



## MUSINGS AMONG THE HEATHER.

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### TO THE MUSE.

**A**WAKE, my drowsie muse, and sing ;  
Why will you dormant lie,  
While the sweet lark is on the wing,  
And soaring to the sky,  
With cheerful heart her voice to raise,  
And sing her morning hymn of praise ?

Rise with the morn ; and soar away,  
In contemplation's flight,  
Before the glorious orb of day  
Bursts from the womb of night,  
And breaks with might her gloomy bars,  
And with his light seals up the stars.

And when he from his brilliant rim  
Throws wide his sparkling fire,  
Which makes the orbs of night grow dim  
And in his beams expire,  
Then on sweet nature look abroad,  
And sing of all the works of God.

Sing of the sky, the sea, and land,  
 Streams, lakes, and leafy bowers ;  
 Of woods, and glens, and mountains grand,  
 Birds, beasts, and blooming flowers ;  
 And of the lovely rainbow mild,  
 The sunny calm, and tempest wild.

Let cheerful Spring inspire your lays  
 With something new and grand,  
 And Summer's flowers call forth your praise  
 Of an Almighty hand ;  
 Let Autumn's bounty be your song,  
 And Winter's storms your notes prolong.

And when light fades far in the west,  
 When day is at its close,  
 And wearied labour sinks to rest,  
 In silent sweet repose,  
 Then view the moon and stars so bright,  
 And sing the beauties of the night.



### THE WEE ORPHAN WEAN.

THE cauld win' was blawin', the sleet fast was fa'in';  
 The kye a' stood coorin' in biel o' ilk stane,  
 When, cripplin' wi' sair feet, an' dreepin' wi' cauld sleet,  
 Cam' toddlin' along a bit wee orphan wean.

His auld shoon were sair worn, his thin claes were a' torn  
 The cauld win' gaed thro' them the same's he had nane ;  
 Aft hungry an' no fed, an' wearied an' nae bed ;  
 Oh hard is the lot o' the wee orphan wean !

There is nane noo tae care when his wee head is sair,  
 Or hungry or cauld, since his parents are gane ;  
 There's nane noo but strangers tae shield him frae dangers;  
 An' few are the frien's o' the wee orphan wean.

When weans dae forgether tae play a' thegither,  
 The puir thing is dowie, an' stauns aye his lane ;  
 An' tho' they are cheerie, an' play till they're wearie,  
 There's nane try tae cheer up the wee orphan wean.

An' when, in the gloamin', they hameward are roamin',  
 Ilka ane but himsel' their ain road hae ta'en ;  
 But frien'less, an' eerie, an' hungry, an' wearie,  
 He's nae hame tae gang tae, the wee orphan wean.

The rich are respected, the puir aft neglected ;  
 The wealthy hae frien's, but the needy hae nane ;  
 When poverty pinches, maist ilka ane flinches  
 Tae succour the puir, or a wee orphan wean.

A' ye that hae plenty o' a' that is dainty,  
 Gie some tae the puir, ye'll ne'er miss't when it's gane ;  
 Ye will aye get far mair than the morsel ye spare  
 Tae puir needy wand'rer or wee orphan wean.

Let your pity extend, an' the orphan befriend,  
 Bring him in tae the bink beside your hearthstane ;  
 Ye'll ne'er hae reflection for gi'en your protection  
 Tae puir hooseless wand'rer or wee orphan wean.

*May, 1855.*



## THE BONNIE BLUE BELL.

**W**HEN CARENA for those wha in foreign lands travel,  
 An' o' their rich verdure an' bonnie flowers tell,  
 O' roses an' lilies, and bricht oleanders,  
 They canna compare wi' the Scottish blue bell.

Or bonnie red heather, the rich blooming heather,  
 An' modest wee daisie that dapples the dale ;  
 Or queen o' the meadow, wi' snawie white feather,  
 That flings its perfume on the wings o' the gale.

Or yet the fox-glove, or the mild lovely snowdrop,  
 That rises ere winter's awa, for tae tell  
 That spring will soon wauken the bashfu' wee primrose,  
 Tae bloom in rich beauty, in glen, wud, an' vale.

An' what tho' auld Scotland's baith rugged an' rocky,  
 When wild storms sweep o'er her they act as a spell,  
 Tae rouse in her brave sons the spirit o' freedom  
 That guards frae a' tyrants her bonnie blue bell.



## THE BEAUTIES OF WINTER.

**W**HEN winter's frosty win's do blaw,  
 An' a' the lochs an' burnies freeze,  
 An' heighs an' howes are clad wi' snaw,  
 An' cranreuch fringes shrubs an' trees.

Then if aroun' we take a view  
 O' nature in her robes sae bricht,  
 Contrasted wi' the sky sae blue,  
 It really is a bonnie sicht.

O how enchantin' an' sublime  
 Is sic a bonnie fairy scene,  
 When wuds are a' clad ower wi' rime,  
 Tho' birds are mute, an' flowers are gane.

The trees in hoary mantles stan',  
 An' fling their silvery heads on high,  
 Superbly rich, an' wondrous gran',  
 Like marble tracery on the sky.

The same Almighty hand that forms  
 The feathery cranreuch an' the snaw,  
 Can bridle up the wildest storms,  
 An' mak' even dreary winter braw.



## H A M E.

**S**WEET Scotland, my country, I ever will lo'e thee,  
 An' wha for sic fond love, wad me ever blame,  
 For freedom blooms there, that has never been blighted,  
 An' there stauns the wee hoose, my ain native hame.

O, weel, weel I like the bit wee thackit biggin',  
 The snug cosie biel, whaur I first saw the licht,  
 For tho' it had naething but turfs on its riggin',  
 It stood winter's storms, tho' they blew a' their micht.

O, far hae I wander'd o'er laun an' o'er ocean,  
 An' seen mony braw places weel kent tae fame,  
 But a' their rich beauty aye faded an' vanished,  
 Whenever I thocht on my ain native hame.

When we are awa' frae oor country an' kindred,  
Oor heart aye lousps licht when we hear but their name,  
An' fond recollections spring up thick as gowans,  
As soon as we hear but the mention o' hame.

O, hame, dearest hame, thou hast power like the loadstone  
Wi' sweet bauns o' love, the affections tae draw,  
Ye win the young heart, for your charms are resistless,  
An' aye are the stronger, the farer awa'.

Yes, hame is aye hame, tho' it's never sae humble,  
There's something about it that makes the heart fain,  
An' when in life's journey, we lang frae't are absent,  
We're aye unco keen tae come back tae't again.

Where'er we are plac'd, an' whatever oor station,  
There's aye something there, oor affections tae claim,  
There's nae ither place, tho' we travel the warl thro',  
That e'er we can loe like oor ain native hame.

Then Scotland, my country, I'll aye sing thy praises,  
Thy beauty and freedom will aye be my theme,  
An' tho' I hae nocht but a wee thackit biggin',  
I'll aye be content, for there's nae place like hame.



## RURAL DEPOPULATIONS.

**G**REAT changes come wi' passing years,  
 As noo in many a place appears,  
     If Scotland roon we scan ;  
 For whaur ance dwelt a hardy race,  
 Is noo a' wild, an' made a place,  
     For deer instead o' man.

Great tracks o' laun' can noo be seen,  
 Whaur crofters ance dwelt snug an' bien,  
     A' clad wi' bent an' heather ;  
 An' here an' there, a nowt or sheep,  
 A muircock, plover, or peesweep,  
     Whaur folk in bauns did gather.

The places whaur their hooses stood,  
 The crofts whaur corn wav'd rank an' guid,  
     Can hardly noo be trac'd ;  
 An' whaur a' ance look'd blythe an' fair,  
 Is noo wild, barren, bleak, and bare,  
     A solitary waste.

What sin an' shame that laun' sae good,  
 That lots o' wark, an' walth o' food,  
     Tae man an' beast wad yield ;  
 Shou'd be allow'd tae lie a waste,  
 Tae suit some selfish noble's taste,  
     O' bein' a huntin' field.

