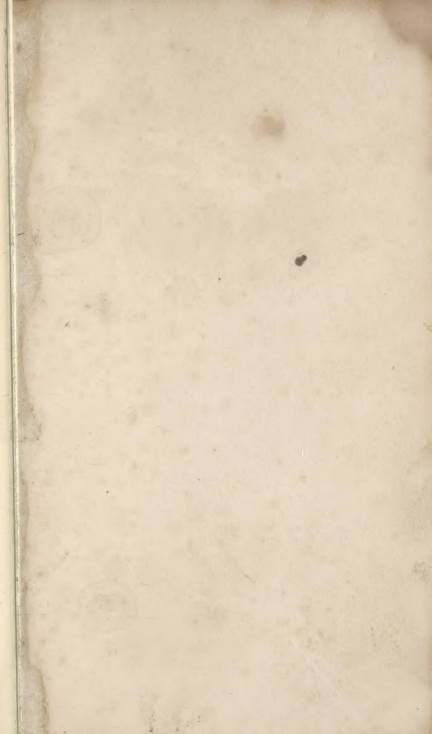


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*J. Fisher's*

THE

AYRSHIRE

**MELODIST;**

OR,

**SELECT POETICAL EFFUSIONS.**

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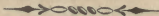
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By JAMES THOMSON,  
KILMARNOCK.

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*Hæc studia rebus adversis perfrugium et solatium præbent.*



IRVINE:

PRINTED BY E. MACQUISTAN.

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1824.

THE

ATLANTIC

MELODIST;

SIX MONTHS' JOURNAL & REPERTORY

BY JAMES W. WALKER

NEW YORK

1841

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. WALKER





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TO

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

*KING GEORGE THE FOURTH,*

THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE,

THE FRIEND OF GENIUS,

AND THE PATRON OF SCIENCE,

The following Poetical Effusions,

Are, With the Most Profound Respect, Inscribed,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH

*Wm. Pitt Rivers*

THE LORD OF CHESHIRE

*Wm. Pitt Rivers*

THE AUTHOR



## PREFACE.

---

The circumstances in which the following Poems were composed may render them interesting to the friends of humanity. Behold a human being extended upon his couch, in a state of nerveless debility, dictating line after line, in a low and tremulous voice, to an amanuensis seated by his pillow. Thus some idea may be formed of my painful situation, and of the disadvantages under which I labour. After this short expose, the eye of Friendship will surely overlook many trivial faults—and the tongue of Criticism will falter, as she pronounces her censure.—In a few words I have given a description of my present state; in a manner equally sententious I shall make the reader acquainted with what I once was, in order to elucidate some allusions in my verses, which otherwise would be obscure.

But a few years ago, I was gay and affluent—friendly and benevolent—my talents acknowledged, and my society courted. At a period of political dissension and public peril, I was appointed to command the Kilmarnock Rifle Volunteers. In a situation so ostensible, many sacrifices were made, and even a small fortune was spent.—Though the subject is painful, to contrast my present with my former situation, yet it often gratifies my muse.

The manuscript copy of these Poems was sent to His Majesty King GEORGE the Fourth, and is deposited in the Royal Library at Carlton Palace. His Majesty has honoured me, by ordering his name at the head of my subscription list; and I would fain hope, that my effusions will be found worthy of public as well as of Royal patronage.

THE  
AYRSHIRE MELODIST.

---

A JUBILEE ODE,  
TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

HAIL, day of joy, to Britons dear !  
An era new in GEORGE'S reign,  
The jubilee of his fiftieth year,  
Who glorious rules the azure main.

'Tis true we lost the western world,  
Where once he proudly held the sway ;  
Still wide his banners are unfurl'd,  
And Indian millions yet obey.

The Afric tribes, in wilder tone,  
Will hail this day as well as we,  
And sigh that fifty years are gone,  
Of him who set the nations free.

Commerce is ours in every land,  
 And venturous ships on every sea ;  
 Our army's a victorious band,  
 Gone forth to set the nations free.

'Tho' revolution's storms may roar  
 Like billows round Britannia's isle,  
 Firm as the rocks that guard our shore,  
 The throne hath stood—the people smile.

A pilot yet shall brave the storm,  
 Through hidden dangers point our way ;  
 The vessel's rigging may be torn,  
 Her wooden walls shall ne'er decay.

Great NELSON's genius long shall glide  
 Triumphant o'er the swelling waves ;  
 The giant shade of Fox preside,  
 And Britons never shall be slaves.

The days of peace shall thus return,  
 And glorious close King GEORGE'S reign;  
 A grateful nation's bosom burn,  
 And jubilee transports flow again.

---

THE BARD.

THERE liv'd a Bard far in the West,  
 In richest style his songs were drest:  
 They pleas'd the old, and charm'd the young,  
 For honey'd was the minstrel's tongue.

He sung of love, betimes of pleasure,  
 And oh! how sweet and smooth his measure;  
 For well the Bard could play his part,  
 He knew the chimes that touch the heart.

And when the lyre gave pity's tone,  
 Soft as the snow were hearts of stone;  
 And beauty sat suffus'd with tears,  
 As rose o'erhung with dew appears.

He sung his native vales and hills,  
 The winding streams, the mountain rills;  
 And scarce a spot that can be nam'd  
 In Ayrshire fields, but now is fam'd.

But chiefly did his raptures rise  
 When genius bright would moralize,  
 And when devotion hymn'd her psalm,  
 The tones fell soft as morning balm.

But ah! this bard grew poor and old,  
 And then his friends were few and cold;  
 By early peers was he neglected,  
 And spurn'd by those with whom connected.

And poverty, disease, and want,  
 Now o'er the wretched minstrel vaunt;  
 And he, who charm'd his town'smen weekly,  
 Fades like a taper, faint and sickly.

And now ye votaries of the muse,  
 When wealth and power to aid refuse,  
 When fortune frowns, and fate is hard,  
 Remember Coila's hapless Bard.

But future age may yet atone,  
 For cold neglect, when Bard is gone,  
 And raise some trophy o'er his grave,  
 Which long the wrecks of time may brave.

Enough. To view his lonely urn,  
 Shall Genius from the church-path turn,  
 And drop a tear among the weeds  
 Where many a reptile richly feeds.

'Tis sweetly sad 'mong graves to cone,  
 And muttering go from stone to stone ;  
 But o'er the tomb where minstrel sleeps,  
 Remembrance groans and pity weeps.

O who such bursts of grief would check  
O'er darling genius all a wreck?  
But why refuse such warm regard  
To greet and grace the living Bard?—

'Tis cold neglect obscures his merit—  
'Tis cold neglect that breaks his spirit;  
And this conceals the glowing page  
That shall delight a future age.

Then cheer the minstrel on life's way,  
And shield him in its wint'ry day;  
His songs may yet your sons inspire,  
And from his ashes wake his fire.



## ON SEEING A ROSE IN BLOOM,

IN WINTER, NEAR THE AUTHOR'S WINDOW.

WHY give thy fragrance to the wintry air ?

Or why so late in bloom, thou lovely flower ?

Perhaps a precious gift to genius rare,

Or sacred relic of the muse's bower.

Alone in bloom, no other flower but thee

Adorns the spot where lately nature smil'd ;

Nor bud nor leaf is seen upon the tree,

Nor even the daisy on the swarded wild.

Emblem of virtue, is this wintry rose,

Midst storms and tempests, in the brightest bloom ?

In cold adversity's bleak clime it blows,

And gives the narrow house a sweet perfume.

When pensive o'er this flower, can I forget

To earth's best joys it oft has been compar'd ;

But mark, its leaves with prickles are beset,  
 And suddenly its glories are impair'd.

Ambitious flower, could summer not suffice  
 To shew thee blushing in imperial pride?  
 Must thou yet ope thee 'neath these angry skies,  
 As if defying time's resistless tide?

I see thou aimest at perpetual bloom ;  
 It cannot be on this cold barren earth :  
 Go, seek a region far beyond the tomb,  
 Where flowers immortal only shall have birth.

---

### THE ROYAL ADVENT,

OR, HIS MAJESTY'S WELCOME TO SCOTLAND.

AWAKE, ye minstrels of the North,  
 By Tweed, by Tay, on Clyde, or Forth :  
 To Scotland welcome GEORGE the Fourth.  
 He comes, the glory of the land,  
 With virtues mild, and manners bland ;

Long may he wave the sceptred wand  
   O'er nations free ;  
 And ever have supreme command  
   By land and sea.

'Tis not with despots' glittering train,  
 Or drum or trumpet's martial strain,  
 Or awe-inspiring terrors reign.  
 He comes, devoid of pomp or show,  
 The idol of the high and low,  
 Let Royal honours grace his brow,  
   A wreath entwine,  
 That crown, envied by many a foe,  
   That crown is thine.

Hail, chiefest of the Brunswick race !  
 Long may your line our annals grace,  
 And year by year our harpstrings brace.  
 May fame's bright trump sound shrill and strong,  
 Our heath-clad hills and vales among,

May GEORGE'S name be rais'd in song,  
 Or Scottish story ;  
 His reign be peaceful, mild and long,  
 And full of glory.

To Kings the Scotch were aye sincere,  
 O'er STEWART race they shed a tear ;  
 For this to GEORGE they'll be more dear :  
 For they who pity greatness' fall,  
 Are ever prone to glory's call,  
 Nor care what dangers may befall,  
   In freedom's cause,  
 And freely part with life and all,  
   For King and laws.

Such are the people who rejoice,  
 O'er Brunswick's heir, the nation's choice ;  
 And every Bard his harp employs,  
 A theme well fitting to inspire  
 Old OSSIAN'S strings or HOMER'S lyre ;

While gazing millions round admire  
King GEORGE the Fourth,  
And noble crowds enthrong'd inquire  
His grace and worth.

Full many years are past and gone,  
Since King sat on the Scottish throne,  
Or crown or royal robes put on.  
Then hail, auspicious happy day,  
When GEORGE the Fourth resumes the sway,  
To future monarchs points the way  
To high renown :  
And awes with terror and dismay  
All factions down.

Ye hills around loved ARTHUR's seat,  
Still be the muses' sweet retreat ;  
Let echoes GEORGE's name repeat ;  
For gladness' voice is heard once more,  
The reign of solitude is o'er,

And all is rapture and uproar,

In Holyrood ;

Joyous roll back the days of yore,

With GEORGE the good.

Edina welcome, welcome sings,

Long was she the resort of Kings ;

Her every street and alley rings

With loud huzzas, in GEORGE'S praise ;

Each house a motto'd flag displays,

Long and unclouded be his days

On life's high stage ;

To future times his glory blaze

On fame's bright page.

But hark ! amidst the loyal throng,

I hear the knight far-famed for song.

Be hush'd—my strains have been too long :

A minstrel wakes in lofty number,

O'erawes like loudest peals of thunder ;

The King admires—the people wonder—

A moment pause :

Then new acclaims rend skies asunder,

With high applause.

Well pleased, retires the lowly Bard,

His only wish was to be heard ;

From GEORGE he asks for no reward.

Long may a SOUTHEY grace his reign,

Sir WALTER SCOTT be in his train,

And Scotia's rhymers loudly strain,

To tell his worth,

And by their songs make millions fain

For GEORGE the Fourth.

## ODE,

ON HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH LAND-  
ING IN SCOTLAND ON THE 15th OF AUGUST, 1822.

HAIL! era new in Scottish story,  
Till time shall hang her crest all hoary;  
A day that ne'er shall be forgot,  
While Scotia's minstrels pour a note,  
Or rise to heaven our hills of heath,  
We'll tell great GEORGE debark'd at Leith.

Hail! glorious day, for GEORGE the Fourth,  
For ever hallowed in the North,  
Yes, hallowed to earth's utmost bound  
That day he footed Scottish ground:  
First of his line that ever deign'd  
To shew the Scotch how monarchs reign'd.

Now let the grand procession move,  
'Midst shouts of loyalty and love;



Behold your King, ye anxious throng;  
 Borne on his car, he rolls along :  
 'Tis GEORGE the great, and GEORGE the good,  
 Prepare the way to Holyrood.

Now Scotland's King is on his way,  
 Let high and low due homage pay;  
 Triumphal arches lofty raise,  
 Let curfews ring and bonfires blaze.  
 Sweet flowerets strew, ye British fair;  
 Ye Bards on Tweed, your harps prepare.

Year after year come gracious down,  
 And wear a while the Scottish crown ;  
 Long may you live, and well become it,  
 Of glory may you reach the summit.  
 May many a new and precious gem  
 Yet sparkle on your diadem.

Scotch, does not your bosom fire,  
 To see your King in Scotch attire,

The garb your hardy fathers wore  
 In feudal times, the days of yore,  
 When independance urged her claim,  
 And freedom lighted up her flame ?

Ye Scotch, your loyalty now prove,  
 Not by your valour, but your love ;  
 For feudal rage is past and gone,  
 And all ranks rally round the throne.  
 The strife is not host against host,  
 But who shall love our Sovereign most.

From hence let name of Whig and Tory  
 Be blotted out from Scottish story ;  
 Let party factions all give way,  
 And yield to GEORGE'S generous sway.  
 Let high and low, all ranks agree,  
 To hold a loyal jubilee.

If Royal visit thus result,  
 No wonder then the Bard exult ;

Where is the minstrel would not sing  
 An anthem to our gracious King?  
 Where is the Briton would not join  
 To hail the pride of Brunswick line?

---

STANZAS,

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.  
 OF AUCHENLECK,

Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ayrshire Yeomanry Cavalry.

---

*Inscribed to the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Privates of that Loyal  
 and Patriotic Corps.*

---

COME, wail in elegiac song,  
 The chieftain of the martial throng,  
 With prancing steeds, now Ayrshire's pride,  
 With glittering armour by their side,  
 In sorrow's weeds for ever deck;  
 Low lies the pride of Auchenleck.

'Twas loyalty that fired his breast.

Hush! let his noble spirit rest;

Dear to the muse are his remains ;  
 Bold is the tongue his name profanes,  
 And cold the heart would sorrow check  
 For BOSWELL, pride of Auchenleck.

Who now shall train the martial band,  
 To guide the reins with sword in hand,  
 Onward to pace, or backward wheel,  
 Or to the rapid charge them reel ?  
 Who now such movements will inspect ?—  
 Low lies the knight of Auchenleck.

For him the bugle sounds in vain,  
 Or thundering chargers tramp the plain ;  
 In vain for him parade and show ;  
 No voice can glad the house below.  
 On death's sad scenes sometimes reflect,  
 Ye gay compeers of Auchenleck.

Who now shall dauntless draw the sword ?  
 Who now shall grace the festive board ?

Who now with fancy's flights will soar,  
 And keep the table in a roar?  
 Friendship, genius, all's a wreck,—  
 Low lies the pride of Auchenleck.

Year after year, upon brigade,  
 Shall hover round lov'd BOSWELL's shade;  
 When social circles meet at Ayr,  
 His friendly spirit still is there;  
 O could he thro' the dark film break,  
 You soon would meet with Auchenleck.

BURNS, gliding in his car of fame,  
 List as he heard friend BOSWELL's name;  
 "All hail!" he cried, "Sir Alexander."  
 And now their shades together wander;  
 Their airy flight they oft direct  
 By woody vales of Auchenleck.

Could voice of song recall thee here,  
 Or Coila's bitterest wail or tear; -



Then know, of late I have been ailing,  
 I feel my frame is rapid failing;  
 But why o'er this should I be wailing,  
     In rhyming crune;  
 I rather should be gladly hailing  
     Life's day near done.

Why should such thoughts my genius damp?  
 Or muse's boldest efforts cramp?  
 Nay, rather let her sing and ramp,  
     With mirth and gladness;  
 For to the last I'll trim life's lamp,  
     And banish sadness.

Accept my thanks, for favours past :  
 I ask one more—it is the last,—  
 I know that prudence calls, Avast !  
     And well she may,  
 But rudely roars misfortune's blast—  
     Excuse, I pray :—





Curse on my stars, that I must beg !

Had I the use of arm or leg,

I would not care ill luck a peg ;

But ah ! woes me,

I'm doom'd to drink her veriest dreg,

In misery.

'Tis needless now to rail and rant.

I ever hated whine and cant ;

I've told you plainly what I want—

I'm humbl'd sairly.

