



GISEM IN HOURS

BY R. GATHCART

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# GLOAMIN HOURS.

BY

ROBERT CATHCART.

“And for these words, thus woven into song  
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—  
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,  
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile  
My breast, or that of others, for a while.  
Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not  
So young as to regard men's frown or smile  
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot ;  
I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or forgot.”

—BYRON.

PAISLEY :

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1868.



TO

THOMAS COATS, Esq., OF FERGUSLIE,

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN OF RESPECT

FOR HIS UNBOUNDED PHILANTHROPY,

AND IN ADMIRATION OF HIS

CHARACTER AS A MAN,

G L O A M I N    H O U R S

IS DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND HUMBLE ADMIRER,

THE AUTHOR.





## P R E F A C E.

---

LIKE all my brethren of the lyre, I am tremblingly alive to the sneers of censure and the plaudits of praise, none of which, however, will tend either to heighten or lower me one step on the ladder of my own estimate. Notwithstanding this presumptive assurance on my own part, I diffidently approach, as it were, the foot-lights of a literary stage, and make my bow before (what I hope it will be my fortune to possess) an indulgent audience. Doubtless in my "Gloamin Hours" there is much to be found fault with, but it is needless for me to disguise the notion, that there is also something deserving of a modicum of praise.

In addressing you, the critical portion of my auditory, I should say, that if you stamp me as only a rhymer, destitute of any poetic quality, you, in my opinion, do me an injustice; and on the other hand, if your good opinion raise me to a higher niche than that to which my poetic merits justify the claim, I shall most likely

be easily brought to forgive the error and pocket the overpaid compliment. Let my "Gloamin Hours" fade away or merge in darksome night, one consolation will remain that I have done my best.

Permit me to state a well-known fact, that there is no want of enthusiasm in the eullers of flowers upon the hill of Parnassus. All are in earnest, from the love-struck swain who can string together two ideas to the great master-spirits of poetic mind, who, like the rainbow, span our sky of poetry.

Ere I take leave of my auditory, I would quote from the preface of our gifted Wilson, the American Ornithologist. A boy in showing a bunch of wild flowers to his mother, exclaims with animation,

"Shall I go and bring you more? our whole woods are full of them, more beautiful than these!"

In imitation of this boy, I show you a bunch of wild flowers; "Shall I go and bring you more? Our whole woods are full of them, more beautiful than these." To my subscribers I tender my warmest thanks.

ROBERT CATHCART.

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# POEMS AND SONGS.



## ON THE OPENING OF THE FOUNTAIN GARDENS,

Presented by THOMAS COATS, Esq., of Ferguslie, to the  
Inhabitants of Paisley, May 26, 1868.

### I.

SING not of War's alarms,  
    Making peaceful nations shake ;  
What are all its boasted charms ?  
    Ghastly wounds bought for its sake,  
    Making human nature quake,  
        Shrunk and wan.

When the brave fall thick as dew,  
In the charge and wild halloo ;  
No, as pure as heaven's blue  
Is this deed of Nature's true  
    Noble man !

## II.

Awake! awake! arise!  
 Rally thither thousands strong!  
 See the flaunting banner flies—  
 Sound the trumpet loud and long,  
 While to heaven send a song,  
       Strain sublime:  
 Singing, Virtue, sense, and worth,  
 Over ocean, sea, and firth,  
 Even over all the earth,  
 Above title, rank, and birth,  
       Reigns supreme.

## III.

Through the mists of future years,  
 Now this noble gift behold:  
 Foremost Wallace tree appears,  
 Proudly towering green and old,  
 Gigantic, leafy, bold,  
       In our thoughts:  
 But this famed and noble tree,\*  
 Spreading branches green and free,  
 Like the foam on stormy sea,  
 All shall pass away, not the  
       Name of Coats.

\*A sapling from the famed Elderslie oak which sheltered the hero of Scotland, planted by Thomas Coats, Esq., of Ferguslie.

## MY ANGEL BOY.

## I.

Thy gleesome smiles and artless wiles,  
 Thy merry prattlings now are o'er,  
 That eye of softest, heavenly blue,  
 In fondness beams on me no more.  
 I feel the winter of my heart,  
 Refusing every sunny joy ;  
 For life, and light, and summer green,  
 All breath'd in thee, My Angel Boy.

## II.

That lofty brow of promise high,  
 Hung round with flowing ringlets fair,  
 No more I'll kiss, in raptures sweet—  
 Grim monarch Death reigns darkly there,  
 Too pure for earth—an angel touched—  
 I lost my dearest darling joy ;  
 Now, God, with more than mother's care,  
 Is watching o'er His Angel Boy.

## III.

Thou seem'd when smiling sweet in death,  
A drop of heaven sparkled down :  
An angel, softly whispering said,  
" MY CHILD, wear thou this fadeless crown :  
Thy life was in the dewy flowers,  
The glen and mountain's silent joy ;  
Thy blooms are dipp'd in heavenly hues,  
My beautiful, My Angel Boy."

## IV.

This room is dull and dreary now  
That rang with ringing, childish glee :  
Through lonely starry nights, this heart,  
In sorrow often beats for thee.  
I skyward, longing gaze, when hope,  
The faithful bosom-bird of joy,  
Mounts, singing of thy heavenly home,  
My happy, happy Angel Boy.



## SONG.

## MARY AND HER HOME OF HEATHER.

## I.

Hail Scotland! Freedom's mountain home,  
 Sublimely frowning o'er the ocean:  
 Among thy craggy grandeurs wild,  
 I kneel in love's heart-felt devotion:  
 For on thy hills with heather crown'd,  
 Or in thy valleys starr'd with pearl,  
 A bud to flower and beauty bloom'd,  
 My rosy, artless Highland girl.

## Chorus.

By yonder moon and starry sky,  
 The sea and hills, while tempests gather,  
 The world o'er, I'll roam no more,  
 From Mary, and her home of heather.

## II.

I see her eye, the evening star,  
 In love through Heaven brightly glowing:  
 I see her hair, in summer skies,  
 In sunny ringlets wildly flowing:

I hear her in the whispering winds,  
 When, wooing flowers, they kissing tarry,  
 I hear it in the flow of rills,  
 The melting melody of Mary.

Chorus.

By yonder moon and starry sky,  
 The sea and hills, while tempests gather,  
 The world o'er, I'll roam no more,  
 From Mary, and her home of heather.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE  
 JAMES FORBES, ESQ. OF LANGROODS.

I.

The rising yellow harvest moon  
 In light had mantled hill and tree,  
 A shining, sparkling, path of gold  
 Had crossed the peaceful dark blue sea.  
 The flowerets, bath'd in tears of night,  
 Hang, mourning the departed day ;  
 And like a maiden gone to rest,  
 The landscape all in beauty lay.

## II.

I saw a gentle female form,  
 Of light her flowing garments seem'd,  
 While honour, virtue, sense, and worth  
 All from her eye in glory beam'd,  
 But o'er her features, as a veil  
 Of sable hue, deep sorrow hung,  
 While to the passing breeze a song  
 In mournful cadence thus she sung :—

## III.

“Thou silent moon of mellow beam,  
 Withdraw thy light from me the while,  
 My soul is steep'd in winter's gloom,  
 No summer joys my heart beguile,  
 My flower which bloom'd but yesterday,  
 The pride of all my floral train—  
 Smiled in the morning sun, at eve  
 Lay blanch'd to bloom no more again.

## IV.

“Oh! is that heart now icy cold,  
 Wherein glowed burning love for me?  
 Or is that eye now dim'd in death  
 Which beamed on me with ecstasy.

Oh! is that voice for ever mute,  
 Which cheer'd the friendless on life's way?  
 Or is that hand for ever dust,—  
 The orphan's guide, the widow's stay?

## V.

“ Mourn twinkling stars, while round the sun  
 Your circling, silent course pursue,  
 Mourn, autumn winds, while strewing leaves  
 In showers among the morning dew.  
 Almighty power! who rules those stars,  
 And wills those winds with potent hand,  
 Thou art the Father, guide and guard  
 His weeping, loving, orphan band.

## VI.

“ He wip'd the tear from sorrow's eye  
 Where balmy joy was seldom seen,  
 His sunny smile, a summer was  
 To hearts, where winter stern had been.  
 Through all revolving time will come,  
 The budding flower and hawthorn hoar,  
 The sun in gladness bathe the hills,  
 But O my joy returns no more!”

## THE PRINCE OF WALES' BRIDAL SONG:

In commemoration of the Marriage of H. R. H. ALBERT EDWARD,  
PRINCE OF WALES, to ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF DENMARK,  
10th March, 1863.

## I.

YE isles, with gladness flow—  
Freedom's sons and daughters rise—  
Let no cloud of dark'ning woe  
Dim the azure of your skies—  
Then away with tears and sighs—  
Joy prevails.

Hark the merry marriage bells,  
Sounding sweetly through the dells,  
Valleys, forests, plains, and fells,  
Of thy joy their pealing tells,  
Prince of Wales!

## II.

Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,  
And thy loving wishes bring;  
Raise in loud huzzas the voice,  
Till the sunny heavens ring;  
Britannia, like the Spring,  
Sweetly smiles.

On him who hand in hand,  
 With proud Denmark's Princess bland,  
 Joins in wedlock's holy band—  
 Dearer wish could not command,  
   Briton's isles.

## III.

While gathering throng on throng,  
       Forming one grand jubilee,  
 Hark, the cannons loud and long,  
       Echoing power from sea to sea,  
       O'er the islands of the free,  
   Banners wave.  
 In the glorious mid-day sun,  
 Those proud trophies, bravely won,  
 Tell of deeds of daring done  
 By the sabre, sword, and gun  
   Of the brave.

## IV.

One loud, long-ringing cheer,  
       E're they journey o'er life's sea ;  
 May their course be ever clear,  
       From the cloud and tempest free,  
       And their fame through ages be  
   Ever green.

For a nation's honour'd right,  
 Be their life one streak of light,  
 Eyeing well their beacons bright,  
 In their beauty and their might,  
 Prince and Queen.

---

## SONG. THE INVITATION.

Music by J. S. WALLACE, Esq.

### I.

"O Mary, dear Mary, the wild flowers are blooming,  
 The fields are array'd in their gay robes of green,  
 In gladness the warblers their songs are resuming,  
 And lambkins are frisking in light o'er the scene.

### II.

While Mary we're roaming the lonely green wildwood,  
 I'll gather to deck thee earth's loveliest flowers,  
 And sing thee in secret the songs of our childhood,  
 And bring back to memory life's sunniest hours.

### III.

All nature through sunshine in beauty is smiling,  
 And welcomes you Mary as skylarks the day,  
 O listen, the linnnet sings sweetly beguiling,  
 Come Mary, sweet Mary, my lov'd one away.

### IV.

Around us, above us, the air is inviting,  
 On mountain, in valley, round floweret and tree,  
 A bonny sweet gem, they all fondly delight in,  
 O blush not, my Mary, that jewel is thee."

## VOLUNTEER GATHERING SONG.

## I.

Hark ! the pibroch sounding long and loud clear thrilling  
 notes afar,  
 While from Scotia's glens and mountains pour her  
 hardy sons of war—  
 Souls on fire for Queen and country, hearts for love and  
 home in flame,  
 When they raise the arm they'll conquer, breathing soft  
 each holy name :  
 While the fame of Bruce and Wallace grows through  
 time for ever green,  
 All with loud huzzas shall welcome heathy Scotland's  
 loving Queen ;  
 Land of warriors brave, and souls of might, of victories  
 the queen—  
 Gather, gather, gather, rally round Victoria—Britain's  
 Queen.

## II.

See the boast and pride of Scotland brightly blazing in  
 the sun,  
 See there the bone of Waterloo, and the blood of Ban-  
 nockburn,  
 From the garden of their country, what a blooming  
 wreath of flowers,  
 Glowing round thy brow, Dun-Edin, 'mong thy glitter-  
 ing domes and towers,



While your fames, Cathcart and Campbell, blaze mid  
wreaths of evergreen,

All with loud huzzas shall welcome dear old Scotland's  
loving Queen ;

Land of patriots, true and dauntless hearts of liberty the  
queen—

Gather, gather, gather, rally round Victoria—Britain's  
Queen.

## III.

Feel the good green earth is trembling under heavy  
march and wheel,

(Like the heart of "OUR DEAR ALLY," which at last  
begins to FEEL),

From those hosts of rank and beauty, cheer on cheer  
ascends to-day,

See before them towers a mighty wall of fire—a country's  
stay ;

May that tree of power, "The People," through all  
time by rights grow green !

While with loud huzzas are welcom'd, either goodly  
King or Queen ;

Land of mountain cliffs and dashing floods, of poetry  
the queen—

Gather, gather, gather, rally round Victoria—Britain's  
Queen.

## TO FREEDOM.

Inscribed to J. J. LAMB, Esq., Underwood Cottage.

