

## **PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.**

**SIR WALTER SCOTT.**

**PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
Pibroch of Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan Conuil.  
Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons !  
Come in your war array,  
Gentles and commons.**

**Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky ;  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlochy.  
Come every hill plaid, and  
True heart that wears one ;  
Come every steel blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one.**

Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges ;  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broad-swords and targes.  
Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter ;  
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
The bride at the altar.

Come, as the winds come, when  
Forests are rended :  
Come, as the waves come, when  
Navies are stranded.  
Faster come, faster come ;  
Faster and faster :  
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
Tenant and master !

Fast they come, fast they come ;  
See how they gather :  
Wide waves the eagle plume,  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set ;  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
Now for the onset !

## HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow ;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And, furious, every charger neigh'd  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riv'n ;  
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driv'n ;  
And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,  
On Linden's hills of stained snow ;  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens.—On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave !  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet ;  
The snow shall be their winding sheet ;  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

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## A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast !  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While, like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !  
I heard a fair one cry ;  
But give to me the swelling breeze,  
And white waves heaving high :  
The white waves heaving high, my lads,  
The good ship tight and free ;  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud ;  
And hark the music, mariners !  
The wind is wakening loud.  
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,  
The lightning flashes free—  
The hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea.

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### PULL AWAY, JOLLY BOYS.

JAMES HOGG.

Here we go upon the tide,  
Pull away, jolly boys,  
With heaven for our guide,  
Pull away.

Here's a weather-beaten tar,  
Britain's glory still his star,  
He has borne her thunders far ;  
    Pull away, jolly boys,  
To yon gallant man of war,  
    Pull away.

We've with Nelson ploughed the main,  
    Pull away, jolly boys,  
Now his signal flies again,  
    Pull away.

Brave hearts, then let us go,  
To drub the haughty foe,  
Who once again shall know,  
    Pull away, jolly boys,  
That our backs we never show,  
    Pull away.

We have fought, and we have sped,  
    Pull away, gallant boys,  
Where the rolling wave was red,  
    Pull away.

We've stood many a mighty shock,  
Like the thunder-stricken oak,  
We've been bent, but never broke,  
    Pull away, gallant boys ;  
We ne'er brooked a foreign yoke,  
    Pull away.

Here we go upon the deep,  
    Pull away, gallant boys,

O'er the ocean let us sweep,  
Pull away.  
Round the earth our glory rings,  
At the thought my bosom springs,  
That where'er our pennant swings,  
Pull away, gallant boys,  
Of the ocean we're the kings,  
Pull away.

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## WELCOME BAT AND OWLET GRAY.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

O welcome bat and owlet gray,  
Thus winging low your airy way ;  
And welcome moth and drowsy fly,  
That to mine ear come humming by ;  
And welcome shadows long and deep,  
And stars that from the pale sky peep !  
O welcome all ! to me ye say,  
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,  
Her breath is in the dewy air,  
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound  
That steals along the stilly ground.

O dawn of day, in rosy bower,  
What art thou to this witching hour !  
O noon of day, in sunshine bright,  
What art thou to the fall of night !

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### GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT !

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The sun is sunk, the day is done,  
E'en stars are setting one by one ;  
Nor torch nor taper longer may  
Eke out the pleasures of the day ;  
And since, in social glee's despite,  
It needs must be, Good night, good night !

The bride into her bower is sent,  
And ribald rhyme and jesting spent ;  
The lover's whisper'd words and few  
Have bade the bashful maid adieu ;  
The dancing-floor is silent quite,  
No foot bounds there, Good night, good night !

The lady in her curtain'd bed,  
The herdsman in his wattled shed,



The clansmen in the heather'd hall,  
 Sweet sleep be with you, one and all !  
 We part in hope of days as bright  
 As this now gone, Good night, good night !

Sweet sleep be with us one and all ;  
 And if upon its stillness fall  
 The visions of a busy brain,  
 We'll have our pleasure o'er again,  
 To warm the heart, to charm the sight,  
 Gay dreams to all ! Good night, good night !

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### LOW GERMANIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

As I sail'd past green Jura's isle,  
 Among the waters lone,  
 I heard a voice—a sweet low voice,  
 Atween a sigh and moan :  
 With ae babe at her bosom, and  
 Another at her knee,  
 A mother wail'd the bloody wars  
 In Low Germanie.

