease,
 Till snug he had placed himself under trustees.

Being too truly now a Distressed Agriculturist,
 No one expects him to play the great man ;
 He is sure of whatever he needs in this world,
 For creditors wish him to live while he can.
 Rents may fall, but that doesn't trouble him ;
 Banks may break, but that cannot hobble him ;
 At the cares of this sad life he coolly may sneeze,
 At the cares of this sad life he coolly may sneeze,
 Who only will put himself under trustees !

Subscriptions come round for election-committees,
 New churches, infirmaries, soup for the poor,
 Our worthy Scotch gentleman gives his best wishes,
 But of course the collectors ne'er darken his door.
 He never is called to look a paper in,
 To get up a cup to huntsman or whipper-in ;
 Oh who would be *fashioning* with matters like these,
 Oh who would be *fashioning* with matters like these,
 A gentleman known to be under trustees ?

When any good neighbour, hard up for the wherewithal,
 Looks for some friend who is likely to lend,
 Our worthy Scotch gentleman never need care at all—
He 's not the man who the matter can mend.
 In short, all others have something crossing them,
 On beds of trouble are always tossing them ;
 But only the Income-Tax truly can tease,
 But only the Income-Tax truly can tease,
 A gentleman snugly put under trustees.

END OF ORIGINAL POEMS.