## I.

Hail, Freedom, like spring-time thou comest, in  
 splendour,  
 When locks of light flow round the brow of the morn,  
 Dwelling on mountains of stern rugged grandeur  
 Revelling in oceans dark, heaving in scorn,  
 With wild torrents leaping, with broad rivers rolling,  
 A fiat in thy frown, with sweet hope in thy smile,  
 This life how unlovely without thee, for ever  
 The heart's brightest jewel, lov'd sun of our Isle.

## II.

Like summer thou comest, and glowing the nations  
 As flowers spreading sunward, all welcome thy beam,  
 Thy sunshine of glory, through far generations  
 Shall bask on all mankind—no ærial dream.  
 The heart's winter thawing, till fearless and chainless,  
 And free as starr'd heaven, the bonded shall be,  
 Thy wand is now waving; lo, kingdoms are stainless,  
 And singing to heaven the songs of the free.

## III.

Like autumn thou comest, lo crumbling to ashes,  
Fall systems, long dripping, and drench'd with our tears,  
The throne of the despot, blood-stain'd to earth crashes,  
Mid prayers and curses, derision and sneers,  
Old Bigotry trembles, and withers before ye,  
His oldest son, Thralldom, goes down to the grave,  
While thou in thy beauty, thy strength and thy glory,  
Thine arms are embracing the virtuous and brave.

## IV.

Like winter thou comest, fierce flashing thy lightning,  
Earth's tyrants are writhing, truth's thunderbolts play  
In wrath all around them, thou more and more  
    bright'ning,  
In glory and beauty, how potent thy sway!  
Behold like a tempest thine enemy's flying,  
Like leaves, all life's evils, lie withered and curl'd,  
A beam from the infinite sun never dying,  
A breath of Jehovah breath'd over a world.

## SONG OF THE SPIRIT.

## I.

RAPT in wonder, I worship  
 The rainbow's lov'd form,  
 O'er arching in glory  
 The wrath of the storm,  
 With the mists of the morning  
 I journey afar,  
 When to slumber the sunbeams  
 Are kissing each star.

## ii.

And the fresh green earth's singing  
 A welcome to-day,  
 While the waves of old ocean  
 Sing praise on their way :  
 All my being exalting,  
 Soars, swelling and free,  
 Purest, loving, and lovely  
 Creator, to thee.

## III.

With the thunder now rolling,  
 And mantled by night,  
 In the cloud-path, my beacon,  
 The lightning in flight ;

'Mong earth's dark craggy glories,  
 Its awe-gleaming rod,  
 Pierces, trembling, the mountains,  
 A dread, thunder god.

## IV.

The earth reeling in darkness,  
 And swath'd with dismay,  
 Till peal unto peal melting  
 In echoes away ;  
 Then bursting in praises,  
 Strong, burning, and free,  
 Profound, boundless, infinite  
 Jehovah, to thee.

## V.

Now, my home is the stillness,  
 So sweet and so calm,  
 As the breath of a seraph,  
 So pure is its balm,  
 While from angels around me,  
 Drops, honied with bliss,  
 Fall softly, and sparkling  
 Babe blossoms to kiss.

## VI.

Their pearly folds shunning,  
 All bosomward curl'd,  
 So blushing modest,  
 The light of the world ;  
 Then praises, all burning,  
 Soar stronger and free,  
 Vast beauty-creating  
 Almighty, to thee.

## VII.

With the star-world's winging,  
 As pearl dust hung,  
 From the throne of Jehovah,  
 In harmony strung ;  
 Now, life's shadows are flying  
 All scatter'd and torn,  
 Like earth's vapours, when smiled on  
 By beams of the morn.

## VIII.

While through faith I see gleaming,  
 Refulgent in might,  
 The blest home of the faithful,  
 God's kingdom of light ;

Hear their praises (long lost ones),  
 Burst, burning, and free,  
 Sin-redeeming, eternal,  
 My Father, to thee.

---

## OUR CHANNEL FLEET.

### I.

Old Scotland pours from town and hill—  
 From lonely Highland glen—  
 Her peerless women, artless, fair—  
 Her brave and dauntless men;  
 Their voices rising high with joy  
 Come swelling on the breeze;  
 All welcoming with loud huzzas  
 The guardians of our seas.

Stern guardians of her stormy seas,  
 Brave guardians of her seas,  
 All welcoming with loud huzzas  
 The guardians of her seas.

## II.

By thistles waving on our hills,  
 Our daughters and our sons;  
 And by the lightning of our swords,  
 The thunder of our guns—  
 The stormy fight encoutring hosts  
 Shall conquer'd be with ease,  
 While Britain views through hope and faith  
 The guardians of her seas.  
     Stern guardians of her stormy seas,  
     Brave guardians of her seas—  
 While Britain views through hope and faith  
 The guardians of her seas.

## III.

Britannia looks defiant o'er  
 Her ocean waves of foam,  
 And sternly telling nations she  
 Is freedom's only home:  
 They cowering crouch beneath her glance,  
 Their blood begins to freeze—  
 She's pointing to her power on land,  
 Her might upon the seas.  
     Stern guardians of our stormy seas,  
     Brave guardians of our seas—  
 She's pointing to her power on land,  
 Her might upon the seas.



## IV.

When filling high the flowing bowl  
 Our hearty toasts shall be—  
 Our loving Queen, all heroes brave,  
 Upon the land and sea ;  
 With Britain's might, the people's right  
 Be stamp'd on her decrees ;  
 So all may prize with grateful hearts  
 The guardians of our seas.  
     Stern guardians of our stormy seas,  
     Brave guardians of our seas—  
 All welcoming with loud huzzas  
     The guardians of our seas.

---

## W A R.

## I.

Dark woe howls o'er yon battle-field—  
 The sporting ground for kings—  
 Where oft's been played the game of war  
 By those base, heartless things :  
 Grim gory mangled heaps of slain,  
 Tears, sighs, and groans afar,  
 All glut the lust of despot kings,  
 And feed that monster—war.

## II.

The sister's and the brother's woe,  
 The father's grief-filled e'e,  
 The mother's anguished breast all are  
 Begot, O War ! by thee.  
 When wak'ning empires from the sleep  
 Of peace, with thund'rings dire,  
 And mantling all those hills with blood,  
 Those valleys green, with fire.

## III.

O crime-steep'd monster, big with woes,  
 Death's slave before the flood,  
 Whose daily food is human joys,  
 Whose drink is human blood :  
 Will one rise in our heather land  
 To join this curséd game ?  
 No, no, unless to blot from earth  
 The despot's blood-stained name.

## FAREWELL SONG OF THE YEAR.

## I.

I am going, I am going, to the songless land of death,  
 Be my dirge the roar of waters; midnight winds my  
     dying breath;  
 And the moonless sky, all starless, be my sombre funeral  
     pall;  
 Now, my farewell song of sorrow, I will wildly sing you  
     all.  
 Singing leaving this vain world, with my garland round  
     me flung,  
 Of the rainbow, storm, and sunshine; oft by bards en-  
     raptured sung;  
 Hope, my priceless, peerless pearl, hanging lovely,  
     sweetly clear,  
 With the sigh of grieving mother, and the orphan's  
     burning tear.

I am going,

But the skyey ones are coming,  
 Richly laden, on their ways,  
     With their diamond nights of beauty,  
 And their golden glowing days,  
     In the breath of God all gleaming,  
 And all sparkling, ever clear,  
     They are coming with the varied  
 Changing garland of the year.

I am going, I am going, with the lover's broken vow,  
Hanging coldly from my garland, with the maid's  
    avenging brow,  
And the father's last fond prayer, for his only darling  
    child,  
She, his sweetest pearly blossom, kiss'd him while she  
    dying smiled.  
And the happy lover's meeting, bathing in love's sunny  
    sea,  
All their raptures and misgivings, luscious calms, and  
    merry glee,  
Mountain, valley, sky, and ocean, to you all a last  
    farewell ;  
Things of beauty, all my feelings fondly clinging round  
    you dwell.

I am going,  
    But the skyey ones are coming,  
Richly laden, on their ways,  
    With their diamond nights of beauty,  
And their golden glowing days.  
    In the breath of God all gleaming,  
And all sparkling, ever clear,  
    They are coming with the varied  
Changing garland of the year.

## III.

I am going, I am going, with the fiery fiend of war,  
Nations crumbling from their grandeur, leaving many  
a ghastly scar,  
With peace in his glance expiring, orphans' tears and  
widows' groans,  
Dripping with your blood ye guiltless, perjur'd crowns  
and tott'ring thrones,  
With a sigh and tear I'm going with the victors loud  
war-cry,  
And the smoky shroud of cannon, with the wild huzza  
of joy,  
And the bloody deadly conflict, ere the dreadful  
stillness reigns,  
A sigh for all those battles, leaving nations still in  
chains.

I am going,  
But the skyey ones are coming,  
Richly laden, on their ways,  
With their diamond nights of beauty,  
And their golden glowing days.  
In the breath of God all gleaming,  
And all sparkling, ever clear,  
They are coming with the varied  
Changing garland of the year.

## IV.

I am going, I am going, with a monster greater far,  
 Rolling tyrant o'er a world, crushing with its crime-  
 drench'd car

Human progress, tint of heaven: still remorseless on it  
 goes,

Soul destroyer, beauty blancher, through a dreary waste  
 of woes.

Will God's green earth long shelter, all the cause of  
 tears and sighs?

What is lovely in its breathings, sicken, pine, and  
 withering dies,

All that's evil grows and strengthens, making up one  
 sad array,

Oh! when by floods of mercy, shall this stain be wash'd  
 away?

I am going,

But the skyey ones are coming,  
 Richly laden, on their ways,  
 With their diamond nights of beauty,  
 And their golden glowing days.

In the breath of God all gleaming,  
 And all sparkling, ever clear,

They are coming with the varied  
 Changing garland of the year.

I am going, I am going, in the Book of time a tale ;  
 As the world is made older, may its graver thoughts  
     prevail,  
 And Experience, the teacher of all mankind to the  
     seer,  
 Makes the nations of earth wiser, in the coming unknown  
     year.  
 Now my hour pulse-beats are fewer, telling all my glories  
     o'er,  
 Glowing summer, blushing autumn, budding spring re-  
     turn no more,  
 I go with dreams of poets, monarch minds, their birth  
     and death,  
 Fare-you-well loved things of beauty, now I draw my  
     latest breath.

                    I am going,  
             But the skyey ones are coming,  
     Richly laden, on their ways,  
             With their diamond nights of beauty,  
     And their golden glowing days.  
             In the breath of God all gleaming,  
     And all sparkling, ever clear,  
             They are coming with the varied  
     Changing garland of the year.

## THE VOICE OF PROPHECY.

## I.

Mid warring of nations and change of opinions,  
 A dread voice was heard o'er earth's mighty dominions;  
 Crowns and coronets shiver'd, thrones shook with its ire,  
 As if breathed by the wrath of Omnipotent fire.

## II.

Soon the despots, blood-clotted, cower'd trembling aghast,  
 Their dark crimes, with shrieks of despair, breathed their  
 last,  
 Shrunk, shrivell'd, and swath'd in a world's derision,  
 Those man-blights were swept down the gulf of per-  
 dition.

## III.

Ye lov'd ones, long doom'd ones, true salt of the world,  
 For you freedom's banner shall yet be unfurled;  
 Ye exiles home-flying in chariots of brightness,  
 Shall shine in your garments of purified whiteness.

## IV.

Not a vestige of despotic power could be found,  
 It flew from this voice in an ocean of sound:  
 Hark! it sings in the thunder, creation its lyre,  
 It was breathed in the wrath of Omnipotent fire.



## WILD FLOWERS.

## I.

Now flowery summer's golden wreath,  
    With silvery gems of light,  
Unfold the True, the Beautiful,  
    To our enraptured sight ;  
In love and joy we'll pass away  
    The merry summer hours,  
And roam among the pure and free—  
    Those blooming mountain flowers !  
True love-inspiring heaven drops  
    Those wisdom-teaching flowers,  
My Mary, sweetest songs we'll sing  
    Among the fresh wild flowers.

## II.

Far, far from noisy pleasures vain,  
    In dewy deep green dell,  
On heathy mountain, towering wild,  
    Where slumbering tempests dwell.

Like angels' eyes in light they close,  
 When soft the gloaming lowers,  
 We'll loving tend their beds of rest—  
 Those modest sleeping flowers !  
 True heavenward-pointing angel prints,  
 Sweet teachers are those flowers ;  
 We'll roam 'mong freedom-breathing gems—  
 Those blooming mountain flowers !

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## THE BENICHTED BAIRN.

### I.

Wi' angry sough, the win' blew cauld,  
 The snaw danc't reels ben on the floor,  
 Auld winter sang his chorus bauld,  
 And whistl'd it out o'er the moor,  
 In eerie tones, in mirkest hour,  
 We heard 'tween gusts o' cauld bleak win',  
 A wailing voice say at our door,  
 "O! let a puir wee wanderer in."

## II.

My leel guidwife she rose, I trow,  
 And led the shivering wanderer ben,  
 To our bright ingle's cheering lowe,  
 Wi' a' the kindness she could len,  
 Her bonny curly ringlets fair,  
 Hung doun a breast whare dwelt nae sin,  
 Fast fell the tears on her feet bare,  
 The wanderer pale we welcom'd in.