Then do, for once, this favour grant,

Kind, generous FAIRLIE.

~~~~~

### MR. FAIRLIE'S WELCOME TO KILMARNOCK.

HAIL ! chieftain of a generous race,

Thrice welcome to your native place :

Announce it, high and low church-bell—

Tell it in dome and humble cell,

And thou, dispairing, grateful muse,  
Exult and glory in the news.

Can I forget you, first of men,  
While reason guides my tongue and pen?  
Even should she fail—within this heart  
You still shall hold the chiefest part;  
With many a sigh—with many a prayer—  
Your name is deep engraved there.

When hills and vales, with snow were deep,  
And hungry houseless mortals weep,  
'Twas then you sent your princely aid,  
To brighten mis'ry's gloomy shade,  
To make the face of sorrow smile,  
When worn with age or faint with toil.

It was not once, nor twice, nor thrice,  
You made auld Killie's poor rejoice;  
But year by year, and day by day,  
You wipe affliction's tear away;

'To light the load of human grief  
Is the delight of Killie's chief.

Go on, kind Sir, with deeds of love,  
Till call'd to join the ranks above:  
High on their roll shall be your name,  
While deathless on the earth your fame,  
The conqueror's laurell'd crown shall wither,  
But FAIRLIE's deeds shall last for ever.

---

STANZAS,

IN MEMORY OF THE COUNTESS OF GLASGOW.

YE nobles, of the house of Ross,  
Well may you deep deplore your loss,  
She's gone, who was the family pride,  
Long peerless on the banks of Clyde.

Her's not the pride of rank or birth,  
 Tho' few so honoured on the earth ;  
 But virtues which can never perish  
 And fond remembrance loves to cherish.

A mother dear—a partner kind—  
 Engender ties death can't unbind ;  
 Around fond hearts these ties entwine,  
 And stronger grow the more they pine.

Ye noble race, your grief assuage ;  
 If sympathy can stem its rage,  
 You have it from ten thousand tongues,  
 In grateful tales or melting songs.

The wandering sailor on his crutch,  
 Whose heart seem'd dead to sorrow's touch,  
 In streets and alleys loud exclaims,  
 Ah ! GLASGOW'S gone, the pride of dames !

The worn-out vet'ran loves to tell,  
And on the theme delights to dwell,  
How oft she interposed to save  
From cruel lash the soldier brave.

Ye numerous poor throughout Renfrew,  
Who now shall aid and pity you?  
She's gone, who was the orphans' stay  
In life's cold, bleak, and stormy day.

Deserted now are Hawkhead halls,  
The night bird screams around its walls;  
And over Kelburn's lovely bowers  
A fearful thunder tempest lowers.

The feather'd songsters all are mute,  
Or wing them to the Isle of Bute;  
The little warblers cannot stay,  
The mistress of the grove's away.

But cease, bold fancy, cease to range  
 'Midst scenes of solitude and change;  
 Nay, rather cow'r, and droop thy wing,  
 Perhaps 'tis grating even to sing.

---

EPISTLE

TO PATRICK CLARK, ESQ.

DEAR PATRICK, I am sore distrest,  
 As ever Bard was in the West:  
 My fate's been hard—there's nothing surer,  
 Even BURNS himself was never poorer;  
 But hush— I scorn a word that's fretful—  
 My friends shall ever find me grateful.

I duly got your late donation,  
 For weeks it saved me from starvation;—  
 My homely board was never spread,  
 I never rose, or went to bed,

The morn ne'er dawn'd, or light withdrew,  
 But, my kind friend, I thought on you.

If prayers sincere availeth much,  
 For you I offered many such;  
 If poor man's blessings be regarded,  
 If charity be heaven-rewarded,  
 A portion of that land you'll share,  
 And everlasting honours there.

Again my little store's exhausted,  
 And hopes once foster'd all are blasted;  
 My state indeed is most distressing,  
 And worn-out nature's wants are pressing.  
 On sea of life thus rough and dark,  
 I hail my friend, kind PATRICK CLARK.

## MARY OF BIRSKIMMING.

ON Ayr's steep banks, in youthful days,

My restless steps were climbing ;

But chief among her sylvan braes,

The scenes beside Birskimming.

Her rocky caves, her moss-clad cells,

The feather'd tribes fleet skimming,

Or chanting in her woody dells,

Were joys beside Birskimming.

Here fancy young oft told her tale,

Her numbers rudely rhyming ;

And pity gave her tender wail,

'Mong rocks beside Birskimming.

Can I forget the cottage maid,

Her song so cheerful hymning,

Who oft afforded me a shade,

When rain beat by Birskimming ?



But ah ! her fate, like mine, severe,

I feel my eye bedimming ;

Her memory oft shall have a tear—

She sleeps beside Birskimming.

Ayr darkling roll'd her gushing wave,

Her cup of grief was brimming,

She frantic sought a watery grave—

She sleeps beside Birskimming.

Now shunn'd the spot where beauty's laid,

There many a spectre grimming,

And nightly shrieks the restless shade

Of MARY of Birskimming,

The lonely bird that loves the gloom,

Beside her urn sits screaming,

The only mourner o'er the tomb

Of MARY of Birskimming.



Thy voice my wakeful fancy hears,

Or sees thy face,

Benignant with a guardian's tears;

Or manly grace.

Then come, lov'd form, come to my dreams;

Thy shade excites no dread, no screams;

On me thy eye yet mildly beams,

With look of love:

We wander oft by crystal streams,

Where angels rove.

O may bright fancy's scenes be true,

I long to meet, dear friend, with you,

And friendship's ties again renew,

In happier clime;

'Tis long since I have bid adieu

To joys of time.

Then welcome Grave, sweet land of rest,

And welcome regions of the blest:

There dwells the friend that I lov'd best—

I must away :

For all the gems of East or West,

I would not stay.

---

EPISTLE

TO JAMES HOWE, ESQ. GLASGOW.

A gude new year, my friend of Grange,

Long may you see the seasons change ;

But ah ! no changes may you feel,

But still be high on fortune's wheel :

Her favours may she plenteous row

Into the lap of Mr. HOWE.

Yes, joyful pass this vale of tears,

Bevoid of wants, alarms, and fears ;

And brightest be your latter days,

When age is dim, and strength decays,

May virtue's warm celestial glow

Expand the breast of Mr. HOWE.

I know, on earth I'll never meet you,  
 But still I hope yet to be with you,  
 Not for to spend a few short years  
 Sacred to love, then part in tears ;  
 But raptures that for ever grow  
 With such a friend as Mr. HOWE.

Oft times I sit, and lonely pine  
 O'er days and years of sweet langsyne,  
 'Tis then that fancy takes her range  
 'Mong joys once tasted at the Grange,  
 Or hymns her dirge for beauty low  
 That grac'd the board of Mr HOWE.

Tho' festive joys no more are mine,  
 Remembrance' wreathe I love to twine,  
 I weave it at the midnight hours,  
 When fancy pulls her sweetest flowers.  
 Such is the gift I offer now,  
 Accept this trifle, Mr. HOWE.

## EPISTLE

TO THOMAS ROSS, ESQ.

DEAR Sir, I should have thank'd you sooner,  
 But faith my muse has got a foun'er ;  
 Ye'll may be say, 'Tis Christmas times,  
 No wonder ane forget their rhymes ;  
 Or ablins think I have been fu',  
 Glad hailing in the year that's new.

Ah ! no, my friend ; these times are gone,  
 And days and nights are spent alone,  
 It is not eating now nor drinking,  
 That flags the muse—but constant thinking—  
 'Tis this that racks my soul and body,  
 Like some run down and worn-out noddy,

Away with crume—I feel I'm better ;  
 For now my muse indites a letter.  
 I thank you for your piece of gold,  
 It cheer'd my mansion dark and cold :

May yours be warm, and braw, and bein aye,  
 And may you never want a guinea.

You can't expect a long epistle,  
 For eastern winds begin to whistle ;  
 For now I canna stand much cauld,  
 For I am drawn amaist twa fauld ;  
 But tho' borne down with many a cross,  
 I'll ne'er forget Collector Ross.

When I look back, and think on BRYANS,  
 I can't refrain from tears and sighings,  
 Our circle broke, or death-divided,  
 And places chang'd where most resided ;  
 Some high, some low, some in the tomb,  
 Such thoughts distract my soul with gloom.

Ye happy days of auld langsyne,  
 Ye only rend this breast of mine ;  
 Ye peers of youth for ever parted,  
 Ye only make me broken-hearted.

Excuse, kind Sir, these bursts of grief,  
 'Tis thus my spirit finds relief.

Now fare ye well, Collector Ross,  
 Death's deep dark stream I soon must cross ;  
 We'll meet yet on the other side,  
 Where change and chance can ne'er divide,  
 But everlasting friendship share,  
 With sainted peers and angels fair.

---

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY ODE,  
 TO JAMES PORTEOUS, ESQ.

A guide new-year, my friend, the Bailie,  
 Long may you rank 'mang chiefs of Killie ;  
 O'er you may commerce wave her banners,  
 And crown you king among the tanners.

In Council may you oft preside,  
 And ever lean to mercy's side ;  
 To others leaving justice stern,  
 With tyrant look and rod of ir'n.



To kirk and Cross long may you wag,  
 And slip a mite in misery's bag;  
 Of charity a bright example,  
 O may your means be ever ample!

May Heaven your table load with plenty,  
 And at this time with many a dainty;  
 With nectar rich and currant-bun,  
 And nights pass by with social fun.

And should some hapless child of earth,  
 Lur'd by the voice of song or mirth,  
 With trembling hand, tap at your door,  
 Let no rude menial spurn the poor:

Methinks your lights will burn much brighter,  
 Methinks your heart will beat much lighter,  
 And friendship have a sweeter flow,  
 After a sigh for child of woe:

Far better, far, an empty purse,  
 Than bags of wealth with poor man's curse;  
 Ah! this corrodes like moth or rust,  
 That turn the miser's gold to dust.

With charity this year commence,  
 And free bestow a few spare pence;  
 Or rather to your God them lend,  
 Some wretched mortal to befriend.

Such pittance will not much be missing,  
 And aye secure the poor man's blessing,  
 And what is nobler, Heaven's regard,  
 And mercy's high and sweet reward.

---

TO A YOUNG LADY.

ELIZA, I receiv'd your note—  
 Perhaps you thought I had forgot;  
 Ah! no—with more than miser care  
 Within my breast 'tis folded there,

And memory fond shall oft peruse,  
To wake, and please, and charm the muse.

From lips like yours how sweet is praise !  
Not woman born but beauty sways ;  
An angel seems to touch the lyre,  
And every tone thrills rapture higher ;  
Too much for this frail frame of mine,  
Your language and your look divine.

I'm indolent indeed, I own it,  
But, as you ask, I'll try a sonnet—  
The theme shall be ELIZA'S bonnet :  
It caught my eye as late you past,  
With plumage waving in the blast ;  
And nodding by an ostrich feather,  
I mark'd a sprig of blooming heather,  
The favourite flower now in the north,  
Sacred to joy and GEORGE the Fourth,

Let Erin praise her shamrock green,  
 Of flowers be Eng!and's rose the queen ;  
 The heath shall be the Scotchman's pride,  
 Rear'd on the lofty mountain's side,  
 An emblem of that hardy race  
 That still our native region grace.

I cannot close this trifling card,  
 Without expressing warm regard ;  
 I ever am your faithful servant,  
 With friendship most sincere and fervent.

---

COUPLETS,

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER MARY.

MY MARY dear, full many a tear  
 Thou cost thy anxious father ;  
 When I am gone, who then with thee  
 The storms of time shall weather ?  
 Heaven hear the prayer thou sends, to spare  
 A kind indulgent father,

That onward in life's toilsome way

We long may bend together.

It cannot be, 'tis Heaven's decree,

Thou canst have long a father ;

Then early tread in virtue's paths,

And quick her flowerets gather.

With such how blest thy guileless breast ;

O rather these, far rather,

Than fortune's trash, wi' beauty's blaze,—

They soothe a dying father.

---

VERSES,

WRITTEN ON THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

King of terrors, should I fear thee,

With ghastly stare and visage grim ?

No—faith and hope support and cheer me,

How sweet to me salvation's hymn,

O grave ! where is thy victory ?

O death ! where is thy sting ?

What tho' affliction's baleful cup  
 Is swelling to the brim;  
 Yet martyr-like I'll sip it up,  
 And sing salvation's hymn,  
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

When close these weary aching eyes,  
 Now rolling wild and dim,  
 Then glory's gleams break from the skies,  
 I hear salvation's hymn,  
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

Eternity, thy fearful bound  
 My spirit now would climb ;  
 But rest this frame till trumpet sound,  
 And wakeful myriads hymn,  
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

## TO MARIA.

MARIA, I love thee,  
 Because thou art fair ;  
 Thy graces are matchless,  
 Beyond all compare.

MARIA, I love thee,  
 Because thou art mild ;  
 'Twas thy soft eye of blue  
 My bosom beguil'd.

MARIA, I love thee,  
 Because thou art kind ;  
 But to half thy perfections  
 I know I am blind.

MARIA, my dear,  
 I received your gloves ;  
 It is I should have sent  
 Such a gift of the loves.

But gallantry's days  
Are over and gone ;  
But your gift it kind warm'd  
This bosom, I own.

No wonder it should,  
For I wore much the same,  
When at Hymen's gay altar  
I fanned love's flame.

Ah ! the hand I then plighted  
Is feeble and cold,  
And unbraced are the arms  
That would beauty unfold.

But with friendship's pure flame  
My bosom is warm,  
And a gift from MARIA,  
Is felt like a charm.



For a while I forgot  
 All sorrow and pain,  
 And the days of my youth  
 Seem to roll back again.

Thus oft have I felt  
 When fleet fancy roves,  
 Such raptures were mine,  
 On receiving your gloves.

---

A FRAGMENT.

Come away, lassie, come, to the braes of Ardmillan;  
 O why thus delay your promise fulfilling?  
 In watching for you, my eyes they are weary,  
 And every thing round me is lonesome and dreary.  
 Long have I linger'd among the wild heather,  
 Or climbed the mountain, ripe berries to gather;  
 I have twin'd for my love a chaplet of roses—  
 Hasten thee here, for day quickly closes.

Come away, lassie, come, to the braes of Ardmillan,  
 For love it is sweet, but absence is killing ;  
 Like yonder rude wave that heaves on the ocean,  
 So troubled my breast, now wild with emotion.  
 The sky darkly lours, the thunder is rolling,  
 And solemn I hear the hamlet bell tolling :  
 Sad tokens to me—my blood it is chilling—  
 I never will meet with the lass of Ardmillan.

---

### REFLECTIONS.

I saw the sun, at early morn,

Pour fresh and sweet the beams of day ;

But ere an hour, its glory shorn,

And all its splendours fade away.

I saw the sky, without a cloud,

East tinged with gold, the west with blue ;

When lo ! burst forth the thunder loud,

And all the painted shadows flew.

I saw full oft the earth disclose  
Its yellow vales and hills of green ;  
But sudden damps and mists arose,  
And flung their drapery dark between.

I saw the river clear and still,  
Among the flow'ry meadows glide ;  
But tempests dark burst on the hill,  
And brown'd its streams, and swell'd its tide.

I saw the ship lag on the deep,  
When zephyrs slept on lazy wave :  
But in a moment tempests sweep—  
No helm could guide, no arm could save.

I saw, I learned, ah ! soon I knew,  
That air and sky, and earth and sea,  
Were but a frightful picture true  
Of changing days and years to me.

But now my sky for ever lours,  
 No twinkling star to gild the gloom;  
 No heavenly lamp to cheer my hours,  
 And light me wretched to the tomb.

---

### THE LASS OF KYLE.

THE sunbeams kiss'd the western waves,  
 And sunk beside the heathy hills;  
 Or sought a couch among the caves,  
 And twinkled o'er the crystal rills:  
 The birds pour'd forth their softest strains,  
 The flowers were dress'd in richest style;  
 When lo! appeared on Rosemount plains,  
 The lovely lass, the Flower of Kyle.

Her form was fair, her look was mild,  
 And softly roll'd her eye of blue,

As on she paced the blooming wild,  
 And brush'd away the evening dew.  
 Nearer she came—I felt entranc'd,  
 The Graces wanton'd on her smile;  
 They ply'd around, as I advanc'd  
 To meet the lass, the Flower of Kyle.

'Twas then I found how idly vain  
 Were pomp and pride with all their art,  
 They only give the bosom pain,  
 'Tis nature's charms that touch the heart.  
 Give me the maid in plain attire,  
 With lofty air, yet winning wile;  
 To her I felt my soul aspire,  
 The lovely lass, the Flower of Kyle.

I might have woo'd a richer maid,  
 In gaudy sphere, where beauties shine  
 I might have shunn'd the rural shade,  
 And call'd some titled damsel mine.

But happier far in fancy's choice,  
 This bosom never feels turmoil;  
 I share love's calm and hallow'd joys,  
 With MARY, yet the Flower of Kyle.

---

THE LASS OF KILLIE,

TUNE—BANKS OF BANNA.

The star of love rose bright on high,  
 The scene was sweet and stilly;  
 Where gentle Irvine murmur'd by,  
 I met the lass of Killie.

Yon moss-environ'd blushing rose,  
 Or snow-white breasted lily,  
 At eve their sweetest charms disclose,  
 Such was the maid of Killie.

Quoth I, Sweet lass, I'll be your guide  
'Mong wilds so deep and hilly ;  
No ill shall surely you betide,  
When wandering with your WILLIE.

We wandered long, we wandered far,  
Till dews fell damp and chilly,  
I swore by every lowing star,  
I loved the lass of Killie.

The hour soon came must lovers part,  
I us'd no art that's willy ;  
I prest her to my throbbing heart,  
The sweetest lass of Killie.

She heaved a sigh—'twas deep and long—  
“ O WILLIE, WILLIE, WILLIE !”  
The words fell faltering from her tongue,  
“ Thine is the lass of Killie.”

## L U N A.

*(IN CANTOS.)*

INSCRIBED TO WILLIAM FAIRLIE, ESQ.,  
My Generous and Princely Townsman.

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ARGUMENT.—Introduction—Ancient Names of the Moon—Variety of opinions concerning it—Use of Philosophy—Astronomy—The effects of Philosophy and Religion combined—Saib, an Indian story.

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Low sinks the sun, bright ruler of the day,  
And all its radiant splendours fade away ;  
The distant landscapes vanish from my view,  
The air condens'd impregnated with dew ;  
Sol's dying rays play on the glimmering gloom ;  
The scene is still, and silent as the tomb ;  
Such scenes, such seasons, to reflection sweet,  
Thus oft the star of evening would I greet,  
Or wandering planets in their burning spheres,  
That ever shine, nor feel decay of years ;  
But chiefly Luna, glorious orb of night,  
Her wanes, her changes, and her splendours bright,  
This theme be mine, elating to the soul,  
O Genius, fire me, as my numbers roll.



O Luna, far renowned in song and fame,  
 Diana's favourite, boasted, heavenly name,  
 Or Cynthia, mountain fan'd throughout the earth,  
 The place that gave the great Apollo birth;  
 Such fables oit would fire my fancy young,  
 They vibrate still and dwell on fancy's tongue,  
 Nor wonder then such ancient names delight,  
 And aid the muses' careless, wayward, flight:  
 Such tales amuse, adorn the classic page,  
 And shall be softly told from age to age.

Say Luna, whence thy beautiful beams of light,  
 Thou fairest orb among the planets bright?  
 Say is thy light derived from the sun,  
 His shadowy glimmerings when his race is run;  
 Or light innate with milder paler ray,  
 A lovely contrast to the beams of day;  
 Say lovely orb, why dost thou hide thy face,  
 Thy size diminish and thy rays decrease;  
 Or dost thou fly this dark terrestrial verge,  
 'Mong other stars and other worlds immerge;

And then on high thy glorious course pursue,  
 With fresh born beauty, and with splendours new;  
 Oft have I thought on wonders such as these,  
 Themes that astonish never cease to please,  
 Such subjects often puzzled and amaz'd  
 The ancient sages as they upwards gaz'd.

Divine philosophy how glorious are thy laws,  
 Tracing the effects to the great first Cause;  
 Outstretch in man, his all improving powers,  
 Then judgment plods, imagination towers;  
 They roam the earth, the air, the spacious sea,  
 All, all is full of glorious Deity;  
 Thus philosophic man o'er nature pores,  
 And reason triumphs, wonders, and adores;  
 But chief thou science with the eagle eye,  
 That counts the stars in yonder spangled sky;  
 Astronomy, with heavenly honours crowned,  
 That never deigns to look upon the ground;  
 But soars to heaven, remov'd from human sight,  
 Where suns & moons can ne'er withdraw their light;

Where glory pours her full meridian blaze,  
 And mortals stand in deep seraphic gaze?

Philosophy, Religion in her train,  
 Brings back to earth the golden age again ;  
 The more than golden age to mortals given,  
 The new, the better paradise of Heaven :  
 There glory shoots her all-effulgent rays  
 Around his head, the ancient King of days ;  
 JESUS, enthroned with cross-won honours bright,  
 And ransom'd millions in their robes of white ;  
 Such themes unknown in ancient former times,  
 Nor wonder foolish, fabulous were their rhymes ;  
 The sun, and moon, and planets were ador'd,  
 Mistaking creatures for creation's Lord.  
 Kind heaven forgave, for nature was their guide ;  
 Then why, ye bigots, scornfully deride ?—  
 The zealous Bramin, and the wild Hindoo,  
 Have oft-times virtues brighter far than you ;  
 Their patience, fortitude, quite put to shame  
 The noblest martyrs of the Christian name.

Upon an Indian mountain's lofty steep,  
Where Ganges pours its torrents to the deep ;  
Here stretch'd a lowly wagram on the ground,  
With many a shrub and osier twisted round :  
High on this bleak and barren mountain side,  
A modest pair liv'd in Arcadian pride ;  
Full well the weeping muse can tell her name,  
And Indian annals give it wide to fame ;  
SAIB was her name, the daughter of TIPPOO,  
The glory of the Bramin and Hindoo ;  
Her father long had foreign power withstood,  
Cities were rased, and fields were soak'd in blood ;  
At last he fell a martyr in the strife,  
And with his kingdom nobly gave his life ;  
But fatal vengeance now pursned his race,  
Nor spar'd his babes, sweet smiling in their face ;  
The husband next, the object of their rage,  
Heaven blot the record from the Indian page,  
Seized, dragg'd, insulted by a murd'rous band,  
Inglorious strangled by a villain's hand ;