Oh woe unto these cruel wars  
 That ever they began,  
 For they have swept my native isle  
 Of many a pretty man :

Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,  
May blithely wed the Earlie's son.

The swan, she said, the lake's clear breast  
May barter for the eagle's nest ;  
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,  
Ben-Cruachan fall and crush Kilchurn ;  
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,  
Before their foes may turn and fly :  
But I, were all these marvels done,  
Would never wed the Earlie's son.

Still in the water-lily's shade  
Her wonted nest the wild swan made,  
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,  
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river,  
To shun the clash of foeman's steel  
No highland brogue has turned the heel ;  
But Nora's heart is lost and won,  
She's wedded to the Earlie's son.

## LOGAN BRAES.

JOHN MAYNE, ESQ.

By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep,  
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep ;  
I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,  
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.  
But waes my heart, thae days are gane,  
And I, wi' grief, may herd alane ;  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he  
Atween the preachings meet wi' me ;  
Meet wi' me, or whan its mirk,  
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.  
I weel may sing thae days are gane—  
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes !

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,  
I dauner dowie and forlane ;  
I sit alane, beneath the tree  
Where aft he kept his tryste wi' me.  
O ! cou'd I see thae days again,  
My lover skaithless, and my ain !  
Belov'd by friends, rever'd by faes,  
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

## THE SAILOR'S LADY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Come busk you gallantlie,  
Busk and make you ready,  
Maiden, busk and come,  
And be a sailor's lady.  
The foamy ocean's ours,  
From Hebride to Havannah,  
And thou shalt be my queen,  
And reign upon it, Anna.

See my bonnie ship,  
So stately and so steady ;  
Thou shalt be my queen,  
And she maun be my lady :  
The west wind in her wings,  
The deep sea all in motion,  
Away she glorious goes,  
And crowns me king of ocean.

The merry lads are mine,  
From Thames, and Tweed, and Shannon ;  
The Bourbon flowers grow pale  
When I hang out my pennon ;

I'll win thee gold and gems,  
With pike and cutlass clashing,  
With all my broad sails set,  
And all my cannon flashing.

Come with me and see  
The golden islands glowing,  
Come with me and hear  
The flocks of India lowing :  
Thy fire shall be of spice,  
The dews of eve drop manna,  
Thy chamber floor of gold,  
And men adore thee, Anna.

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### THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,  
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill ;  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion  
He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,  
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
 A home and a country remain not to me.  
 Never again in the green sunny bowers  
 Where my fore-fathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours,  
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh.

Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;  
 But alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.  
 Oh, cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?  
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me,  
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?  
 Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall ?  
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?  
 And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all ?  
 Oh, my sad heart ! long abandon'd by pleasure,  
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?  
 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,

Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,  
 Land of my forefathers—Erin go Bragh !  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion  
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh !

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## SATURDAY'S SUN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O Saturday's sun sinks down with a smile  
 On one who is weary and worn with his toil !—  
 Warmer is the kiss which his kind wife receives,  
 Fonder the look to his bonnie bairns he gives ;  
 His gude mother is glad, though her race is nigh run,  
 To smile wi' the weans at the setting of the sun :  
 The voice of prayer is heard, and the holy psalm tune,—  
 Wha wadna be glad when the sun gangs down ?

Thy cheeks, my leal wife, may not keep the ripe glow  
 Of sweet seventeen, when thy locks are like snow ;  
 Though the sweet blinks of love are most flown frae  
 thy e'e,  
 Thou art fairer and dearer than ever to me.  
 I mind when I thought that the sun didna shine  
 On a form half so fair or a face so divine ;

Thou wert woo'd in the parlour, and sought in the ha';  
I came and I won thee frae the wit of them a'.

My hame is my mailen, weel stocket and fu',  
My bairns are the flocks and the herds which I lo'e;  
My wife is the gold and delight of my ee,  
And worth a whole lordship of mailens to me.  
O, who would fade away like a flower in the dew,  
And no leave a sprout for kind Heaven to pu' ?  
Who would rot 'mang the mools like the stump of a tree,  
Wi' nae shoots the pride of the forest to be?

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'MONG SCOTIA'S GLENS.

JAMES HOGG.

'Mong Scotia's glens and mountains blue,  
Where Gallia's lilies never grew,  
Where Roman eagles never flew,  
Nor Danish lions rallied;  
Where skulks the roe in anxious fear,  
Where roves the stately, nimble deer,  
There live the lads to freedom dear,  
By foreign yoke ne'er galled.