## III.

My bonny bairn, ye've wandered far,  
 This stormy nicht o' win' and weat,  
 No siller moon, no twinkl'ing star,  
 To guide thy wee red wearied feet,  
 O tell us now your faither's name,  
 Or ony o' your kith or kin,  
 O! will ye say ye ha'e nae hame,  
 My stray'd wee lamb we welcom'd in.

## IV.

She opened noo her dark blue e'e,  
 And beam'd it wistfully on us a',  
 And Oh! her looks were sad to see,  
 They'd break the hardest heart in twa,

No one ray o' joy was thare,  
 No smile play'd on her pale wee chin,  
 For us she breath'd a heart-felt prayer,  
 We blest the bairn we welcom'd in.

## V.

She feebly noo began to speak,  
 While faster fell the pearly tear  
 In streamlets down her death-toucht cheek,  
 (O grief why such a young heart sear),  
 Fareweel, fareweel, the haun o' death  
 Is cauld upon my heart I fin',  
 She sighed and heav'd her dying breath,  
 The wearied wand'rer's welcom'd in.

## VI.

She sank, and gave up life's sweet boon,  
 Like rose-leaf fa'n frae thorny brear,  
 Some watching angel hovering round,  
 Had wing'd her soul to some far sphere.  
 We keep a bonny ringlet fair,  
 For her wee sake wha lives aboon,  
 A beauteous rosebud blooming there,  
 The puir wee wand'rer we loot in.

## SUNBEAM.

## I.

Hail! generous beam, with thee morn's vernal throng  
 Burst forth in budding glory and in song ;  
 With thee the spring on golden wings descends,  
 From heaven's tower where every beauty blends ;  
 With thee its blossoms reddening spread in gladness,  
 Smile o'er a world, conquering all its sadness ;  
 O! if the ray of freedom shone as bright,  
 In all thy beauty on our joyous sight,  
 Till with one voice the hills and mountains sing,  
 Of blessings pour'd with freedom on their wing ;  
 Till distant spheres and worlds resound with praise  
 Mingling in harmony 'midst peace-born rays,  
 From freedom's chariot gliding on the clouds,  
 Reigning God and King o'er the praising crowds.  
 To thee again I turn my rough spun lay  
 Life-giving beam, creator of the day ;  
 Soul of the heaven's blue, glory's first born,  
 God of the evening, prince of the morn ;  
 To worlds a joy-bringing sunbeam of light,  
 Image of fancy a thought thou'rt in flight,

In strength mid the storm thou appear'st as a god,  
 From flaming clouds calming its wrath with thy rod,  
 A silvery roll'd path for the angels fair,  
 To descend through love to worlds of care !  
 Shine in thy glory bright beam of the sun,  
 Refulgent from bosoms of evening clouds dun,  
 On lone distant mountain that's dimly seen,  
 Where warriors fought, where heather grows green ;  
 Smile in thy beauty, thou last farewell beam,  
 O'er hill, rock, valley, wood, mountain, and stream ;  
 I'll welcome thee yet, when the east's red glow  
 Puts a soul in the ocean, and life in its flow ;  
 When stars draw their light from thy morning blaze,  
 Or close their bright eyes in the mountain haze.  
 The mountain haze oft I've seen thee smile on,  
 When east's golden gates were all open thrown  
 On hinges of brightness, that turned with a song,  
 As if from the lips of the angelic throng.  
 Farewell a while, day's light is on the wane,  
 Silvery clouds sleep on the gold ting'd main,  
 And night's chill breeze soft whistles through the dell ;  
 We part but for a season, fare-thee-well !

## SPRING MORNING.

## I.

The lark is far up in the blue sunny sky,  
A spirit of light, and of life to us given,  
Stealing its warblings so rich sweet and rare,  
From the holy choirs of refulgent heaven,  
Pouring its melody down on the earth  
On the beams of the sun in harmony gushes  
'Wak'ning the flowers from their sweet dewy sleep,  
Breathing new life in the streams and the bushes.

## II.

The wild bee has sipped from the sweet daisy's cup,  
The butterfly hangs from the folds of the lily,  
The blackbird, the mavis, the linnet are up,  
The lambs dot with white all the green of the valley,  
The zephyrs are blowing with seraphic breath,  
As if mov'd by the wings of mysterious spirits,  
The tears of the morning have mirrored the flowers,  
What riches and joys for us nature inherits.

## II.

Thy buds, lovely Spring, thy green leaves, and fresh  
blossoms,

Thy showers cloth'd in sunshine all make me adore  
thee,

Thy lights and deep shadows, thy calms and thy glooms,

All hang round thy brow a fresh garland of glory ;

Fair Spring, in thy majesty, beauty, and worth,

Thou art strewing thy riches profuse o'er the world,

And flinging a mantle of light over all,

Like a banner of hope and of freedom unfurl'd.

## IV.

O lovely and loving Spring, morning of life,

With thy buddings of hope and thy rainbows of pleasure,

O Summer, with pearly blown blossoms so rife,

And man crown'd with bliss with his heart's dearest  
treasure;

But autumn comes ripening all charms for the change,

The glances of Winter of death all sever,

Time melts in eternity, boundless the range,

All sparkling and blossoming brighter for ever.



## SONG OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

## I.

Lov'd red-breast, sweet thy autumn hymn of praise,  
 Clear warbling wild, is soothing to mine ears,  
 And memory's garland gems with haw brown braes,  
 When life was green, and joy fill'd all my years,  
 Thou seem'dst a spirit then from brighter spheres,  
 When floweret's folds all pearly breast-ward curl'd,  
 Those silent monitors in nature's tears,  
 Whose holy forms religionise the world,  
 The bud and opening bloom of life are they,  
 With leaves of autumn breathe of man's decay.  
 A song, methinks, comes stealing on mine ear,  
 From those seer'd teachers of the changing year:—

## II.

We are brown autumn leaves,  
 All that man's bosom grieves,  
 Reigns in our lonely, sad, wild, wailing tone.  
 We sing of the tempest's sweep  
 With the dark yawning deep  
 Glassing the lightning's flash boundless unknown.

Tumult of sea and sky,  
 Prayer and bubbling cry.  
 All the dire woes of the wave's trackless way,  
 Hearts dead to joy and song,  
 Hope and love blighted long,  
 Soul withering sorrow, all woe and decay ;  
 Thus ever singing you,  
 Life's like the morning dew,  
 Changing and sad as our wild whirling lay,  
 Thus ever teaching you,  
 Evil thy days and few,  
 Curling, and rustling, and whirling away.

## III.

Since in the dewy bush,  
 Warb'led the mellow thrush,  
 Soft in the gloaming hour's mild balmy sheen,  
 Sweetly its music flow'd,  
 Pearly in light we glow'd,  
 Deep in the breast of our bud's downy green.  
 War's thunder cloud has fell,  
 Big with its sigh and yell,  
 Changing to gloomy night bright sunny day ;  
 Devourer of happiness,  
 Making all joy the less,  
 Blanch'd in its breath what was lovely and gay ;

Thus ever singing you,  
 Life's like the morning dew,  
 Changing and sad as our wild whirling lay,  
 Thus ever teaching you,  
 Evil thy days and few,  
 Curling, and rustling, and whirling away.

## IV.

Blood clotted demon war,  
 Bellow'd and roar'd afar,  
 Scorching this lovely green earth with its breath,  
 Clothing itself with woe,  
 Melting all joy as snow,  
 Fast in its glance of dark ruin and death.  
 Nations' blood redden'd tread,  
 Shaking the earth with dread,  
 While we in buds blush'd so green to the day,  
 Out on man's wickedness,  
 Marking his waste of bliss,  
 While we in sunshine laugh'd lovingly gay.  
 Thus ever singing you,  
 Life's like the morning dew,  
 Changing and sad as our wild whirling lay,  
 Thus ever teaching you,  
 Evil thy days and few,  
 Curling, and rustling, and whirling away.

## v.

Dark clouds the sky o'ercast,  
 Torn by the surly blast,  
 Sunbeams like angel paths gleam o'er the plain,  
 Soul awing thunders peal,  
 Making the world reel,  
 Dancing to earth falls the big pearly rain,  
 Lolling in wealth secure,  
 You from your gilded door  
 Turn not your brother cold shivering away,  
 He the same blessedness  
 Prays for, in wretchedness,  
 To the same Father who knows no decay ;  
 Thus ever singing you,  
 Life's like the morning dew,  
 Changing and sad as our wild whirling lay,  
 Thus ever teaching you,  
 Evil thy days and few,  
 Curling, and rustling, and whirling away.

## vi.

Soothing our lay we sing,  
 While weary spirits wing  
 Gladly from mortal to immortal song,  
 Changing is all our way,  
 Ever from sad to gay,  
 We to your joys and your sorrows belong,

Earliest bud and bloom,  
 Seer'd life and silent tomb,  
 Glass'd are they all in us, brown autumn leaves,  
 Glowing in beauty fair,  
 Rev'ling in pleasures rare,  
 E'er the blanched soul or the lonely heart greaves.  
 Thus ever singing you,  
 Life's like the morning dew,  
 Changing and sad as our wild whirling lay,  
 Thus ever teaching you,  
 Evil thy days and few,  
 Curling, and rustling, and whirling away.

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SONG.

THE LASS I WOO'D AMONG THE  
HEATHER.

Music by Mr. J. ROY FRASER.

I.

A flower of peerless form was she,  
 Her eye-brows streaks of light adorning,  
 Two eyes like skies of lovely blue,  
 Beneath two roses fresh as morning;

Her hair the sunny summer ray,  
 In golden tresses gently flowing ;  
 Her glowing bosom, garden rare,  
 Where all the flowers of love are blowing.  
     Ranging through the mountain heather,  
     Happy 'mong the Highland heather,  
 No lady fair with her compare,  
     The lass I woo'd among the heather.

## II.

See yonder rose-bud blushing red,  
 So sweetly opening 'mong the mountains ;  
 See yonder gentle lily pale,  
 Droops trembling o'er its flowing fountains.  
 What makes the wild-rose blush so red—  
     The lily droop both late and early ?  
 It's stol'n the red, its stol'n the white,  
     But has not robb'd my lassie fairly.  
     Ranging through the mountain heather,  
     Cosey 'mong the Highland heather,  
 What would I gie once more to see,  
     The lass I woo'd among the heather.

## CAPTAIN M'LEAN.

## I.

Hark my muse sweetly singing melodiously gay,  
 And as happy and blythe as a lav'rock in May,  
 Looking down from her towerings on a' wi' disdain,  
 She has got for a subject rare Captain M'Lean.

No wonder she's laughing

And merry again,

She has got for a subject

Blythe Captain M'Lean.

## II.

So no wonder she's warb'ling sublimely on high,  
 As if flung 'mong us mortals straight down frae the  
 sky,

A heart gushing wi' feeling and weel packéd brain,

Has this pink o' our worthies, good Captain M'Lean.

Such a heart full o' feeling,

We will ne'er ha'e again

Amang us as worn by

Brave Captain M'Lean.

## III.

What the sun's to the planets encircling our sphere,  
 What the dew's to the gowan, or sweet scented breer,  
 What to dry burning deserts the fresh fa'ing rain,  
 To the whole o' the parish is Captain M'Lean.

Sic warm friendly wishes

We'll ne'er ha'e again,

As glows in the breast o'

Kind Captain M'Lean.

## IV.

See the motherless bairnie stauns shiv'ring wi' cauld,  
 Wi' the blin' and the cripple, the feckless and auld,  
 When the heart o' this warld to them turns as stane,  
 Soon their winter to summer turns Captain M'Lean,

O! his like they will never

Ha'e wi' them again—

There is something like heaven

'Bout Captain M'Lean.



Let the selfish, the peevish, the mean, and the proud,  
 Wi' the drone bee o' mankind wha bizz wi' the crowd,  
 And the green flee like species wi' hearts dry as banes,  
 For example and pattern tak' Captain M'Lean.

Na his like you may never

Ha'e wi' you again,

So be eident and copy

A' Captain M'Lean.

Then as open as heaven your hearts aye would be,  
 Wi' affections as boundless and broad as the sea;  
 Neither crying nor sighing, and tears they'd be nane,  
 If he had but his wishes, kind Captain M'Lean.

So the like this vile warld

May ne'er see again.

Live the age o' Methuselah,

Captain M'Lean!

## VII.

And see the wild Bourbon wi' courage wha daur  
 Meet the blood o' a Wallace intent upon war,  
 See him fleeing in tatters back hameward again,  
 He was puff'd on by stalwart, brave Captain M'Lean.

So his like we may never  
 Meet here wi' again,  
 There is something substantial  
 In Captain M'Lean.

## VIII.

When the sky is a' moonless and wearing a scowl,  
 The dark mystic grandeur is food to his soul,  
 And the sunshine's bright glory o'er mountain and  
 plain,  
 Soothes the warm loving bosom o' Captain M'Lean.

Wi' a mind weel at ease,  
 And free frae a' pain,  
 O that is the *prize won*  
 By Captain M'Lean.