But nobles yet may sairly rue,  
 That crofters on their launs are few,  
     An' may yet come to ken  
 That grouse an' deer can ne'er oppose,  
 Nor staun' against invading foes,  
     Sae firm as hardy men. '



## DECEMBER.

THE bonnie, mild, an' gentle spring,  
Sweet simmer, blythe an' braw,  
An' autumn, wi' her gouden load,  
Are noo a' fled awa'.

An' nature's bonnie smiling face,  
Sae lately fu' o' bloom,  
Is noo grown pale an' waefu' like,  
An' shaded ower wi' gloom.

For fleeting time wi' hurrying haste,  
On rapid wings flees past,  
An' brings ilk season in its turn,  
An' winter at the last.

Sae cauld December raging wild,  
Sweeps ower baith sea an' laun,  
An' rives tae rags sweet nature's robes,  
Wi' his destroying haun'.

His wild an' ruthless howling storms,  
'Mang leafless wuds I hear,  
In raging wrath as if they wou'd,  
Them a' tae pieces tear.



An' noo the drumlie drowsy sun,  
Quite wearied like does rise,  
An' wades deep through the watery clouds,  
Alang the gloomy skies.

For rain an' hail in torrents fa',  
An' sleet drives ower the plains  
Till burns row doon in foaming floods,  
An' roar lood through the glens.

Ilk place aroond is dreary like,  
Baith mountain, glen, an' shaw,  
Nae bonnie flowers noo deck the braes,  
For they are a' awa'.

December storms like wasting wars,  
Amang the human kind,  
Spread desolation in their track,  
An' leave sad wrecks behind.

But bonnie smiling spring will yet,  
Awake the sleeping flowers,  
Arouse again the warbler's sang,  
An' clead the leafless bowers.

Then let December dae his worst,  
Short will be his career ;  
For aff he'll gang wi' the last groan  
O' the expiring year.



## UNHAPPY JOCK.

**T**HERE'S mony ups an' doons in life  
 Between the cradle an' the grave,  
 As Jock said tae his drucken wife  
 When she fell, an' began tae rave  
 About her lads she had langsyne,  
 An' counted owre some aucht or nine.

Blin' fortune's wheel is aff the fair,  
 An' waggles sair as it rins roon ;  
 Sae flings tae ilka ane their share  
 O' luck, as it babs up or doon.  
 Tae some a rich unhappy lot,  
 An' some content wi' scarce a groat.

But Jock in pairt was cause himsel'  
 O' ae big trouble o' his life,  
 For he for siller courted Nell,  
 An' got wi' it a drucken wife.  
 Noo it wad be a doonricht shame  
 To gie blin' fortune a' the blame.

Some folk think walth maks them genteel,  
 An' witty, noble, wise, an' braw,  
 While base ambition gars them speel  
 Tae heights frae whilk they aften fa'.  
 Wi' shattered pride, an' grief intense,  
 The sport o' folk o' common sense.

Wha let pride lift them owre far up  
 Are sure tae get a dirty fa' ;  
 Wha drinks o' wine the biggest cup,  
 Their senses soonest gang awa'.  
 Sae keep doon laigh, the wine-cup spare,  
 An' court for love, but naething mair.

## THE ROAD O' LIFE.

**U**PON the rugged road o' life,  
 We've hills tae speel, an' howes tae cross,  
 Fause frien's tae meet, wi' troubles rife,  
 An' whaur tae gang whiles at a loss.

But upright men keep on their road,  
 Wi' joy 'midst sunshine, or 'mang snaw,  
 Are aye content an' trust in God,  
 An' fearna storms though wild they blaw.

An' honest man, wi' just intent,  
 Tae ilka body, big or sma',  
 Speels hardship's brae, tho' geyan faint,  
 An' tho' he slides, he doesna fa'.

Far different is the selfish loon,  
 That cheats his neebours ane an' a',  
 Tho' gey far up, he tumbles doon  
 'Mang dirt, an' canna rise ava.

Ill-gotten gear is never bless'd  
 In cottage, tent, or lordly ha',  
 It vanishes like morning mist,  
 Or else taks wings an' flees awa'.

Then let me try as far's I can,  
 Tho' gey thin shod for life's rough road,  
 Tae imitate the honest man,  
 Aye be content, an' trust in God.



## THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

**F**AREWELL my native land, I must away,  
 Far, far from thee, o'er raging seas' wild foam,  
 To seek some place, where I may find repose,  
 But still I'll love thee, thou'rt my dearest home.

Misfortunes gather'd as my years advanc'd,  
 Stern, ruthless tyranny has crush'd me sore ;  
 Base, sneaking avarice has grasped my all,  
 And poverty now drives me from your shore.

Farewell my humble cot, and meadows gay,  
 Where oft in youth, I've gather'd lovely flowers,  
 Farewell ye rocky hills, and placid lakes,  
 Ye bushy glens, with all your leafy bowers.

Flow on 'midst blooming flow'rs, bright sparkling streams  
 Unite your murmurs with the sighing breeze ;  
 And join your music with the warbling throng,  
 Who sweetly sing among the leafy trees.

Rise from thy dewy nest, sweet warbling lark,  
 Hail with thy sweetest song, the coming day,  
 Breathe forth your sweet perfume, gay, blooming flowers,  
 To cheer some wand'rer when I'm far away.

I yet will cast one ling'ring look behind,  
 Before your heath-clad hills fade from my view,  
 And with a bleeding heart, and tearful eyes,  
 Will bid you then, a long, a last adieu.



## TO THE OCEAN.

**M**IGHTY sea ! thy swelling tide,  
 Doth nations far apart divide,  
 And yet thou art the road,  
 That joins them in commerce and trade,  
 And where is vividly display'd  
 The wisdom and the power of God.

For He has fixed by His decree,  
 A bound'ry all around for thee,  
 Which thou can ne'er pass o'er ;  
 But must obey His great command,  
 And stop when thou com'st to the sand,  
 That lies along thy wave-wash'd shore.

Then tho' the howling tempest raves,  
 And lash to fury thy wild waves,  
 Till foam is o'er thee spread ;  
 Thus far in wrath thou mayest flow,  
 But farther thou shalt never go,  
 For here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

## SUTHERLAND EVICTIONS.

**M**OURN, Scotia, for your Celtic race,  
 Now forcèd from their fatherland,  
 And brand for ever with disgrace,  
 The cruel lairds of Sutherland.

Such traitors of their country ought  
 Be held in scorn and censured be,  
 For banishing a race who fought,  
 To set their own lov'd country free.

Grieve that such petty tyrants may  
 The noble name of Britons claim ;  
 While vividly their acts display,  
 That they disgrace a Briton's name.

Their deeds will never be forgot,  
 But to posterity remain  
 In Scottish history a blot,  
 A black and everlasting stain.

*August, 1855.*



MY NATIVE LAND.

**M**Y native land ! your hills and plains ;  
 Your lochs an' burnies clear ;  
 Your wuds, an' knowes, an' cheerfu' sangs,  
 I lo'e them a' fu' dear.

Your hardy sons, an' maidens fair ;  
 Your heroes, rocks, an' glens,  
 Hae a' inspired your bards tae sing  
 Your praise in lovely strains.

Land o' the brave ! my father's land—  
 Land o' poetic fame !  
 Nae tyrant e'er has you enslav'd,  
 Or coward stain'd your name.

The hardy heather on your hills  
 The wildest tempest braves ;  
 An' on your plains, in fearless pride,  
 The noble thistle waves.

An' sweetly echoing thro' the wuds,  
 In notes baith loud an' clear,  
 Auld Scotland's martial music soonds,  
 That ilka ane does cheer.

The pibroch—freedom's noble strain—  
 Tae Scotchmen's hearts gaes hame,  
 An' kindles yet the patriot lowe  
 O' Wallace, Bruce, an' Graham.

Lang may your bonnie heather bloom ;  
 Your thistle proudly wave ;  
 Your bagpipes soond forth freedom's notes,  
 An' your stout sons be brave.

An' may their noble, daring deeds,  
 Add honour tae your name,  
 An' shove ye aye the heigher up  
 Upon the wings o' fame.