Murder'd ! SAIB cried—dear partner of my care !  
 She flew upon his corse with wild despair ;  
 Defying death, with all his dread alarms,  
 She seized her babe, convulsive in her arms :  
 Here let us die—yes, thou must die, my child ;  
 The baby screamed, look'd up to heaven and smil'd.  
 The glittering dagger from her breast she drew,  
 Thus, thus, your wife, your child, shall follow you ;  
 Ye tyrants, now your vengeance I defy,  
 I seek redress and mercy in the sky.

## L U N A.

### *CANTO II.*

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#### ARGUMENT.

New Moon—Its different appearances—Effects of the Moon—The Sailor—The Traveller—The Maniac—The Lunatic—The Tides—The worship of the Moon—Moonlight walk—Moonlight scene—and Reflections.

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FAR in the west, amidst a cloudless sky,  
 Luna looks forth in new-born majesty ;  
 The school-boy runs to tell the wondrous tale,  
 All haste, all gaze, the glorious orb to hail :

But chief the matron marks the moon benign,  
 And augurs many a good and happy sign;  
 For me, I love thee in thy orient charms,  
 Old Luna, circled in thy virgin arms;  
 I love thee radiant, 'midst ethereal blue,  
 Sharp like a sickle, of a golden hue;  
 But ah! how sickly when thou droop'st thy horn,  
 'Mong watry clouds along the ether borne,  
 When from the sky thy modest face appears,  
 Like some bright beauty late suffus'd in tears.

The seaman marks thee well—all hands prepare,  
 The ocean swells, and troubled is the air;  
 He gives the canvas to the swelling gale,  
 And tries some near and well-known port to hail;  
 Or weary traveller at the close of day,  
 Perceives thee wading through the milky way;  
 Then lies his toilsome journey to perform,  
 And seeks for shelter from the gathering storm.

Ill-fated mortals, lost to reason's power,  
 Full well know Luna in her changeful hour,  
 Then fly the airy spectres of the night,  
 They please, astonish, frenzy and affright ;  
 Then fancy wild holds her terrific reign,  
 And fever boils, and rages in the brain ;  
 The wretched mortal feels, or thinks he feels,  
 A thousand scorpions writhing at his heels ;  
 They twine, they gnaw, they tear the very heart,  
 O now, O now, he feels the poisoned dart !  
 His nerve-strings crack, convulsive is his frame,  
 'Tis mania, madness, lunacy its name.

Thus Luna, reason yields her power to thee,  
 Thine to the wide dominion of the sea ;  
 'Tis said thou there in majesty presides,  
 From age to age the empress of the tides,  
 Their ebbs and flows proceed exact apace,  
 With Luna's wanes, her changes and increase ;  
 Till full she swells her glorious orbit round,  
 Then ocean bursts her settled ancient bound ;

In dreadful torrents roll upon the shore,  
 Such furious surges ne'er were seen before ;  
 Nor beach, nor barrier, can their force withstand,  
 And heaps of wreck lie scattered on the strand.

Oft I remind, when but the orbs on high,  
 The sun and moon, mark'd moments as they fly,  
 Before invention's heavenly art began,  
 Primeval age, the infancy of man ;  
 Then altars blazed at golden evening's close,  
 And incense sweet with morning light arose.  
 These were the customs of the patriarch race,  
 Their simple manners still I love to trace ;  
 When at new moon the sounding trumpets blew,  
 Devotion's seasons, sacred to the Jew.  
 Such rites no more, but clear prefiguring still,  
 Salvation's voice, sweet echoing and shrill ;  
 Recalling man from error's drear abode,  
 To honour, worship, and obey his God.



Ye moon-light scenes, still sacred to repose,  
 When Luna round her silver radiance throws ;  
 And lowly earth is shaded from my eye,  
 And fancy ranges in the lofty sky ;  
 Then pensive, I would take my lonely round,  
 Away from human tread, or human sound ;  
 The moon beams faintly glimmering through the trees  
 Danc'd on the stream and wanton'd in the breeze ;  
 The wild duck sail'd along the crystal flood,  
 And browsing cattle sweetly munch'd their food ;  
 Such rounds were mine in youth's unclouded eve,  
 No cares to harass, and no thoughts to grieve,  
 But angry, red, and troubled now the sky,  
 And lour the clouds of fatal destiny ;  
 No lunar ray to break upon the gloom,  
 Nor light me wretched to the friendly tomb.

Roll on, fair orb, emit thy silver rays,  
 Some other bard shall sweeter sing thy praise,  
 Some love-sick swain who by the Irvine roves,  
 And toys and prattles with the lass he loves ;

When beauty smiles, and transports may attune  
The soul to vows and prayers beneath the moon ;  
Such sallies too I once had sprightly sung,  
But now they falter on the muse's tongue,  
Another now must tell the lover's tale,  
When dangling softly 'neath the moon beams pale ;  
Another now must paint the busy town,  
The happy children playing up and down :  
The groups of beauties eyed amidst the throng,  
Moving with ease and dignity along,  
To meet the party at the crowded ball,  
Or trip it lightly in the spacious hall ;  
Now arm in arm the beaux parade the street,  
And in their little circles tradesmen meet ;  
All, all rejoice beneath the lunar ray,  
And nightly pass the vacant hours away.  
Such themes, such joys, would fancy still pursue,  
She loves to paint and patter something new ;  
But ah ! such pastimes I no longer sing,  
'The muse refuses, cowers, and droops her wing.

## LINES,

ON SEEING A LEAF OF THE BIBLE TORN AND DE-  
FACED, AND TOSSED ABOUT.

The leaf was that which contains St Matthew's account of the crucifixion and  
resurrection of our Blessed Saviour.

THOU sacred relic of the scripture page,  
What hand unhallowed tore thee from thy place?  
Thy precepts pure shall last from age to age,  
Enlighten and rejoice the human race.  
In vain shall infidelity thy truths deride,  
And Rome prescribe her Laity to read;  
Among the isles and o'er the ocean wide,  
The humble doctrines of the cross shall spread.  
The stubborn boors among the Russian wilds,  
Shall meekly bend to JESUS, as their king;  
The wandering tribes among the Southern isles,  
Shall ransomed songs of Zion sweetly sing.  
Then shall unrol the sacred scripture page,  
And ope new stores of comfort to the mind;

Then shall return the more than golden age,  
And love shall have her reign among mankind.

In Britain's isle, not distant far the day,  
Since superstition spread her gloom around,  
And bigot princes held their iron sway,—  
Then scarce a Bible in our land was found.

How valued then the leaf that's now despis'd,  
That some rude hand in wantonness has tore;  
Thus Jacob dearly lov'd and highly priz'd  
The remnant of the coat that JOSEPH wore.

What are the Scriptures, but the boon of heaven,  
To lighten sorrow in this drear abode,  
And lead us to the great atonement given,  
To satisfy an all-offended God ?

Nor wonder then I mourn the relic torn,  
That told me JESUS bowed his head and died ;

Or splendors of the resurrection morn,  
 When earth, and death, and hell, were all defied.

Then stay, destroyer, from the page sublime,  
 Nor e'er again this holy book profane ;  
 Its doctrines shall outlive the wreck of time,—  
 The Infidel's attempts and thine are vain.

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### THE DEAN.

“What are the dwellings of ancient Barons, every where scattered up and down throughout Europe, but the striking remembrancers of the instability of human grandeur.”

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The Dean, the family mansion of Lord Kilmarnock, who was beheaded in the year 1746, for his attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart, is delightfully situated near the confluence of two rapid streams, which form Kilmarnock water. The ruin is surrounded by some beautiful green eminences, which give it a picturesque appearance, particularly Judas Hill, my favourite retreat in early years, and where I first courted the muses. Whether I have been a successful votary, the lovers of Poetry must now determine.

The Dean Castle stands about a mile from Kilmarnock. The mansion, with all the Estates of the late unfortunate Earl, whose title is now extinct, are in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Portland.

---

I'LL go now to the woodland bow'r,  
 Where all the little songsters woo,  
 Beside yon ancient nodding tow'r,  
 Where crows harsh croak and pigeons coo.

At early morn, or evening close,  
All dripping with the heavenly dew,  
I'll pull the broom, or mountain rose,  
The flow'ry thyme and violet blue.

Around me sweet the zephyrs blew,  
Below me nature's ever green,  
On high, heaven's bright ethereal blue—  
Such scenes were mine beside the Dean.

Sweet was the southern scented gale,  
The birds rejoiced on every tree;  
The lowing herd brows'd on the vale,  
The ploughman whistled o'er the lea.

But ah! the axe has fell'd the grove,  
That once adorn'd the verdant lawn;  
Where, free as air, would careless rove,  
The bounding deer, or skipping fawn.

The turrets high now mouldering fall,

Her Gothic walls time wastes away ;

The wind now whistles in the hall,

Where Scotia's minstrels oft would play.

The swallow fleet, the twitt'ring cranes,

Bedaub the walls where tap'stry hung ;

Eternal silence ever reigns,

Where many a merry harper sung.

Proscrib'd his race, extinct his name,

Who liv'd once here in lordly pride ;

He suffer'd all the scaffold's shame—

For STUART'S race a martyr died.

Perish ! said I, all feudal rage !

Let superstition's fury cease ;

They've curs'd the world from age to age—

Let Coila's sons enjoy sweet peace.

Soft pity oft may raise her voice,  
O'er Caledonia's chiefs laid low ;  
But freedom's sons shall long rejoice,  
'Twas liberty that gave the blow.

Thank heaven these days are past and gone,  
When every chieftain rais'd his clan ;  
For now all rally round the throne,  
And man is now the friend of man.

What though in ruins here and there  
A feudal tow'r or mansion's seen,  
Where wild fowls perch and screech in air,  
As now around the mouldering Dean ?

Full many a modern mansion shines  
In lonely vale, or mountain green,  
Where every rural charm combines,  
T' enrich and beautify the scene.



Here often have I sought relief,  
 From boyish sports, when not fifteen ;  
 And sat me down in silent grief,  
 And look'd, and sigh'd, beside the Dean.

For who that wanders pensive here,  
 And mourns the joys that once have been,  
 Can long repress the bitter tear,  
 O'er the sad ruins of the Dean?

---

### THE CLIMBING BOY.

At dawn I started from my sleep,—  
 I heard a wild and piercing cry ;  
 I list, I sigh, and sometimes weep,—  
 Ah ! 'tis the little climbing boy.

Well I remind, in early years,  
 I screamed to see his dusky hue ;

But terror now is chang'd to tears,  
For tears are but the wretched's due.

To see thee barefoot, midst the snow,  
In tatter'd, sooty mantle clad,  
The stoutest mortal here below,  
Would shrink to see a wretch so sad.

Disguis'd and hideous as thou art,  
And red thy fiery eye-balls glare,  
A sight of thee must touch the heart,  
The picture dread of wild despair.

The cruel master wandering nigh,  
His heart more hard than flinty stone,  
The tyrant sparkling in his eye,  
And every finer feeling gone.

By yonder ruthless wretch I see,  
From parents stole when but a child,

Thee, young he gave to misery,  
 Thy mother to distraction wild.

Again I hear the savage cry,  
 While nature fain would sink to sleep;  
 But fancy wakes, and memory  
 Still mourns the little sooty sweep.

---

### FAITHFUL HARRY.

I LEFT the plains by Irvine's side,  
 My heart was light and cheery;  
 Now mountains rise and seas divide,  
 And every scene is dreary;  
 I ne'er knew half the bliss of home,  
 My country and my deary,  
 Till dash'd amidst the ocean's foam,  
 Far, far away from MARY.  
 Midst burning suns,

Where Ganges runs,  
 In search of summum bonum ;  
 In quest of wealth,  
 I lost my health ;  
 I bitter cry,  
 And oft times sigh,  
 Oh dulce, dulce domum !

Hark ! 'tis the trumpet's martial strains,  
 Or far-resounding bugle ;  
 And I must march o'er Indian plains  
 To fell ambition's struggle ;  
 And I must whet the glittering sword,  
 Or point the cannon's thunder ;  
 Nor dare to disobey the word,  
 To carnage, or to plunder.  
 O then I mourn,  
 With anguish torn,  
 The fate of wretched homo ;  
 Then I repent,  
 That e'er I went

Across the main,  
 For nought but gain,  
 Far, far from dulce domo.

The campaign o'er, I'll take my leave ;

Nor here will longer tarry ;

O why by absence should I grieve

Myself and my lov'd MARY ;

But ah ! the luckless lover fell,

In plains of Pondicherry,

And Indian maidens often tell

The tale of faithful HARRY :

Tearing their hair,

They rend the air,

With dulce, dulce domum ;

In accents sweet

They still repeat

Young HARRY'S name,

His darling theme,

O dulce, dulce domum !

## LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.

---

*Inscribed to Lady Jane Montgomery.*

---

SHE'S gone, alas ! for ever gone,  
 The pride and boast of Eglinton ;  
 Simple her manners, and her soul sincere,  
 She shone in life's exalted sphere.  
 Unlike the nobles of our age,  
 Who idly flaunt on life's high stage,—  
 The wife, the mother, and the friend,  
 Prudence would every step attend ;  
 In virtue's path she onward trod,—  
 She rests eternal with her God.

Long for her darling son she pin'd,  
 She could not linger long behind ;  
 Her hope was strong, her hour was come,  
 Death blest her with a heavenly home.  
 The daughters weep, the husband mourns,  
 Remembrance to her grave oft turns ;

While lisping grand-child sweet will say,  
'Twas angels stole their dame away.

Religion lost a friend in thee—  
No patroness has charity,  
She wanders like a wretched child,  
With rueful look, and accents wild;  
She sits upon the Irvine shore,  
And weeps to hear the billows roar.  
Be hush'd! death came at heaven's command,  
Some angel yet shall grace our land;  
Her lineage springs—they'll fill her place,  
Long shall we hail MONTGOMERY'S Race!

---

### THE DEATH OF REDBREAST.

WRITTEN EARLY IN MARCH, DURING TEMPESTUOUS  
WEATHER.

Why dost thou flutter round and round,  
And dash against my window pane?  
Altho' my little cot is warm,  
Without is sleet and stormy rain.

With me thou yet mayst stay a while,  
And then enjoy the sweets of Spring ;  
Then thou mightst safely cower at night,  
And flit by day on active wing.

No little insect wings the air,  
No reptile crawls, to be thy food ;  
The fields and hedges yet are bare,  
And drumlie roars the mountain flood.

I never put thee in a cage,  
Nor to a narrow space confined,  
I gave thee all my little cot,  
To range where'er thou felt inclin'd.

I often watch'd the cunning puss,  
That would thy little breast affright ;  
I had no other charge but thee,  
And thou wert seldom out of sight.



O no ! the Redbreast cannot stay,  
Without its heard its tuneful mate ;  
And rapid it must wing its way,  
Careless whatever be its fate.

I op'd the door, the Redbreast fled,  
And soon its lovely partner found ;  
When lo ! a boy popp'd off a gun,  
And brought my favourite to the ground.

Ye little birds, too oft like you,  
Are anxious hearts asunder torn ;  
And scarce in rapture have they met,  
Till one or both are doom'd to mourn.

How many thoughts from Robin's fate,  
To thinking mortals may arise ;  
The tale speaks loud to all around,  
Let none its warning voice despise.

Would man but prize the humble gifts  
Indulgent heaven is pleased to give ;  
Contentment sweet would gild his days,  
And he might long and happy live.

But, like the bird that tunes my song,  
With many a throb is wrung his breast ;  
Or like the wild and stormy wave,  
His anxious heart is ne'er at rest.

Ambition's passion, wild and strong,  
In youth elates the ardent mind ;  
Till disappointment's pangs are felt,  
And leave their poison'd stings behind.

With anxious thoughts, and wordly cares,  
The heart is oft-times led astray ;  
Till passions fierce leap reason's bound,  
And break from virtue's narrow way.

For ever keen in search of bliss,  
Do anxious thoughtless mortals go;  
Till some disaster ends their life,  
And lays their prospects ever low.

For ever bent the bow of death,  
Unseen its fatal arrows fly;  
By trouble, age, or accident,  
All tribes on earth are doom'd to die.

O happy is that man, prepar'd,  
To meet that last eventful day;  
When, like a bird that mounts the air,  
The soul shall upwards wing its way:

Nor ever to this earth return,  
A land of pits and dangerous snares;  
But range amidst a happier world,  
A region ever free from cares.

## ON THE BUTTERFLY.

THOU winged insect, fluttering by,  
Gay painted, happy butterfly,  
Roving about from flower to flower,  
Emblem of man in youthful hour ;  
Quite heedless of the thunder loud,  
Or yon surcharg'd and fiery cloud,  
That pours its torrents from the sky,  
To 'whelm thee, thoughtless butterfly.

Oft have I chased thee round the green,  
And caught thee on the fragrant bean,  
Or flowry pea, or scented rose,  
Or where the stately tulip grows.  
As nature's varied sweets were thine,  
Then innocence and health were mine ;  
But toil'd at last in pleasure's snare,  
I find disease and death is there.

Gay insect, had it been thy lot  
 To rove around some rural spot;  
 Hadst thou but wing'd a narrow range,  
 And check'd thy appetite for change,  
 As yet thy hours thou hadst beguil'd,  
 In lonely glade or desert wild;  
 Or sweetly sipp'd the heathy bloom,  
 Or wanton'd in its sweet perfume.\*

But hapless, ever since that day  
 That instinct strong first bade thee stray,  
 Far, far from woodland groves and bowers,  
 To linger 'mong the garden flowers;  
 To flee by day, by night to lie  
 Unshelter'd 'neath Heaven's canopy,  
 A prey to every wanton boy  
 That would thy rest and flight annoy.

One emblem more : how like to thee  
 Is man, child of variety,

Pursuing ever-changing fashion,  
Or whirl'd in gulfs of giddy passion ;  
O'erleaping reason's sacred bound,  
And dancing warm in pleasure's round.  
Altho' his days on earth are few,  
Forever grasping something new,  
Yet earthly objects fly so fleet,  
He sips the sour, and leaves the sweet ;  
And learns below, that all is pain,  
And back returns to dust again.

Then flutter on, thou insect gay,  
Enjoy thy glittering summer's day ;  
Thy little term of life is short,  
And thou may'st spend it all in sport ;  
But for this purpose was it given,  
By strange, indulgent, gracious Heaven.  
Oh ! happy, happy butterfly,  
Thou only hast to live and die.

## LINES,

ON SEEING AN APPLE TREE IN FULL BLOOM.

How sweet thy fragrance in the breeze,

How fresh thy blossoms tinted gay,

Thou fairest 'mong the garden trees,

Emblem of me the other day.

For then no angry passions storm'd,

Destroying health, disturbing rest ;

No cankering cares e'er writh'd or worm'd,

Or prey'd upon my anxious breast.

'Then firm my step, and nerv'd my arm,

Erect to heaven I rais'd my head :

Firm as yon trunk, that fears no harm,

While round its pliant branches spread.

As I o'er thee in rapture gaze,

And try to count thy thousand flowers :

So parents hung in early days,

And saw expand bright reason's powers.

Nor did I disappoint their hopes,  
 Bright were my powers, and temper mild;  
 Thus oft the rose and lily opes,  
 And blooms amidst the lonely wild.

Oh! had I yet remained obscure,  
 In virtue's vale I still had bloom'd;  
 Nor to the grave gone wretched poor,  
 And scarce one ray of joy illum'd.

But fate forbade,—my spring is past,  
 And winter holds her endless reign;  
 Tottering I shiver in the blast,  
 The feeble, nerveless child of pain.

Then burst, ye buds, and ope your bloom,  
 And fling your fragrance o'er the plains;  
 One little cheerless spot, a tomb,—  
 Is all of earth to me remains.



Tho' there no flower of spring may blow,  
 And rank the grass and nettles wave;  
 Yet even these weeds may plainly shew,  
 That spring shall break upon the grave.



ON THE STUMP OF AN OLD TREE;  
 LEFT ON A SPOT ONCE MUCH FREQUENTED BY THE  
 AUTHOR.

AH! leafless, sprayless, sapless tree,  
 So late arrayed in woodland pride;  
 That oft times gave sweet shade to me,  
 When young and gay by Irvine side:

The plough has razed the verdant green,  
 Soft nature's couch, beneath the shade;  
 No flowers of hill or vale are seen,  
 Where I have sat or jocund play'd.

No more thy pendant branches spread,  
To screen me from the solar ray,  
Or form a cool or scented shade,  
To loll, and loiter time away.

The elements have rudely war'd,  
Thy leaves are given to the wind ;  
Thy rind is peel'd thy trunk is scar'd,  
Nor left one single spray behind.

Thy very roots are shrunk and bare ;  
All sense of vegetation gone,  
Like some lorn wretch, worn down with care,  
Left poor, neglected and alone.

Ye shrubs and trees, how blest are ye,  
Dead to all sense of joy and pain ;  
No throes of sensibility,  
Should summer smile, or winter reign.

Your lot is happier far than mine,  
 Alive to every sight of woe ;  
 Short-sighted man ! why thus repine ?  
 Omniscient Heaven ordained it so.

To blasted tree, or faded flower,  
 Well may the life of man compare ;  
 Change, pain, mishap, are mortal dow'r,  
 Of these I had my ample share.

Here let me pace my lonely round,  
 O'er nature's faded glory pore ;  
 Or set me on the arid ground,  
 And weep, where I have smil'd before.

And well I may—for memory turns  
 To happier days of other years ;  
 And while remembrance oft-times mourns,  
 Soft yielding nature gives her tears.

Yon hollow trunk, now doom'd to rot,  
 Loud to the blast yet speaks to me :  
 O man ! repair off to this spot,  
 And think on thy mortality.

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### ON THE WORM.

HAIL ! brother worm, poor rept'le of the earth,  
 Like thine man's destiny, like thine his birth ;  
 Tho' in his breast bright reason's lamp may burn,  
 Yet dust he is, to dust he must return.

Behold yon wretch, who begs his daily round,  
 Or sleeps all night upon the humid ground,  
 Now scorch'd with heat, now isicled with storm,  
 You call him man ; he's better nam'd—a worm.  
 The lowest creature of the reptile brood,  
 Need scarcely crawl to find and munch his food ;

et age, disease, and poverty must go,  