There woods grow wild on every hill;  
There freemen wander at their will;



Sure Scotland will be Scotland still,  
While hearts so brave defend her.  
Fear not, our sov'reign liege, they cry,  
We've flourish'd fair beneath thine eye;  
For thee we'll fight, for thee we'll die,  
Nor aught but life surrender.

Since thou hast watch'd our every need,  
And taught our navies wide to spread,  
The smallest hair from thy gray head  
No foreign foe shall sever:  
Thy honour'd age in peace to save,  
The sternest host we'll dauntless brave,  
Or stem the fiercest Indian wave,  
Nor heart nor hand shall waver.

Though nations join yon tyrant's arm,  
While Scotia's noble blood runs warm  
Our good old man we'll guard from harm,  
Or fall in heaps around him.  
Although the Irish harp were won,  
And England's roses all o'er-run,  
'Mong Scotia's glens, with sword and gun,  
We'll form a bulwark round him.

## JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Why weep ye by the tide, ladye—  
Why weep ye by the tide?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye shall be his bride ;  
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,  
Sae comely to be seen—  
But ay she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

Now let this wilful grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale,  
Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
And lord of Langley-dale :  
His step is first in peaceful ha',  
His sword in battle keen—  
But ay she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

A chain of gold ye shall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair,  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;

And you the foremost of them a',  
Shall ride our forest queen—  
But ay she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,  
The tapers glimmer'd fair,  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And knight and dame are there :  
They sought her both by bower and ha',  
The ladye was not seen—  
She's o'er the border, and awa'  
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

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## THE HAMEWARD SONG.

HUGH AINSLIE.

Each whirl of the wheel,  
Each step brings me nearer  
The hame of my youth—  
Every object grows dearer.  
Thae hills and thae huts,  
And thae trees on that green,  
Losh ! they glowre in my face  
Like some kindly auld frien'.

E'en the brutes they look social  
As gif they would crack,  
And the sang of the bird  
Seems to welcome me back.

O, dear to our hearts  
Is the hand that first fed us,  
And dear is the land  
And the cottage that bred us.

And dear are the comrades  
With whom we once sported,  
And dearer the maiden  
Whose love we first courted :  
Joy's image may perish,  
E'en grief die away,  
But the scenes of our youth  
Are recorded for ay.

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## AWAKE, MY LOVE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Awake, my love ! ere morning's ray  
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim gray ;  
Ere yet the hare, cower'd close from view,  
Licks from her fleece the clover dew ;  
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,  
By hunters roused from secret springs ;

Or birds upon the boughs awake,  
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake !

She comb'd her curling ringlets down,  
Laced her green jupes and clasp'd her shoon,  
And from her home by Preston burn  
Came forth, the rival light of morn.  
The lark's song dropt, now lowne, now hush—  
The gold-spink answered from the bush—  
The plover, fed on heather crop,  
Call'd from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day  
Grows into gold from silvery grey,  
To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,  
Instinct with soul of song awake—  
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,  
Stream blue from hall and bower benentli,  
Where yon blithe mower hastes along  
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

Yes, lovely one ! and dost thou mark  
The moral of yon caroling lark ?  
Tak'st thou from Nature's counsellor tongue  
The warning precept of her song ?  
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove  
Warms its wild note with nuptial love—  
The bird, the bee, with various sound,  
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock round.

## THE POET'S MORNING.

JAMES HOGG.

Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken !  
Over gorse, green broom, and braken,  
From her sieve of silken blue,  
Dawning sifts her silver dew ;  
Hangs the emerald on the willow,  
Lights her lamp below the billow,  
Bends the brier and branchy braken—  
Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken !

Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken !  
Deep the morn her draught has taken  
Of the babbling rivulet sheen,  
Far beyond the Ochel green ;  
From her gauzy veil on high,  
Trills the laverock's melody ;  
Round and round, from glen and grove,  
Pour a thousand hymns to love.

The quail harps loud amid the clover,  
From the mountain whirrs the plover ;  
Bat has hid, and heath-cock crowed,  
Courser neigh'd, and cattle lowed ;

Swifter still the dawn advances,  
In the light the wood-fly dances ;  
See, the sun is on the billow—  
Rouse thee, slumberer, from thy pillow !