## SONG IN COMMEMORATION OF

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN A. A. SPEIRS, M.P.,  
OF ELDERSLIE, TO THE HON. ANNE PLEYDELL  
BOUVERIE.

## I.

Arise, arise, arise !  
Welcome now the brave and fair,  
See the flaunting banner flies,  
Hold the goblet high in air,  
Then of worth, and beauty rare,  
Loud proclaim.

## II.

While the memories of the sires,  
In our bosoms burn like fires,  
Of true love till life expires,  
Is the wish of who desires  
Honest fame.

## III.

Huzza, huzza, they come !  
Hark ! the cannons' booming roar,  
Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,  
Welcome them from shore to shore,  
Hazza, hazza once more,  
Let us sing.

## IV.

Yes, let blood of Patriots flow  
In their veins with summer glow,  
So through life where e'er they go.  
May buds around them grow,  
As in spring.

## V.

Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice !  
Welcome home the peerless pair,  
Swell in honour with one voice,  
Songs of beauty richly rare,  
Till the blue the lofty fair,  
Heaven's dome,

## VI.

Shall with tones of beauty ring,  
 Fresh and lovely as the spring,  
 At their feet our love we fling,  
 While with ecstasy we sing,  
                                 Welcome home.

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## A MOTHER'S WAIL.

## I.

The little sinless warbler's song,  
 In woodland wild and dewy lea,  
 The peerless flower the hills among,  
 Have lost their wonted charms for me,  
 The streamlet sings its song of woe,  
 White pebbly beds when gurgling o'er,  
 All nature's lost its joyous flow  
 For me, my darling is no more.

## II.

Hail twinkling star, thy silent beams,  
 Oft nightly watched his dying hour,  
 Hail, glorious sun, thy golden gleams,  
 Revived him like a drooping flower :

But O! that death-glaz'd sightless eye,  
 And O! that clammy, clay-cold hand,  
 Both told, good angels from on high  
 Had wing'd him to the "Better Land."

## III.

The howling winds repeat my moan  
 Oft nightly to the billowy sea,  
 Yon aged bending tree all lone,  
 With leafless branch resembles me,  
 My tide of woe is running high,  
 The fountain of my mirth is dry'd,  
 My grief, a sultry burning sky,  
 Joy scorching, since my darling died.

## IV.

I see thee when a child just now,  
 When lisping first my name began,  
 While smoothing down that high broad brow,  
 Sure index of the future man.  
 I lost in thee my staff in age,  
 All comfort, hope, and joy are o'er—  
 But far beyond the battle's rage  
 Of life, we meet its cares no more.

## THE GREEN HILL-SIDE.

## I.

WHILE here I spin in dowie age,  
     A withering leaf alane,  
 I backward fling my warmer thochts  
     On days o' joy lang gane.  
 The smiddy at our clachan en',  
     Wi' trough afore the door ;  
 The burn that ran the gavel by,  
     Wi' dinsome, deafening roar ;  
 The auld schule-room whaur first I spelt,  
     Stood ance the clachan's pride ;  
 In memory's lap they smile na like  
     The bonny green hill-side.

## II.

'Twas there we youngsters lap like fawns,  
     Frae tyrant schule-hours free ;  
 An' merrily we play'd for hours  
     Aroun' the hawthorn tree.

An' when the gloamin' bath'd the day  
 In mist and gowden licht,  
 The tenty shepherd wi' his flock,  
 Cam' wearin' owre the hicht.  
 Wi' fairy speed, wi' fun an' glee,  
 We met auld crummock's guide,  
 An' laughin', fallow'd hameward down  
 The merry green hill-side.

## III.

An' there we theek'd our bowers o' green,  
 Wi' op'ning flow'rets gay,  
 An' pass'd, devoid o' pain an' care,  
 The lee-lang simmer day.  
 An' when we douce an' aulder grew,  
 Wi' freedom on the hill,  
 At gloamin' hour ilk lassie met  
 Her jo to crack their fill.  
 An' when the parting hour drew near,  
 Row'd snugly in his plaid,  
 Ilk laddie led his lassie down  
 The moon-licht green hill-side.

## IV.

My heart is grit wi' perfect joy,  
 The big tear blin's my e'e,  
 At youth's warm thochts, unto my saul,  
 A' gushin' like a sea.



I'll e'en fling to the door my wheel,  
 An' cease its birrin' din;  
 'Tis lang since now I tried my pipe;  
 I think it is nae sin  
 To sing o' joy that was my ain,  
 An' love I ill could hide,  
 When hearts sung out wi' glee upon  
 The canty green hill-side.

## v.

My heart has sung the merry strains  
 O' love an' youth afore;  
 Now that heart's cauld an' dead to joy,  
 To what it was o' yore.  
 But when the name o' ilka jo  
 Comes rushing to my min',  
 I catch a gliffin o' what warm'd  
 My lifeie thochts langsyne.  
 Rough hairum-scairum, stourie Will,  
 Wad ha'e me for his bride;  
 I kept my vow I made to John,  
 Yon nicht on the hill-side.

## vi.

I min' the nicht when John's first chap  
 Cam' to our hallan door,  
 The dreeping wee birds cower'd in lanes,  
 Burns ran wi' bickering roar.

An' aye sin syne I bless the hour  
 I screen'd him frae the blast;  
 For mony a happy nicht since that  
 We twa thegither past.  
 An' toddlin' down the hill o' life,  
 Wi' mony a weary stride,  
 We sing blythe blauds o' sangs about  
 The langsyne green hill-side.

## VII.

Like twa frail barks amidst the roar  
 O' life's rude brattling sea,  
 That stood its gousty billows lang,  
 Are our auld John an' me.  
 An' when we view life's stormy waste,  
 The weel-ken'd faces a'  
 That met us in the spring o' life,  
 Are langsyne gane awa',  
 An' soon we twa shall fallow them,  
 Here we'll na langer bide,  
 But carried to yon kirk-yard 'neath  
 The sunny green hill-side.

## THE PIPER.

AIR—"Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo:"

## I.

WHEN winter his frost an' his snaw laid in store,  
 An' birds dowie tin'd a' their sangs o' the year—  
 A blythe piper bodie cam' ben at our door,  
 An' wat ye how gleesome he gied us sic cheer!

Gied us sic cheer,  
 Gied us sic cheer,  
 An' wat ye how gleesome  
 He gied us sic cheer!

## II.

Cam' ye frae the east, or cam' ye frae the wast?  
 Sae rankly an' kin' speer'd our auld guideman;  
 While screwin' his pipes, gied his head a hie cast,  
 Sae couthy an' canty his strain began!

His strain began,  
 His strain began,  
 Sae couthy an' canty  
 His strain began!

## III.

He blew it sae loud, an' he blew it sae lang,  
 'Till e'en the wee mice, squeelin', ran to their dens;  
 An' as if wi' joy, loud the auld girdle rang,  
 An' blythe to it ilka thing danc'd on their en's;  
     Danc'd on their en's,  
         Danc'd on their en's,  
 An' blythe to it ilka thing  
     Danc'd on their en's!

## IV.

It set a' our hale kintra clachan asteer—  
 The like was ne'er heard in't by wife or by man!  
 It gather'd the couthy, the dull, and the queer;  
 Sae ilka droll bodie to our bourach ran  
     Our bourach ran,  
         Our bourach ran,  
 Sae ilka droll bodie to  
     Our bourach ran.

## v.

Let's see—there were egg cadger Willie the droll,

An' leein' Rab Hornie frae east o' our town,

An' rough-spun-tongu'd Jamie, wha is on the whole

A gae far-seen billy, an auldfarrant loon ;

Auldfarrant loon,

Auldfarrant loon,

A gae far-seen billy,

Auldfarrant loon.

## vi.

Auld Lauchy, the smith, there at our clachen en',

Wha when he's fou ne'er learns to speak 'neath his  
breath,

Wi' big Joe the miller, cam, staggerin' ben—

An' ne'er sic a nicht had they, I'll gie my aith ;

I'll gie my aith,

I'll gie my aith,

An' ne'er sic a nicht had they,

I'll gie my aith.

## VII.

There were Gowdie, the gauger, and wee drummer  
Pate,

Wi' souple-tongued Nelly, wha's head's in a flame,  
An' Geordie our el'er wha stan's at the plate,

Wi' monie mair worthies I'm no gaun to name ;

No gaun to name,

No gaun to name,

Wi' monie mair worthies

I'm no gaun to name.

## VIII.

The sulky he cramm'd baith wi' fun an' wi' glee—

The auld folks they lap hie as if in their teens—

Grim faes danced wi' ither sae canty an' free,

That nicht left our bouroch, I wad ye, guid friens'.

Wad ye, guid frien's,

Wad ye, guid frien's,

That nicht left our bouroch,

I wad ye, guid frien's.

## IX.

Neist morn, when the sun had first open'd his e'e,

The very first sicht the great god o' day saw,

Was the auld wally piper, hie loupin' fu' ree,

An' playin' up briskly, fareweel wi' ye a',

Fareweel wi' ye a',

Fareweel wi' ye a',

An' playin' up briskly,

Fareweel wi' ye a'.

## THE JOY OF JOYS.

## I.

My spirit's away in the home of the lark,

And revels in bliss in the warm sunny hours,

Deep drinking that season's pure fountain of joy,

Mild balmy green spring the first parent of flowers,

And flies on the wings of the morning, and sings

It is summer, and lovers are stealing

In the bowers, in the groves, in the dells, and the glens,

All the soul-melting love tones of feeling.

## II.

O! there is a joy, a sweet calm solemn joy,  
 In the breathings still of a blue autumn eve,  
 When the brown leaves seer with a rustling sigh  
 In wild grief for ever their branches leave.  
 And there is a joy thund'ring springs on the wing  
 Of stern winter's storm to my soul is given.  
 A deeper, a holier bless'd joy of joys,  
 Is in singing a soul-felt song of heaven.

---

## THE LAND OF OUR BURNS.

## I.

O come to the land where our minstrel did wander,  
 Where his muse was in bud e'er it blossom'd in song,  
 O come to the valleys where streamlets meander,  
 Where blooms his sweet daisy the green braes  
 among.  
 Bring the red bunches of wild mountain heather—  
 We'll weep and we'll laugh at his love notes by  
 turns—  
 Let the sad and the gay come rejoicing together,  
 And revel in bliss in the Land of our Burns.



## II.

Thy heart and thy soul bathe in liberty's ocean,  
 Untrampled by sect, and unfetter'd by rule,  
 'Tis you that should kneel at his shrine in devotion,  
 The "neaffu' soul'd" never belong to his school,  
 For he was a MAN, and that man was your brother,  
 Who sings of your hopes, and your fears, and he  
 shows  
 You all to be kind, and to love one another ;  
 A world fam'd Land, is the Land of our Burns.

## III.

His heart touching pathos, his soul melting story,  
 His broad manly mirth, his emotion sublime,  
 All hang 'round his memory a fresh wreath of glory,  
 Ever blooming and fair to the end of all time.  
 Awaken thy music, in heart stirring numbers,  
 All feeling of earth it indignantly spurns,  
 The old green hills welcome you, start from your  
 slumbers,  
 Embrace you the soil of a Wallace and Burns.

## SONG.

COMPOSED AND SUNG ON THE OCCASION OF  
 MR. NEIL STEVEN LEAVING MR. ROBERT  
 KERR'S WAREHOUSE, PAISLEY.

## I.

So here we're met and planted right,  
 United close with friendship's tie,  
 To grasp his hand and wish good night,  
 Ere he to foreign lands shall hie;  
 Now let us pass this night wi' glee,  
 In friendly union let us a'  
 To him our warmest wishes gie,  
 That he may mind them far awa'.

## II.

This night will not be pass'd in vain :  
 For when the happy scene we see—  
 Both man and master joined as ane,  
 And smiling round in social glee—  
 It lights our present happy cheer,  
 And gilds the year we never saw ;  
 I'm sure he'll mind with heartfelt tear,  
 This happy night though far awa'.

## III.

When billows roll and tempests roar  
 'Tween us, out o'er the Atlantic sea,  
 And he upon a foreign shore,  
 Both blythe and happy may he be ;  
 And when he's brav'd the stormy blast,  
 And settl'd down in family ha'.  
 A kindly look he'll backward cast,  
 To each dear friend that's FAR AWA'.

---

## AULD AUNTY JEAN.

## I.

O! saw ye at our clachan en'  
 An auld sign-board whilk shaws  
 The name o' bauld John Barleycorn,  
 Whilk frozen feeling thaws.  
 There lives auld dainty Lucky Swats,  
 In her you'll fin' a frien',  
 Losh man she's neither mair nor less  
 Than my auld aunty Jean.  
 Couthie aunty Jean,  
 Blythe auld aunty Jean,  
 Losh man she's neither mair nor less,  
 Than dainty aunty Jean.