 forming thro' life, with footsteps faint and slow,  
 all wan and worn his toil-exhausted frame,  
 he sinks again to earth, from whence he came.

What but poor worms, are millions of mankind?  
 Where is the spot some mortal is not pined?  
 Where one, by foot of pride is cruel trod;  
 Another there, smarts with oppression's rod.  
 In some damp hole, deprived of light and air,  
 What thousands writhe, the victims of despair!

The veriest worm is yonder toil-worn slave,  
 For rest, nor freedom finds, but in the grave;  
 Naked and bare he reptile-like was born,  
 His pathway covered by the sharpened thorn.  
 In nature's mountains, or her vallies fed,  
 The sky his covering, and the earth his bed;  
 In trackless wilds for ever doom'd to roam,  
 The brook's green bank, or spreading tree his home.

Hard is his lot, but these his happier years,  
 The rest all spent in bondage and in tears ;  
 Till black with heat, or frozen by the clime,  
 He falls unpitied, long before his prime,  
 A victim to some curs'd and noxious soil,  
 Or dreary mine, with never-ending toil ;  
 Smarting with stripes, he drags life's torn remains,  
 Or feeble sinks beneath a load of chains.

Is there, in wide creation's ample round,  
 That crawls or creeps along the lowly ground,  
 That wakes our pity, or excites disgust,  
 As yonder wordling, hoarding up his dust ?  
 While yet he curses all the sons of sloth,  
 Ah ! little thinks he of the rust and moth ;  
 Thought he on these, then might he save his pain,  
 And learn that all his cares and toils were vain.

Thus as I moraliz'd, the other day,  
 Full in my view a little reptile lay ;

but soon I found it crawling by my side,  
 and seem'd to say, "O man, beware of pride;  
 this earth I crawl is but our common mother;  
 thou child of dust, behold, I am thy brother!"

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### ON SEEING A HAWK SHOT,

IN THE VERY ACT OF DESTROYING ITS PREY.

Go, fowler, go; thy rural sports pursue,  
 May fortune send thy way the choicest game;  
 Long may the arm be nerv'd the tricker drew,  
 And bright the eye that took the steady aim.  
 Merciless bird, hadst thou on carrion fed,  
 Or some poor worm, or crawling reptile low,  
 Ere tho' thou be, the tear might have been shed,  
 Or in my bosom thrill'd compassion's glow.

But thine own kind thus cruelly to tear,  
 Indulging all the savageness of hate,

By craggy clift, or soaring thro' the air,  
 Nor wonder then I glory in thy fate.

Perish, the winged murderer! said I:  
 Man shall avenge the little warbler's wrongs;  
 The deed of vengeance is approv'd on high,  
 Hark! how they shew their gratitude in songs.

Delightful change! the reign of terror o'er,  
 A death-like silence shall no more prevail;  
 The feather'd tyrant shall affright no more,  
 But notes of freedom echo thro' the vale.

The timid lark again ascends the air,  
 And flutters joyful o'er her infant brood;  
 The woodland tribes connubial transports share  
 Or fearless hie to bring their young ones food.

How drear the spot where tyranny appals,  
 Her breath is withering, and her tongue consumes;



But when by freedom's blow the tyrant falls,  
 The bleakest mountain, even a desert, blooms.

What tho' in rich luxuriance earth may smile,  
 And vernal suns for ever blaze and charm,—  
 If man must bend in everlasting toil,  
 Or groan beneath oppression's weighty arm.

Dear land of freedom, tho' thy hills be bare,  
 No feudal lordling, like some bird of prey,  
 Can claim dominion of the earth or air,  
 Or crush poor abject mortals with his sway.

The liberal prince, who fills his father's throne,  
 Now wields the sceptre with a lenient hand ;  
 The right divine, once pled by kings, is gone,  
 And justice, mercy, triumph in our land.

## ON MEETING AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE

MUCH REDUCED IN WORLDLY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Brother of sorrow, friendless, old and poor,  
 Oblig'd to beg for bread from door to door,  
 Well I remind thee fortunate and gay,  
 Idling, like me, the spring of life away ;

Admir'd in every circle where thou mov'd,  
 By townsmen honour'd and by friends belov'd ;  
 With many a flatterer loitering in thy train,  
 The greatest curse attendant folly's reign.

But where are all thy adulators now,  
 The sacred promise, and the solemn vow !  
 All false, as the deceiver of our race,  
 Or Judas, who betrayed with an embrace.

I know, indeed, these wrongs are hard to bear,  
 They cost the muse, like thee, full many a tear ;

His tragic tale is much too like thy own,  
 For with his fortune summer friends are gone.

Brother of sorrow, Heav'n but for this could wean  
 Our thoughtless hearts from this terrestrial scene ;  
 But want of health could pall the taste for pleasure,  
 Or keep the passions wild in proper measure.

Nought but the loss of wealth detach our hold,  
 From that accursed idol, glittering gold ;  
 While callous hearts, and faithless bosoms, shew,  
 No mortal can be trusted here below.

These lessons learn, then why should man complain:  
 Misfortunes here are never sent in vain :—  
 Then let us, as we ought, them duly prize,  
 As Heaven's best blessings only in disguise.

## VERSES,

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF THE LATE ECLIPSE OF  
THE SUN.

Now lower the clouds, and angry are the skies ;  
The sun is darken'd in his noontide blaze ;  
And wondering mortals heaven-ward turn their eyes,  
And ponder o'er the Almighty's works and ways.

The time has been such objects would affright :  
Then superstition held her reign of gloom ;  
But now to science' eye they yield delight,  
Oh ! would such light but break upon the tomb.

'The thought is vain, till that tremendous hour,  
When heaven's bright lamp again shall never burn,  
When vengeful angels shall their vials pour,  
And all the tribes that live on earth shall mourn :

Then shall the wonders of the higher spheres,  
To anxious mortals be made fully known ;

While roll the long eternity of years,

And doubts and darkness are for ever gone.

The dark dense orb of sense no more shall roll,

Nor angry clouds of passion intervene;

But ever bright illum'd the human soul,

Her vision perfect, and her power serene.

Emerg'd from death's eclipse, she yet shall rise

To burn and blaze amidst a nobler sphere,

A star that glitters in the cloudless skies,

Or precious gem amidst the sun-beams clear.

Strange vital spark, from whence, whate'er thou art,

Within this breast thou soon shall cease to burn;

But still, my nobler and my better part,

From heav'n thou came, and thence thou shalt return.



## LINES.

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE FUNERAL OF MISS A. FOULDS

Who died in Glasgow, and whose remains were conveyed in a Hearse to Kilmarnock, and deposited in the family burying ground in the High Church Yard.

HARK ! 'tis the solemn toll, the long farewell,  
 To lovely, sweet, engaging ABIGAIL :  
 Ye virgins, haste, and deck her early tomb  
 With ever-greens and flowers of sweetest bloom ;  
 Transplant the daisy from the lowly vale,  
 The scented primrose, and the snow-drop pale,  
 The lily white, or mossy covered rose,  
 Or favourite shrub that in the nursery grows ;—  
 Be these memorials of her hallowed urn,  
 When days of spring or summer months return ;  
 Emblems be these around this sacred shrine,  
 Of virtues, ABIGAIL ! that once were thine.

The bell tolls quick ; I see the hearse slow comes,  
 With gloomy drapery, and high nodding plumes.  
 In vain this pomp, this pageantry and show,  
 The last distinction riches can bestow.

In vain these honours to the lowly dead !  
 They cannot make the grave a sweeter bed !  
 And yet, methinks, the pensive mourning crowd,  
 The mounted coffin, and the mantling shroud,  
 The body decent to the grave consign'd,  
 Must soothe relations who are left behind.

The curfews o'er—away the mourners go ;  
 Among kindred dead poor ABIGAIL lies low !  
 But sweet she slumbers in her father's arms,  
 And beauty in the grave has still its charms.  
 Yes, dear to friendship is her hallowed urn,  
 In tears remembrance oft-times shall return ;  
 While love and pity never cease to wail,  
 The early doom of lovely ABIGAIL !

Oft at the mirky hour of closing day,  
 Some dear companion steals herself away,  
 Straight to the church-yard mounds her steps repair,  
 With bosom beating, and dishevel'd hair—

Clings to the grave—and sighs forth on the gale,  
 Would I had died with thee, sweet ABIGAIL!

At midnight hour, would not the sight appal,  
 To see the stripling climb the church-yard wall?  
 Frantic descend upon the hallowed ground,  
 And fling himself upon the well-known mound?  
 To kiss the lip, or fragrant breath inhale,  
 Of his beloved and spotless ABIGAIL!

Oh! who on earth such bursts of grief would chide  
 There is a love the grave can not divide!  
 By absence heightened, and by death inflam'd,  
 It may, by callous souls, be madness nam'd;  
 It is a love, that cannot think to part,  
 Bred in the brain, and twin'd around the heart:  
 It is a love I fain would call divine,  
 And long has wrung this anxious breast of mine.

Yet why should not parental grief assuage,  
 And every wave of sorrow cease to rage?



What more could mother for a daughter crave,  
 Than love on earth, and honour in the grave?  
 Enough. The muse has told her funeral tale,  
 And future times shall speak of ABIGAIL!

---

ON SEEING A FLOWER FULLY BLOWN,  
 ON THE 29th OF JANUARY;

*Being the birth-day of Robert Burns.*

ABIGAIL! lovely flower, in all thy bloom arrayed,  
 Beneath a wintry and an angry sky,  
 Whilst every other flower is lowly laid,  
 And all the garden's sweets in ruin lie.  
 In vain the storm burst o'er thy dangling head,  
 Or rude would tear thee from thy fragile stem:  
 In vain the snow entombed thee in its bed,  
 Or hung thy leaves with many a frozen gem.  
 Fair flower! Heaven rear'd thee for some noble use,  
 And can I view thee with a callous heart?

Perhaps thy charms disclose to cheer the muse,  
 And many a pleasing lesson to impart.

Yes, virtue oft is seen to bloom like thee  
 In lonely wild, in this cold barren world;  
 Even sweetest blows in vale of misery,  
 When all misfortune's rudest storms are hurl'd.

There spring content, humility, and love,  
 Affliction's sickly air can never blight,  
 And death itself shall a transplanter prove,  
 To genial clime, with sky for ever bright.

I cannot leave thee yet, inviting flower,  
 But mark how vagrant fancy quickly turns;  
 Nor think it strange, this day, perchance this hour,  
 Just op'd his infant-eye poor ROBERT BURNS.

Then burst ye flowers, and blow before 'tis spring,  
 And give your incense to the wintry wind;

Awake, ye songsters glad, break forth and sing,  
 And call the birth of genius back to mind.

In winter born, an omen of his fate,  
 Forgot, trod down, like daisy on the wild,  
 Yet fain would lift its drooping head elate,  
 Ah! such in early years was genius' child.

And yet he flourished on the banks of Ayr,  
 In spite of poverty's cold withering blast;  
 Of human-ills indeed he had his share,  
 His day was short, his sky was overcast.

No wonder then I, lingering, should survey  
 This flower! whose transient glory pity mourns,  
 Who would not prize it on his natal day?  
 A striking emblem of the fate of BURNS.

## ON THE REDBREAST.

WHERE art thou now, gay, favourite bird,  
With eyes of jet, and breast of red,  
That us'd to hop around my cot,  
And pick the little crumbs of bread,

When faintly gleam'd the wintry sun,  
Thou oft times moved my heart to pity,  
As on the house's top thou sung  
Thy wild and native plaintive ditty.

By broken pane, or unlatch'd door,  
A welcome inmate oft thou came,  
And flutter'd round, or hopp'd about,  
Gay, happy, wanton, warm and tame.

When morning rose thou wing'd thy flight,  
And sought again the liquid air ;  
And, perch'd on high, would sing again,  
Quite careless of to-morrow's fare.

But winter now is past and gone,  
 The Redbreast hath forsaken me ;  
 Too like to heedless, thankless man,  
 Who soon forgets adversity.

Behold yon vain ungrateful wretch !  
 Some lucky hit his fortune made ;  
 I was his friend when poor and low,  
 And friendship's banquet oft was spread.

On him propitious fortune smil'd,  
 Her angry frown I must endure ;  
 The ungrateful wretch ne'er deigns to call,  
 Nor pity's me, because I'm poor.

Even so the little Redbreast wild,  
 Who now my cot and bounty spurns,  
 Ah ! little does the songster know,  
 That stormy winter soon returns.

I blame not thee, gay thoughtless bird,  
 'Tis instinct strong that makes thee rove;  
 Not so with man, whose breast should swell  
 With pity, gratitude, and love.

Such feelings so becoming man,  
 Are oft effac'd in prosperous hour,  
 And baser passions swell the heart,  
 Low pleasure—sordid wealth and power.

For few, alas! ah! very few  
 Of anxious mortals here below,  
 Preserve the calm and equal mind,  
 'Midst fortune's frown and pleasure's glow.

Then who deserves the name of great?  
 Or, who is noble, good, and wise?  
 The man that braves adversity,  
 That patient lives—and fearless dies.

## LINES,

ON SEEING A GARDEN DESERTED AND WITHERED  
IN AUTUMN.

YE changeful seasons, why so soon invade  
Spring's early sweets or summer's golden bloom?  
Oh! why o'er nature throw a darksome shade,  
Cold, damp, destroying, cheerless as the tomb.

Where now is nature in her virg'in blush,  
With all the thousand graces of the spring;  
The primrose, daisy, scented thorny bush,  
That ail around their balmy odours fling?

Where now the woodland song that us'd to cheer,  
When every warbler melted o'er its love,  
When heavenly tones broke on my raptur'd ear,  
And wafted symphony from grove to grove.

'Twas then I learned the harmony of sound,  
And rude my numbers first began to flow,

Careless I gave them to the zephyrs round

In all the extacy of youthful glow.

But weak and palsied now are nature's powers,

Low, faint, and feeble, is the muse's tongue,

Like yon lone bird that cowers beneath the bowers

And lately sweet among the branches sung.

Nipp'd are the leaves that rustl'd 'mong the trees,

Pluck'd is the fruit that dangl'd on the spray.

Ah! cold and stormy is the autumn's breeze,

And fled the ardour of life's summer day.

But nature's wither'd glories yet shall rise,

And o'er her ruins man shall cease to mourn,

For me such joys are only in the skies,

On earth no spring to me shall e'er return.

Then fearless let me meet death's shivering close,

I haste,—I sink, into his icy arms!



Welcome, for moments, nature's pangs and throes,  
 Then earth adieu ! and all life's strange alarms.

Then change, ye seasons—still round wretched me,  
 Let autumn wither, winter sternly rage,  
 Humbly I bend to heaven's high destiny,  
 And sink neglected from this mortal stage.

---

### ON THE SWALLOW.

HAIL ! pleasant, chirping, wandering bird,  
 That loves to rove 'mong genial suns,  
 Or perch on high near nodding tower,  
 Or skim the brook that limpid runs.

Thou'rt welcome to my window nook,  
 I love to see thee flutter there,  
 And active daub thy clay-made nest,  
 With more than builder's art or care.

Thrice welcome wanderer of the sky,  
Propitious heaven has sent thee here,  
To poise imagination's wings,  
And many a lingering hour to cheer,

Here may'st thou sit, and safely hatch,  
And rear thy tender infant brood ;  
And fearless leave them for a while,  
And roam the liquid air for food.

Officious memory, why recall  
Domestic joys forever gone ?  
When round my infant offspring smil'd,  
And earthly sorrows I had none ?

A pilgrim lorn, in search of bliss,  
In many a region I have been ;  
But ah ! 'tis vain ; all joys to me  
Are fled beyond this earthly scene.

Fleet bird ! enjoy thy summer here,  
 For soon approaches autumn's close ;  
 Thou too must leave thy snug retreat,  
 Thy nest of soft and safe repose.

O happy bird ! no change of time  
 Can fill thy little breast with pain ;  
 For thou canst seek a milder clime,  
 Where all the sweets of summer reign.

Not so with me. Here must I stay,  
 And brave misfortune's stormy blast ;  
 'Tis coward-like to run away—  
 I'll stay and brave it to the last.

---

ON SEEING A VAST NUMBER OF LITTLE BIRDS' EGGS  
 SUSPENDED AT A WINDOW OPPOSITE THE AUTHOR'S  
 LODGINGS.

YE trophies of some roving boy,  
 At sight of you I oft-times mourn ;

The pledges sweet of love and joy,  
From many a little songster torn.

Methinks I see the anxious bird  
Yet hover round her little nest;  
Methinks I see her cow'ring wing,  
Her flutter, and her throbbing breast.

Ah! now I hear her plaintive dirge,  
On yonder branchy leafy spray;  
O would she soothe the tyrant's heart,  
Or lure the little boy away.

O no! too well he marks the spot,  
The green the mossy bower is found,  
In centre of some thorny brake,  
With many a prickle fenced round.

Ye fathers and ye mothers kind,  
Who oft your tender offspring view,

Remember that the little birds  
Have feelings strong, as well as you.

Why then allow the thoughtless boy,  
In wanton cruelty to rove,  
And pillage nature of its sweets,  
And rob the nests in hedge or grove?

Ye parents fond, that love your race,  
Their little passions wild restrain;  
Ne'er let them wanton tread a worm,  
Or give a little songster pain.

But let their infant bosoms swell,  
And thrill with pity's heavenly glow,  
For all the race of human kind,  
And every creature here below.

Full oft, like yonder lonely bird,  
Poor wretched man is doom'd to roam,

By fraud or violence oppress'd  
 Far from his sweet his native home.

The tender partner of his care,  
 Is oft-times torn from his embrace,  
 And all the pledges of their love,  
 Their only sweet and dear solace.

Then wonder not the poet mourn,  
 And o'er the lonely songster pine,  
 Ah! wretched robb'd and lovely bird,  
 Thy fate too much resembles mine.

---

### ON THE CATERPILLAR.

Now genial heat creation warms,  
 The insect tribe move forth in swarms;  
 But chief, the Caterpillar breed,  
 On flower and shrub that sweetly feed;

And all the garden beauties spoil,  
 Blasting the hopes of human toil.

I lonely sit, and rueful see  
 The insect vile on shrub and tree ;  
 It clings to yonder leafy spray,  
 'Till all its verdure fades away ;  
 It worms, it writhes, like one in pain,  
 Dire desolation in its train.

The goosebery delights no more,  
 Now sapless, blasted, small and sour ;  
 The currant withers in the shade,  
 And all its clustering berries fade ;  
 The pear and apple drop their blooms,  
 The bud is nipp'd, the core consumes ;  
 All, all is desolation round,  
 Leaves, sprays, and fruits, strew'd on the ground.

How like, said I, man's soul within,  
 The drear abode of guilt and sin !

Since that accursed fatal hour,  
The serpent worm'd to Eden's bower,  
Now appetites and passions rage,  
Diseases prey from youth to age,  
Till reason, passion, strength decay,  
And man return to kindred clay.

Thus would I sit and moralize,  
O'er all that creeps, o'er all that flies;  
Revolving nature's complex plan,  
From worm that crawls, to wondrous man;  
Thus poring, studying nature's laws,  
I pay my homage to the Great First Cause.

---

### ON THE DRUM.

I LOVE the Drum's inspiring sound,  
Parading round, and round, and round,



It wakes the soul to glory's call,  
 Where patriots fight and tyrants fall;  
 The bosom glows with martial fire,  
 Ambition's pulses still beat higher;  
 While victory her banners wave,  
 And laurell'd honours wreath the brave.

I love the drum's inspiring sound,  
 Parading round, and round, and round;  
 It minds me of Pharsalia's plains:  
 The purple current swells my veins;  
 I read the Greek and Roman story,  
 My bosom swells with martial glory;  
 I pant for never-dying fame,  
 The hero's great respected name.

I love the drum parading round,  
 I love the bugle's martial sound,  
 I love the trumpet loud and shrill,  
 The bagpipe play'd with Scottish skill;

I love the din and clang of arms,  
 My heart beats high, my bosom warms ;  
 I rush into the field of strife,  
 And conquer there or lose my life.

---

ON SEEING THE

PORTRAIT OF SIR JAMES SHAW, BART.,  
 HUNG UP IN THE TOWN HALL OF KILMARNOCK.

SIR JAMES, ye well deserve a place  
 In our grand Council Ha' ;  
 Long may you shine with belted grace,  
 And wear your honours brow.

Old Killie now may proudly stand,  
 And loud Fame's trumpet blaw ;  
 The proudest lordling in the land  
 May cast their caps at SHAW.

Lord Mayor in London late he shone,

John Bull him proudly saw ;

At NELSON'S fun'ral, next the throne :

In dignity stood SHAW.

On milk-white steed, with sword of state,

Sir JAMES outshone them a' ;

Ev'n Majesty paus'd at the gate,

And paid his court to SHAW.

A foe to faction and to vice,

A friend to Freedom's law ;

Whate'er is prudent, patriot, wise,

Is still allied to SHAW.

Our country long shall hail her Knight,

Power's frown could neyer awe ;

Who pled old England's boasted right,

Her *Habeas Corpus* law.

Let Westminster huzza BURDET,  
 Or COCHRANE'S tinkler jaw ;  
 Proud Englishmen shall ne'er forget  
 The merits of our SHAW.

Yes, he shall shine in future years,  
 When honours here withdraw ;  
 Embalm'd in Scotia's sighs and tears  
 Shall live the fame of SHAW.

---

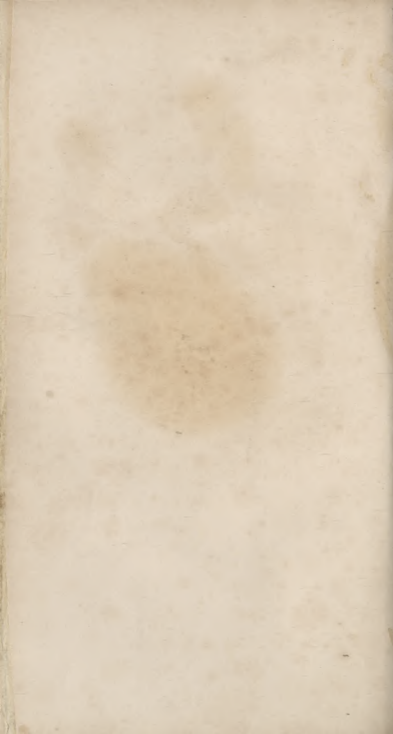
LINES,

TO WILLIAM FAIRLIE, ESQ.

OLD Scotia's bards, in other times,  
 Sang loud the praise of Charlie ;  
 Though humble, artless, be my rhymes,  
 I'll give a lay to FAIRLIE.

He hied him where the Ganges runs,  
 In youthful morning early,





To toil 'neath India's burning suns,  
 But Heav'n smil'd sweet on FAIRLIE.

Long Ayrshire's sons shall gladly hail  
 Such wealth, acquir'd but rarely;  
 Calcutta's children deep bewail  
 The day they lost their FAIRLIE.

Where wretched man is doom'd to bend,  
 In slav'ry's bondage sairly,  
 Invalu'd is the poor man's friend,  
 And such a friend was FAIRLIE.

Full many a youth from Britain's isle,  
 Who came to India barely,  
 In splendid honours roll and smile,  
 Their fortunes owe to FAIRLIE.

May Heaven her choicest blessings pour,  
 Nor ever give them sparsly;

And happy be the latest hour

Of such a man as FAIRLIE.