Wake thee—life is but a day,  
Gay its morn, and short as gay ;  
Day of evil—day of sorrow,  
Hope, bright hope, can paint no morrow ;  
Noon shall find thee faint and weary,  
Night shall find thee pale and dreary—  
Rise, O rise ! to toil betake thee—  
Wake thee, drowsy slumberer, wake thee.

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### THE RETURN OF SPRING.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Cauld winter is awa', my love,  
And spring is in her prime ;  
The breath of Heaven stirs a' to life,  
The grasshoppers to chime.  
The birds canna contain themsel's  
Upon the sprouting tree,  
But loudlie, loudlie sing of love :  
A theme which pleaseth me.

The blackbird is a pawky loon,  
 An' kens the gate of love ;  
 Fu' weel the sleekit mavis kens  
 The melting lilt maun move.  
 The gowdspink woos in gentle note,  
 And ever singeth he,  
 Come here, come here, my spousal dame !—  
 A theme which pleaseth me.

What says the sangster rose-linnet ?  
 His breast is beating high,  
 Come here, come here, my ruddie matc,  
 The way of love to try !  
 The lavrock calls his freckled mate,  
 Frae near the sun's ee-bree,  
 Make on the knowe, our nest, my love !—  
 A theme which pleaseth me.

The hares hae brought forth twins, my love,  
 Sae has the cushat doo ;  
 The raven croaks a softer way,  
 His sooty love to woo :  
 And nought but love, love breathes around  
 Frae hedge, frae field, and tree,  
 Soft whispering love to Jeanie's heart :  
 A theme which pleaseth me.

O lassie ! is thy heart mair hard  
 Than mavis on the bough ;



Say, maun the hale creation wed,  
And Jean remain to woo?  
Say, has the holie lowe of love  
Ne'er lighten'd in your ee?  
O! if thou canstna feel for pain,  
Thou art nae theme for me!

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## THE BLACK COCK.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Good morrow to thy sable beak,  
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek;  
Thy crimson moon and azure eye,  
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!  
I see thee slily cowering through  
That wiry web of silver dew,  
That twinkles in the morning air  
Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,  
Who, peeping from her early bower,  
Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,  
Her braided hair and morning smile.  
The rarest things, with wayward will,  
Beneath the covert hide them still;  
The rarest things, to light of day  
Look shortly forth and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight  
 I sunn'd me in her cheering sight ;  
 And short, I ween, the term will be  
 That I shall parley hold with thee.  
 Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day,  
 The climbing herd-boy chants his lay ;  
 The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring—  
 Thou art already on the wing.

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### THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Alone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube  
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er :  
 O whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my true love,  
 Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore ?  
 What voice have I heard ? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd :  
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,  
 When bleeding and low, on the heath, she descried,  
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar.

From his bosom that heaved, the last torrent was stream-  
 ing,

And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,  
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,  
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war.

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight !  
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !  
Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,  
To cheer the lone heart of thy wounded Hussar ?

Thou shalt live, she replied : Heaven's mercy relieving  
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn.  
Ah ! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving ;  
No light of the morn shall to Henry return :  
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true !  
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar !—  
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur, Adieu !  
When he sank in her arms, the poor wounded Hussar.

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## ROLAND CHEYNE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The sun upon a summer morn,  
The dark cloud when it snows,  
The woods all in their fragrant leaves,  
The green grass as it grows,  
Are fair to see—yet fairer far  
Seems ocean's simmering brine,  
Through which comes sailing thy good ship,  
My gallant Roland Cheyne.

I saw the gloomy ocean laugh,  
As suns laugh in April ;  
I saw thy canvas catch the breeze  
With more of sigh than smile.  
And, Oh ! my heart leap'd like to burst  
My silken laces nine,  
As I lost sight of thy good ship,  
My gallant Roland Cheyne.

All by the salt sea-wave I sat—  
And as its snowy foam  
Sang at my foot, I sigh'd, and said,  
O when wilt thou come home !  
Brown are the giddy dames of France,  
And swarthy those of Spain ;  
Old Scotland's maids are lily white—  
Return, my Roland Cheyne.

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### THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

MRS. DUGALD STEWART.