## II.

When nature in her wildest fits,  
 Wi' a' her nicht an' main,  
 Blaws brattlin' cluds frae out the lift  
 Athwart the gusty plain ;  
 Ilk bleerit, wearit, wan'ering wicht,  
 Wi' sang an' joke convene  
 Aroun' the gaucie ingle neuk  
 O' blythe auld aunty Jean.  
     Couthie aunty Jean,  
     Kin' auld aunty Jean,  
     Aroun' the gaucie ingle neuk,  
     O' blythe auld aunty Jean.

## III.

I've sat for hours and hours at e'en  
 Beside her ingle lowe,  
 To hear her canty cracks and sangs  
 On ane anither row ;  
 And loud guffaw an' fleechin' gait,  
 An' twinklin' o' the een,  
 O' gaucie, weel-far'd, couthie,  
 Canty, droll auld aunty Jean.  
     Couthie aunty Jean,  
     Blythe auld Jean,  
     O' gausie, weel-far'd, couthie,  
     Canty, droll auld aunty Jean.

## IV.

In early days ere care had flung  
 His sare-worn mantle ower  
 Our backs, an' cranreuch'd weel our pows,  
 Whilk gars us aulder glower ;  
 Frae father or frae mither's taws  
 We ran wi' tent, I ween,  
 For succour an' for refuge, Tam,  
 To kin' auld aunty Jean.  
 Eident aunty Jean,  
 Blythe auld aunty Jean.  
 For succour and for refuge, Tam,  
 To kin' auld aunty Jean.

## V.

Last Newrsday nicht I min' it weel,  
 We met owre sangs and yill ;  
 We sat and sang, we drank and ate,  
 And hotch'd and leugh our fill,  
 At tales o' yore o' life's sweet morn,  
 When hope was young and green,  
 And O, how fidgin fain was she,  
 My droll auld aunty Jean ;  
 Lively aunty Jean,  
 Waukrife Aunty Jean ;  
 Now here's a health to a' our kin',  
 Lang life to aunty Jean.

## A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

## I.

SING on ye sweet warblers the green woods among,  
 Your wild songs of sorrow now give,  
 For I am now lonely, my soul a gloom wears,  
 Since my mother sleeps sound in the grave.

## II.

And close up your downie silk folds, ye fair flowers,  
 Oh! grant me the sad wish I crave,  
 That ye'll weep with me in the calm gloamin' gray,  
 O'er a dear mother's newly made grave.

## III.

For ye are the riches our Maker bestows,  
 Worth all this vain world e'er gave,  
 The tomb-stones of nature that speak to the heart,  
 Sighing soft o'er a lov'd mother's grave.

## IV.

In calmness and peace in the evening of life,  
 Her longing soul wing'd o'er death's wave,  
 Now basking in bliss in a bright sunny home,  
 She has left me to weep on her grave.

ON SEEING LAID THE  
 FOUNDATION STONE OF THE PUBLIC  
 LIBRARY AND MUSEUM,

Presented by PETER COATS, Esq., Woodside, to the Inhabitants  
 of Paisley.

## I.

Bless'd hallowed stone above thee will be rais'd,  
 A fabric towering from adoring throngs,  
 Which from their memories ne'er shall be defac'd  
 But live in grateful stories, and in songs ;  
 This to the scroll of noble deeds belongs,  
 Which bless all nations since creation sprung,  
 While acts of thralldom with the tyrants' prongs,  
 Shall live dishonor'd and shall die unsung.

## II.

Who move and breathe, and have a being now,  
 Shall all be hush'd in one calm common sleep,  
 The fervent prayer, and the broken vow,  
 With acts of folly that make angels weep,  
 Shall from this life be shuffled with a sweep,  
 Still proudly soaring this vast pile sublime,  
 With scars of ages, wrinkled, dark and deep,  
 The pride of mankind, hallowed through all time.

## III.

Even now I see thee, towering in the sun  
Of future ages ; hallowed is this spot,  
The toil worn artizan, his labour done,  
Reposes here, improving thought, by thought,  
Exploring nature's riches that are brought  
From all the various regions of the earth,  
Compared with these fall crumbling into nought,  
The pride of kings, of title, and of birth.

## IV.

These are the wages virtue ever sent,  
The sweet reward of doing what is right,  
While here is rising high his monument,  
Of moral power, colossean in its height  
Of intellectual enterprise and might ;  
O, hallowed fabric ! I behold you when  
You rise, majestic on the ravish'd sight,  
Lov'd gift from one of these two noble men.



## MY MARY.

## I.

Love wanders 'mong your flowing hair :  
 Your brow—a holy calm reigns there :  
 In mind you have an angel's share :  
 In form—oh ! how divinely fair :  
                   My lovely Mary.

## II.

Life's dreary wilderness around,  
 It's freezing scorn my soul had bound  
 With icy hate, and gloom profound,  
 Till my sun rose, with glory crown'd,  
                   In you, my Mary.

## III.

When sadly wild my spirit sighs  
 Wreck'd in the tempests of its skies,  
 While lightning passion scathing flies,  
 You come and glow those angel eyes  
                   Full on me Mary.

## IV.

Then blooms the summer of my soul  
 Beneath their soothing, calm control,  
 As through their sky of mind they roll,  
 Changing from night to day, the whole  
                   Of life, my Mary.

## PAISLEY LASSES.

## I.

Our toast will be with "three times three,"  
 When brimful are our glasses,  
 Long life and health, old nature's wealth,  
 To bonnie Paisley lasses,  
 Our charming winsome lasses.  
 Long life and health, old nature's wealth,  
 To bonnie Paisley lasses.

## II.

Old time may bring and o'er them fling,  
 His wrinkles as he passes,  
 But never stain wi' thought profane,  
 Our bonnie Paisley lasses.  
 Sweet charming, winning lasses,  
 But never stain wi' thought profane,  
 Our bonnie Paisley lasses.

## III.

E'en envy's sel', with visage snell,  
 With selfish thoughts ne'er fashes,  
 Whene'er he spies, with rapturous eyes,  
 Our bonnie Paisley lasses.  
 So blooming are our lasses,  
 Whene'er he spies, with rapturous eyes,  
 Our bonnie Paisley lasses.

## IV.

While youth and joy beam from each eye,  
 And pushing round our glasses,  
 Let's drink long health, old nature's wealth,  
 To bonnie Paisley lasses,  
 Our smiling wiling lasses,  
 Let's drink long health, old nature's wealth,  
 To charming Paisley lasses.

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TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
 LATE MR. ALEX. AULD, MERCHANT,  
 PAISLEY.

## I.

'Twas night, and o'er Gleniffer hill  
 The angry wind roared loud and long,  
 Old Cartha, swelled by burn and rill,  
 Rolled dark and furious, broad and strong,  
 Mid Nature's din a voice I heard,  
 Sad, rising on the swelling gale,  
 Of some lone wandering pensive bard,  
 Pour out to-night and storm this wail.

## II.

Old Scotia's mountains, wild and loné,  
 Her hills of might, dark, rising high,  
 Her dripping forests, tempest-torn,  
 Come join with me my wailing cry.  
 Ye winds my song bear on thy wing,  
 To mingle with old ocean's roar,  
 And raise one sad, wild wail, and sing  
 A dirge for him who is no more.

## III.

The widow's path is sunless now;  
 In starless night she drops the tear—  
 Pale sorrow reigns upon the brow  
 Once sunny with his beaming cheer.  
 The friendless ones his death bewail;  
 Wee orphans, sobbing, lisp his name—  
 Range Scotia o'er, both hill and dale,  
 You ne'er will find a fairer fame.

## IV.

He wore the crown for wit and glee,  
 With more than kingly honour, long;  
 His reign was peace, from warrings free,  
 And gemm'd with story, jest, and song,

Death never clasp'd a warmer friend  
 To mankind in his cold embrace—  
 To bigotry he ne'er would bend—  
 His honest soul glow'd in his face,

## v.

Who holds the law's Almighty power  
 Of vast Creation in his hand,  
 Will shelter in temptation's hour,  
 His loving, weeping family band :  
 He's from them torn, their guard and guide,  
 Who were his daily tender care,  
 His boast, his glory, and his pride —  
 Dear subjects of a father's prayer.

## vi.

His mortal part is pass'd away,  
 On it the sun of time is set,  
 Though crumbling at thy touch, decay,  
 His soul still shines, still sparkles yet,  
 Ye winds, my song bear on your wing,  
 To mingle with old ocean's roar,  
 And raise one sad wild wail, and sing  
 A dirge for him who is no more.

## BARBARA.

Music by Mr. J. S. WALLACE.

## I.

Behold the sweet flower in the dawn of the morning  
So modest in loveliness, smile through the dew,  
Behold the bright star the soft evening adorning,  
With rays of love lighten yon mantle of blue.  
But oh! to observe this fair flower of my bosom,  
The star of my heaven, this beauteous fair,  
In raptures you sing, there is no other blossom,  
Like Barbara, sweet Barbara, my glory and care!

## II.

My life, like a dark day in winter was hoary,  
When nature in sorrow, is mantled in gloom;  
Till spring-beams of true love came shining in glory,  
And blythe in their warmth, wakened all into bloom.  
Bless'd day of happiness, spring of my pleasure,  
When dewy-wing'd lark will seem singing you're mine,  
And flowers in sweet whispers will hymn of my treasure,  
That day, lovely Barbara, for ever I'm thine.

## III.

In lonely green valley, on wild heathy mountain,  
 Far, far, from the tempests of strife and its noise,  
 I'd pour out life's pleasure, till dry be that fountain,  
 And revel in bliss with this dearest of joys.  
 And oh, ye bless'd angels! with *pure love* o'erflowing,  
 Watch over her slumbers, this beauteous fair;  
 Till safe in your keeping, to where she is going,  
 My Barbara, lov'd Barbara, my glory and care!

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## A MOTHER TO HER CHILD IN HEAVEN.

## I.

I SEE thee, *now*, my beautiful,  
 My lov'd *one*, with the blest,  
 Pouring the heavenly balm to lull  
 This troubl'd soul to rest:  
 In all my wand'rings, lone and wild,  
 O'er life's dark heaving sea,  
 My only solace, angel child,  
 Is being soon with thee.

## II.

Sweet budding flow'ret, gem of worth,  
 Like sunbeam in a storm ;  
 A thing of beauty, not of earth,  
 Was thy sweet angel form :  
 I lov'd with more than mother's love,  
 O, joy of joys to me !  
 When, like a seraph from above,  
 Thou smil'dst upon my knee.

## III.

I saw my hope, my morning flower  
 In bloom and beauty spring,  
 The pride, the boast of all the bower,  
 A lovely laughing thing ;  
 Ere o'er thee low'r'd the night of death,  
 And blanch'd thy beauties lay,  
 Ere angels stole thy infant breath,  
 And smiled in light away.

## IV.

In grief I stray by running brooks,  
 Through dark and silent glens  
 On starry nights ; in fairy nooks,  
 O'erhung with waving ferns,  
 Still sighs this lonely broken heart,  
 While bending o'er thy tomb,  
 When shall these weary feet depart  
 For my sweet wanderer's home ?



## RARE PETER LEES.

## I.

My muse has obtain'd a new impulse again,  
 She has got no such subject since Captain M'Lean,  
 She's lively and happy, and scampering awa,  
 Like a frolicksome dogie 'mang poutherie snaw.  
 He's no o' the lang gothic window fac'd race,  
 Wha wear a' their virtues o' life on their face,  
 But hypocrite hater wi' stang like the Bee's,  
 He stings them they flee then frae stern Peter Lees.

## II.

The Elephant's trunk has a magic and power,  
 In lifting a preen, or in whombling a tower,  
 So I've seen how his kindly, and huge brawnie arm,  
 Screen'd the aged and feckless and cripple frae harm.  
 To lay a foul finger on them wha would daur,  
 Would be fell'd to the earth as in hot bloody war,  
 His mind's like our mountains, his heart's like our seas,  
 Kind deeds are the prayers o' rare Peter Lees.

## III.

So open and free as the light o' the day,  
 In a crack he's lively as lav'rocks in May,  
 Wi' wit, fun, and fire sparkling out frae his e'e  
 Wi' his face lighten'd up wi' the sunshine o' glee,

Yet mankind he measures (he kens them fu' weel),  
 Wi' an e'e keen and clear, frae the brain to the heel,  
 Sees through a' their flaws wi' the greatest o' ease  
 A self-taught philosopher's our Peter Lees.

## IV.

The sland'rous, the peevish, the grov'ling and mean,  
 He views with an e'e most derisively keen,  
 The thinking and manly, though ever so poor,  
 Wi' a grasp o' his hand, welcom'd are at his door.  
 A type o' what's manly in mind and in form,  
 What he is in the sunshine, the same in the storm,  
 Ye "neafu' saul'd" imps take example frae these,  
 Just take for your model, through life, Peter Lees.

## V.

In a word, ye may search through the east and the  
 wast,  
 Through the south and the north, and face the cauld  
 blast,  
 Ye will fa' in wi' men just as common as rain,  
 But his like you will never fa' in wi' again.  
 Such keen clear perception, wi' judgment and power,  
 It's a treat for to spend wi' our Peter an hour,  
 Sour poortith and death wi' fell gruesome desease,  
 Keep your arms far frae him, our brave Peter Lees.