## SCOTLAND'S BAIRNS.

**H**URRAH ! for Scotland's hills and dales,  
 Her castles an' her cairns ;  
 Her wuds an' glens and wimplin' burns,  
 And her true-hearted bairns.

Tho' ye wad seek the warl' a' through,  
 There's no anither place,  
 Whaurin ye'd fin sic hardy chiels,  
 As 'mang the Scottish race.

Their country's richts in days o' yore,  
Their fathers aye maintain'd,  
An' the brave spirit o' their sires,  
The bairns hae yet retain'd.

What power on yirth can them enslave?  
They're noble, brave, an' free,  
They winna flinch in freedom's cause,  
Nor yield tae tyranny.

On snawy wilds, or Indian plains,  
Their valour is the same,  
They are a dread tae a' their foes,  
Wha tremble at their name.

They're ne'er the first tae raise a quarrel,  
But if forc'd tae begin,  
Let them that dare their wrath arouse  
Tak' guid care o' their skin.

Success then tae the noble chiels,  
A' honour tae their name,  
They'll staun their ain whaur'er they gang,  
An' ne'er disgrace their hame.

Then, let us gie three hearty cheers,  
For Scotland, freedom's mither,  
Her stuffy bairns, her thrissle green,  
An' her braw bloomin' heather.





## A STORM AT NIGHT.

**N**OW dreadful is a night upon the shore,  
 When foaming waves with tempests wild are driv'n,  
 In one long, loud, tumultuous, deaf'ning roar,  
 While pitchy clouds with thunder bolts are riv'n.

How wild, terrific, oh ! how grand, sublime,  
 When all above, below, around, afar,  
 Is one vast, troubled, gloom-enshrouded scene,  
 Of wild contending elements at war.

Now awestruck, trembling nature stands aghast,  
 When tempests howl, and lightnings rend the clouds,  
 When bending trees groan 'neath the ruthless blast,  
 And melancholy gloom the earth enshrouds.

What mind can comprehend the mighty power  
 Of Him, who holds up all things with His hand,  
 Who bids the dark and gloomy tempest lour,  
 Or stills the elements at His command.



## THE HIGHLANDER'S RETURN.

**W**HEN Colin frae war's bluidy strife was returning,  
 Wi' licht heart he trudg'd on, tho' shatter'd an' lame,  
 In heigh hopes o' meetin' his frien's hale an' hearty,  
 Tae welcome him back tae his ain Hielan' hame.

His breast shin'd wi' badges o' honour an' merit,  
 An' weel he deserv'd o' oor rulers far mair ;  
 For lang he had fought wi' a courage undaunted,  
 An' bled for his country baith aften an' sair.

His speerits grew lichter, as hameward he daunert,  
An' aye as some kent place cam' into his view,  
He gaed on the faster, altho' he was wearit,  
An' tho' sair forfochten, the stronger he grew.

When he cam' in sicht o' the braes an' the burnie,  
Where aft he had waded, an' pu'd nits an' slaes,  
He thocht then his hardships an' toils a'maist ended,  
An' noo wi' his frien's, he wad spend a' his days.

But ah ! when he cam' to his ain native biggin',  
The thack was a' aff't, an' the cabers were bare,  
The yaird dyke was doon, an' a' things lay in ruins,  
An' naething but wild desolation was there.

He glower'd thro' a hole, whaur there ance was a window,  
But father or mother nae whaur cou'd be seen,  
An' when that he saw that his fond hopes were wreckèd,  
His heart it grew grit, an' the tears fill'd his een.

Sic is the reward o' oor country's defenders,  
Oh, shame on oor nobles, oor country's disgrace,  
Wha drive frae their hames, the brave sons o' the mountains,  
An' for selfish pleasure put deer in their place.

Ah ! Scotland, your glory is fast, fast departin',  
Wild ruin noo strides owre your mountains in haste,  
Mean tyrants hae spread thro' your glens desolation,  
An' mony braw straths are noo lyin' a' waste.



## WINTER.

**N**OO winter's cauld an' bitter blast,  
 Raves roon my auld bit biggin',  
 An' whiles in wild relentless wrath,  
 Rives divits aff its riggin'.

An' drives the whirlin' drift an' snaw,  
 Like mist owre hill an' moor,  
 Till wreaths lie heigh at ilk dyke back,  
 An' roon about the door.

Noo wee birds gether intae flocks,  
 An' flee about the stacks ;  
 An' pairtricks coor amang the snaw,  
 For biel at the dyke backs.

An' heigh in air at gloamin' grey,  
 Is heard the soughin' wings  
 O' wild ducks in their rapid flicht,  
 Gaun aff in search o' springs.

The hungry hares steal tae the yairds,  
 An' eat the kail at nicht,  
 But faithless snaw tells whaur they've been,  
 As soon as it is licht.

Then man, on cruel sport intent,  
 Tak's oot his dog an' gun ;  
 An' tracks the puir things tae the bent,  
 An' shoots them for his fun.

Keen curlers noo wi' coves an' stanes,  
 Gang early aff frae hame ;  
 Tae meet their neebours on the ice,  
 Tae hae a roarin' game.



An' when they get their tees a' made,  
 They skill an' fun display ;  
 They, draw, an' guard, an' wick, an' strike,  
 An' loup, an' cry hurrah !

Tho' winter is baith coorse an' cauld,  
 It aft does pleasure yield,  
 When folk hae walth tae tak' an' leave,  
 An' in a cozie bield.

But aft when by oor chimley cheek,  
 When winter is severe,  
 We little ken what ithers feel,  
 Or what they hae to bear.

Think on the stranger far frae hame,  
 Aft hungry, wat, an' cauld ;  
 An' them wha are oblig'd to beg,  
 When they are growin' auld.

The widow wi' her helpless weans,  
That's left wi' scanty means,  
An' is in want o' meat and claes,  
An' destitute o' frien's.

Think what her bleeding heart maun feel,  
When greetin' at her knee,  
Her starvin' weans cry for a piece,  
An' she has nane to gie.

Oh, pity them that are in want,  
An' crush'd wi' grief an' care,  
An' help them a' that e'er ye can,  
Tae keep them frae despair.

An' if ye hae a bite tae spare,  
Gie some o't tae the poor,  
An' never let a hungry wean,  
Gang greetin' frae your door.

Gie what ye can, wi' lib'ral haun,  
An' ye will never miss'd,  
Ye'll aye get far mair than ye gie,  
An' for't ye will be bless'd.



## TO MOUNTAIN DAISIES IN DECEMBER, 1857.

**S**WEET modest flowers what brought you here,  
 At this cauld season o' the year,  
 Why hae ye rais'd your tender forms  
 To perish in the winter storms ?

Ye surely hae been sair mista'en,  
 Or else ye in your beds wad lain,  
 Till laverocks had begun tae sing  
 Their welcome tae the infant spring.

But aiblins gratitude ye bear,  
 Tae the auld mild expiring year,  
 An' his past favours mak's ye rise,  
 That ye may crown him ere he dies.

Whate'er the cause, ye now do bloom,  
 In cauld December's deepest gloom,  
 On wither'd lea, like gems fu' braw,  
 As pure an' white as driven snaw.

Ye're welcome here ye bonnie flowers,  
 When simmer smiles, or winter lours,  
 Ye're aye sae lovely, sweet, an' fair,  
 Ye brighten up this warld o' care.

If mildness life tae flowers impart,  
 Sae kindness cheers the human heart,  
 An' wha tae us true friendship show,  
 Tae them our gratitude should flow.



## A STAR IN THE STORM.

AFT when dark clouds the skies o'er cast,  
 An' cauld the win' does blaw,  
 When nicht's deep shades are gatherin' fast,  
 An' day has gane awa'.

When burns row doon in foamin' floods,  
 An' roarin' louns ilk lin,  
 While fitfu' blasts rave thro' the wuds,  
 Wi' soughin' eerie din.

Ev'n then, when gloom the earth enshrouds,  
 An' elements do war,  
 We aft see thro' the op'ning clouds,  
 Some bonnie blinkin' star.