The tears I shed must ever fall,  
I mourn not for an absent swain ;  
For thoughts may past delights recall,  
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,  
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er ;  
And those they loved their steps shall tread,  
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll'd between,  
If certain that his heart is near,  
A conscious transport glads each scene,  
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.  
E'en when by death's cold hand removed,  
We mourn the tenant of the tomb :  
To think that e'en in death he loved,  
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears  
Of her who slighted love bewails ;  
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,  
No pleasing melancholy hails.  
Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,  
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy ;  
The flatt'ring veil is rent aside ;  
The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew  
The hours once ting'd in transport's dye ;  
The sad reverse soon starts to view,  
And turns the past to agony.  
E'en time itself despairs to cure  
Those pangs to ev'ry feeling due ;

Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,  
To win a heart—and break it too.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,  
Just what would make suspicion start;  
No pause the dire extremes between,  
He made me blest—and broke my heart.  
From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,  
Neglected and neglecting all;  
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,  
The tears I shed must ever fall.

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### THE HILLS O' GALLOWA'.

THOMAS CUNNINGHAM.

Amang the birks sae blythe an' gay,  
I met my Julia hameward gaun;  
The linties chauntit on the spray,  
The lammies loupit on the lawn;  
On ilka hown the sward was mawn,  
The braes wi' gowans buskit bra',  
An gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrawn  
Out owre the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,  
An' fragrance wing'd along the lea,

As down we sat the flowers amang,  
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.  
My Julia's arms encircled me,  
An' saftly slade the hours awa',  
Till dawin coost a glimmerin e'e  
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, an' kye,  
It isna goud, it isna gear,  
This lifted e'e wad hae, quoth I,  
The warld's drumlie gloom to cheer  
But gie to me my Julia dear,  
Ye powers wha rowe this yirthen ba',  
An' O! sae blythe thro' life I'll steer,  
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

Whan gloamin' dauners up the hill,  
An' our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,  
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill  
That owre the muir meand'ring rowes ;  
Or tint amang the scroggy knowes,  
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,  
An' sing the streams, the straths, and howes,  
The hills an' dales o' Gallowa'.

An' whan auld Scotland's heathy hills,  
Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,  
Her flow'ry wilds an' wimpling rills,  
Awake nae mair my canty strains ;

Whare friendship dwells an' freedom reigns,  
Whare heather blooms an' muircocks craw,  
O! dig my grave, and hide my banes  
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

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## ADELGITHA.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

The ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,  
And sad pale Adelgitha came,  
When forth a valiant champion bounded,  
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, deliver'd from the danger ;  
But when he knelt to claim her glove,  
Seek not, she cried, O gallant stranger,  
For hapless Adelgitha's love !

For he is in a foreign far land,  
Whose arm should now have set me free ;  
And I must wear the willow garland  
For him that's dead, or false to me.

Nay, say not that his faith is tainted !—  
He raised his visor—at the sight  
She fell into his arms and fainted—  
It was indeed her own true knight.



## GENTLE HUGH HERRIES.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Go seek in the wild glen  
Where streamlets are falling,  
Go seek on the lone hill  
Where curlews are calling,  
Go seek when the clear stars  
Shine down without number,  
For there will ye find him  
My true love in slumber.

They sought in the wild glen—  
The glen was forsaken ;  
They sought on the mountain,  
'Mang lang lady-bracken ;  
And sore, sore they hunted  
My true love to find him,  
With the strong bands of iron  
To fetter and bind him.

Yon green hill I'll give thee,  
Where the falcon is flying,  
To show me the den where  
This bold traitor's lying—

O make me of Nithsdale's  
Fair pryncedom the heiress,  
Is that worth one smile of  
My gentle Hugh Herries?

The white bread, the sweet milk,  
And ripe fruits I found him,  
And safe in my fond arms  
I clasp'd and I wound him ;  
I warn you go not where  
My true lover tarries,  
For sharp smites the sword of  
My gentle Hugh Herries.

They rein'd their proud war-steeds,  
Away they went sweeping,  
And behind them dames wail'd, and  
Fair maidens went weeping ;  
But deep in yon wild glen,  
'Mang banks of blae-berries,  
I dwell with my loved one,  
My gentle Hugh Herries.

## THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The gowan glitters on the sward,  
The lavrock's in the sky,  
And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,  
And time is passing by.  
Oh no! sad and slow!  
I hear nae welcome sound,  
The shadow of our trysting bush  
It wears sae slowly round.

My sheep-bell tinkles from the west,  
My lambs are bleating near,  
But still the sound that I lo'e best,  
Alack! I canna hear.  
Ah no! sad and slow!  
The shadow lingers still,  
And like a lanely ghaist I stand  
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,  
The mill with clacking din;  
And Lucky scolding frae her door,  
To bring the bairnies in.  
Oh no! sad and slow!  
These are nae sounds for me;

The shadow of our trysting bush  
It creeps sae drearilie.