## GENIUS, FRIENDSHIP, AND PEACE.

## I.

Hail! genius calm benign and mild,  
 In power and might thou art unbounded,  
 And at thy birth all nature smiled,  
 While heaven with songs and joy resounded,  
 Hark! worlds, oceans, seas, and skies,  
 In songs your voices still are blending,  
 And still each song like light'ning flies,  
 Through all creation, never ending.

But on thy breast all may not rest,  
 Thou heaven descended one,  
 Of winning wiles, of angel smiles,  
 How few thou call'st "My son."

## II.

Hail! friendship, chain of heavenly bliss,  
 Encircling all with mental pleasure,  
 Thy links are bound with happiness,  
 Our surest dearest earthly treasure.

How pure and spotless as the snow  
 Which caps the dreary silent mountains ;  
 How free and sparkling as the flow  
 Of hill-born cooling, crystal fountains.

All on thy breast may safely rest,  
 Thou heaven descended one,  
 Of winning wiles, of angel smiles,  
 Thou call'st each one "My son."

## III.

Hail ! peace, within ambrosial bowers,  
 With golden dreams, and silvery slumbers,  
 Sweet hope 'mong opening dewy flowers,  
 Trips lightly on to sacred numbers.  
 Yes, bliss is in thy calm blue eye,  
 Yes, heaven is in thy breast a blossom,  
 O I could lay me down and sigh  
 My life away upon thy bosom.

But on thy breast all may not rest.  
 Thou heaven descended one,  
 Of winning wiles, of angel smiles,  
 How few thou call'st "My son."

## SONG.

## SCOTLAND'S HILLS OF SNOW.

Music by Mr. J. ROY FRASER.

Inscribed to JOSEPH NOEL PATON, Esq., Paisley, in 1842, now  
SIR NOEL PATON, R.A.

## I.

SING not of England's sunny plains,  
Nor Erin's vales so green,  
Though nobly sung in stirring strains  
By countless bards, I ween.  
But strike the lyre, and loudly sing  
The storm-wrapp'd hills of might,  
From whose dark cliffs the eagles wing  
To scale their airy height ;  
Where from the rocks the torrents loud,  
In wild delirium flow ;  
Huzza, for Scotland's mountains proud,  
And Scotland's hills of snow !

## II.

Sing not the tame blue hills of Greece,  
Though there the muses dwell,  
Though shapes of beauty dance in peace  
Through each delicious dell ;  
Nor sing the lofty Alpine steeps,  
Though wildly grand they be.

Give me the hills, which memory keeps  
 Still sacred to the free!  
 Though dark their crags, where tempests roar,  
 Where cat'racts thund'ring go;  
 Huzza, for Scotland's mountains hoar,  
 And Scotland's hills of snow!

## III.

Old Scotland's mountains brave the storm,  
 As he goes howling by,  
 And battle with his cloudy form,  
 As if his might would try;  
 Till rock, and glen, and craggy steep,  
 In one wild chorus rise  
 Their voices o'er the raging deep,  
 That sweeps the murky skies.  
 Huzza, for Scotland's heathy woods,  
 Where bounds the crested roe!  
 Huzza, for Scotland's mountain floods,  
 And Scotland's hills of snow!

## THE DOOM'D ONE.

## I.

The doom'd one sighs through the dark still night,  
 Fireless her eye, once so sparkling and bright ;  
 A cloud of woe lours on her care-worn brow,  
 And dead lies the smile on her pale cheek now.  
 Joy has now sigh'd a farewell to her soul,  
 The dull leaden moments on misery roll,  
 O listen the heart-broken burning prayer—  
 Ye powers of the nation beware, beware ;  
 A light may yet gleam through the darkness—spare.

## II.

O God ! ye powers of the nation beware.  
 In grief's freezing winter, and anguish wild,  
 She to her bosom clasps husband and child.  
 Be motherless soon will that fair-haired boy,  
 Once her earthly hope, and her dearest joy ;  
 And wifeless soon will that lone husband be,  
 Joyless to him now is life's sunless sea.  
 Give ear—give ear—to a people's prayer,  
 Ye powers of the nation beware, beware—  
 A light may yet gleam through the darkness—spare,  
 O God ! ye powers of the nation, beware.

## LINES TO THE

## MEMORY OF JAMES KING, POET.\*

## I.

ROLL on thou dark and raging sea,  
 Thy stormy billowy breast of foam,  
 A solace then thou brings't to me,  
 When griefs as these unwelcom'd come ;  
 He lov'd to see thy sparkling breast  
 Heave wild with glee, and hear thy roar,  
 He calmly sleeps in peaceful rest,  
 Who fondly looks on thee no more.

## II.

Ye hills of might, green rising high,  
 With streamlets gushing fresh and clear,  
 I hail thee now with mournful sigh,  
 Although to me thou'rt doubly dear.  
 For KING, the best of men, that's gone,  
 Oft worshipp'd thee, with thee did soar,  
 Let friendship mourn, and raise the stone  
 For him who sang, who sings no more.

\* The mutual friend and correspondent of Robert Tannahill, Poet.



## III.

Green waving woods, and dark deep glens,  
 Lone heathy braes, where flow'rets spring,  
 Sweet meads, thick groves, soft foggy fens,  
 O'er them let winds his requiem sing;  
 Let flow'rets close their folds in grief,  
 The bees no more their sweets adore,  
 Let pearly drops hang from each leaf,  
 He loves and worships them no more.

## IV.

No more his fingers o'er the lyre  
 In joyous rapture will he fling,  
 Glowing with celestial fire,  
 That love and genius only bring;  
 That lyre is mute, his song is sung,  
 Life's fleeting visions all are o'er,  
 The veil of death's between us hung,  
 His friendly voice we hear no more.

## V.

That voice will long remembered be,  
 By him who was his joy and care,\*  
 Who shar'd his grief, who shar'd his glee,  
 Who was the first and last in prayer;

\* His son, Mr. Robert King, Schoolmaster, Killearn, Stirlingshire.

The thought of him will as a light  
 Or jewel shine in memory's core,  
 For he was social, free, and bright,  
 The good old bard who is no more.

## VI.

And O! ye choice, ye precious few,  
 Whose bosoms feel the friendly glow,  
 Before I bid you all adieu,  
 One earnest wish I to you throw,  
 When round the social board you'r met,  
 And names of bards ye number o'er,  
 I wish you never to forget  
 JAMES KING, the Bard who is no more.

---

 AN OLD MAN'S SMILE.

## I.

AN old man's smile is a flower on a tomb,  
 O'er the darkness of death gayly spreading,  
 A branch of an old decay'd tree still in bloom,  
 Half in life, half in death, its sweets shedding.

## II.

An old man's smile is a messenger fair,  
Sent by other years with a story,  
To tell us in strains that are sweet and rare,  
What he was in the days of his glory.

## III.

An old man's smile is the gleaming of light,  
In the evening which plays o'er the ocean,  
Then vanishes quickly in darkness of night,  
To rise with more fervent emotion.

## IV.

When his smile gleams o'er the sacred page,  
There is something of heaven flung o'er it,  
The smile which is worn by the Christian sage  
There's nought on this earth comes before it.

## V.

The watchword of hope, the light'ner of death,  
In that smile are both blended together ;  
And faithful old age leaves youth's faded wreath,  
For garlands that blossom for ever.

## VI.

I saw as the twilight of life dimm'd his eye,  
While his last sigh of life was just given,  
His smile like the star in bright glory die,  
To soar with his soul up to heaven.

EPISTLE TO MR. JAMES MORE,  
OVERHILL HOUSE.

## I.

May peace an' plenty, honest carle,  
Attend you ever in this warl',  
An' may thy brow be deck'd wi' laurel  
O' honest fame,  
An' may you never want a farl  
To fill thy wame.

## II.

May you through broils, o' toil an' care,  
Steer calmly wi' sweet blessings rare ;  
An' may kin' fortune never spare  
Them on thy head,  
But shower them doun, that they may sair  
You till you're dead.

## III.

May meltin' sang, or screed o' fiddle,  
 Lang gar our heart-strings birt and diddle,  
 While spleen an' care, wi' awkward striddle,  
                     Thegither leave us,  
 Owre hedge, an' rig, an' many a stibble,  
                     Nae mair to grieve us.

## IV.

Gi'e me twa canny hours frae sleep,  
 Frae a' the cares o' life to creep  
 At e'en, when mice in dizzens cheep  
                     About the house,  
 While ben wi' step slow, low, an' deep,  
                     Comes my fond muse.

## V.

To lead me whaur the burnie strays  
 'Mang yellow broom, on simmer braes,  
 Or up the steep, whaur hing the slaes  
                     In dark deep green;  
 On cliffs clad wi' ten cent'ries claes,  
                     Wi' her I've been.

## VI.

At midnight hour through lang dark glens,  
 Through dreary moors, an' boggy fens,  
 She's led me, and to whaur, Gude kens,  
     As she was mad,  
 Till down she'd sit to mak' amen's,  
     Calm, solemn, sad.

## VII.

Though camscheugh, nane sae kin' as she ;  
 When ell misfortune's selfish e'e,  
 Leuks doun wi' cauld disdain on me,  
     Wi' visage snell,  
 She leads me to some flowery lea,  
     Or deep green dell.

## VIII.

There pass in some wild rocky nook  
 The day, to muse on nature's book,  
 An' mourn some wither'd floweret, took  
     Wi' savage han'  
 Frae nature's lap, now 'side the brook  
     Lies pale and wan.

## IX.

How aft 'mid life's wild brattling roar,  
 We see the strong the weak drive o'er,  
 Till low he lies, wha was before

True guide frae ill,

O' virtues rare wha had a store,

Now pale and still.

## X.

How aft the good man, virtuous, wise,  
 The rude unthinking anes despise,  
 While laying snares in deep disguise,

To be his fa',

Till low, unstained though blamed, he lies,

At Envy's ca'.

## XI.

An' woman, man's first joy and care,  
 Wi' a' your beauteous virtues rare,  
 You're soon laid low, wi' vice to share,

An' public view,

While the proud wretch gangs plump and fair,

Wha ruin'd you.

## XII.

An' simple, wayward, hair-brain'd bard,  
 Of luckless men most "luckless starr'd,"  
 Dies poor, unpitied, an' unheard

O' by the throng ;

O why life's blessed joys retard

Frae sons of song !

## XIII.

Now stop, my muse, and canter slowly ;  
 How aft your ilka virtues lowly,  
 An' ilka faut, and ilka folly,

Wi' keenest scan,

Are sung, till you turn melancholy,

By critic man !

## XIV.

Fareweel ! an' may life's blessings rarely  
 Attend thy bairnies late an' early,  
 An' co'er them frae sic fell scaith fairly

Wi' fortune crouse ;

May ne'er that crookit imp ca'd Care, see

Overhill house.



## GARIBALDI.

## I.

He comes like a meteor, from heaven descending,  
 Grim terror to tyrants a wave of his hand;  
 The chain of the despot asunder is rending—  
 He grasps its links, crumbling, fall brittle as sand!  
 He comes like a tempest, in cloud and in thunder,  
 Thrones shatt'ring in pieces, lov'd nations to save,  
 The boast of a world—in triumph a wonder,  
 The finger of God, Garibaldi the brave.

## II.

His touch a crown moulders to ashes—its burning  
 Deep vengeance is ruin, and wide as the sea;  
 He points to the dungeon-doors, freedom-ward turning,  
 Long doomed ones are chainless, and singing "We're  
 free,"  
 Laws, iced through with thralldom, dissolve at his  
 glances,  
 Songs swell in his praise, far far o'er the wave,  
 His shield, boundless Heaven, the fearless advances,  
 The heart-beat of power, Garibaldi the brave.



TO THE  
MEMORY OF JAMES M'FARLANE.

Author of "The Wanderer," "Lyrics of Life," &c.

## I.

Now gone o'er death's relentless river,  
Dark rolling silently for ever,  
The mystic boundaries which sever  
    Thee from all time,  
Art thou where sorrows enter never—  
    The golden clime ?

## II.

When wandering through life's thorny years  
Of blighted hopes, and trembling fears,  
Thy soul was smiling through thy tears,  
    Like April sun,  
Longing for more congenial spheres,  
    Thou gifted one.

## III.

From pleasures transient as foam,  
 Thy muse in ecstasy would roam  
 To glories of the starry dome—  
     Beauties supernal—  
 Far gleamings from the future home—  
     The life eternal.

## IV.

Far, far beyond the grave and shroud—  
 Beyond the tempest and the cloud—  
 Wild fiery passions jarring crowd—  
     Neglect and scorn—  
 Oppression—heartless, cold, and proud—  
     Life's baneful thorn.

## V.

Beyond our love, beyond our ire,  
 Divinely art thou soaring higher,  
 While tones of live celestial fire  
     Sublimely roll,  
 Or gushing from thy holy lyre  
     Brimful of soul.

## VI.

Great sun of day, mild moon of night,  
 Ye distant orbs of circling flight,  
 From boundless space all twinkling bright  
                   Through silent skies,  
 Were to his life as when the light  
                   On ocean lies.