Respected live—regretted die

An aged worthy carlie;

Eternal be the memory

Of friendly WILLIAM FAIRLIE.



NEW SONG.—MISS CAREY.

In other days, BURNS sung the praise

Of luckless Highland MARY,

In Connaught's wilds I'll give my lays

To blushing sweet MISS CAREY.

In splendid hall or crowded ball,

Where girls trip light and airy,

There's one in grace outshines them all,

The blushing sweet MISS CAREY.



With reason's shield I often steel'd  
 My heart, right shy and wary,  
 But ah ! 'tis vain—I soon must yield,  
 A captive to MISS CAREY.

In pleasure's ring I oft would sing,  
 Like milk-maid at her dairy ;  
 Like you lone bird I droop my wing,  
 Ah ! witching sweet MISS CAREY.

O could I glide, or unseen ride,  
 Through air llke sylph or fairy ;  
 I'd ever range by Shannon's side,  
 And hover round MISS CAREY.

In quest of fame, that fickle dame,  
 Should fortune's favours vary ;  
 Where'er I am I'll praise the name,  
 Of blushing sweet MISS CAREY.

---

## ON THE PAIRING OF LITTLE BIRDS

Now down among the thorny brakes  
The feather'd tribes repair,  
To meet and woo their little loves,  
And find them help-mates there.

The modesty of nature sweet,  
I mind, when but a boy,  
As oft the warblers couring sat,  
Or flutter'd wild and coy.

'Twas love, sweet love, that fix'd their choice  
And thrill'd their bosoms kind;—  
Would man thus follow nature's law,  
New transports would he find.

For 'tis the law of gracious Heav'n,  
Man should not be alone;  
And, judging by the feather'd tribes,  
He ought to love but one.

Not like the thoughtless libertine,  
For lawless pleasure range ;  
But rest contented in his love,  
Nor ever seek to change.

Ye little birds, improve your spring,  
Love's sweetest transports share,  
Or down among the wild-wood shades,  
Your mossy bowers prepare.

Ye anxious dams, soon shall ye sit,  
And brood upon your nest,  
Your kindly mates on pendant spray,  
Shall sing you sweet to rest.

Ye feather'd pairs, I envy you,  
Upon the thorny tree,  
For ever fled the sweets of love,  
And wedded joys from me.

Yes, wedded transports once were mine,  
But now these days are o'er ;  
And recollection oft returns,  
And wounds my bosom sore.

No anxious friend to sooth my breast,  
When life's rude tempests rave,  
No piteous child to prop my steps,  
When tottering to the grave.

As some lone bird torn from its mate,  
In throbbing wild despair ;  
Forsakes the much-lov'd haunted bower,  
And seeks the liquid air.

So faith and hope, on wings of love,  
In triumph upward soar,  
And cling the partner of my soul,  
That fate from me had tore.

Transporting, but illusive thought,  
 No higher fancy dares ;  
 I owe it to the feather'd tribes,  
 Who flutter round in pairs.

---

#### ON THE RETURN OF THE REDBREAST.

---

A trifling incident gave rise to the following verses. The closet window joining to the room where the Author sleeps was accidentally left open, and early on one of those frosty mornings, the first thing that the Author saw when he awoke, was a beautiful Redbreast hopping by his bedside.

---

THE Redbreast now returns again,  
 She cowers and droops her active wing ;  
 I'll spread my little crumbs of bread,  
 And then she'll flit about and sing.

Say, shall I take thee to my cot,  
 That left me in the summer hour ?  
 Say, shall I leave thee to the storm,  
 To dark November's sleet'ing shower ?

I care not what the worldlings do,  
In adverse hour who friends forsake;  
And I despise the giddy great,  
Whose maxim is, to give and take.

But mine the nobler spirit far,  
That friendly shares and freely gives;  
And mine the soft and feeling heart,  
That pities every thng that lives.

I'll then forget my every grudge,  
And tend my bird with parent care;  
I'll make thee a neat mossy bower,  
And nightly thou shalt nestle there.

Whilst other songsters shivering sit,  
All dripping with the winter's snow,  
My cot shall be thy sheltering shed,  
My ingle warm give livid glow.

Thus let me sit in wintry eve,  
 And o'er some favourite volume pore ;  
 I envy not the greatest prince  
 That crown or sceptre ever bore.

Such homely simple joys be mine,  
 One other boon would heaven bestow,  
 Give me but health—I ask but this,—  
 Nor care for other bliss below.

The thought is vain !—stern winter comes,  
 And springs and summers all are o'er,  
 These to the Redbreast may return,  
 To me they shall return no more.

---

### THE FLOWER GIRL.

---

The following stanzas are an attempt to give a free translation of a song in  
 sweetly sung by a Flower Girl in Dublin. She was uncommonly beautiful,  
 her tale of sorrow excited great attention from the passing crowds. I have  
 lately told that a gentleman of considerable fortune sent her to be genteelly  
 educated, and has since married her.

YE British fair, come buy my flowers,  
I pull'd at early morn ;  
They cost me many a weary step,  
My hands and feet are torn.

I scrambl'd o'er the craggy heights,  
And through the thorny brakes,  
Fearless I trod the mossy wilds,  
The dreaded den of snakes.

See here's a rare and beauteous flower,  
That in the desert grew,  
Its lovely cups are tinged with gold,  
And silver'd o'er with dew.

See 'mong their leaves the rose-buds blush,  
On their green stems the lilies spread,  
The scented birch and blossom'd thorn,  
Around their heavenly influence shed.



Behold the posied mountain rose,  
 Beset with blooming thyme so wild,  
 And Scotia's bells of lovely blue,  
 My playful flowers, when but a child.

Ah ! now I feel the trickling tear,  
 Deep in my breast I heave a sigh,  
 But mind me not, ye passengers,  
 But, pray, my little flowerets buy.

Come buy my flowers, ye courteous beaux ;  
 Such gifts delight the fair,  
 How strangely does their bosoms throb,  
 When kind you place them there !

Behold, ye little amorous boys,  
 The garland I have wove,  
 Entwine it round the golden locks  
 Of the sweet girl you love.

Ah ! pity, ye gentles, who skipingly pass,  
My flowerets, I pray you, come buy ;  
My mother is dying neglected and poor,  
The thought often stifles my cry.

Like the fresh and the healthy primrose,  
That gaily springs up in the lea ;  
Or the daisy or fresh mountain rose,  
Lately blushing and blooming was she.

But, like the gay flower of the field,  
Whose blossoms but last for a day,  
Her visage is wasted and wan,  
And her beauty is wither'd away.

Through the streets and the alleys I go,  
To procure her a morsel of bread,  
And the flowers that at night are unsold,  
With pleasure I strew round her bed.

Though hungry and barefoot I be,  
 Yet, inward contented, I roam ;  
 Sorrow's dregs I am willing to drink,  
 If its cup is but sweeten'd at home.

---

LINGERING LAZY LAREY.

O lack-a-day ! that e'er I wed !—  
 Ye maidens leal, be wary ;  
 Detested is the marriage bed  
 Of lingering lazy LAREY.

He lies as dead as any lead ;  
 His frame his limbs scarce carry ;  
 My curse upon the sleepy head  
 Of lingering lazy LAREY.

My heaviest curse upon his purse  
 That tempted me to marry ;  
 Oh ! now I'm doom'd to be the nurse  
 Of lingering lazy LAREY.

Far happier, had it been my lot  
 To dig in mine or quarry,  
 Than lonely sit, and wretched pine,  
 With lingering lazy LAREY.

But, hush ! I'll prudent act my part,  
 And all complaints will parry,  
 Till friendly death shall break the heart  
 Of lingering lazy LAREY.

Scarce had she spoke, when lo ! a stroke  
 Laid low poor lazy LAREY ;  
 And ere the crowing of the cock  
 Young JUDY married HARRY.

Her money spent—her temper crost—  
 Was all she made of HARRY ;  
 And JUDY mourns the day she lost  
 Poor lingering lazy LAREY.

## ON RECEIVING A LARGE FLORENTINE.

WHOEVER sent this pie, did well send beef,  
 For of all pies, to me this is the chief;  
 No dish could better suit a starving Poet,  
 And *he* who sent it seem'd full well to know it.  
 I cannot help remarking on its size,  
 Indeed it may be called the Pie of Pies;  
 I feasted on it every day this week,  
 And gormandiz'd till sometimes I was sick;  
 And yet there's something left, and what would please  
 The beggar boy, that gluts up scraps and grease.

Honor, accept my thanks, whoe'er thou art,  
 Thy *rich, warm* gift bespeaks the glowing heart,  
 The heart that generous gives, and gives in plenty,  
 Not something mean—but something nice and dainty.  
 Yes, pastry dishes now to me are rare,  
 And humbler morsels I must daily share;  
 But tho' I feed upon the plainest food,  
 I still retain my taste for something good.

'Tis nothing to be poor, if lowly bred,  
 But once to have been rich, well cloth'd and fed,  
 And after, pinch'd with want, and pierc'd with cold,  
 Perhaps infirm, and miserably old,  
 Without a friend to sympathise and weep,  
 No cot to shelter, and no couch to sleep,  
 'Tis hard indeed—this, this is to be poor,  
 For such a wretch the grave's the only cure.  
 In vain to him soft music pours her strains,  
 He loves to dwell where silence ever reigns,  
 In vain the sweet repast, the festive board,  
 No thrill of bliss can social joys afford;  
 Blasted his hopes, his taste for pleasure gone,  
 He loves to muse and sigh, and live alone;  
 With eyes and hands up-turned to heaven he'll rave  
 O hide my head, my misery, in the grave!

Now, friend unknown, accept a rhymers prayer:  
 May ev'ry earthly joy fall to your share;  
 On life's strange journey may you cheerful go,  
 Your table cover'd and your cup o'erflow.

d when you mingle with your kindred dust,  
 y children's children never want a crust,  
 give and feed the hungry modest poor,  
 wretched outcast, trembling at the door.  
 y charity for evermore abide  
 e family glory, and their only pride.

---

ON SEEING A GROUP OF BOYS  
 AMUSING THEMSELVES.

r t' other day, and I was gay, like you,  
 active my limbs, my bosom free from care;  
 asure's gay landscape brighten'd on my view,  
 and every thing to sooth and charm was there.  
 eard the voice of song, my heart was glad,  
 or music's thrill was grateful to my ear;  
 shing with health my face was never sad,  
 or from my eye had dropp'd the briny tear.

Yes, when a boy, I still remind I wept,

When round the hearth was told the piteous tale  
 A fearful tremour thro' my veins have crept,  
 'To hear of frightful ghosts and spectres pale.

But soon my throbbing heart was still again,

I heard of kings and queens, and giants bold;  
 Or light indulg'd in laughter's thoughtless strain,  
 When round the proverb and the jest was told.

O could I but recal life's early stage!

And taste one hour, one moment of its joys!  
 I would not give them for a year, an age,  
 Of worldly mirth, with all its flow and noise.

Who would not prize the golden days of youth?

When love steals gently o'er the stripling's heart  
 And innocence, simplicity and truth,  
 And beauty, all their angel charms impart?



The snow-white lily, and the blushing rose,  
 The fragrant zephyrs, that perfume the air;  
 The spring's cool freshness, and the summer's glow,  
 To youth and innocence may well compare.

Childhood is helpless; frailty clings to age;  
 Even vigorous manhood has its rankling cares;  
 In life's full prime the restless passions rage;  
 And every step we take, beset with snares.

From the anxious moment of my birth,  
 I ever tasted bliss, without alloy,  
 Till now I go to rest in mother earth,  
 It only was when but a guileless boy.

---

LINES,

ON SEEING A PIN TAKEN FROM A LITTLE CHILD.

Why dost thou scream so frantic wild?  
 And sobs thy little bosom stifle?  
 Believe, believe me, darling child,  
 What thou hast lost, was but a trifle.

Perhaps it glittered in thy view,  
And pleas'd thy anxious wandering eye ;  
Thus splendid trifles oft-times do,  
And few can heedless pass them by.

But, hush ! the babe has ceased its cries—  
Forgot the trifle out of sight :—  
Come here, O man ! learn, and be wise,  
Distrust the objects`that invite.

For beauty has its thousand stings,  
That rankle in the youthful breast ;  
And pleasure has its poisoned springs,  
Or ocean-like, can never rest.

And riches too, these gaudy toys,  
That all with anxious gaze pursue,  
To none on earth yield solid joys,  
And pangs they bring to not a few.

Then why the little infant blame?

To grasp at objects may give pain ;

Matur'd in years, man does the same,

Tho' reason loudly calls — Refrain !

The sharpen'd pin may cruel tear

Thy soft, thy snow-white lily skin,

But ah ! what semblance does this bear

To troubled ~~conscience~~ 's stings within ?

Wayward and wild in early years,

Rude passions lead the heart astray.

Till bath'd in deep repentance' tears,

Man turns again to wisdom's way.

Then, baby, hear thy parent's prayer :

May heav'n its influence kind impart ;

And should misfortunes be thy share,

May thou be placid, pure in heart.

## LINES,

Written in consequence of an Epistle from an Old Friend, announcing  
 Mercantile Disasters, and Complaining of the Ingratitude of the World

My Friend, your sad reverse I deeply grieve,  
 And much the more, because I can't relieve;  
 No, fortune in my power has nothing left,  
 For of my riches I have been bereft;  
 Not by my folly, though the world upbraid,  
 For others' follies I have dearly paid;  
 And were they grateful for the favours done,  
 I would not grudge;—but feeling they have none  
 For they have left me friendless and forlorn,  
 And are the first to blame, and even to scorn.

Just such a wretch I met the other day,  
 And when he pass'd, he turn'd his head away;  
 As did the priest, who saw the dying Jew,  
 The piteous tale I need not tell it you,  
 Except to call to mind what well you know,  
 That few have mercy on the child of woe;

and those who ought to cherish and defend,  
 are oft the *last* to pity and befriend.

This have I felt, and so it seems have you,  
 and after all, the thing is nothing new !  
 For search the annals strange of every age,  
 You'll find that *selfishness* was still the rage.

One thing, indeed, I ever must remember,  
 see your note is dated in *December*,  
 A month accordant with your sad estate,  
 And dread, portending all the storms of fate ;  
 But mark, these wintry days away have fled,  
 And months return which make the nations glad.  
 Down in the vale the sweet primroses blow,  
 And daisies wild upon the mountains grow ;  
 The songsters spread the long-infolded wing,  
 And all creation hears the voice of spring ;  
 All these, my friend, are happy omens yet,  
 At all events, I pray you do not fret ;

For change is mark'd on every thing that's here,  
 Too oft the smile is followed by the tear.  
 The sun that blazes round you arch on high  
 May soon be wading thro' an angry sky;  
 Or you fair moon, with million orbs so bright,  
 May all be lost among the storms of night;  
 We little know what all these changes mean,  
 Nor can we know, till death shall shift the scene;  
 Then forth the plan of Providence shall shine,  
 All bright with *mercy, wisdom, and design.*

---

AN EVENING SOLO.

'Tis eve—I love to converse with the dead,  
 And by their hallowed ashes softly tread,  
 Not that my footsteps could disturb repose,  
 Tho' rude and thoughtless, where the nettle grows.  
 Ah! rude and thoughtless, that can never be!  
 This spot contains the better half of me:—

Witness, thou fainting and long broken heart,  
 Since that sad hour that we were forced to part;  
 These tears are ever sacred to thy shrine,  
 Had'st thou survived me, thou had'st wept o'er mine.

My heart is light, this burst of grief is o'er,  
 And now I'll wander round, and calmly pore,  
 By mother's GRAVE. Yes, I will sit me here,  
 Though thought I had exhausted every tear;  
 But now, they gush afresh, e'en let them flow,  
 As oft times wept for me, that lies below.  
 How well I mind she sat her oft and sigh'd,  
 And when I ask'd her why, she sobb'd and cry'd;  
 She smil'd, and said, these are a mother's tears,  
 You little know a parent's anxious fears;  
 Long may you prove a kind engaging boy,  
 For father's honour, and your mother's joy.  
 Thus fled youth's golden days devoid of care,  
 With every bliss a favourite child could share.  
 When manhood came, I rose my mother's pride;  
 Ah! why should Heav'n from joys like those divide?

Yet it has been, and shall for ever be,  
 The checquered lot of poor humanity.  
 For death, relentless, tore my dame away,  
 And long she moulders 'mong her kindred clay.  
 Soon as the star of night begins to burn,  
 Bright fancy guides me to her sacred urn ;  
 Full twenty years have roll'd, I nightly come,  
 And pour my vespers o'er her lonely tomb.  
 Should twenty more revolve, I'll vigils keep,  
 For time but furrows sorrow still more deep,  
 I'll mourn her loss, it pleases me to weep.

---

LINES,

ON SEEING A FAVOURITE TREE BUDDING.

EMBLEM of man in early prime,  
 Unblighted by the storms of time,  
 When reason's latent powers expand,  
 And promise blossoms fair and bland ;



Or knowledge sweet her influence pours,  
Like balmy dews, or genial showers ;  
When warm the bosom glows with Hope,  
And all the germs of genius ope.

And yet, ye buds, so fresh and gay,  
How few shall spread in summer's ray !  
How few will shew their golden blooms,  
Or fling in air their rich perfumes !  
And ah ! how few in autumn's day  
Will dangle ripe on pendant spray.

Eyen so with mortals, sprung of earth,  
What millions linger from their birth !  
The infant scarcely opes his eyes,  
When lo ! it struggles, weeps, and dies.  
Another babe has lengthened days,  
And o'er its couch Hope's star may blaze ;  
Its features please, its smiles engage,  
And all its beauties grow with age.

But ah ! how transient are all earthly charms  
 The baby sickens in its mother's arms ;  
 In vain she asks how came the fell disease,  
 Nurs'd in the frame, or wasted on the breeze ;  
 The child that blooms, the bud upon the tree,  
 Alike, are subjects of mortality.

Then, O ye young, enjoy, improve your spring  
 For soon will age its cares and sorrows bring ;  
 Early your mind adorn with Heavenly lore,  
 And year by year let virtue yield her store.  
 Let callous man, to man refuse his aid,  
 Feed ye the hungry, give the wretch a shade ;  
 And when by storm of time you down must bend,  
 Loaded with honours to the grave descend ;  
 Such once I hop'd, but now this hope is gone,  
 And like some blasted trunk I stand alone,  
 A beacon to life's travellers as they pass,  
 Behold him now, remember what he was.

## LINES,

HEARING THE FIRST NOTES OF THE BLACKBIRD  
THIS SEASON.

Wilt thou survive the wintry storm ?

Hast thou escap'd the wreathing snow,

Which drifted on the northern gale,

That laid full many a songster low ?

No icicle benumbs thy limbs,

No plaintive tone has chang'd thy voice,

My mate and thee in woodland grove,

Forget your sorrows and rejoice.

I have I been in torch'd hall,

Where music twangs her silver strings ;

At what are charms of revelry,

To raptures when the Blackbird sings.

I have I sat in spacious dome,

When true the aisles the organ rings,

Can this compare to nature's vault,  
 The scene sublime, where Blackbird sings?

Oh! nature's scenes, for ever sweet,  
 But sweetest far at early morn,  
 Nor wonder then I oft-times greet,  
 The Blackbird on the dewy thorn.

Sing on, sweet Bird, devoid of care,  
 And kindly soothe the lonely hours;  
 Could I recall my better days,  
 I'd go and seek thee 'mong the bowers.

Gay Bird, could I like thee forget  
 Time's changes, that my bosom wring;  
 Could genial seasons bring me health,  
 With thee I glad would hail the spring.

But though my song of joy is o'er,  
 Yet sweet to me the woodland lay;

Tho' gloom perpetual clouds my mind,  
I love to hail the morning ray.

But ah! my limbs refuse to stray,  
And gather health on hill or vale;  
Even cheerless is returning day,  
When flesh and heart both faint and fail.

---

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A LINNET.

My favourite Bird! and art thou gone!

That us'd to glad my humble cot?

With thee I never felt alone;

How wild and sweet thy native note!

Thy song would soothe and cheer,

When every other voice was rude;

Heavenly thy tones thrill'd on my ear,

And charm'd the gloom of soiltude.

Dearer to me, by far, thy lay,  
Than noisy mirth, or songs of pleasure ;  
Alone, far better spend the day,  
Than hoard and grub the worldling's treasure

Give me the joys that touch the heart,  
From nature's and from music's charms ;  
Or friendship, that but death can part,  
And frantic tear from others' arms.

Yes, favourite Bird ! I mourn thy fate,  
For ever mute thy artless tongue ;  
I view thy cage, with sad regret,  
Where late thou sat, and heavenly sung.

No more thy strains, at early morn,  
Shall wake my soul to prayer and praise ;  
No more, on pinions lightly borne,  
Shall fancy hum its wayward lays.

No more the little crumbs of bread,  
 Thou from my hand shall coy partake;  
 Thy speckled wing no more shall spread—  
 Thy eye of jet shall never wake.

The voice of music now is low—  
 Lost are the charms of harp and spinnet,  
 The violin and piano's flow—  
 Since I have lost my favourite Linnet.



### LINES,

INSCRIBED TO JAMES PORTEOUS, ESQ.

*on his enclosing his Family Burying Ground.*

'Twas well the tomb thus to enclose,  
 Where kindred dust may safe repose,  
 Free from the rude invader's tread—  
 A mansion, sacred to the dead.

'Twas well to place the lettered stone,  
 O'er which Remembrance oft will cone,  
 Or Friendship kindly shed a tear,  
 For those once lov'd and honour'd here.

Is there on earth a generous heart,  
 That would not melt when friends depart ?  
 That could refuse a marble bust,  
 Or some kind trophy o'er their dust ?  
 Or simply give their name, their age,  
 And when they left this mortal stage ?  
 Nor' add one verse of glowing rhyme,  
 To hand them down to future time ?

'Twas well to fence the hallowed mound,  
 The lonely consecrated ground,  
 That in its bosom now contains  
 A Father's—Mother's—dear remains.  
 A partner kind—a Sister's dust—  
 Receive your own one day it must;—



'Tis noble thus wealth to expend,  
And call to mind your latter end.

Let callous souls the deed deride,  
And common mass pronounce it pride ;  
Sacred the altar and the urn,  
While feelings in the bosom burn.  
Such deeds Religion high approves,  