I coft yestreen frae chapman Tam  
A snood o' bonnie blue,  
And promised, when our trysting cam,  
To tye it round her brow.  
Oh no! sad and slow!  
The time it winna pass;  
The shadow of that weary thorn  
Is tether'd on the grass.

Oh! now I see her on the way!  
She's past the witches' knowe;  
She's climbing up the brownie's brae—  
My heart is in a lowe!  
Oh no! 'tis not so!  
'Tis glaumrie I hae seen;  
The shadow of the hawthorn bush  
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book of grace I'll try to read,  
Tho' conn'd wi' little skill,  
When Colley barks I'll raise my head,  
And find her on the hill!  
Oh, no! sad and slow!  
The time will ne'er be gane;  
The shadow of the trysting bush  
Is fix'd like ony stane.

## CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The news has flown frae mouth to mouth,  
 The North for ance has bang'd the South ;  
 The deil a Scotsman's die of drouth,  
                     Carle, now the King's come !  
 Auld England held him lang and fast ;  
 And Ireland had a joyfu' cast ;  
 But Scotland's turn is come at last—  
                     Carle, now the King's come !

Auld Reikie, in her rokela gray,  
 Thought never to have seen the day ;  
 He's been a weary time away—  
                     But, Carle, now the King's come !  
 She's skirling frae the Castle-hill ;  
 The Carline's voice is grown sae shrill  
 Ye'll hear her at the Canon-mill,  
                     Carle, now the King's come !

Up, bairns ! she cries, baith grit and sma',  
 And busk ye for the weapon-shaw !—  
 Stand by me, and we'll bang them a' !  
                     Carle, now the King's come !

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Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,  
 Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,  
 And match the metal of your sires,  
                   Carle, now the King's come !

You're welcome hame, my Montague !  
 Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch ;—  
 I'm missing some that I may rue,  
                   Carle, now the King's come !

Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,  
 You've graced my causeway mony a day ;  
 I'll weep the cause if you should stay,  
                   Carle, now the King's come !

Come premier duke, and carry doun,  
 Frae yonder craig, his ancient croun ;  
 It's had a lang sleep and a soun'—  
                   But, Carle, now the King's come !

Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,  
 Bring down your clansmen like a cloud ;—  
 Come, Morton, show the Douglas' blood ;  
                   Carle, now the King's come !

Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath ;  
 Come, Hopetoun, fear'd on fields of death ;  
 Come, Clerk, and give yon bugle breath ;  
                   Carle, now the King's come !

Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids ;  
 Come, Roseberry, from Dalmeny shades ;  
 Breadalbane, bring your belted plaids ;  
                   Carle, now the King's come !

Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,  
 Girt with the sword that Minden knew ;  
 We have ower few such lairds as you—  
     Carle, now the King's come !  
 King Arthur's grown a common crier,  
 He's heard in Fife and far Cantyre,  
 Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire !  
     Carle, now the King's come !

Saint Abb roars out, I see him pass  
 Between Tantallon and the Bass !—  
 Calton, get out your keeking-glass,  
     Carle, now the King's come !  
 The Carline stopp'd ; and, sure I am,  
 For very glee had ta'en a dwam,  
 But Oman help'd her to a dram—  
     Carle, now the King's come !

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## DONALD MACDONALD.

JAMES HOGG.

My name it is Donald Macdonald,  
 I live in the Highlands so grand ;  
 I've follow'd our banner, an' will do,  
 Wherever my Maker has land.

When ranked among the blue bonnets,  
 Nae danger can fear me ava ;  
 I ken that my brethren around me  
 Are either to conquer or fa'.  
 Brogues an' brochen an' a',  
 Brochen an' brogues an' a' ;  
 An' is na the laddie weel aff,  
 Wha has brogues an' brochen an' a' ?

Short syne we were wonderfu' cantie  
 Our friends an' our country to see ;  
 But since the proud consul's grown vauntie,  
 We'll meet him by land or by sea.  
 Wherever a clan is disloyal,  
 Wherever our king has a foe,  
 He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,  
 Wi' his highlanders a' in a row.  
 Guns an' pistols an' a',  
 Pistols an' guns an' a' ;  
 He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,  
 Wi' guns an' pistols an' a'.