But tho' the wee bit orb o' licht,  
 May shine but unco brief,  
 Yet it dispels the gloom o' nicht,  
 An' gi'es the een relief.

Sae when misfortunes' bitter blast,  
 Wi' grief an' wae combin'd,  
 Around our life their shadows cast,  
 An' cloud our troubl'd mind.

Or when in poverty we pine,  
 An' sorrows press us sair,  
 If but ae ray o' hope does shine,  
 It drives awa' despair.



## I'LL TUNE MY RUSTIC REED AND SING.

**A**S lang as I ha'e win' to blaw,  
 I'll tune my rustic reed an' sing,  
 O' growlin' winter's frost and snaw,  
 An' o' sweet smiling, cheerfu' spring.

I'll sing o' summer's flowers sae fair,  
 An' o' the lintie on the thorn,  
 As weel's the laverock heigh in air,  
 An' autumn's gowden fields o' corn.

'Mang storms an' when deep stillness reigns,  
 Sweet nature's face I oft will scan,  
 Enraptur'd midst the changing scenes,  
 An' paint their beauties if I can.

An' when nicht's gloom my vision mars,  
 When howlets screech, an' bats flee by,  
 I'll watch the bonnie twinklin' stars,  
 An' sing the wonders o' the sky.

I'll court the muse in wud an' glen,  
 Tae sing some o' her sweetest lays,  
 Till echoes ring o'er hill an' plain,  
 Baith far an' near in Scotland's praise.

I'll aye sing on at some bit verse,  
 As lang's my reed will bide in tune,  
 An' if at times I dae grow hearse,  
 Ev'n then I'll try tae mak a croon.





## THE FAREWEEL.

**F**AREWEEL sweet land whaur freedom dwells,  
Nae country thee surpasses  
For honest, brave, an' hardy men,  
An' modest bonnie lasses.

Fareweel, my native land, fareweel,  
O' wae I am tae leave thee,  
But crooked fate sen's me awa',  
An' that the mair does grieve me.

The springs o' sorrow fill my een,  
Life's thread is like tae sever,  
When I've tae pairt frae a' that's dear,  
An' aiblin's sae for ever.

Fareweel ye bonnie wuds an' glens,  
Whare I was fond o' roamin',  
Tae hear the cheerfu' mavis sing,  
Her hin'most sang at gloamin'.

An' fareweel bonnie heights an' howes,  
Ye lochs, an' rocky mountains,  
Ye pleasant plains, an' whimplin' burns,  
Ye waterfa's an' fountains.

An' fare-ye-weel baith frien's an' hame,  
Tae bide fate winna let me,  
But while life's crimson burnie rins,  
I never will forget ye.



## HIGHLAND DESOLATIONS.

**N**OW lovely the land, tho' its glory has passèd  
 Where nature in all her wild grandeur displays,  
 Her deep rapid rivers, her lakes clear and placid,  
 Dark glens, rocky mountains, and sea-washèd bays.

The home of a people, no foe ever daunted,  
 Who bravely have fought both on flood and on field,  
 In their lov'd country's cause whene'er they were wanted,  
 They conquer'd or died, but they never would yield.

Free hearted and gay, hardy, brave, kind to strangers,  
 Feeling for the distress'd, and griev'd for their woes,  
 Unflinching in battle, and foremost in dangers,  
 A terror to tyrants, a dread to their foes.

When Romans in height of their glory intended,  
 To make all known nations submit to their yoke,  
 The brave Celts stood forth, and their country defended,  
 And made them recoil like proud waves from a rock.

Tho' oft with the foes of their country they've striven,  
 And could yet strive with them, as they've done before,  
 Their only reward, is, by being forth driven,  
 To seek for a home on some far distant shore.

Low tyrants with ruthless injustice are taking,  
 Both houses and lands from the brave Celtic race,  
 But justice triumphant ere long will awaken,  
 And brand their oppressors with shame and disgrace.

The straths and the glens are now lone and forsaken,  
And heaps of grey stones mark their once happy homes,  
Their lands are o'ergrown now, with wild brier and braken,  
Where timid wild deer now in solitude roams.

How lonely the braes, and the clear bubbling fountains,  
Now haunts for the wild duck, the grouse, and the hare,  
Where youths danc'd so gay by the streams of the mount-  
ains,  
When skylarks were singing their songs high in air.

Deep silence now reigns on the hills clad with heather,  
And round the steep rocks fring'd with hazel and fern,  
Where pibrochs were heard for the clansmen to gather,  
At the chieftain's lone grave, or fog cover'd cairn.

How dreary the glens, where the deep rapid rivers,  
Dash wildly in foam o'er rocks rugged and high,  
While white fleecy spray sparkles clear as it quivers,  
And the rocks echo back the wild eagle's cry.

A deep hollow murmuring from caverns forth rushes,  
(As in wrath for the brave, wrong'd Highlander's woe),  
While struggling sunbeams hardly pierce thro' the bushes,  
To light up the dark surging torrent below.

Dark now are the lakes where the wild fowl in numbers  
Float quietly unseen 'neath the wild rocky steep;  
Where echoes are never arous'd from their slumbers,  
Except by the raven, the wild deer or sheep.

Ah! Scotia mourns, for her thistle is blighted,  
And lies on the graves of her chieftains of yore,  
Her wrongs and her grievances now are all slighted,  
Her brave hardy sons are expell'd from her shore.

Her legal just rights have too long been unheeded,  
 And a slight on her brave, hardy people is cast,  
 True patriot spirit is all that is needed,  
 To cause a bright bow on the dark cloud that's past.

Stand forth then brave Scots for the rights of your country,  
 You still are as brave as your sires were before,  
 You yet can repel every tyrant's effrontery,  
 By true Scottish valour as they did before.

Unite and your country defend from oppression,  
 Why calmly look on as if Scotsmen were slaves?  
 Why think that your just rights are but a concession?  
 Ah! look to the blood round your forefathers' graves.

Stand firm then, true Scotsmen, you never were frighted,  
 Tho' often—too oft—has your courage been tried,  
 And tho' your lov'd thistle has sometimes been blighted,  
 Rejoice that your lion has never yet died.

1855.



### A CALM 'MIDST THE STORM.

THE drumlie, drowsie winter's sun  
 Was wadin' deep 'maist oot o' sicht;  
 His short day's race he'd nearly run,  
 Hard follow'd by the shades o' nicht,  
 While bitter frosty win's did blaw,  
 Mix'd here an' there wi' flichts o' snaw,  
 That whirl'd an' danc'd as they flew past,  
 The token o' a comin' blast.


As nicht drew on, it darker grew,  
For deeper gloom o'ercoost the lift,  
The snaw mair thick an' faster flew,  
An' screev'd alang in clouds o' drift ;  
The ragin' storm my biggin' batter'd,  
Till cabers craz'd, an' windows clatter'd,  
Howl'd 'mang the trees its elritch sang,  
Whilk doon the lum like thunder rang.

I musing sat an' heard the din,  
O' the wild howlin' tempest's strife,  
An' thocht them bless'd wha'd peace within,  
Amidst the witherin' storms o' life.  
Such are the puir, when bless'd wi' health,  
Free frae the cankerin' snares o' wealth,  
Wha hae as much as frichts aff care,  
Wi' nae desire for ony mair.

Wha tae their lot dae square their mind,  
Ilk diff'rence mends wi' love's cement,  
Strive tae be honest, sober, kind,  
An' gilds a' hardships wi' content,  
Tho' their bright hopes are aft o'ercast  
By disappointment's blighting blast,  
Yet a' their comforts dinna cease,  
The lowly mind has always peace.



## A KEEK AT THE POETS.

 'VE keekit back thro' days o' yore,  
 As mony mae hae done before,  
 An' at the poets ta'en a glow'r,  
                   At antrin turns ;  
 But nane I've seen in jinglin' lore,  
                   Comes up tae Burns.

His mind was o' a power immense ;  
 In love, his feelings were intense ;  
 He had great dauds o' common sense,  
                   Wi' noble pride,  
 A thocht tae cringe for pounds an' pence,  
                   He cou'dna bide.