For all her sympathies and loves:  
Recording Angels bear on high,  
The brightest archives in the sky.

Go on, my Friend, such deeds pursue,  
And other times shall speak of you ;  
Some other Bard, when I am gone,  
Shall tell your worth in sweeter tone.  
Well you deserve high panygeric,  
The boldest efforts of the lyric ;  
Ah ! such a task the Muse declines—  
Accept these few prosaic lines.

## LINES,

ON HEARING OF THE REDUCTION OF THE PRICE OF  
WHISKY.

Ye labouring classes, fret no more,  
But at your work be frisky ;  
For when ye're tired, or drap at e'en,  
Ye may have routh of Whisky.

Let fractious souls indulge in spleen,  
Or prudence preach 'tis risky ;  
Commend me to a generous sip  
Of care-dispelling Whisky.

Let beaux delight to shew their airs,  
Or dandy fops to busk aye ;  
More manly far the generous joys  
Of soul-elating Whisky.

Then could I climb the Indian heights,  
Or wade the Bay of Biscay ;

O for the tongue of ROBERT BURNS,  
To tell the feats of Whisky.

The other night, in friendship's round,  
I gave The Beauteous MISS KAY—  
The toast was drunk with three times three,  
Because it rhymed with Whisky.

The other day the fickle muse,  
Would fain have play'd a plisky,  
I tried her with a sovereign cure,  
And woo'd her back with Whisky.

And now, when e'er I find her shy,  
Or wayward, dull, or flisky;  
I then apply the other sip  
Of all-inspiring Whisky.

They said, yestreen, when I came hame,  
“It was both cold and dusky;”

To me the sky seem'd in a blaze,  
Such fairy charms has Whisky.

Then wonder not I sing her praise,  
That makes me glad and brisk aye;  
Let lords drink wine, hoc, or champagne,  
Give me good, strong, cheap Whisky.

---

ON THE PRIMROSE.

HAIL ! lovely flower, of golden hue,  
With leaves all silver'd o'er with dew ;  
On mountain's side or valley seen,  
Midst daisies wild, or mossy green.

At sight of thee, O rose of spring !  
The songsters spread again their wing ;  
And flit among the woodland groves,  
And softly woo their little loves ;  
While nature opes her flowry charms,  
Instinctive love the bosom warms.

O flower ! like thine is mortal doom,  
An early spring,—an early tomb ;  
But chief like thee, O genius wild !  
Misfortune's strange and hapless child ;  
Too like the snow-drop and primrose,  
A prey to every storm that blows,  
Yet early blooming fresh and fair,  
In bloom when every flower is rare.

No wonder then I love thee rose,  
And mark the spot thou lowly grows ;  
It calls to mind the genius poor,  
Unshelter'd, friendless, and obscure,  
Yet blooming in the chilling shade,  
Its humble beauties there displayed,  
Remote, perhaps, from vulgar gaze,  
But far above the Poet's praise.

Then early flower, in beauty shine :  
The sweets of spring too, once were mine ;

But all its joys are fled away,  
 And life's a bleak and wintry day;  
 O'er me the spring has lost its power;  
 Farewell! my sweet and favourite Flower.

---

LINES,

ON THE SUDDEN REVERSE OF FORTUNE AND LOSS  
 OF HEALTH.

WHEN but a boy, beside the ingle,  
 They told me ills came seldom single.  
 My much lov'd mother oft would say,  
 That life was like a wintry day;  
 At morn, perhaps, a cloudless sky,  
 But long ere eve rude tempests fly,  
 And crowded in one little hour,  
 A gleam, a cloud, a hailstone shower;  
 Portending thus the thousand ills,  
 That misery's cup for ever fills.  
 O'er who of mortals wandering here,  
 Does fortune's star aye twinkle clear?

Mine lately was the comet's blaze,  
 But ah ! how faded now its rays,  
 With scarce one gleam to break the gloom,  
 Or light me wretched to the tomb.  
 What mortals think is hard to bear,  
 What only wrings the miser's tear ;  
 What costs ambition many a sigh,  
 And brings man low that once was high :  
 The loss of wealth I could endure,  
 Content to live and die obscure.

I could have left my father's dome,  
 And, pilgrim, wander far from home ;  
 Instead of being sumptuous fed,  
 How sweet to me the coarsest bread ;  
 No longer warm or gaily dress'd,  
 Or on the downy pillow press'd ;  
 Some tatter'd garb I could have wore,  
 Or stretch me on the earthen floor ;  
 These ills I could have nobly borne,  
 With Christian hope, or Stoic scorn ;

By wants, privations, such as those,  
 My daring spirit higher rose;  
 But ah! one sudden palsyng stroke,  
 My frame unnerv'd, my spirit broke;  
 Now hopeless, to disease a prey,  
 I wretched linger life away.

If I had wealth, of what avail,  
 When heart and flesh now faint and fail,  
 It only weds to objects dear,  
 And makes our parting more severe;  
 Now wholly from attachments free,  
 I launch into eternity;  
 That unexplor'd and shoreless sea,  
 That rolls between new worlds and me.  
 Short-sighted man! then cease to moan,  
 'Tis well thy ills come not alone,  
 It saves thee many a dying groan.  
 Then meekly kiss heaven's heaviest load,  
 What is it but a strong attracter to thy God



## STANZAS ON DECEMBER.

DECEMBER ! wintry month, all hail !

Cheerless I give thy storms to song ;

Fearless on life's rough sea I sail—

And pass its shoals and gulphs among.

Where now the sky of cloudless blue ?

Where now the gentle gales of spring ?

Oh ! where the flowers of golden hue,

That round their heavenly odours fling ?

How gelid frost binds up the streams,

Where crystal waters us'd to flow ;

And strange, though near the sunny beams,

They now have lost their genial glow.

Where are the trees, and desolate the plains,

Nature appears in sad dishevelled plight ;

Among the woods and lawns deep silence reigns,

And distant hills put on their robes of white.

In vain the ear lists for some woodland tone,  
 The eye rolls languid o'er the prospect drear  
 Nature, like me, seems desert and alone,  
 No voice to gladden, and no scene to cheer.

Even dark December once had joys for me,  
 Happy its pastimes on the frozen deep ;  
 The Curlers' sports then filled my heart with g  
 Or Skaiters' joys, with rapid mazy sweep,

Then health was mine ; I tasted human bliss ;  
 Success in business, friendship's social glow ;  
 And, what on earth is purest happiness,  
 Domestic joys, the sweetest far below !

Then HELEN liv'd, I tasted joys divine,  
 Pure wedded love, and children's heavenly su  
 In wintry eve such transports once were mine,  
 Years fled, nor wanted pleasures to beguile.

at home, abroad, within the torched hall,  
 heeded not December's shortened day ;  
 friendship's circle, or in crowded ball,  
 Gaily I pass'd the wintry hours away.

Now changed my state ! companionless I mourn,  
 and give my sorrows to the piercing air ;  
 my days are dreary, and my nights forlorn,  
 I seek the grave, a refuge from despair.

Oh let me rest, insensible to storms,  
 Enjoy the calm, deep silence of the tomb,  
 and hide with brother and with sister worms,  
 Nor fear its sullen and its dismal gloom.

For seven long years I wandered wretched here,  
 Adversity's rude storms obliged to brave ;  
 My kinsfolk sighed, or shed a pitying tear,—  
 I seek me brothers, sisters, in the grave.

## THE EDITOR'S ADDRESS,

FOR THE CONCLUSION OF THE ELEVENTH VOLUME  
OF THE AYRSHIRE MISCELLANY.

WITH your aid, my Subscribers, again I have striv'<sup>d</sup>  
To bring to an issue my Volume Eleven;  
Say, shall my work stop at a Number so odd?  
This wholly depends on the manner you nod;  
Should you nod with a smile, or nod with a frown  
If the first, it goes on; if the last, it goes down.

I need not then long on your patience transgress,  
On your favour are built all my hopes of success.  
I have tried for to please you with prose and with  
rhyme,

And devoted to you every moment of time.  
But if after all my Work won't succeed,  
I'll burn all my scraps, and break my lov'd reed;  
I'll hie far away, from the sweet haunts of men,  
Nor ever again use a pencil or pen;  
Or down to the vale of obscurity sink,  
And give a last ditty to paper and ink.

if that my labours the public still prize,  
 I firmly support, or kind patronize,  
 shall be my humble and anxious endeavour  
 to shew myself grateful, and merit such favour;  
 to write something new in rhyme or in prose  
 to add to the fame of my Weekly Expose.

you, Correspondents, I yet must rely;  
 send me a constant and weekly supply;  
 say, Story, or Ode.—send me every thing new,  
 and sometimes be pleased to hand a Review;  
 do not shew not the teeth nor the throat of the shark,  
 nor, like some vile cur incessantly bark;  
 be liberal and feeling, and manly always,  
 backward to censure, and forward to praise.

I now, for the present, to finish my rhymes,  
 add but a sentence regarding the times:  
 indeed they are bad, but I hope they'll improve,  
 and all classes yet dwell in friendship and love.

The Radicals now must perceive their delusion,  
 Nor dare to involve this fair isle in confusion;  
 Thus commerce shall flourish, as oft heretofore,  
 And feuds of sedition, rebellion be o'er;  
 While freedom and science shall join hand in hand  
 And for ever abide in our dear native land.

---

MORNING SOLILOQUY.

YE mispent moments of my gayer years,  
 For ever fled, regreted oft with tears;  
 O could I but these days and hours redeem,  
 That I have wasted, lost by pleasure's stream;  
 When keen I sip'd the deleterious draught,  
 Sweet to the taste, with bitter anguish fraught;  
 Or tried the fearful whirl, or muddy wave,  
 Where, once ingulphed, an angel could not save.  
 But now its banks, and bowers, and luring songs,  
 With all the witchery of its syren tongues,  
 Delight no more, they pall upon the taste,  
 The spell is broke; 'tis all a dreary waste.

morning dreams I hear fell thunder storms,  
 see the lightning gleam 'mong pallid forms,  
 victims of pleasure, murderers of time,  
 torn with disease, cut down in early prime.  
 Among the group I heard a voice exclaim,  
 "\*\*\*\*\*, beware !" distinct was call'd my name :  
 Behold your late companions on the earth,  
 lovers of pleasure, and the sons of mirth ;  
 they know you still, altho' unknown to you,  
 for death hath wholly chang'd their fleshly hue ;  
 they love you still, and fain would warning give,  
 to value time, while spared yet to live.  
 Tho' but allowed to speak to you in dreams,  
 wild tho' their tone, and frightful are their screams ;  
 yet mark their visits well, by Heaven design'd,  
 to call a dread futurity to mind."

## STANZAS.

It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.

BETTER to mourn with those that mourn,  
 Far from the busy throng,  
 Than drink of pleasure's poisoned cup,  
 And join the drunkard's song.

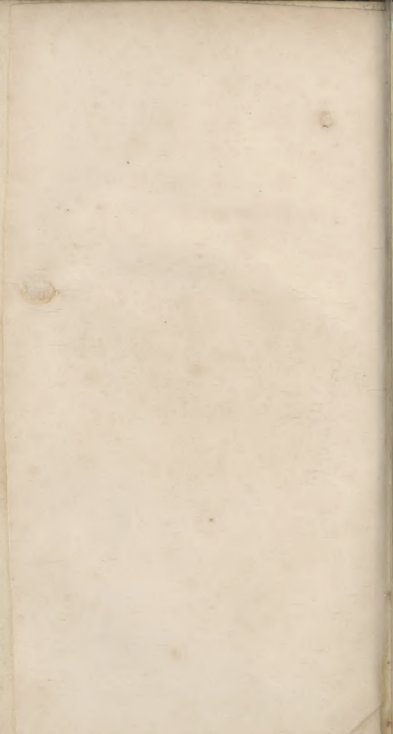
Better to join in pity's wail,  
 In tears that seek relief,  
 Than do like lordlings of the earth,  
 Who fly from scenes of grief.

Better to weep with those that weep,  
 In dark affliction's vale,  
 Than time mispent, and grace despis'd,  
 For ever to bewail.

The song may please, the banquet cheer,—  
 But soon their charms are o'er;  
 And faints the heart, and aches the head,  
 Where pleasures thrill'd before.







Not so the tender sympathies,  
    Ennobling to the mind,  
That raise the soul from earth to Heaven,  
    Nor leave one sting behind.

The feast—the song—the joys of sense—  
    Scarce last a short-liv'd day ;  
And all the pleasures here on earth,  
    Like visions, pass away.

Then let poor man, the child of dust,  
    To house of mourning go ;  
And learn to share of others' griefs,  
    While wandering here below.

And visit oft the lonely house  
    Where dying man is laid :  
Behold him writhe, and hear him groan,  
    Till nature's debt is paid :

Or see distracted woman weep,  
 Her breast with anguish tore,  
 Or wildly cling to clay-cold corpse,  
 And kiss it o'er and o'er :

Or hear a widowed mother wail  
 Her lost, her only son ;  
 Her only support here on earth,  
 Now friendless and alone.

Such scenes as these may nature move,  
 And bitter tears may flow ;  
 'Tis thus that virtues high improve—  
 By tears they rapid flow.

---

LINES,

ON VISITING MY FAMILY BURYING-GROUND.

YE mansions of the lowly dead !  
 The spot I love—the spot I dread :

Alike engendering hopes and fears,  
But sacred still to friendship's tears ;  
Where round the grass luxuriant waves,  
I'll lightly tread the land of graves.

Sepulchral honours, none are here,  
That fill with awe or start a tear ;  
Even yonder plain once lettered stone,  
Worn down by time, is almost gone,  
An emblem true of those below,  
The joys of spring that never know ;  
But, robb'd of all their mortal charms,  
Lie mouldering in corruption's arms.  
And tho' along the cheerless ground,  
No motto'd stone marks out each mound.  
Their names the weeping muse can tell,  
And memory here delights to dwell.

Wife of my youth ! thy grave is green,  
No noxious weed nor nettle seen ;

Pure as the flower among the heath,  
 So once wast thou that lies beneath  
 Or mountain rose in genial clime,  
 Its core consum'd just in its prime,  
 Its leaves all scattered in the wind,  
 And buds unshelter'd left behind.  
 As o'er thy grave I trembling bend,  
 Heaven knows the pangs my bosom rend,  
 And fain would nature seek relief,  
 And pour its flood of briny grief.  
 Ah ! settled sorrow sheds no tears,  
 Her's not the wail of days, but years ;  
 An angel's voice could not console,  
 She loves to hear the curfew toll ;  
 No ray of hope her breast illumes,  
 She loves to dwell among the tombs.

MARGARET, first born, angelic were thy charms,  
 Untimely wrested from thy parent's arms ;  
 Thy mother's idol for five fleeting years,  
 As long bewail'd with fond maternal tears ;

She could not long sustain the dreadful shock,  
 Her frame decay'd her gentle spirit broke.  
 Methinks her voice now echoes from the tomb,  
 O Margaret! Margaret! to thy arms I come;  
 My fault'ring tongue can't multiply requests,  
 But lay me, lay me where my Margaret rests.

Ye lonely dwellers in the narrow house,  
 The voice of sorrow fain would you arouse;  
 O no, enjoy death's night of sweet repose,  
 And to oblivion give earth's cares and woes;  
 Renew'd again like flowers that deck the spring,  
 Or birds long mute, that wake again and sing;  
 The face of beauty shall no more grow pale,  
 Nor judgment err, nor powers of mem'ry fail;  
 The voice of sorrow shall be heard no more,  
 But rapture burn,—imagination soar.

Immortal now! man with ennobled powers,  
 Shall lingering muse amidst celestial bowers;

There ransom'd millions shall for ever rove,  
 With tongues all music, and with hearts all love;  
 Or wander where the living waters run,  
 Or bask eternal 'neath a glorious sun;  
 Or seek that tree which heaven to man forbade,  
 With fruit delicious and refreshing shade.  
 Anticipation fain would point the view,  
 Where friends again their loves and joys renew;  
 But can the pencil paint, or pen express,  
 That bliss supreme, that heaven of happiness,  
 When parents, children, wives and husbands meet,  
 And o'er and o'er their wondrous tales repeat,  
 Since that dark hour the spirit upwards fled,  
 Or body sunk into death's clay-cold bed?  
 Enough—even fancy bold declines the scene,  
 Futurity's dark veil yet hangs between,  
 Mysterious grave,—yet not mysterious long,  
 For soon I'll join the subjects of my song;  
 Some humble rhymer may my tomb engrave,  
*Here lies a pilgrim wearied for the grave.*



## REFLECTIONS,

AFTER BEING REFRESHED WITH A SOUND SLEEP.

WELL! gentle Sleep: if death be but like this,  
 'Tis but a night, a long, long night of bliss,  
 Of pleasant dreams, of deep and sweet repose,  
 When nature gives oblivion to her woes;  
 When springs renewed, ennobled, and refresh'd,  
 With all the graces of an angel dress'd,  
 No more to fade or wither in the tomb,  
 But still to flourish in perpetual bloom.

After slumbering for a few short hours,  
 The body feels refresh'd in all its powers;  
 How the sleep of death what must it be,  
 When unencumbered with mortality.  
 Tho' this strong frame no more shall langour creep,  
 And in forgetfulness the senses steep;  
 The active limbs shall ne'er require repose,  
 The beaming eye again shall never close;

But fix'd in high devotion shall adore,  
 And all the powers of mind intensely pore ;  
 No preeious moment lost, or spent in vain,  
 What saered height may reason yet attain ;  
 While fancy wings her rapid daring flight,  
 Thro' realms of love, and everlasting light.

Hail ! glorious world, beyond the verge of time,  
 Serene, salubrious, and enchanting elime,  
 Among whose fields life's river winding strays,  
 And o'er whose streams the gentle zephyrs plays,  
 Along its banks no withering shrub is seen,  
 But woods and hills, and vales of ever-green ;  
 'Transplanted there the flowers of Eden grow,  
 And all the odours of Arabia blow ;  
 'Mong scenes like these shall ransom'd millions rove,  
 And taste the raptures of eternal love ;  
 Nor shall they feel fatigue, or ever tire,  
 Or intervals of rest, or sleep require.  
 'These are immortal joys, pure and refin'd,  
 And all that once was mortal left behind ;

man, fool and coward he who fears to die,  
 'tis the road to immortality;  
 wonder not death's sleep be sound and long,  
 after comes a never-ending song;  
 song which yields new transport and delight,  
 shining ranks of saints and angels bright.

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### MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

WHY do I restless wake, when others sleep,  
 Or pass the hours in sad foreboding dreams,  
 Or on my pillow toss and silent weep,  
 Or start convuls'd in wild and frightful screams?  
 Exhausted nature courts, but courts in vain,  
 One little hour of calm and sweet repose;  
 but what can ease the anxious breast of pain,  
 Wounded by conscience, sharpen'd stings and  
 [throes?

I know I injur'd health, I murder'd time,  
 In folly's path, in pleasure's giddy round :  
 And search the long black catalogue of crime,  
 Fouler than those misdeeds none can be found.

I know that folly's sons will thoughtless sneer,  
 And call my verses idle cant and whine ;  
 But in what different light would things appear,  
 Was their condition sadly chang'd like mine.

And yet, adversity, I own thee friend,  
 Though thou hast blasted all my joys on earth,  
 Altho' my bosom oftimes thou didst rend,  
 And into sorrow turn'd my songs of mirth.

But yet in compensation for this loss,  
 I tasted sweet retirement's pure delights ;  
 And long have learned to bear about my cross,  
 And trudg'd my way up to perfection's heights.

Thus too I learn'd these passions to subdue,  
 Which nature had implanted strong and wild,  
 And as the scenes of pleasure all withdrew,  
 The vale of virtue yet more sweetly smil'd.

To humble my sphere, I've learn'd to be content,  
 I hold a feast upon the coarsest fare ;  
 All well I know my days are nearly spent,  
 And for the things of time I little care.

Had I but one to whom my heart had clung,  
 And who in adverse days had been sincere ;  
 No parting pang had yet my bosom wrung,  
 I had not left the world without a tear.

But fate to me has such a friend denied,  
 Even fled the favourites of my early youth ;  
 Adversity hath long since prov'd and try'd,  
 Their hearts, devoid of sympathy and truth.

In this strange land what's left me but a grave!

The last sure refuge of the poor oppress'd;

Where ends the bondage of the toil-worn slave,

And all earth's weary pilgrims are at rest.

Then hail thou land of silence and of shade,

Thy dark confines I tread without alarm:

'Tis not to die, but live, I am afraid,

O Grave! enclose me in thy friendly arms!

#### ON SEEING A BEEHIVE.

Go, winged insect, go pursue thy way,

And roam for nature's sweets from flow'r to flow'r,

Enjoy thy warm and cloudless summer day,

Nor give to sloth one shining precious hour.

For soon the rain may beat—the storm may blow,

And force thee back again to seek thy hive;

stant force thy labours to forego,  
 and nature's bloom a weary waste survive.

me ! my sky was cloudless once like thine,  
 at, as the fly, I danc'd by pleasure's stream ;  
 less, I thought my sun would ever shine,  
 and life pass on, like some gay pleasant dream.

ighted insect, had I been like thee,  
 et had buzz'd in pleasure's flow'ry vale ;  
 joys of health had not yet fled from me,  
 ost to the fragrant and refreshing gale.

linnet sings and builds upon the spray,  
 he flowers give nectar to the wand'ring Bee :  
 ons of insects dance their time away—  
 ature has charms and joys for all, but me.

as the Bee, I once too had my store—  
 omestic comforts, friendship's sweets, were mine;

But long these days of splendour have been o'er,  
 In honour's gay attire no more I shine.

But, like the drone, an outcast now am I,  
 Or reptile low, that hides it in the earth ;  
 Or wretch reduc'd, that loves to live and die,  
 Far from the land and spot that gave him birth.

---

### ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

DARK dreary months, ye once unheeded came,  
 Tho' cold and piercing was the wintry air,  
 It proved a bracer to my active frame,  
 No day of gloom weigh'd down my heart with care

The sun might rise in clouds, or set in storms,  
 The stars be lost amidst the arch on high,  
 Nature to me had no ill-boding forms,  
 Alike, a troubled and a placid sky.



These were my healthful, yet my heedless years,  
When folly, passion, had unbridled range ;  
But now I sojourn in the vale of tears,  
And feel the bleak and bitter blasts of change.

Winter ! I hear thee on the northern gale,  
I see thee wrinkled on the leaf-stript tree,  
I feel thee icicled with frost and hail,  
All these are sad memorials to me.

The shorten'd day, the evening's lengthen'd gloom,  
The midnight darkness, and the frightful dream.  
Forebode the fearful region of the tomb,  
Where light shall never dart one cheering gleam.

Such scenes as those now fancy's powers engage,  
And there she wings her strange and wayward flight,  
But oft times starts beyond this mortal stage,  
And seeks a land of everlasting light.

For far beyond the dark confines of time,  
 ('Tis not the poet's idly foolish dream;)
   
There lies a bright and ever genial clime,  
 There rolls a pure, perennial, gladdening stream.