## VII.

O sun, moon, stars, and azure sky ;  
 Ye valleys, hills, and mountains high ;  
 Ye islands lone that silent lie  
                   Mid ocean's wave—  
 In fancy's ear ye wailing cry,  
                   O cruel grave !

## VIII.

Green spring ! let tears hang from thy flowers—  
 Ye birds, be mute in summer bowers—  
 Pale autumn, fling thy leaves in showers—  
                   Mournfully howl ;  
 See, winter's visage darkly lowers  
                   To sorrow's scowl.

## IX.

A loving one, borne down with care,  
 Through tears surveys his vacant chair,  
 Life's joys with him no more to share,  
     And welcome never  
 Returning spring or summer fair—  
     He's gone for ever!

---

## SONG.

## I.

Tell! O tell me fair and dearest,  
     Tell thy lover fond, you may,  
 Where dwells the love thou bearest,  
     To thy lover? charmer, say.

## II.

When the rainbow glory's flinging  
     O'er the earth 'mid light and shower,  
 Is it 'mong its bright tints singing  
     Of the night's lone starry hour?

## III.

Or in sunbeams is it dwelling,  
 Smiling sweet mid light and song?  
 No, I see thy bosom swelling,  
 Which has hid the treasure long.

## IV.

There it revels o'er all sorrow,  
 Mid the tear, the sigh, and smile,  
 Bright'ning all as when the morrow  
 Lights our heath-clad mountain Isle.

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 FIRESIDE HAPPINESS.

## I.

THERE'S fireside glow o' happiness,  
 There's joy dings others a',  
 Ye winna fin' in shades o' strife,  
 Nor yet in lofty ha'.  
 'Bout fields o' war I winna sing,—  
 But this I'll blythely croon,  
 A thrifty wife, my ingle cheek,  
 And bairnies smilin' roun'.

## II.

How blithesome 'tis to hear at e'en  
 The blackbird in tæe grove ;  
 'Tis blythe to hear tæe shepherds sing  
 In freedom o' their love ;  
 But a' the joys that life can gi'e,  
 My hamely joys will croun,—  
 A dainty wife, my ingle cheek,  
 An' bairnies smilin' roun'.

## III.

There's pleasure in the hemlock howe,  
 An' the dark shade o' the wud,  
 When the bonny droukit gowan hangs  
 Its head wi' e'ening's clud.  
 But siccan joys they canna bring,  
 As they that never frown,—  
 A canty wife, my ingle cheek,  
 An' bairnies smilin' roun'.

## IV.

How blythe in winter's e'en, when met  
 Roun' Scotland's spinnin' wheel ;  
 O leese me on the birrin' soun'  
 That comes frae rock an' reel.

It maks me a'maist jump wi' joy :  
 It's birrin' heartfelt soun'  
 Enlivens a' the house about,  
 An' gars the bairns smile roun'.

## V.

Awa', ye discontented race,  
 Aye frowning wi' your fate ;  
 Your fireside's no the place for peace,  
 Nor yet for bliss a seat.  
 I winna sing o' you ava',  
 Nor envy you a croun,—  
 I'll sing my wife, my ingle cheek,  
 An' bairnies smilin' roun'.

## VI.

How blythe my ingle's bonnie flame  
 Blinks out its gleefu' rays,  
 Reminding us o' dripping birds  
 A' cowering ower the braes !  
 While sheltered frae the brattling storm,  
 In warm an' cosie biel,  
 We a' sit scaithless frae its wrath,  
 By Scotland's spinning wheel.



## VOLUNTEER WAR SONG.

Inscribed to Major FULLERTON, of the 2d Battalion Renfrewshire  
Rifle Volunteers.

## I.

I SING not Erin's emerald plains,  
Nor England's floral splendour,  
They live in lofty rolling strains,  
In wild poetic grandeur,  
I strike the lyre and Scotland sing,  
In breathless rapt emotion,  
Whose storm-capt hills sublimely spring,  
Triumphant from the ocean.

## Chorus.

Ye brave, ye peerless, dauntless ones,  
Around her standard gather,  
See yonder despot trembling shuns,  
Your thistle and your heather.

In you the blood of Wallace runs, from glen and moun-  
tain gather,  
May heaven guard her hardy sons, her thistle and her  
heather.

Gather, gather gather.

## II.

When frowning crags nurse tempests,  
 Loud in wild delirium howling,  
 On mountain flood the thunder-cloud,  
 In rugged grandeur scowling,  
 These themes my country teach our souls,  
 The music deep and tender,  
 Of nature onward as it rolls,  
 Arise, arise, defend her.

## Chorus.

Ye brave, ye peerless, dauntless ones,  
 Around her standard gather,  
 See yonder despot trembling shuns,  
 Your thistle and your heather.

In you the blood of Wallace runs, from glen and mountain gather,  
 May heaven guard her hardy sons, her thistle and her heather.

Gather, gather, gather.

## III.

On perjured Austria, freedom's grave,  
 Her curse is now descending,  
 Tears burning, falling for the brave  
 With deep drawn sighs are blending.

Stern in her might, the despot's chain  
 She tears in wrath asunder,  
 Then smiling o'er her stormy main,  
 A terror and a wonder.

Chorus.

Ye brave, ye peerless dauntless ones,  
 Around her standard gather,  
 See yonder despot trembling shuns,  
 Your thistle and your heather.

In you the blood of Wallace runs, from glen and moun-  
 tain gather,  
 May heaven guard her hardy sons, her thistle and her  
 heather.

Gather, gather, gather.

IV.

In dazzling rays of freedom, bold  
 She reigns the feared and fearless,  
 And boasts her mountains and her gold,  
 Brave sons and daughters peerless.  
 Then crying in her towering might,  
 From God's green earth be hurled  
 Man's darkest woe, the bane of right,  
 For ever from the world.

Chorus.

Ye brave, ye peerless, dauntless ones,  
 Around her standard gather,

See yonder despot trembling shuns,  
 Your thistle and your heather.  
 In you the fire of freedom burns, from glen and moun-  
 tain gather,  
 May heaven guard her hardy sons, her thistle and her  
 heather.  
 Gather, gather, gather.

---

ON MY NEPHEW,  
 MR. WILLIAM HENRY, LEAVING HIS  
 NATIVE LAND.

## I.

ALTHOUGH on life's vast surging sea  
 My feeble bark I cast,  
 And trembling, eye each rising storm,  
 Whose savage breath's the blast ;  
 Though mid its toils, its strifes, and broils,  
 And still where'er I be,  
 My heart's soft breathings fond will turn  
 To Scotland, and to thee.\*

\* His sweetheart.

## II.

Though now I leave those scenes of youth,  
Those scenes of early years,  
That gather thick around my heart,  
And drown me in salt tears ;  
The hill, the glen, the dell, and green,  
Where oft in boyish glee,  
In sunny months of hope and joy,  
I've wander'd blythe and free ;

## III.

There is a hallow'd light flung o'er  
Those days of life's sweet May,  
That year on year will ne'er deface  
Them from my memory.  
They're on my heart like diamonds set,  
And in my very sighs,  
And in my soul they mingle sweet  
With other earthly ties.

## IV.

So now, I must bid you farewell,  
There's anguish in the sound  
Which bids me part with all that's dear,  
To roam the world around.

But on the sea, or on the land,  
 Where'er my footsteps be,  
 My nightly prayers will be for  
 My native land, and thee.

## v.

Farewell, farewell, my father-land,  
 My mother-land, farewell;  
 Land of the heath-clad mountain grey,  
 Of shaggy wood and dell.  
 Farewell, to thee, my dearest dear,  
 One fond adieu be given,  
 And leaning on the Christian hope  
 Of meeting thee in heaven.

---

### A SUMMER SUNSET.

The summer's sun is sinking down to rest  
 (And bids the half of this wide world good night)  
 In ruddy curtain'd chambers of the west,  
 All fring'd with burnish'd sparkling golden light,  
 That ever and anon with lightning's flight,  
 Flashes its beams on the dark'ning earth below,  
 'Tis worth the living for to see the sight  
 Of light, and matter parting with a flow  
 Of burning kisses, such as lovers can bestow.

TO THE  
MEMORY OF DOUGALD MOORE, POET.\*

Inscribed to MR. JAMES BOWIE, late Bookseller, Paisley.

## I.

FAIR moon, where are thy hallow'd beams,  
That walk'd in light o'er hills and streams?  
They're hung mid yon vast cloudy hall,  
Which wrap them like a funeral pall.

## II.

Why is thy light withdrawn from earth?  
That light which give love feelings birth,—  
Why doth the sky in gloom appear,  
And no one little bright star near?

## III.

When hope has from my bosom fled,  
All that was bright now dark and dead,  
Then 'tis the hour to talk with thee,  
Sad, gloomy, vast immensity!

\* Dougald Moore, the well-known Scottish Poet, died in consequence of a severe attack of inflammation, on the 2d of January, 1841. From fortune and education, he had originally derived few advantages; but the powers of his mind rose superior to every difficulty, until at length he took his undisputed station amongst the master spirits of his native country.

## IV.

I hear why clouds wrap thee in gloom,  
 Why yon dark sky's to thee a tomb ;  
 It comes upon the rushing gale,  
 In numbering low some eerie wail.

## V.

'Tis like a death-bed note of woe,  
 'Tis like a female whispering low,  
 With now a deep, long heart-felt moan,  
 That's ending with a wailing groan.

## VI.

'Tis genius riding on the blast ;  
 I see her thoughtful eye down cast,  
 From which the pearly tears thick flow,  
 In sorrow for her son now low.

## VII.

To howling winds for her dear child,  
 She pour'd her song of sorrow wild ;  
 Or silent, 'mid the gloom obscure,  
 She sobbing whisper'd, Dougald Moore.

## VIII.

Flow'rets fair around her hung,  
 Sweet emblems of the bards who sung,  
 With some loose leaves around her lay,  
 And one fair flower just torn away.



## IX.

She view'd its broken stem once more,  
 And weeping sung its beauties o'er ;  
 Soft pitying looks she turn'd to those  
 At last with him who'll soon repose.

## X.

Those flowers of beauty, song, and glee,  
 Clos'd up their folds in grief for thee,  
 Their old companion from them torn,  
 Who pour'd his sweets with them at morn.

## XI.

Then on a troubl'd cloud, her hand  
 She placed, by some unknown command,  
 And with a dread majestic bow,  
 She weeping read the Broken Vow.\*

## XII.

Anon the moon set out one beam,  
 Which dyed the mountains in its gleam,  
 While on the moon-ray Genius rode  
 To some unknown, and fair abode.

\* The last piece he composed.

## SONG.

## LASSIE DRAW NEAR ME.

## I.

LASS, will ye come to yon heather-clad mountain hie,  
 While the wee lav'rock its first sang sings cheery,  
 While the wave sleeps on the breast o' the dark blue  
 sea ?  
 Or if ye winna come, lassie, draw near me ;  
 Near me, near me, lassie, draw near me,  
 Or if ye winna come, lassie, draw near me.

## II.

It pains me to think o' the love that I bear to thee  
 Stamp'd on this heart in these words my ain dearie,  
 Lost in that smile, an' that saucy proud head a-jee,  
 Sae, if ye winna come, lassie, draw near me ;  
 Near me, near me, lassie, draw near me,  
 Sae, if ye winna come, lassie, draw near me.

## III.

Ye ken that the lowe o' love's low'd in this bosom here,  
 An' set a' in fire wi' thy charms, my love, hear me,  
 Ye ken that ye reign in my bosom the only dear,  
 If thou wilt na break my heart, lassie, draw near me;  
 Near me, near me, lassie, draw near me,  
 If thou wilt na break my heart, lassie, draw near  
 me.

## IV.

The flower canna live frae the ray o' the simmer sun,  
 Frae thee my bosom would be dull an' dreary,  
 You're mine, an' I'm thine, till life's latest sand be run,  
 Thine arms within mine, my love, since you've drawn  
 near me;  
 Near me, near me, since you've drawn near me,  
 Thine arms within mine, my love, since you've  
 drawn near me.

## THE DAUGHTER OF BURNS.

## I.

Ye daughters and sons of the land of the heather,  
 All hail her with heart and with soul-melting song,  
 I see you around her with sunny smiles gather,  
 Love flowing in torrents of passion along,  
 For Burns was her father, we all claim as brother,  
 Who sang of our joys, and our sorrows by turns,  
 Let the old and the young live rejoicing together,  
 One heart-stirring night with the daughter of Burns.

## II.

You gaze on that face, and what fond recollections  
 Arise in your bosoms while tears your eyes dim,  
 How hallow'd the moment with sacred affections,  
 While clasping the hand often fondled by him,  
 Who glanc'd like the sun swath'd in glory and splendour  
 And cold superstitions lay down in their urns,  
 Who touch'd and thrones crumbl'd to dust from their  
 grandeur,  
 O! who would not honour the daughter of Burns.