O' base misrule Rab fan' the smart ;  
 But, oh ! he had the patriot's art,  
 Truth's fearless, gleg, resistless dart,  
                   Wi' pith tae throw,  
 That pierc'd corruption tae the heart,  
                   At ilka blow.

When in the kirk the stoops were wrang,  
 His bow he bent wi' satire strang,  
 Wit's barbèd arrows then he flang  
                   Wi' force an' speed,  
 Till vile hypocrisy he dang  
                   Clean heels owre head.

Whar cou'd ye fin' anither man  
 Wha nature's beauties sae cou'd scan,  
 An' paint them a' wi' master han',  
                   That nane can ding ;  
 Whilk noo mak's bards a' glowerin' stan'  
                   Wi' nocht tae sing.


Baith hill an' dale, an' ilka flower,  
 The frost an' snaw, an' sunny shower ;  
 The whimplin' burn, an' leafy bower,  
     An' water fa' ;  
 The lover's tryste, an' social hour,  
     Rab sang them a'.

A' rhymers noo may try in vain,  
 A laurel for their pows tae gain,  
 Tho' they may sing some gey sweet strain—  
     Oh, wae's me ! for them—  
 Far, far behin' they will remain,  
     Rab's aye before them.

Nae upstart jinglers will succeed  
 Tae rive the wreath aff Rabbie's head,  
 Sae they may doff the poet's weed  
     In fell despair,  
 An' fling aside the rustic reed  
     An' rhyme nae mair.



## TO A FRIEND.

 HAPPY new year tae ye a',  
 May routh o' health be sent ye ;  
 May shoors o' plenty roon ye fa',  
     An' may ye be content aye.

May ye o' siller ne'er be scant,  
 May love bide in your dwallin' ;  
 May pale-fac'd poverty an' want,  
     Ne'er glower ben by your hallin'.

## NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

May nae misfortune great or sma'  
 Against the wa' e'er push ye ;  
 Ye'll no be unco ill ava',  
 If ye're as weel's I wish ye.

Gie my respects tae Willie Hogg,  
 For he's a dainty chiel ;  
 May he ne'er wauner in a bog,  
 But lang be hale and weel.

An' may his muse as years row roon,  
 Aye keep frae growin' hearse ;  
 That he in raptures sweet may croon  
 Some new and touching verse.



## NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

**W**E thank Thee for Thy mercies, Lord,  
 Throughout the year that's run ;  
 And pray Thee to protect us still,  
 Through this new year begun.

Through all our life with tender care,  
 Thou hast us onward led,  
 And with an ever bounteous hand,  
 Thou hast us cloth'd and fed.

But though Thy tender mercy, Lord,  
 Has ever us upheld,  
 We oft in thought, in word, and deed,  
 Against Thee have rebell'd.



O wash our sin-polluted souls  
 In mercy's fountain clear,  
 And clothe us with salvation's robe,  
 That we may white appear.

And when the last expiring year  
 Of time convuls'd shall end,  
 May we in heaven, with Christ appear,  
 Our Saviour and our Friend.

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A DAISY IN WINTER.

**N**OO gusty win's wi' mournfu' wail,  
 Are sweepin' owre baith hill an' vale,  
 An' thro' the leafless woods ;  
 While trees stript o' their simmer's bloom,  
 Are waefu' like in winter's gloom,  
 An' burns row doon in floods.

But yet the daisy on the lea  
 Lifts tae the sun its watery e'e,  
 Beside some clod or stane ;  
 There in sic scanty biel it cow'rs,  
 An' tho' sair tash'd wi' sleety show'rs,  
 It blooms fu' brow its lane.

Emblem o' those o' humble hearts,  
 That honestly act weel their parts,  
 That God to them has giv'n ;  
 Tho' in adversity they pine,  
 They tak' their lot and ne'er repine,  
 But aye look up tae heav'n.

## ADDRESS TAE STRAUGHT HOWE ICE.

(FRAE AN AULD COWE.)

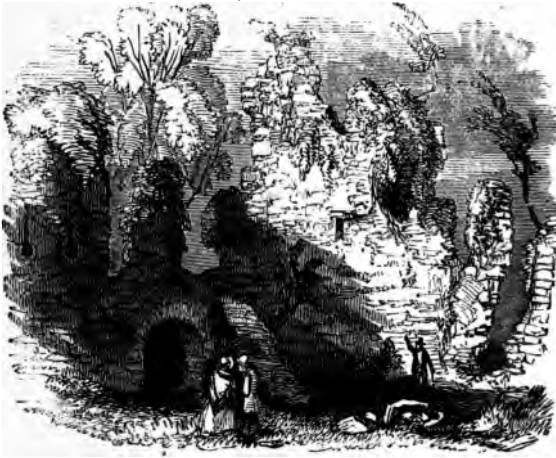
**T**HE Bathgate curlers wi' their brooms  
 Are chokin' fu' o' wrathfu' fumes,  
 As strong's wad burst a blether;  
 Because they've been tap-dressed gey weel  
 By some bit honest muirland chiel,  
 That bides amang the heather.

He surely is a fearless loon  
 Tae crack sic sprousers on the croon,  
 An' bring on them the staggers;  
 But wha could thole their bletherin' mouth,  
 When they'll no keep tae naked truth,  
 They are sae mighty braggers?

It's nae great fau't tae sprouse awee,  
 When words an' actions aye agree,  
 Ev'n by a braggin' billie;  
 But if folk print or sprouse an' blaw  
 That they are what they're no ava',  
 It shows them mean an' silly.

Tae Bathgate curlers I wad hint,  
 When they their vict'ries put in print,  
 The public may inspeck it;  
 Sae when they forth sic statements bring,  
 If they're no gaud they needna fling,  
 When something wrang's deteckit.

Noo frien' Howe Ice, 'tween you an' me,  
 A's keepit richt, frae tee tae tee,  
 While stanes roar lood as thunner;  
 Sae, then, if men wad just play fair,  
 An' aye play straught, we needna care,  
 For oor pairt, wha's the winner,



### TO ROTHESAY CASTLE.

**A**ULD hoary pile, whose weather-beaten form  
Tells plainly that ye better days hae seen,  
Ere ye were batter'd by time's ruthless storm,  
Or cover'd wi' your ivy mantle green.

Nae doot, in time far distant in the past,  
When ye was new, ye wad be snod an' fair ;  
But twice four hunner years hae roun' ye cast  
Their passin' shadows, an' hae chang'd ye sair.

If ye could speak an' tell what ye hae seen,  
What ancient stories ye could yet unfold—  
How kings within your lofty ha's hae been,  
Wi' bloomin' maidens an' brave barons bold.

Ye'd tell o' feudal strifes, an' bluidy wars,  
 An' how in your defence brave patriots fell,  
 While ye hae stood, an' yet can show the scars,  
 That barb'rous hordes hae left upon yoursel'.

But noo deserted, an' thro' mean negleck,  
 A mouldrin' relic o' langsyne ye stan' ;  
 Nane heeds ava' tho' ye gáing a' tae wreck,  
 Nor tries to save ye frae time's wastin' han'.

If I'd the means, I really hae the heart,  
 When I look at your ancient crumblin' tow'rs,  
 Tae tosh ye up wi' lime in ilka pairt,  
 An' plant' aroun' ye lots o' bonnie flow'rs.

An' tho' ye are noo geyan sair defac'd,  
 Ye wad then snodder look, an' langer last,  
 An' in your shatter'd form could aye be trac'd  
 The link that join'd the present to the past.

Oh, what a pity if ye meet the fate  
 O' worth an' merit in the present day—  
 Be aye neglected till it is too late,  
 An' then lamented ye will pass away.

1861.



ELEGY TO THE HONOUR OF ROBERT BURNS.

(WRITTEN FOR HIS CENTENARY.)

**R**ESPECT with honour due the name  
 Of him who rais'd himself to fame,  
 The ploughman poet Burns,  
 Now number'd with the honoured dead ;  
 His crown of laurels ne'er will fade,  
 Yet Scotia for him mourns.