What though we befriendit young Charlie ?  
 To tell it I dinna think shame ;  
 Poor lad ! he cam' to us but barely,  
 And reckon'd our mountains his hame.  
 'Tis true that our reason forbade us,  
 But tenderness carried the day :  
 Had Geordie come friendless amang us,  
 Wi' him we had a' gane away.



Sword an' buckler an' a',  
 Buckler an' sword an' a ,  
 For George we'll encounter the devil,  
 Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'.

An Oh ! I wad eagerly press him  
 The keys o' the East to retain,  
 For should he gie up the possession,  
 We'll soon hae to force them again :  
 Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,  
 Though it were my finishin' blow,  
 He aye may depend on Macdonald,  
 Wi's highlandmen all in a row.  
 Knees an' elbows an' a',  
 Elbows an' knees an' a' :  
 Depend upon Donald Macdonald,  
 His knees an' elbows an' a'.

If Bonaparte land at Fort-William,  
 Auld Europe nae langer shall grane ;  
 I laugh when I think how we'll gall him  
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane :  
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairy  
 We'll rattle him aff frae the shore,  
 Or lull him asleep in a cairney,  
 And sing him Lochaber no more !  
 Stanes an' bullets an' a',  
 Bullets an' stanes an' a' ;  
 We'll finish the Corsican callan'  
 Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'.

The Gordon is gude in a hurry,  
 An' Campbell is steel to the bane,  
 An' Grant, an' Mackenzie, an' Murray,  
 An' Cameron will hurkle to nane.  
 The Stuart is sturdy and wannel,  
 An' sae is Macleod an' Mackay ;  
 An' I their gude-brither Macdonald  
 Sall never be last in the fray.  
 Brogues an' brochen an' a',  
 Brochen an' brogues an' a' ;  
 An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,  
 The kilt an' the feather an' a'.

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### THE THISTLE'S GROWN ABOON THE ROSE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Full white the Bourbon lily blows,  
 And fairer haughty England's rose ;  
 Nor shall unsung the symbol smile,  
 Green Ireland, of thy lovely isle.  
 In Scotland grows a warlike flower,  
 Too rough to bloom in lady's bower ;  
 His crest, when high the soldier bears,  
 And spurs his courser on the spears,

O there it blossoms—there it blows,—  
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

Bright like a stedfast star it smiles  
Aboon the battle's burning files ;  
The mirkest cloud, the darkest night,  
Shall ne'er make dim that beauteous light ;  
And the best blood that warms my vein  
Shall flow ere it shall catch a stain.  
Far has it shone on fields of fame,  
From matchless Bruce till dauntless Graeme,  
From swarthy Spain to Siber's snows ;—  
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

What conquer'd ay, what nobly spared,  
What firm endured, and greatly dared ?  
What redden'd Egypt's burning sand ?  
What vanquish'd on Corunna's strand ?  
What pipe on green Maida blew shrill ?  
What dyed in blood Barossa hill ?  
Bade France's dearest life-blood rue  
Dark Soignies and dread Waterloo ?  
That spirit which no terror knows ;—  
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

I vow—and let men mete the grass  
For his red grave who dares say less—  
Men kinder at the festive board,  
Men braver with the spear and sword,

Men higher famed for truth—more strong  
In virtue, sovereign sense, and song,  
Or maids more fair, or wives more true,  
Than Scotland's, ne'er trode down the dew.  
Round flies the song—the flagon flows,—  
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

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## THE NORMAN HORSESHOE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Red glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,  
The hammers din, and anvil sounds,  
And armourers with iron toil  
Barb many a steed for battle's broil :  
Foul fall the hand that bends the steel  
Around the courser's thundering heel,  
That e'er shall dint a sable wound  
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground !

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,  
Was heard afar the bugle-horn ;  
And forth in banded pomp and pride  
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.

They swore their banners broad should gleam  
In crimson light on Rymney's stream ;  
They vowed Caerphilly's sod should feel  
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,  
And Rymney's wave with crimson glows :  
For Clare's red banner floating wide  
Rolled down the stream to Severn's tide.  
And sooth they vowed—the trampled green  
Showed where hot Neville's charge had been ;  
In every sable hoof-tramp stood  
A Norman horseman's curdling blood.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil  
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil :  
Their orphans long the art may rue  
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.  
No more the tramp of armed steed  
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead ;  
Nor trace be there in early spring,  
Save of the fairies' emerald ring.