There, after life's rude winter, let me rest,  
 And taste the pleasures of eternal spring;  
 By living waters sit and be refresh'd,  
 While round me flow'rs their sweetest odours fling.

Frigid no more, devotion's breast shall glow,  
 And reason ponder with ennobled pow'rs,  
 And strains of rapture never cease to flow,  
 While love shall linger in celestial bow'rs.

Whate'er is mild in clime, or pure in air,  
 The healthful gale, the zephyrs' sweet perfume  
 Ye tribes on high, shall one day be your share,  
 And youth and beauty wear eternal bloom.

## LINES,

WRITTEN ON A DAY LATE IN SEPTEMBER.

MARK how the clouds, and chilling is the breeze,  
 The hills and vales put off their robe of green,  
 The withering leaves thick fall among the trees,  
 In vain we search where flow'ry blooms have been.

No more the genial shower or balmy dew,  
 The hoar-frost glitters on the fading grass ;  
 Instead of southern winds that softly blew,  
 They howl and whistle as they angry pass.

The insect tribes forsake the chilling air,  
 No humming bee or gaudy painted fly ;  
 The chirping swallows now in flocks prepare  
 To wing their way to some more genial sky.

We have no more crows in the ridgy lee,  
 Or nibbles sweet among the standing corn ;  
 The partridge, plover, snipe, and wild-duck flee,  
 The dreaded gun, or sportsman's wakeful horn.

Silent the voice of birds in woodland grove,  
Save but the Redbreast on the willow tree ;  
Tho' lonely sad the former scenes to rove,  
Her dirge is sweetly pleasing ay to me.

Perchance unheeded by the vulgar crowd,  
To me such music has a warning tone ;  
I hear a voice affecting, thrilling, loud,  
O man ! O man ! thy summer days are gone.

Could I, like thee, but spend my autumn's close  
Cheerful at eve, awake at early morn,  
In song, I'd give oblivion to my woes,  
Nor ever feel neglected or forlorn.

But ah ! there's something rankles in this breast,  
This anxious wounded care-worn heart of mine  
That ever robs me of my ease and rest,  
No pang like this is ever felt in thine.

is the season when reflection gives  
 Her sacred ode, or flowing strains of praise,  
 Him who cares for every thing that lives,  
 How vast, how kind, and wondrous are his ways.

earth's remotest verge the seasons change,  
 And autumn crowns them with her golden store;  
 The subject mocks imagination's range,  
 Short-sighted man, be silent, and adore!

---

### TO MY LAMP.

THOU little glimmering useful taper,  
 O'er thee the Muse had many a caper;  
 Why then her efforts should I cramp,  
 To sing my little oily lamp?

Oft have I placed thee on the table,  
 When nights were stormy, cold and sable;

Nor ever thought I to decamp,  
Till star of day outshone my lamp.

When silence held her reign of gloom,  
Still fearful, solemn as the tomb,  
I started at the Postboy's tramp,  
To trim my little fading lamp.

Companion of my lonely hours,  
And now a theme for fancy's powers,  
E'en let her take her wayward ramp,  
And tell about my little lamp.

When poring o'er the midnight oil,  
Can I forget the Poet's toil—  
His mansion cold, obscure and damp—  
And nought to cheer, but glimmering lamp?

Me thinks, perhaps, thy feeble flame  
May yet light up the torch of fame,

If so, this will for ever stamp  
Eternal value on my lamp.

And yet there is a presage dire,  
My taper loses fast its fire,  
Like one engulfed in fearful swamp,  
Down sinks, and dies, my favourite lamp.

---

IMPROMPTU,

*On hearing my Little Child singing an Artless  
Hymn, in Honour of King George the Fourth.*

How pure is loyalty in that young breast!  
It calls to mind the homage of the blest,  
When sweet devotion glad her offering brings,  
And wakes her anthem to the King of Kings.  
Yes; early learn to lisp the Monarch's name,  
That now stands highest on the roll of fame,  
For all the virtues that should Kings adorn,  
And all the splendour of one earthly born.

Remember, child, thy station here is low ;  
 To higher ranks then great deference show ;  
 Not passive tameness of the crouching slave,  
 But with good manners and respect behave.  
 Let no unruly thought thy breast disturb,  
 But give the passions wild an early curb ;  
 In politics let meddling mortals dabble,  
 Envy the great, or factious stir the rabble ;  
 Mind thou some useful, daily occupation,  
 And live contented in an humble station.

Who knows, but gracious Heaven may yet incline,  
 Great GEORGE the good to notice me or mine ?  
 If so, my child, thou oft shall grateful sing  
 “ Long live His Majesty — God save the King ! ”

---

VERSES, TO JAMES PORTEOUS, Esq.  
*Written January 1st 1824.*

AGAIN, my generous friend, I hail you !  
 May no bleak storm of life assail you ;



Begin and end the year in plenty,  
May every pound increase to twenty.

In dark December, cold and rude,  
When nature seems in angry mood,  
'Twas then you kindly thought on me,  
Your bosom glowed with sympathy.

Blow on, ye storms; I'm now prepared—  
For friendship's generous boon I shared—  
Not given with a sparing hand,  
But fit for highest in the land.

Riches on you are well bestow'd,  
And glad am I they copious flow'd;  
Your deeds of love have won renown,  
And sainted poor prepare your crown.

Not a fading, fragile wreath,  
That's blighted by death's withering breath;

But one of sweet immortal flowers,  
From heavenly Eden's blooming bowers.

Long civic honours may you wear,  
And still with modesty them bear ;  
A pattern to the vain and proud,  
The idol of the passing crowd.

Year after year increase in worth,  
May virtues send new blossoms forth,  
Or yield their rich autumnal store,  
To feed and bless the hungry poor.

When bent beneath a weight of years,  
May rich man's smiles and poor man's tears,  
Assuage the pains of drooping age,  
And render blest her latest stage.

Such fate be yours, my generous friend,  
As through the vale of life you bend ;

If prayers of mine can aught avail,  
 While throbs my breast they'll never fail.

---

STANZAS.

"Truly the light is sweet, and it is a glorious thing for the eyes to  
 behold the light of the sun."

es, sweet is Light unto the wakeful eye,  
 That wildly rolls around the bed of pain,  
 Then 'midst the gloom a thousand spectres fly,  
 The frightful visions of the fevered brain.

ow sweet is Light, unto the eye of grief,  
 When sleep in vain her downy pinion shakes,  
 Then bath'd in briny tears it seeks relief,  
 And o'er departed joys remembrance wakes.

ter a night of gloom, when breaks the day,  
 And dance the sun-beams on the see-green wave,  
 A darkness fled—the seamen bear away,  
 Fearless of shipwrecks or a watery grave.

Beneath a starless sky, faint and astray,  
 Sweet to the traveller is the rising morn ;  
 Or emigrant, on ocean's trackless way,  
 For ever from his friends and country torn.

Ye sons of sloth, who never brush'd the lawn,  
 Or heard the morn'ing bird its notes attune ;  
 To hail the blushes of the early dawn,  
 Ah ! lost to you is nature's richest boon.

Thank Heaven, of all the ills I here have borne,  
 (And Heaven best knows full many I have shar'd,)  
 Altho' my cheek, my eye, with grief is worn,  
 Yet vision's powers are bright and unimpaired.

The vaulted sky, the landscape's varied scene,  
 The distant mountain-tops all ting'd with gold,  
 The hills, the valleys, and the woods in green,  
 These yet in extacy may I behold.

ut ah ! depriv'd of health, can nature smile,  
 To one, the lingering victim of disease ?  
 prey to thought, what now can time beguile,  
 Or set the aching bursting heart at ease ?

---

## THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED AT THE CLOSE OF A WINTER DAY.

AND now another day is past,  
 With many a rude and stormy blast ;  
 With many a sleeting pelting shower,  
 And many a dull and dreary hour.  
 Such, long to me, this life hath been,  
 A dark and cheerless wintry scene,  
 No object to enchant the eye,  
 A wading sun—a misty sky ;  
 The hills and vallies bleak and bare,  
 No song of joy in earth or air.

O'er such a scene I oft-times cone,  
 Till twilight's lingering rays are gone ;  
 In vain I turn my eyes on high,  
 To view a bright and gemmed sky ;  
 Shades deep and dark enclose me round,  
 'Tis night with all her gloom profound ;  
 I see the forked lightning's gleam,  
 I hear the rapid rushing stream,  
 The bird of night sends forth her moan,  
 I tremble as I sit alone.

As magic-struck, a dark cloud veers,  
 And, lo ! the evening star appears ;  
 Thus, hope hath oft illum'd my breast,  
 Weigh'd down with grief, or care opprest ;  
 A gleam of joy, a burst of tears,  
 Alternate shade and light our years.  
 Then who would wish long to remain,  
 In this strange land of doubt and pain?  
 Thrice welcome grave, retreat from ill,  
 Where all the storms of life are still.

## THE SNOW-DROP.

THE other day I went to view  
 The lonely spot where flowerets grew,  
 Ah ! only one was left to grow,  
 The little Flower among the snow.

Nipt by the frost at early morn,  
 It dangles yet its head in scorn;  
 In spite of all the storms that blow,  
 Up springs the Flower among the snow.

Tho' every other stem is gone,  
 This little blossom opes alone:  
 Too oft like genius here below,  
 This lonely Flower among the snow.

And modesty, that heavenly flower,  
 That blooms so sweet in virtue's bower,  
 With downcast grace devoid of show,  
 How like the Flower among the snow.

Even virtue's self, neglected, poor,  
Must many a bitter storm endure,  
And pine, obscure, in station low,  
Scarce seen, like Flower among the snow.

Let Poets praise the lily pale,  
And hail her queen amidst the vale ;  
The muse delights to melt and glow,  
O'er the sweet Flower among the snow.

Let others prize carnation hues,  
Or mossy rose all gemm'd with dews,  
Such tints may please the belle or beau,  
Give me the Flower among the snow.

I lov'd it in my early days,  
And still am lavish in its praise ;  
For man, poor man, the child of woe,  
Is like the Flower among the snow.



But, if beneath a wintry sky,  
 The powers of spring yet cease to die,  
 In hope and joy I'll oft-times go,  
 And hail the Flower among the snow.

---

## ON SEEING

## A PURSE-PROUD IGNORANT MAN.

Oh! son of earth, why dost thou strut so proud,  
 And glance contemptuous on the passing crowd;  
 Is it because thou stor'st some golden dust?  
 It is not thine—thou has it but in trust,  
 Not to be vain, was wealth to mortals given,  
 The most precarious gift of gracious Heaven;  
 Out rather far the bosom to expand,  
 With all the graces and the virtues bland;  
 To make the eye, the heart, to pity prone,  
 When sorrow wails, or misery gives her groan;  
 To refine the manners, elevate the soul,  
 And link to brother man from pole to pole.

Oh ! had but wealth on earth this blest effect,  
 There's none would grudge the rich man due respect  
 But who its tendency would not deplore,  
 When us'd to grind the faces of the poor. ;

'Tis strange the pleasure some men ever find,  
 To tyrannize and lord it o'er their kind ;  
 To see them labour, toil, and sweat, and bend,  
 From early dawn until the sun descend,  
 Set, red with blushes, at those guilty deeds  
 O'er which humanity for ever bleeds.

Thou wretched churl, with all thy golden store,  
 And though it was ten thousand times much more,  
 I would not give the philanthropic glow  
 For all the pleasures riches can bestow.  
 Inglorious wealth—perhaps ill-gotten gain,  
 That stings the heart, and often turns the brain,  
 Before thou diest, with all thy haughty air,  
 I yet may see thee abject in despair ;

wretched wanderer, meagre, wan and pale,  
 In dark affliction's bleak and cheerless vale,  
 Without one friend thy trembling steps to guide,  
 A monument of disappointed pride.

---

### MUSINGS IN OCTOBER.

OCTOBER winds blow sharp and strong,  
 The clouds veer thro' an angry sky,  
 The muddy torrent rolls along,  
 And scarce a bird is seen to fly.

Yet on the spray sweet Robin sings,  
 His cheerful notes give fancy range,  
 He shakes the rain-drops from his wings  
 And lirts insensible to change.

O could I careless hear the blast,  
 Or placid see the torrent roll ;  
 Could I but smile when sky's o'er-cast,  
 And lightnings dart from pole to pole,

O'er nature's wreck I ceaseless mourn,  
Her blighted scenes I love to trace,  
Too like this bosom, wounded, torn,  
This frame robb'd of its manly grace.

Sometimes the darkest sky will clear,  
The leafless tree will bud again;  
The withering flowers new blooms shall wear,  
And plants and shrubs adorn the plain.

But when shall spring return to me?

Ah! never in this earth below;

Hail! land of immortality!

Where storms of time shall cease to blow.

Be there my hopes, and there my joys,

Anticipation's visions sweet,

Far from ambition's maddening noise,

Till death shall sound the grand retreat.

Then farewell, change—and farewell, tears—

Ye ne'er shall wound this breast again ;

And farewell doubts, and farewell fears,

My spirit treats you with disdain.

The rich man's sneer, the haughty's scorn,

The vulgar taunts of low and mean,

In this strange region have I borne,

And long companionless have been.

Not so in yonder bright abode !

Where rich and poor together meet ,

And humbly bend before their God,

With hymns and songs divinely sweet !

This task be mine through endless years,

I'll patient bear the storms of time ;

And joyful leave this vale of tears,

To breathe a mild celestial clime.

## THE WISH.

'TWAS all I ask'd from Heaven a faithful friend,  
 One who would mutual borrow; cheerful lend;  
 To sympathise with sorrow, soothe in care,  
 And all my little pains and pleasures share:  
 With temper equal, manners mild and sweet,  
 With look and language modest and discreet;  
 A solid judgment, and a well-stor'd mind,  
 A vigorous fancy, and a taste refin'd.  
 Who could with ease and elegance rehearse  
 The favourite piece, in prose or flowing verse.  
 Thus pass away the leisure hours of life,  
 Remote from bustle and the worldling's strife.

This friend I sought, but such I never found,  
 In all the wand'rings of life's weary round.  
 Faithless to me have been even kindred near,  
 And broken vows have cost me many a tear.

When hear experience' verdict of the past,  
 Friendship on earth is never form'd to last;  
 The slightest accident will mak' it cool,  
 And holds up man a selfish cred'lous fool.

And I a trumpet, loud as that of fame,  
 Shall tell that friendship is an empty name;  
 An empty name in this degenerate age,  
 When callous selfishness is all the rage.  
 Where now the love of kindred and of clan,  
 That link'd as one the family of man;  
 When even the trivial circumstance of name,  
 That once would love and jealousy enflame,  
 No longer swell'd the bosom with affection's tide,  
 And love of kindred was a nation's pride.  
 These days are gone—accursed thirst of gold  
 Has chang'd a race warm-hearted—but now cold.

Go for Malvina's harp ! or Ossian's lyre,  
 To stir the ashes of our father's fire ;

Then might these simple, happier days, return,  
 When friendship pure shall in the bosom buru;  
 When love would hie her to the earth again,  
 And hold an endless undivided reign.

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LINES

TO WILLIAM FAIRLIE, ESQ.

HAIL! Killie's son, and Killie's honour,  
 Killie's friend and Killie's donor;  
 His match, indeed, you'll meet but rarely,  
 I scarce need say his name is FAIRLIE.

Of brothers three, ah! two are gone,  
 For them was heard the poor man's moan;  
 The weeping muse bewail'd them sairly,  
 And sad repeats the name of FAIRLIE.

O never part your *gude Scotch name*,  
 And put your native town to shame;



Should GEORDIE make you Lord or Earlie,  
 Be sure and no forget you're FAIRLIE.

Your virtues may your race inherit,  
 And ay be friends to modest merit ;  
 'Tis needless long to make a parley,  
 May Killie never want a FAIRLIE.

First of a new and noble line,  
 In riches roll—in honours shine,  
 Such is my wish—my prayer sincerely,  
 For you and all the race of FAIRLIE.

---

### ON THE CUCKOO.

HERALD of spring ! where hast thou been,  
 I long again to hear thy voice ;  
 Behold ! the woods and fields are green,  
 And all the feather'd tribes rejoice.

'Tis true the Blackbird's notes are sweet,  
 When warbled thro' the woodland groves,  
 As echo oft the tunes repeat,  
 When wooing soft their sooty loves.

The notes of Thrush are wild and shrill,  
 At dewy eve or blushing morn ;  
 The Linnet's voice is sweeter still,  
 On verdant spray, or blossom'd thorn.

These all salute us day by day,  
 And o'er and o'er their anthems sing ;  
 Not so the Cuckoo's curious lay,  
 Her voice is only heard in spring.

Attended by thy little page,  
 Thou flits by some enbowering wood,  
 No parent cares thy hours engage,  
 She builds thy nest, and rears thy brood.

Thus free to rove is thy delight,  
 Quite careless of the change of time ;  
 When tir'd again thou wingst thy flight  
 To some more mild and genial clime.

With mate and friend like thee I'd fly,  
 And fearless thro' creation roam ;  
 Nor care inclement air or sky,  
 And every spot would be a home.

Thus, song might tedious hours beguile,  
 And hope, my path with roses strew ;  
 And summer shed perpetual smile,  
 As o'er the happy, gay Cuckoo.

Ah ! no, the thought is idly vain,  
 No change of time can health renew,  
 But still I list and hail again,  
 The pleasing, soothing, strange Cuckoo.

## ON SEEING

## A BED OF TULLIPS IN FULL BLOSSOM.

YE gaudy flowers, I love to see you bloom,  
 Tho' frail your beauty and short-liv'd your doom ;  
 I love your nicer tints, your varied dye,  
 They feast the fancy and enchant the eye ;  
 I love to see you on that flow'ry bed,  
 With lily bosoms and with crests of red.  
 I love to see your bright and speckled hue,  
 Your golden lustre and imperial blue ;  
 Your leaves all spreading to the noonday sun,  
 Or modest closing when his race is run.

With all your beauties, yet ye are but toys,  
 Which nature lavishes, and soon destroys ;  
 Since first the Serpent worm'd among the flowers,  
 That ever bloom'd in Eden's lovely bowers ;  
 Since woman fair stretch'd the unhallowed hand,  
 And disobey'd Heaven's dread and high command ;

Brought death and ruin on her wretched kind,  
 And left the joys of Paradise behind ;  
 What flowers there grow 'tis hard for us to say,  
 But what they were they all have died away.  
 'Tis Eden's wreck this earth that still adorns,  
 For lilies, roses, grow among the thorns ;  
 Yon tullip gay, for all the Florist's toil,  
 Now bends its head, its core begins to spoil ;  
 The sun that op'd, already blasts its bloom,  
 For beauty oft-times finds an early tomb.

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#### BUONAPARTE'S DEATH-SONG.

Now BONEY is gone to the land dark and dreary,  
 Where rests the proud King and his slave that is  
 weary ;  
 No more shall he wake at the sound of the bugle,  
 And lead on his legions to battle's fell struggle.

No more thro' the ranks shall he dart like an arrow  
 For now he is laid in the house cold and narrow ;  
 And callous alike to glory and danger,  
 His ashes repose in the land of the stranger.

NAPOLEON the great, to whom France was so servile,  
 Mark well, ye Kings—he perish'd in exile,  
 Far, far from his country—his glory departed—  
 Without wife or child he died broken-hearted.

Behold the great Captain whose banners unfurl'd,  
 And legions triumphant astonish'd the world ;  
 Left alone now to moulder where waves the sad willow  
 His grave in the rock, the dust for his pillow.

Well may the sad tale your fierce hearts appal,  
 Ye trained bands to plunder, ye warriors of Gaul,  
 Your hopes of wide conquest are vain now to cherish,  
 Your chieftain is gone, with him they all perish.

His fate and his fall give a sad admonition,  
 To the children of pride, the sons of ambition ;  
 Lo ! the idol of fortune, the terror of thrones,  
 Expir'd a lone outcast, his country disowns.

But, yet shall he live in the annals of story,  
 For his bold usurpation, his passion for glory ;  
 Borne up for a while on fame's spreading pinion,  
 He thought to have reach'd universal dominion.

NAPOLEON, farewell, I admir'd thee when active,  
 Ungenerously us'd, I pitied thee captive ;  
 Yet inflicted by Heaven, as a just compensation,  
 For the evils thou brought on the world, and thy  
 [nation-

---

### THE LAND OF CAKES.

*[On hearing it given for a Toast.]*

YE mountains clad with blooming heath,  
 Or valleys wild with thorny brakes,

I'll sing you to my latest breath,  
My native, happy Land of Cakes.

Columbia proud may prize her soil,  
Her mighty rivers and her lakes,  
Beyond compare this sea-girt isle,  
The happy, envied Land of Cakes.

Hibernia boasts her region pure,  
From noxious reptiles, biting snakes ;  
But life and wealth, where so secure,  
As in the happy Land of Cakes ?

No feudal factions there prevail,  
Which every passion fierce awakes,  
But friendship nightly tells her tale,  
By blazing hearth, in Land of Cakes.

Thence superstition too is fled,  
And bigotry's fell empire shakes ;



Civilization in their stead,  
Exalt to heaven the Land of Cakes.

The eastern monarch soft may loll,  
And boast the pleasure he partakes ;  
But search the globe from pole to pole,  
Has beauty charms like Land of Cakes ?

No wonder then, when far from home,  
The Scotchman's bosom often aches ;  
In quest of riches tho' he roam,  
Can he forget the Land of Cakes ?

Curs'd be the cold and callous heart,  
Unmov'd the haunts of youth forsakes ;  
Who would not drop a tear, to part  
His native land—the Land of Cakes ?

---

## ON A SWALLOW

DESERTING THE SPOT WHERE IT HAD BUILT ITS NEST  
FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

AND hast thou fled me too, my favourite bird,  
Hast thou forgot me on thy annual round;  
I only thought among the tribes of men,  
That base ingratitude was to be found.

It cannot be, no passions mean and low,  
Can ever agitate the songster's breast,  
No baleful envy, nor the love of gold,  
Nor curst ambition, that can never rest.

If thou hadst known that I was lorn and poor,  
I would not wonder that I was forgot;  
Or that some spacious dome, or castle proud,  
Had been preferred to my humble cot.