Yes, Scotia mourns with sad regret  
 His slighted worth, and his hard fate  
 Of poverty and gloom ;  
 That wondrous star of mental might  
 Was never seen in his full light  
 Till setting in the tomb.

That meteor rare, so sparkling clear,  
 Was only seen to disappear,  
 But left behind such rays  
 As do exceed in brightness far  
 The light of any other star  
 That has shin'd since his days.

An honest man, of humble birth,  
 Of genius bright, and sterling worth,  
 But doom'd to labour hard ;  
 Triumphant o'er hard Fortune's frown,  
 He rais'd himself to great renown,  
 As Scotland's sweetest bard.

Whene'er his fancy took its flight  
 To haunted walls at dead of night,  
 Or when it soar'd away  
 To flowing streams and flowery glades,  
 Their beauty, and their lights and shades  
 How well he could pourtray !

He cast a kind of magic spell  
Alike on river, wood, or dell,  
    Whene'er he sung their praise ;  
And still that spell does on them rest,  
And makes them dear to every breast,  
    And will, to latest days.

He lifted Scotland's unstrung lyre,  
And tun'd it to a pitch far high'r  
    Than e'er it was before ;  
Such rapt'rous music then arose  
As ne'er has ceas'd ; and as it flows  
    It charms life's inmost core.

Within his manly breast did glow  
True sympathy for others' woe  
    When press'd with love or grief,  
And tho' his lot was oft the same,  
He rous'd the bright poetic flame,  
    To give his heart relief.

His tender heart did always bleed  
For those in sorrow, pain, or need ;  
    An' tho' oppress'd with care,  
A tim'rous, hungry, wounded beast  
In him found sympathy at least,  
    His feelings were so rare.

He even mourn'd a daisy's fate,  
Crush'd down beneath the furrow's weight  
    In tender youthful bloom ;  
He in that daisy's fate did see  
A sad presage that, likewise, he  
    Would fill an early tomb.

His country's wrongs, his country's woes  
He did lament, he did expose,  
                    With patriotic fire.

That man to man might yet be just  
Was his most earnest hope and trust,  
                    It was his heart's desire.

It was his wish that wars might cease,  
And that true friendship would increase,  
                    That love would discord smother,  
That every man in every land  
Would take his neighbour by the hand,  
                    And count him for a brother.

A hypocrite he could not bide,  
Nor empty fops stuff'd full of pride,  
                    Tho' they were of high birth ;  
But humble men with hearts sincere  
He did respect, he lov'd them dear,  
                    When they were fond of mirth.

A miser he could ne'er endure,  
Nor those that scorn'd the humble poor  
                    With dignified disdain ;  
Well knowing that a noble mind  
Amongst the poor we often find,  
                    But not amongst the vain.

Rich numskulls who had great pretence,  
And thought that money stood for sense,  
                    He mortally abhorr'd ;  
But good plain modesty and truth,  
Wherever found, in age or youth,  
                    Were by him much ador'd.

He did possess a mighty mind,  
 And had a love for all mankind,  
     And did his powers employ  
 To break might's ruthless tyrant band,  
 That rich, and poor, in every land,  
     Their just rights might enjoy.

In all the diff'rent grades of men  
 Each has his failing, fault, or stain ;  
     And he was like the rest ;  
 But he was free from falsehood's art,  
 A kinder or a nobler heart  
     Ne'er fill'd a human breast.

Then grieve not, Scotia, for your son,  
 For he for you has honour won  
     By his undying fame ;  
 Why mourn now for his early fate ?  
 His slighted worth you may regret,  
     But glory in his name.

Yes, you may glory (free from blame)  
 In your respected poet's name,  
     Since men o'er all the earth  
 His name both honour and revere  
 With great respect, and year by year  
     Do celebrate his birth.

Yes, and as years on years roll on,  
 When all now living will be gone ;  
     As Janu'ry returns,  
 Men will be found, and not a few,  
 Who will respect, with honours due,  
     The memory of Burns.





## ADDRESS TO THE REV. FERGUS FERGUSON.

**M**AN, Fergie, ye're an awfu' han',  
 Yer like is no in a' oor lan',  
 For thunderin' oot yer curse an' ban'  
     Upon the head  
 O' a real honest-hearted man,  
     That's lang been dead.

Nae doot ye think yersel gey braw,  
 A very saunt, without a flaw,  
 But ye hae fau'ts, far mair than twa,  
     I'll lay my head,  
 And nane will worship you ava'  
     When ye are dead.

Man, trail the beam oot o' yer e'e,  
 An' then ye will far clearer see  
 That Burns, whate'er his fau'ts micht be,  
     The truth tae tell,  
 Was freer o' hypocrisy  
     Than ye're yersel'.

While scanning an auld volume through  
 I read o' preachers not a few,  
 An' ane, amaist as guid as you,  
     Wha thus begins,—  
 “Noo, charity, when it is true,  
     Hides lots o' sins.”

That preacher didna fash his head,  
 Tae rake up failings o' the dead,  
 But only hinted we hae need  
     O' love an' grace;  
 But ye are o' a diff'rent creed,  
     Tae your disgrace.

Neist time ye mak' a big tirade,  
 Just try it on the priestcraft trade,  
 Its guile an' fraud, its licht and shade,  
     At antrin turns ;  
 Then ye will fin' mair can be said  
     'Gainst it than Burns.



## TO ROBIN REDBREAST.

**F**AIR fa' thee, Robin, sweet ye sing,  
 Tho' cauld November win's do blaw,  
 As cheerie as if it was spring,  
     Clear, warm, an' brow.

Wee, social bird I like ye weel,  
 For tho' your days an' nichts are spent  
 In hardships, wantin' meat an' biel,  
     Ye're aye content.

Ev'n when the trees wi' cranreuch hing,  
 An' fields are a' clad owre wi' snaw,  
 Then on the hedge ye sit an' sing  
     Your cares awa'.

Frae thee a' discontented folk,  
 Micht learn hoo they shou'd act their parts,  
 Hoo they shou'd bear hard Fortune's shock  
     Wi' cheerfu' hearts.



## CARELESS JOHNNY'S COURTSHIP.

**I** SAY, lass, are ye for a man ?  
 For I tell ye, as sure's I'm in life,  
 That I've ta'en a thocht tae get married,  
 An' noo I'm in search o' a wife.

I'm no gaun tae fleech ye nor flatter,  
 But tell ye my story straught oot ;  
 Tak' tent, then, an' no be owre saucy,  
 In case in a while ye may rue't.

I ken that the lasses look shywise,  
 Although they are keen for a man,  
 An' like a great heap o' beséechin'  
 Afore they will promise their han'.

But tent ye, I'm no sic a duffert  
 As mak' tae ye ony fracu ;  
 I'll no blaw ye up, ca' ye bonnie,  
 Nor say that I'll keep ye aye braw.

I'm no gaun tae brag o' my warl's gear,  
 But what I hae wi' ye I'll share ;  
 An' if ye get aye the ae ha'f o't,  
 I wonner what ye wad hae mair ?

Noo dinna ye look sae disdainfu'  
 Tae gar folk think ye're in a fyke ;  
 Ye either can tak' me or want me—  
 Ony o' the twa ways ye like.

I'm fear't that ye'll miss the guid offer,  
 An' after't will sairly regret ;  
 For if ye ance let me awa',  
 The same chance again ye'll ne'er get.

I'm aye just as plain as I'm pleasant,  
 Sae, lass, ye maun say aye or no ;  
 An' if ye'll but say ye'll no hae me,  
 Straught aff tae anither I'll go.



## ANSWER TO CARELESS JOHNNY.

**M**AN, Johnny, yer offer is temptsome ;  
 But, losh man, 'twad be kittle wark  
 Tae fling up at ance a' oor freedom,  
 An' tak' sic a loup in the dark.

Nae doot we're a' keen tae be married,  
 An men are whiles no unco rife ;  
 But we maun tak' tent, an' be wary,  
 For mind, it's a bargain for life.

Tae loup like a cock at a grosset  
 At ilka bit bodie we see,  
 May dae unco weel for some tarlochs,  
 But, lad, it'll no dae for me.