## A REFLECTION.

## I.

O! the light of day's declining,  
In all its glory dies,  
Like a soul in beauty shining,  
When from this world it flies,  
Each parting beam of loveliness,  
Smiles fondly through its tears,  
Which leaves behind a sort of bliss,  
Like that of other years:

## II.

On other years when dwelling,  
O! how the bosom feels,  
While with past emotions swelling,  
That all the present seals,

My friend's last smile, who lighten'd life,  
Still lingers fondly here,  
His latest sigh through worldly strife,  
Shall mingle with my tear.

## III.

All this life's a garden blooming,  
With flowers of varied hues,  
Some the morning breeze perfuming,  
First wither 'mong its dews,  
While o'er those lovelies sleeping low,  
Weeds with pollution's breath,  
And in their poisonous rankness grow,  
While beauties sleep in death.

TO THE  
MEMORY OF ALLAN STEWART, POET.\*

I.

I've ling'ring paus'd to hush the coming sigh  
 Within those dark shades' gloom, congenial wild,  
 Or dash'd the flood from off my tear-worn eye,  
 Or smil'd, sweet Spring, when thou wast but a child.  
 Now, five full moons have beam'd in radiance mild,  
 Since first I hail'd thee in a similar mood ;  
 It was thy soul's departure, mine beguil'd  
 To seek the gloom and silence of this wood,  
 And sigh thy name, dear Ferguson,† in solitude.

\* Author of a Posthumous volume, entitled "Poetical Remains," published in the year, 1838, edited by Mrs Maxwell of Brediland and Merksworth, author of "Letters from the Dead to the Living."

† A deceased companion of the Author.

## II.

Congenial gloom ! I welcome thee again,  
     Another name, a name to nature dear,  
 Is blotted from life's variegated plain,  
     As falls the leaf—the autumn brown leaf scre,  
 When sighing winds slow through thy dark shades  
     steer,  
     His death-dirge sing. The dashing brown waves  
     roar  
 In raging grief, the crags and forests drear  
     All mourn his loss, and Scotia's Muses o'er  
 His grassy covering weep—young Allan is no more.

## III.

There is an awe, a solemn loneliness,  
     Comes stealing o'er the spirit like a spell,  
 In shades like these, where souls can drink of bliss,  
     Thou drank'st, young Bard, in gloamin's dusky dell.  
 And there's a feeling which we cannot tell  
     In words, will haunt in solitude the soul ;  
 The distant murmur of the town, with knell  
     Of solemn sound, the sad aw'd heart control,  
 Reigns o'er the mind, and sadly soothes the whole.



## iv.

Come, Melancholy, from thy gloom-cast bowers,  
 Be to my song a tune—my trembling lay  
 Assist, ye gloomy, unseen, fleeting powers,  
 To sing of him who bask'd in every ray  
 Of nature, and whose heart was as the day  
 Of glorious sheen. Young Bard, in thee we see  
 What's nobly great, although with us thy stay  
 Was but a glimmering blink in poverty.  
 Young Bard, thou liv'dst in nature—nature liv'd in thee.

## v.

How oft I've seen thee when the dawn's red beam  
 In young repose lay on the moorland haze?  
 On broomy knowe, or by the fairy stream,  
 Watching, at peep of dawn, the sun's red blaze;  
 Or in the eve, when summer's warming rays  
 Are chang'd for autumn's ripening, wasting breath?  
 The truant school-boy, rambling o'er the braes,  
 No more will meet thee 'mong the waving heath.  
 Thy heart is cold, thine eye is glaz'd, and closed in  
 death.

## VI.

A pitying son, kind nature in thee found

A child who suck'd true knowledge from her breast,  
Who walk'd this life's sweet peaceful path around

Apart from man; and mark'd, with mind well  
pleas'd,

The feelings rise, and thoughts like to the east,

When morning wakes rejoic'd to see such glow  
In breasts as dew in flowers, when day-beams rest

In gloamin slumbers, watching the still flow  
Of the heart's deep ocean where vice and virtue grow.

## VII.

Are there no tributes pour'd around this spot?

Is there no eye with soul-embodied tear  
To mourn for him who now, alas! is not?

Is there no heart to love and anguish dear?  
Yon twinkling stars in silent night-beams clear,

Cleave the deep gloom, and nightly visits pay  
To Allan's grave, that light in darkness drear

The maid he lov'd, who to his soul was light,  
How pale and lifeless now, who once shone fair and  
bright.

## SONG.

## MY CHARMER.

## I.

WHEN smiles the gloamin's golden beam,  
And summer's wearing warmer,  
When arching rainbows span the sky,  
I muse upon my charmer.

## II.

Her hair is like a summer cloud,  
When gentle winds are blowing,  
The star of night looks from her eye,  
My heaven brightly glowing.

## III.

Yon restless cloud, while bath'd in light,  
When summer is declining,  
Is like my soul when Mary's eye  
In love is on me shining.

## IV.

I'll live and love, whate'er betide,  
Though fortune's blasts blow sairly,  
Though world's joys, though world's toys,  
Should leave this bosom fairly.

## V.

When smiles the gloamin's golden beam,  
And summer's wearing warmer,  
When arching rainbow spans the sky,  
I clasp my lovely charmer.

## TO THE MEMORY OF JEANIE BOWIE.

Born July 8, 1855; Died March 20, 1865.

## I.

Ye flowerless fields, and leafless woods,  
Ye songless silent dells,  
Where summer linger'd warm and long,  
When bloom'd the sweet blue bells,  
Ye all accord with my soul's grief,  
The night winds sweeping roar,  
To me it is a solace now,  
My Jeanie is no more.

## II.

The sun will gild the summer day,  
The flower will spring and bloom,  
But never will the glow of life  
Beam in her silent tomb,

Pour warmth into that pulseless breast,  
That lifeless form restore,  
My days are like a sunless sky,  
My Jeanie is no more.

## III.

Far from the cold bleak cares of life,  
Death's billows thou didst brave,  
Beyond all love, beyond all strife,  
Beyond the darksome grave.  
A happy change it is to thee,  
Life's fitful tempests o'er,  
In the light of a FATHER'S eye  
To bask for evermore.

## RINGAN GUN.

## I.

AÈ dark gusty nicht, when the wild win' an' rain,  
 Were heav'd by auld winter in wrath owre the plain,  
 I, eerie, an' wearie, deep-drench'd through wi' sap,  
 By chance fan' a bield on a' hielan' hill-tap,  
 Noo guess ye wha welcom'd me ben in his grasp,  
 Wi' kin' lowin e'e, an' a dumfounder'd gasp?  
 Tuts, man, ye maun ken him, auld nature's ain son,  
 The kenspeckle, droll, witty, blythe Ringan Gun.

## II.

He whang'd doun his kebbock, he shower'd roun' his  
     ale,  
 An' bauld as the storm, gie'd his sang an' his tale,  
 While cliffs warr'd wi' tempests, 'mid blackness an'  
     din,  
 His voice in a crack were their howlings aboon.

He tauld me, fu' sly, wi' a wink o' his e'e,  
 Whilk's hafflins co'er'd ower wi' a bushy e'e-bree,  
 Mess John thrice had cried out, "What's this he has  
 done ?

Expel him, that ne'er-do-weel rake, Ringan Gun."

## III.

Far doun the lang glen, the guid folk dinna ken  
 How Ringan can box through, how Ringan can fen ;  
 Far up 'mang the wrath o' the wild howling storm  
 They're no up to the pranks of this stalwart in form.  
 The farmers in sorrow leuk sullen an' sour,  
 Gamekeepers in wrath grip their sticks firm an' dure,  
 An' lasses loup hie, wi' their cheeks spread wi' fun,  
 Whene'er to them's whispered that name, Ringan Gun.

## IV.

At morn, when the sun rises bleert frae his bed,  
 He droll Ringan sees coming blythe frae his shed ;  
 At e'ening, the last thing he sees on the hill  
 Is him stalking hameward, through mist, damp an' chill.



Ae night, a poor woman frae market was late,  
 On the storm cover'd snaw-wreathing dark wearie gate,  
 Saw something maist devilish, gae'd her a death stun,  
 'Twas the tall stalwart form o' our bauld Ringan Gun.

## v.

When lambs frae their dams ever happen to stray,  
 Or hens frae the yards by the tods stown away,  
 A's heapit on Ringan, wi' ill favour'd ban,  
 Wi' gentle an' simple, by farmer an' man.  
 May life's every blessing lang crown his auld pow,  
 An' lang may his saul at auld nature tak lowe,  
 Till owre his green grave tells the cauld winter win',  
 In low eerie souchs, here sleeps brave Ringan Gun.

## THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

## I.

O SAD was the thocht  
 To leave my ain kintrie;  
 Unhallow'd grief it's brocht  
 Me on land and on sea.  
 My bairnies, wi' my dying breath,  
 I'll weeping tell to thee,  
 I wish we ne'er had left our heath  
 In my ain kintrie.

## II.

Streams hae anither row  
 In this strange kintrie;  
 The sun wi' ither lowe  
 Lichts up the gowden sea.  
 The win' anither sang sings here  
 When passing through the tree;  
 O hast'ly, bairnies, do me bear  
 To my ain kintrie.

## III.

The martyr's hallowed cairn,  
 In this vile kintrie,  
 Ne'er rises 'mang the fern,  
 In valley or on lee;  
 The Sabbath morn is no the same  
 Way past it wont to be;  
 This lan' will never rise in fame  
 Like my guid kintrie.

## IV.

Nae birdies singing clear,  
 In this rude kintrie;  
 Ilk siller burnie near,  
 Their sangs unto the free.  
 We'll fin' the blight o' happiness  
 The langer here wi' dree,  
 And never taste o' earthly bliss  
 In this fell kintrie.

## V.

O waes me on the law,  
 In my ain kintrie,  
 That's been the puir man's fa',  
 And fills wi' tears his e'e.

'Twas it that drove us frae our hills,  
 And gart us cross the sea ;  
 'Twas it that brought on a' our ills,  
 In our ain kintrie.

## VI.

But a canty sang I'll raise,  
 For my ain kintrie,  
 And sing it to her praise,  
 Until the hour I de'e.  
 Her mountains snawie bonnets wear,  
 An' cloaks o' mist her sea ;  
 She's happit weel wi' nature's gear,  
 My auld ain kintrie.

## VII.

Now here's a wish I'll toast,  
 To my ain kintrie—  
 May she ever be the boast  
 O' the Islands o' the sea.  
 And if I never see her hills,  
 O then just let me be  
 Borne frae a' earthly cares an' ills,  
 To yon far kintrie.

## SONG. MARY.

## I.

SWEET's the gloamin's dusky gloom  
    Spreadin' owre the lea, Mary,  
Sweeter far thy love in bloom  
    Which blows alone for me, Mary.  
When the woods in silence sleep,  
And is hid in dusk the steep,  
When the flowers in sorrow weep,  
    I'll sigh and smile wi' thee, Mary.

## II.

When love plays in rosy beams  
    Roun' the hawthorn tree, Mary,  
Then thine eye a language gleams  
    Which tells o' love for me, Mary.

When thy sigh blends wi' my smile,  
 Silence reigns owre us the while,  
 Then my heart 'mid fluttering toil,  
     Tell's thy love's bloom'd for me, Mary.

## III.

When our hands are join'd in love,  
     Ne'er to part again, Mary,  
 Till death ance mair his arrows prove,  
     And tak us for his ain, Mary ;  
 Then our joys are crown'd wi' bliss !  
 In a hallow'd hour like this,  
 We in rapture join to kiss,  
     And taste o' heaven again, Mary.

## THE OUTCAST.

## I.

GRIEFS round thy young cheek hover,  
And joyless is thine eye ;  
With vice thy brow's spread over,  
Which makes thee nightly sigh.  
Thy spring is lost in winter,  
Which all thy flowers destroy ;  
May thoughts of virtue in you stir,  
My hapless, friendless boy.

## II.

Ne'er fear, I'll kindly cherish  
The better parts in you ;  
On earth thou mayst yet flourish,  
In tints of brightest hue.  
The stormy morn may brighten  
Yet unto glorious day ;  
The clouded sun may lighten  
The world with its ray.

## III.

Thy rising sun is clouded,  
Which should be bright and fair ;  
Thy yet young hopes are shrouded  
In folds of dark despair.  
But with the voice of feeling,  
I'll joy to thee impart ;  
And all thy sorrows healing,  
And mend thy broken heart.

## IV.

Yes, thy young heart was broken,  
Ere it was rightly form'd ;  
That dull blue eye's a token  
That grief thy soul has storm'd,  
Like feeble bark in danger  
Amid the ocean's roar,  
A poor benighted stranger  
Upon an unknown shore.



## v.

Thou hast no fondling mother  
To clasp thee in her arms,  
And all thy sorrows smother  
Within her fostering charms ;  
Nor kindly loving father,  
To guard thee through those storms  
That on life's ocean gather,  
In all their haggard forms.

## vi.

Griefs round thy young cheek hover,  
And joyless is thine eye ;  
With vice thy brow's spread over,  
Which makes thee nightly sigh.  
Thy spring is spent in winter,  
Which all thy flowers destroy ;  
May thoughts of virtue in you stir,  
My hapless, friendless boy !



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