Man, tho' ye look no unco daftlike,  
 An' no sae wee boukit ava',  
 There's something I likena about ye,  
 I'm feart ye're a real Johnny raw.

An' ye've sic a droll way o' courtin',  
 I'm feart ye will never succeed,  
 For lasses will laugh at yer havers,  
 An' think ye are wrang in the head.

I dootna but what ye hae siller,  
 An' aiblins a haddin fu' braw ;  
 But if ye want love an' affection,  
 Ye're no worth the ha'en for't a'.

There's naething but real true affection  
 Can e'er wi' my stammock agree ;  
 An' I doot ye've little tae spare o't,  
 Sae, lad, ye will no dae for me.

An' noo ye can tak' yer bit dauner  
 Tae ithers as fast as ye can ;  
 They'll no be owre nice, but gey needfu',  
 Whaever tak's you for a man.



## THE AULD MAID'S ADVERTISEMENT.

**W**ONNER what's come owre the lads,  
 There's nane comes here ava' ;  
 I'm sure I'm no sae unco auld,  
 An' look gey weel an' a'.

O' muntin' I hae plenty o't,  
 O' claes I am na scant,  
 An' I hae siller i' the bank  
 Was left me by my aunt.

I hae a guid when braw silk goons,  
 A hat wi' flow'rs aboot it,  
 A dizen o' new sarks or mae,  
 An' twa-three mair that's clouted.

I hae a heap o' druggit coats,  
Nae twa o' them's alike ;  
An' I hae lots o' blankets tae,  
An' twa-three wabs o' tike.

I hae a parasol an' a'  
I whiles tak' tae the meetin' ;  
A pair o' boots that's maistly new,  
An' lots o' braw new sheetin'.

My presses are weel stored wi' delf,  
A' colours 'maist but green ;  
An' I hae some aneath the bed,  
That's hidden wi' a screen.

I hae a stock o' pats an' pans,  
A wheel a wee thocht rotten,  
I hae a veil an' polka tae,  
I had amaist forgotten.

Noo ony chiel wha wants a wife,  
Whate'er his station be,  
May soon commit a bigger fau't  
Than come an' marry me.



SHE'S HARDLY WHAT SHE SHOULD  
HAE BEEN.

**I** COURTED Nanny lang an' true,  
An' lo'ed her as my very life,  
For she seem'd gentle as a doo;  
At last I got her for my wife,  
I thocht then a' my cares were gane,  
When I'd got sic a sonsy queen,  
But o' wae's me, I was mista'en,  
She's hardly what she should hae been.

Life's joys seem big when seen afar,  
Thro' love or youthfu' fancy's e'e,  
But disappointments often mar  
The pleasures that we hope tae see.  
Sae Nanny in my een was fair,  
An' had twa bonnie sparklin' een,  
But o' dear me, I'll say nae mair,  
She's hardly what she should hae been.

---

WINTER'S STORMS.

**N**OO winter's storms in fury wild  
Wi' horrid din are yellin',  
An' whiles in savage wrathfu' rage  
Rive thack frae aff my dwellin',  
An' whirl the stapples heigh in air,  
Like craws, an' leave the cabers bare.  
It's frichtsome when wild winter's win'  
Roars thro' the wuds like thunner,  
An' doon the lum howls lood an' lang,  
Wi' mony a deaf'nin dunner  
O' fearsome din, that mak's ane eerie,  
An' gars the days an' nichts seem dreary.

I'm wae for those that are expos'd  
To winter's wild commotion,  
O' ragin' win's, hail, rain, an' snaw,  
On lan' or on the ocean,  
When gloomy tempests hide the skies,  
An' foamin' waves to mountains rise.



I sairly pity a' on sea  
That 'gainst sic storms are strivin'  
To keep their leakin' ships afloat,  
When a' their sails are rivin',  
An' masts an' yards gaun a' tae wreck,  
An' wild waves lashin' owre the deck.



An' those expos'd when owre the yirth  
 Cauld sleety rain is splashin',  
 Till drumlie burns in ragin' spates  
 Owre stanes an' rocks are dashin',  
 In foamin' wrath and fearfu' soun',  
 An' floodin' ilka place aroun'.

I muckle feel for those afiel',  
 When frosty win' is blawin',  
 That drives along the blindin' drift,  
 When snaw is thickly fa'in',  
 An' bigs big wreathes a'roun' the door,  
 An' smores up sheep on hill an' moor.

Then ootlyin' beasts to seek their bite  
 Are wadin' deep, 'maist lairin',  
 While robin sings upon the thorn,  
 The same's he wasna carin'  
 For frosty win', hail, rain, or snaw,  
 He can be cheerie 'mang them a'.

Oh blest are they, when winter reigns  
 Wha hae a roosin' ingle,  
 A cozie biel, wi' meat an' claes,  
 An' pouches that will jingle,  
 Wi' hearts to gi'e what they can spare,  
 To them wha ha'e a scantier share.

---

 CAULD WINTER'S WIN'.

**W**HEN winter's win' comes frae the north  
 Wi' bitter blaw,  
 An' brings frae far ayont the Forth,  
 Big shoors o' snaw,  
 It mak's a body unco cauld,  
 Especially if they're growin' auld.



## THE WORKS OF TIME.

**A**S time steals by on noiseless wings,  
 And quietly eats up night and day,  
 He in his train each season brings,  
 But long he does not let them stay.

For tho' spring bursts dark winter's gloom,  
 With cheerful voice and smiling face,  
 And bids the flowers rise up to bloom,  
 Yet summer soon takes up her place.

But summer does not long remain,  
 Tho' drest with flowers in colours gay,  
 For autumn with her fruits and grain,  
 Comes burden'd, and sends her away.

Then winter comes to close the year,  
 And sends off autumn in her turn,  
 With howling blasts, and frosts severe,  
 And freezes up both loch and burn.

Thus do the seasons come and go,  
 In various dresses, yet sublime,  
 And all their several places know,  
 As markèd out by fleeting time.

Time meets all mankind at their birth,  
 And leads them on from stage to stage  
 In their short journey on the earth  
 But brings few forward to old age.

A few short fleeting years at most  
Make up the longest life of man,  
But, oh, how vast the unnumbered host  
Whose days are measured by a span.

Time changes all things as he flies,  
Makes friends to meet and friends to part,  
Unites and breaks the tend'rest ties,  
Wounds, and heals up the bleeding heart.

Man's strongest towers and works of art,  
He rents and shatters with his wings,  
He breaks the ruthless tyrants heart,  
And hurls to dust the proudest kings.

He sweeps off empires in his flight,  
And scatters kingdoms to the wind,  
Proud cities buries out of sight,  
And hardly leaves a wreck behind.


Before yon sparkling sun began  
To mark the bounds of day and night,  
Or yet the earth was known to man,  
Time had begun his rapid flight.

And still with unabated force,  
He hurries onward night and day,  
No mortal arm can mar his course,  
Or for a moment make him stay.



## TO A DAISY.

23RD DECEMBER, 1864.

 H bonnie wee sweet modest flower  
 What's made thee rise sae late tae bloom?  
 'Maist at the auld year's dying hour,  
 In dark December's deepest gloom.

Nae genial beams can warm thy bed,  
 For noo the drumlie drowsie sun  
 Is aft wi' gloomy clouds o'erspread,  
 An' soon his short day's race is run.

An' tho' thou lifts't thy gowden e'e  
 Frae 'neath thy mantle white as snaw,  
 He canna cast ae blink on thee,  
 He is sae laigh an' far awa'.

But tho' thou'rt doom'd in gloom to pine,  
 'Mang mony a bitter blast severe,  
 Thou were not sent without design,  
 But art on some grand mission here.

Thou'rt aiblins sent to cheer my heart,  
 While wand'rin' o'er this dreary spot,  
 An' learn me to act weel my part,  
 An' be contented wi' my lot.

Aft thro' the clouds in midnight's gloom,  
 Some bonnie twinklin' stars appear,  
 Sae thou art risen noo to bloom,  
 'Midst winter's storms oor hearts to cheer.

An' aiblins lang before thou fade,  
 To some puir mortal pressed wi' care,  
 Thy tender form may yet be made  
 A means to keep him frae despair.

Sweet flower, thou'rt like the virtuous mind,  
 That braves hard fortune's bitterest blast,  
 To disappointments is resigned,  
 An' blooms on lovely to the last.



## TO WILLIAM HOGG.

(BELLSHILL.)



HAPPY New Year tae ye a',  
 An' may ye ne'er lair in the snaw,  
 Nor nae misfortune big or sma'  
 Come near your biggin',  
 Nor yet mischievous pyats draw,  
 Thack aff its riggin'.

May health, the best an' biggest blessin',  
 Amang ye a' ne'er be amissin',  
 An' happiness be ever kissin'  
 A' in yer hoose,  
 An' may ye get walth o' caressin'  
 Frae auld dame Muse.

Lang, lang, may ye be spar'd tae see,  
 The cheerie mavis on the tree,  
 An' roon the flowers the butterflee  
 Dance mony a reel,  
 An' tae conclude, I say tae thee  
 I wish you weel.



## TO WILLIE (HOGG).

**T**HE drivin' rain was peltin' sair,  
 An' loud the howlin' storm did rair,  
 Till sturdy trees did crack an' quiver,  
 An' ilka burn row'd like a river.  
 An' howes, an' haughs, an' laigh lyin' leas  
 Were a' like lochs, or raging seas.  
 Wild, drumly tides, deep, dark, an' broon,  
 In foamin' wrath gaun swirlin' roon ;  
 While gloomy clouds, in angry flicht,  
 Were keppin' back the rays o' licht.

Sic was the scene when your last note  
 I frae the droukit postman got.  
 Puir chiel, his weather-beaten form  
 Was sair beleaguer'd by the storm ;  
 But ne'er may care, he scorn'd it a',  
 He brav'd its wrath, an' snoov'd awa'.

But, Willie, frien', I may you tell,  
 I wasna unco dry mysel',  
 For I was oot frae it was licht  
 Tae see that a' was keepin' richt ;  
 For I was fear't the muckle spate  
 Wad gar oor banks a' tak' the gate  
 Doon by Gartness, an' far awa'  
 Tae some place 'yont the Broomielaw,  
 But sturdily they stood the test  
 Till ance the storm gaed tae its rest.

Then, tho' I was baith wat an' cauld,  
 Your welcome note I did unfauld,  
 An' read it owre wi' canny care,  
 For it was precious, rich, an' rare.  
 I see be't that you yet intend  
 Tae rhyme on tae the chapter's end ;

But sae you may, for you've the nack,  
 Forbye, the muse an' you are pack.  
 She shoors doon on ye walth o' favours  
 That, in her sulks, she keeps frae ithers ;  
 Sae her, I'm sure, ye'll never blame,  
 If that you miss a wreath o' fame.

But, man, I had amaist forgot  
 Your bonnie, blythesome, "Whin-built Cot."  
 I think it is a real nice sang,  
 An' I see naething in't that's wrang  
 Except ae word that ends a line,  
 Whilk should be wave, instead o' twine ;  
 But whaur it is I needna tell,  
 You'll see't when ye look owre't yoursel'.

Noo, Willie, haud ye tae the verse,  
 Lang may ye sing, an' ne'er grow hearse.  
 I hae nae doot, Fame will think fit  
 Tae crown you wi' a laurel yet.

But noo, I think, it's maistly time  
 That I should quat this uncouth rhyme ;  
 Sae I'll fling doon my scrunty pen,—  
 Yours truly, Davie, at Hillen'.

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### SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

**W**H<sup>O</sup>' dark louring clouds mar the sunshine o' simmer,  
 An' cast a deep gloom owre the earth and the sky ;  
 Yet the bright orb o' day, an' nature's sweet beauty,  
 Shine oot in mair splendour when ance they gang by.

Sae when youth's sweet joys are wi' sorrows enshrouded,  
 An' dark disappointments bright prospects o'er cast,  
 Then hope's cheering beams may beget resignation,  
 An' shine in contentment an' peace at the last.



## THE STORM.

**T**HE howling storm raves thro' the woods,  
 The groaning trees uprooted crash,  
 The muddy streams roll down in floods,  
 Loud thunders roar, and lightnings flash.

Dark troubled clouds o'erspread the sky,  
 And on the gloomy mountains lour ;  
 The timid beasts to coverts fly,  
 While rain and hail in torrents pour.

Oh ! pity now the homeless poor,  
 Oft thinly cloth'd and poorly fed,  
 Who wander o'er the trackless moor,  
 And have no place to shield their head.

Ah ! see, amidst the ruthless storm  
 And war of elements so wild,  
 The tender mother's shivering form  
 Bent low to save her weeping child.

And he whose life is ebbing fast,  
 And traces of misfortune bears,  
 Now driven by the raging blast,  
 And crush'd beneath a load of years.

Oh ! let the homeless orphan child,  
 Who has no friends for him to care,  
 And wanders through life's stormy wild,  
 Your sympathy and pity share.

But sordid misers pity more,  
 Who for their neighbours' woe ne'er mourn,  
 Who care for naught but shining ore,  
 And from their door the needy spurn.

And those whose base ambitious pride  
 Brings woe on nations like a flood,  
 Who over truth and justice ride,  
 And swim to power thro' seas of blood.

The raging ruthless storm may cease,  
 The weary wand'rer rest may find ;  
 But miser's hearts can ne'er have ease,  
 Nor bloody tyrants peace of mind.



### CONTENTMENT ;

#### OR, A CALM 'MIDST THE STORM.

**T**HE ragin' win' howl'd thro' the wud,  
 Wi' elritch eerie din ;  
 In concert wi' the foamin' flood,  
 That roarin' lap the lin.

An' angry clouds in whirlin' flicht,  
 Were screevin' cross the sky,  
 When I cam' in at edge o' nicht,  
 My droukit duds tae dry.

Then sittin' by the chimley cheek,  
 Beside a roosin' fire ;  
 An' glowerin' at the speelin' reek,  
 The muse did me inspire

Tae try a verse or twa tae form,  
While listenin' tae the hum,  
O' the wild music o' the storm,  
Loud dunnerin' doon the lum.

Quo' I, the cares an' storms o' life,  
May roond about us flee ;  
But they'll ne'er raise ae gust o' strife,  
Atween my wife an' me.

We'll sprauchle yont life's roughsome way,  
As canny as we dow ;  
An' souther oor affections aye,  
In love's heart-warmin' lowe.

Tho' poverty's our neebor near,  
An' walth we never kent ;  
We've gi'en the slip tae warldly care,  
An' joukit discontent.

Great lots in wild ambition's flicht,  
Try walth an' power tae gain ;  
But aft wi' pride their heads grow licht,  
An' doon they clyte again.


A graspin' love for power an' wealth,  
Is nought but selfish greed ;  
For if folk hae meat, claes, an' health,  
'Maist naething mair they need.

Sae let fools spiel pride's lofty knowe,  
That wad be big an' brow ;  
But we'll slide yont life's humble howe,  
An' then we winna fa'.





### TO A RAINBOW.

 PEACEFUL bow, how lovely is thy form,  
Upon the gloomy cloud, in colours gay,  
Thou'rt come to tell us that the howling storm  
Has ceas'd its wrath, and soon will pass away.

Oft have I gaz'd upon thy arch so high,  
Embracing hills and plains within its span,  
A glorious band that joins the earth to sky,  
And token of God's covenant with man.

To find great treasure underneath thy end,  
With lightsome heart and nimble feet I've sped,  
But ere my youthful hopes could be attain'd,  
You my ambition mocked, and quickly fled.

But such are human hopes and prospects clear,  
Or worldly pleasures which we often chase,  
Gay phantoms only, that soon disappear,  
Or vanish quickly from our fond embrace.

But tho' thou disappear'st thou'lt come again,  
From time to time, for thou a mission hast,  
And on the clouds in splendour bright remain,  
To tell thy tale anew the storm is past.