Unlike the other birds that range the air,  
 In lap of luxury had'st thou been bred,  
 I would not wonder that thou soon hadst tir'd,  
 To share my morsel of coarse oaten bread.

If I had e'er disturb'd thee on thy nest,  
 Or wanton tore away thy infant brood ;  
 Refus'd thee water from the crystal spring,  
 Or ev'n for once been sparing of thy food ;

'Tis then indeed thou mightst have fled this place,  
 And sought a happier and a sure retreat ;  
 Then, tho' I anxious would have wail'd thy loss,  
 I had not grudg'd thy kind and better fate.

But let these base surmises ever cease,  
 For something whispers that I ought to mourn,  
 And far from me, beneath a foreign clime,  
 My favourite died, and never shall return.

## LINES,

Suggested in consequence of passing a house late at night, and hearing  
a Female crying.

HARK ! 'tis the voice of grief, I know its thrill  
It wounds the ear, and makes the blood run chill  
Ha ! louder still. It is a female shriek,  
I see the tear of sorrow on her cheek :  
Yes, through the lattice I distinctly see,  
A widowed mother in deep agony.  
Betimes beside her husband's corse she sits,  
Or thro' the chamber with a taper flits.  
Or tears the shroud from off the pallid face,  
And lips imprint with one sad last embrace.  
Fain would she go, and yet she lingering stays,  
And o'er and o'er the shrouded form surveys.

Where now, she cries, the brawny limb or arm,  
The manly feature, and the bosom warm ?  
All, all are chang'd, inanimate and cold,  
Like house in ruin, desart, waste, or old.

e now the lustre of the eye of blue ?  
 s the cheek, once of the ruby hue ;  
 l are the lips and silent is the voice,  
 made the mother and the child rejoice.  
 joys no more ; all pleasure now is gone,  
 s strange world of woe I'm left alone.

ouch ! I tremble, for the lightning gleams,  
 now my baby in its cradle screams ;  
 oft—I'll cull one ringlet of his hair,  
 h in a locket near my heart I'll wear ;  
 will wear it to my dying day,  
 ecious relic of my JAMES away.  
 with the ringlet in her trembling hand,  
 er the corse she seem'd to make a stand ;  
 a the baby scream'd—away she flew ;  
 from the scene of sorrow I withdrew.

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## THE ORPHAN BOY.

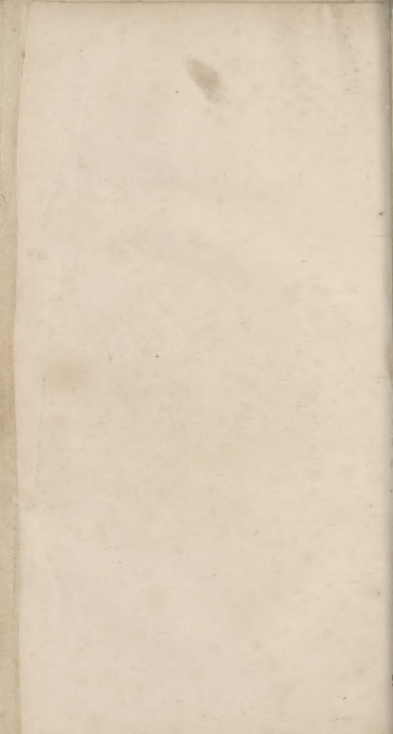
Yf callous friends, let pity wake  
And hear a helpless Orphan's tale ;  
O why ! O why ! a wretch forsake ?  
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.

On me the morn of life rose gay,  
False, glittering, like some tinsel'd toy ;  
Riches have wings, they fled away,  
And left me poor, an Orphan Boy.

My mother once was proud of me,  
I was my father's hope and joy :  
But, Heaven has chang'd my destiny,  
And now I am an Orphan Boy.

When on my mother's breast I hung,  
I tasted bliss without alloy ;  
But ah ! she died when I was young,  
And left me poor an Orphan Boy.







My father dear, forc'd from his home,  
 Like outcast vile without employ,  
 Is doom'd in foreign lands to roam,  
 Far, far from me an Orphan Boy.

Heaven yet may show my father's cot;  
 O could I this blest sight enjoy!  
 At once life's sorrows were forgot,  
 No longer then an Orphan Boy.

Vain is the thought! clouds of despair  
 My every feeble hope destroy;  
 Life's thunders roll, and lightnings glare,  
 I tremble, a poor Orphan Boy.

To sire and son fortune may prove,  
 Like some disdainful maiden coy,  
 But soon we'll reach the land of love,  
 Where weeps no more the Orphan Boy.

## INSCRIPTION,

FOR THE BUST OF BURNS.

WHOE'ER thou art that here sojourns,  
 Behold the Bust of ROBERT BURNS!  
 On him the heavenly muses smil'd,  
 His genius vast, his passions wild.  
 Wit, feeling, friendship, fits of folly,  
 All had their turns,—even melancholy.  
 Perchance, a serious hour betimes,  
 And then by far his sweetest rhymes.

Small was his share of erudition,  
 And yet severe 'gainst superstition;  
 Indulgent to exalted reason,  
 His wit was sometimes out of season;  
 Forsaking prudence' sober rule,  
 Things sacred turn'd to ridicule.  
 But lib'ral souls will free excuse  
 The wand'rings of his wayward muse.

O'er feelings of the human soul,  
He exercis'd a sweet controul.  
And joy or sorrow mov'd the heart,  
Responsive to the Poet's art.  
But matchless would his numbers move,  
To friendship, and the charms of love ;  
His raptures over woman fair,  
Are soft and sweet beyond compare.  
Enough—his wild and varied rhyme,  
Shall long survive the wreck of time.

Short his career, his lot obscure,  
Freely he liv'd—he died poor.  
Since gone, none more renown'd on earth,  
Now Ayrshire boasts the Poet's birth ;  
Dumfries contains his hallow'd dust,  
Coila enshrines his sacred bust.  
Whilst charity and pity save,  
From cold neglect the Poet's grave.

## HELEN IN THE GRAVE.

THOU, love of my youth, farewell for ever,  
Fate, cruel fate, ordains we must sever ;  
Worlds I'd give, if worlds could save  
My HELEN from an early grave.

No two on earth were ever pair'd,  
Love's joys more sweet, or purely shar'd,  
'Twas heaven itself, none else I'll crave,  
Than my lov'd HELEN from the grave.

Ye wedded joys for ever past,  
By far too exquisite to last,  
Such bliss poor mortals seldom have,  
As I with her now in the grave.

A last farewell she kindly took,  
And cast a wishful dying look,—  
I'll ne'er forget the look she gave,  
Before she sunk into the grave.

When oft-times stretch the shades of night,  
And glimmering shines the moon's pale light,  
Tho' the rank grass should whistling wave,  
I'll vigils keep by HELEN's grave.

'Twas well you died in early years,  
It sav'd you many a mother's tears ;  
Unpitied still life's storm I brave,  
While you sleep peaceful in the grave.

My struggles here will soon be o'er ;  
We'll meet yet on a cloudless shore ;  
No billows roll, no tempests rave,  
In the blest land beyond the grave.

## TALE.

The O'Connors of Ballenagar are the lineal descendants of the ancient King of Connaught. Though for centuries they have been deprived of regal honours they still inherit all the feudal pride and bigotry of their ancestors. It is from some Irish legends concerning this family that the tale had its origin. Indeed it is not uncommon in all Catholic countries to send young Ladies into Nunneries to avoid marriages below their rank.

I take this opportunity of stating, that unqualified Catholic Emancipation would, in my opinion, be attended with the most dangerous consequences to Ireland. The Catholics in Connaught are equally intolerant as they were many centuries ago. Nor can I ever believe, that a Catholic gentleman, however his talents or extensive his property, who believes that a Priest, by the mummeries of the Mass, could convert a wafer, or wine, into the real body and blood of our Saviour, is at all fitted to sit in the enlightened assemblies of the Lords or Commons of Great Britain.

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'Twas at that time when Gallia's band,  
 With bounding prows reach'd Bantry Bay,  
 And over wretched Erin's land  
 Rebellion held her furious sway.

When war her thousand bugles blew,  
 And warn'd the soldier to his toil;  
 And many a youthful chieftain flew,  
 To save Hibernia's favour'd Isle.

Amongst the rest young SANDY GREME,  
His ardent bosom all in motion,  
Cross'd the sea in quest of fame,  
Courting glory and promotion.

He join'd his regiment, brave Argyll's,  
Of old renown'd in Scottish story;  
Far fam'd among the Western Isles,  
For feudal rage, and feudal glory.

But mark ! there's one that rules the waves,  
Directing nature's dreadful thunder :  
By him the Frenchmen found their graves,  
Upon the land they came to plunder.

When ceas'd Invasion's dire alarms,  
Return'd the soldier to his quarters ;  
And love, sweet love, the bosom warms,  
For Erin's gay and lovely daughters.

This was the time young SANDY GRÆME,  
 His bosom beating high with honour,  
 First felt love's strong and thrilling flame  
 For mild and beauteous KATE O'CONNOR.

Imagination may pourtray  
 Th' enraptur'd hour, the fav'rite place,  
 Or memory tell the happy day,  
 When first he saw fair KITTY's face.

When beauty loves to promenade  
 In pleasure's light and airy hall,  
 Then KITTY's charms were oft displayed,  
 At party, or in crowded ball.

Her's not the light fantastic air,  
 Vain affectation's flimsy dress,  
 But that which graces woman fair,  
 Modesty in all her loveliness.



When wakes the violin on its strings,  
And youthful hearts all dance with joy,  
Then Cupid shakes his golden wings,  
Then hovers round the urchin boy.

And thus it was young SANDY's fate,  
To feel the god's resistless dart ;  
And thus it was with lovely KATE,  
He pierc'd her soft and tender heart.

Oft have you seen two turtle doves,  
Soft bill and coo with one another ;  
So artless, ardent was the loves  
Of KITTY and her youthful lover,

The father mark'd the growing flame,  
And often show'd his stern displeasure ;  
But when young SANDY urg'd his claim,  
His rage had neither bounds nor measure.

“ Begone ! how could you thus presume,  
 With me to hold the least affiance,  
 For, by the laws of holy Rome,  
 For ever curs’d is such alliance.

“ This day I hold the sacred feast,  
 Our holy Virgin’s bless’d assumption,  
 And then I will consult the Priest,  
 To punish KITTY’S base presumption.”

Now, from the castle turrets high  
 KATE saw her SANDY hieh away.  
 She little knew her destiny,  
 How distant far her bridal day.

O curse, O curse, on feudal pride,  
 O curse, O curse, on bigotry,  
 Soon may their many ills subside,  
 Their savage deeds of cruelty.

For by her father's harsh command,  
Long, long before the break of day,  
Was KITTY seiz'd by ruthless band,  
And from her kindred torn away.

In vain her lowly suppliant prayer,  
In vain her female plaintive moan !  
She only gave them to the air,  
For piteous feelings they had none.

For three long weeks tremendous toss'd,  
Upon the ever swelling main ;  
At last the foming deep they cross'd,  
And landed on the coast of Spain.

A letter from the Priest and Sire,  
There fix'd for ever KITTY's doom ;  
For soon appear'd a holy Friar,  
Who led her to the convent's gloom.

Altho' young SANDY sadly griev'd,  
As parted lovers oft have done,  
He little thought, or then believ'd,  
That KITTY was for ever gone.

But when for days, and weary weeks,  
No tidings from the damsel came;  
The roses fled his manly cheeks,  
Unnerv'd was SANDY's vig'rous frame.

The lover's arts were tried in vain,  
To find where KITTY was conceal'd,  
Time but increas'd the lover's pain,  
No trace of KITTY was reveal'd.

From place to place with brave Argyll,  
The faithful soldier and the lover;  
He brav'd all danger, courted toil,  
Till fell rebellion's feuds were over.

He hied him to a distant land,  
In quest of higher, brighter fame ;  
And join'd that all-victorious band,  
Led on by WELLINGTON and GRÆME.

The warrior's laurel now he sought,  
Nor did he seek it long in vain ;  
On Salamanca's fields he fought,  
He bled on Salamanca's plain.

Then to the gloomy convent near,  
A British hospital now made,  
Upon the wounded warriors' bier,  
Quickly young SANDY was convey'd.

Cheerless to him twice thirty suns,  
All lovely with their streaks of gold ;  
Save but when hail'd by holy nuns,  
When heav'nly orisons were told.

Or when the vesper strains arose,  
By choir with heavenly voices sung ;  
Even pain itself found some repose,  
And all the aisles and echoes rung.

The lamp of life, that feebly burn'd,  
Rose gently to a higher blaze ;  
And memory's wandering thoughts return'd  
To hopes and joys of early days.

When round the convent's gloomy walls  
Britannia's shining ranks were seen,  
Or wounded warriors in her halls,  
Think what KATE's feelings must have been.

Full oft the beauteous lily bends  
'Midst thunder storms surcharg'd with rain ;  
But when the sudden tempest ends,  
Uplifts its snowy head again.

Thus KIRRY stood, in strange suspence,  
Her bosom torn with hopes and fears ;  
Her tongue deprived of utterance,  
Her lovely eyes suffus'd with tears.

But when the well-known voice she knew,  
Of Erin's free facetious sons ;  
Aside her vail she sudden threw,  
Then screech'd and fled the sister nuns.

The holy fathers soon were told  
Her rude, her dread, her vile offence ;  
And for impiety so bold,  
She long was doom'd to abstinence.

For two long months in penance dire,  
Sequester'd, pin'd this fair transgressor ;  
Unvisited, save by a Friar,  
The lovely penitent's confessor.

But now releas'd from penance' doom,  
And superstition's lonely cell,  
Down in the garden's deepest gloom  
She sought St Mary's far-fam'd well.

For here, the Spanish legends say,  
The waters are so blest and pure,  
Sprinkled by night, or touch'd by day,  
They wash from sins the most impure.

Here KATE upturn'd devotion's eye,  
And calmly bent the knee in prayer,  
Her hands she rais'd to Heav'n on high,  
And gave her sorrows to the air.

Near to the well an osier bower,  
O'ergrown with moss, o'erhung with trees ;  
Where nuns had planted many a flower,  
That gave their fragrance to the breeze:



Here SANDY sat, or lay reclin'd,  
 While round the healthful zephyrs play'd;  
 Here mem'ry sweet recall'd to mind,  
 His first, his dear, his fav'rite maid.

Her voice,—he scream'd ! words scare had birth,  
 O providence ! O fate divine !  
 If e'er I heard a voice on earth,  
 My long lost KATE, that voice is thine.

Quickly he rush'd into her arms,  
 He press'd her to his warm embrace ;  
 Till now he knew not half the charms,  
 The angel-charms of KITTY's face,

Now Hymen round his banners wav'd,  
 KATE told her long and piteous story ;  
 And he, the dangers that he brav'd,  
 For faithful love, and British glory.

For once amidst the convent's walls,  
 The marriage festive song was rais'd ;  
 And nuns unveil'd, danc'd in the halls,  
 And Hymen's torches brightly blaz'd.

Long shall the Spanish damsels sing  
 Of British love, and British honour ;  
 And Salamanca's vallies ring,  
 Of SANDY GRÆME and KATE O'CONNOR.

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## REFLECTIONS,

ON SEEING A BED OF ROSES.

SWEET flower, what appellation suits thee?  
 Emblem of health, image of beauty ;  
 Adorn'd with nature's thousand graces,  
 That fancy, pleas'd, in rapture traces.  
 On thee, O Rose ! thou queen of flow'rs,  
 Has nature lavish'd all her pow'rs,

At times thou'rt seen enrob'd in white,  
 At others deck't in scarlet bright ;  
 Betimes a bud, with moss o'erspread,  
 That dangles down its modest head ;  
 Or wondrous wrought in nature's loom,  
 The damask streaks of leafy bloom.

Can I forget thee, mountain rose,  
 Altho' among the thorns thou grows ?  
 Tho' pale thy bloom and leaves be few,  
 Yet bright thy core of golden hue,  
 Tho' wild on hill and valley seen,  
 Of roses thou art still the queen ;  
 They owe their native charms to thee,  
 And all their heavenly fragranc'y.

Can I forget thee, mountain rose,  
 Altho' among the thorns thou grows ?  
 By thee I first was taught to know  
 The changing bliss of all below.

Ah ! why should helpless man be vain ?  
His sweetest joys are mix'd with pain.  
Thus thorns and briars the spot surround,  
Where oft the lovely rose is found.  
Such is the state of things while here,  
One hour a smile, the next a tear ;  
And what the purest transports bring,  
Implant the deepest, sharpest sting.

Thou rosy bed, how like to thee,  
Are charms of sensuality,  
That lure and thrill the human breast,  
Soft in the arms of beauty prest ;  
While passion swells the purple veins,  
Forgot are guilty pleasure's pains ;  
Unfelt, perhaps, her poison'd sting,  
That fell disease and ruin bring.  
Thus, 'mong the roses adders glide,  
Or nauseous tribes of insects hide ;  
And as the slumberer takes repose,  
He crushes in the serpent's close.

Refrain unhallowed joys, ye young,  
 Beware the harlot's flattering tongue ;  
 Her couch may seem a rosy bed,  
 With every sweet and charm o'erspread.  
 But, lo ! within yon closet lies  
 A palid form, with hollow eyes ;  
 She pants, she gasps for want of breath,  
 Hard struggling in the jaws of death ;  
 Her fleshless bones, her death-like stare,  
 If features spoke, would say, Beware.  
 Her stifled sigh, her dying groan,  
 Yet echoes low a warning tone ;  
 Thou, son of pleasure, look on me,  
 Thus ends a life of infamy.

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LINES,

ON SEEING A ROSE BUSH IN FULL BLOOM.

YE fragrant roses on the verdant spray,  
 Sweet remembrancers of life's summer day ;

When o'er the cheek the blush of health was spread,  
 The features lively and the heart was glad,  
 No gloom o'ercast, no storm to make afraid,  
 The sky unclouded, and the zephyrs play'd ;  
 Then roses round their heavenly odour flung,  
 And silver dew-drops on their leaves were hung ;  
 Affording nectar to the wandering bee,  
 A glorious feast to fancy and to me.

Ye tulips gay, in all your rich attire,  
 The young may fancy and the crowd admire ;  
 I would not give the half-blown mossy rose,  
 For all the richest dies your charms disclose ;  
 This was the flower I plac'd on HELEN'S breast,  
 When first my youthful passion I confest,  
 And told this was the flower that I lov'd best.

She blush'd, for well my words she could divine,  
 I whisper'd low, this flower has charms like thine ;  
 O'er scenes like these can memory cease to wake,  
 I prize the mossy rose for HELEN'S sake.

## LINES,

ON SURVEYING THE DEAN CASTLE, THE DESOLATED  
SEAT OF THE LATE UNFORTUNATE EARL OF  
KILMARNOCK.

HERE let me pace my solitary round,  
Mark well this mansion, now a fearful wreck !  
Survey the scattered ruins on the ground ;  
And pride's vain ebullitions learn to check.

is not the waste of time, tho' sure and slow,  
That fills my mind with melancholy gloom ;  
Or change is wrote on every thing below,  
Even earth's firm fabric one day must consume.

was not a wrethless foe with burning brand,  
That made this mansion one great flaming pile ;  
Or midnight ruffian, with unhallowed hand,  
To gratify revenge, or malice vile.

But ruin came in an ill-fated hour,

And none could tell from whence disaster came;  
But conflagration spread from tower to tower,  
And Gothic grandeur perish'd in the flame.

Who now shall rear thy Gothic-pointed spire,  
Or varied turrets where the watchmen sung;  
Or arched hall, where ton'd the harp or lyre,  
And proud the ensigns of the warrior hung?

Ah! luckless race! untitled now your name!

Your dome a mouldering monument of change;  
Your chief degraded to the scaffold's shame,  
Nor pity weeps where lately stalk'd revenge.

Fain would the muse anticipate the day,

When feudal passions shall no longer rage;  
When heaven's bright attribute shall bear the swa  
And every passion rude and fierce assuage.



Then may we see repair'd these time-worn towers,  
 The rugged hill, the lonely valley smile ;  
 The bleak and barren waste adorn'd with flowers,  
 And plenty riot in Britannia's isle.

Then cease, ye people, from tumultuous deeds,  
 By legal peaceful methods seek reform ;  
 Yet o'er this dreary waste my bosom bleeds.  
 I call to mind rebellion's fearful storm.

Ah ! have you counted revolution's cost,  
 The virgins shriek, and wretched mothers' moan,  
 Fields, cities, blazing by a furious host,  
 Suspended commerce, public credit gone.

Sweet love and friendship from the bosom fled,  
 And in their stead black malice, fiend revenge ;  
 Acquaintance, brothers, to the scaffold led,  
 This happy isle a fearful waste of change.

Then ere it be too late, ye people, pause,  
 From every rash and rebel deed refrain ;  
 Honour the Prince, give reverence to the laws,  
 Else be assur'd you seek redress in vain.

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ON SEEING A GARDEN,

ONCE BELONGING TO THE AUTHOR.

YE remembrancers of my better days,  
 I love to see you flourish gay and green ;  
 Here for a moment let me pause and gaze,  
 And think upon the joys that once have been.

Ye shrubs and trees I lately planted there,  
 With waving top and pendant shady bough ;  
 My morning's pleasure, and my evening's care,  
 The hand that cull'd you oft is feeble now.

Feeble these limbs that paced along the walk,  
 When beauty, smiling, dangled by my side;  
 Bent is that form, that there would proudly stalk,  
 With children, hand in hand—a father's pride.

Ye flowers, I feel not now your sweet perfume,  
 So oft-times wafted on the zephyr'd gale;  
 Ye crimson roses, ye have lost your bloom,  
 And even the bright carnation tints are pale.

Blighted, like me, perchance, in early prime,  
 In vain the splendour of the summer's day;  
 Ye languish, victims to the storm of time,  
 And all your blooming glories fade away.

Ah! dare I view thee, name thee, favourite bower,  
 Where scented shrubs and briery roses twine;  
 cannot think—keen feelings overpower,  
 I envy not a palace—wert thou mine.

For there, that consolation might I find,  
 That wealth and honours never could bestow,  
 The calm, ingenuous, contemplative mind,  
 Heaven's chiefest boon to mortal man below.

The earth, the air, the bright ethereal blue,  
 The reptile low, the insect buzzing round ;  
 The border deck'd with flowers of golden hue,  
 And herbs and plants along the teeming ground.

The lark in air, the linnet on the tree,  
 The blackbird warbling from the thorny brake,  
 Such rural pleasures once had charms for me,  
 And o'er them still remembrance loves to wake.

'Tis but remembrance' sadly pleasing dream,  
 For all of real joys from me are fled,  
 No more I taste of pleasure's gladdening stream,  
 In vain to me is nature's banquet spread.

The weeping willow, and the baleful yew,  
 The blasted thorn, the thunder heav'n-struck tree,  
 The shrinking plant, or flowers of sickly hew,  
 Are all of nature's wilds reserv'd for me.

These only please misfortune's languid eye,  
 They but accord with sorrow's settled gloom ;  
 The flowers that bloom, ye but excite a sigh,  
 And those that wither mind me of the tomb.

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#### ON THE RETURN OF WINTER.

Now winter comes,—I feel his chilling power,  
 Life's purple current freezes in my veins ;  
 Dark borne on clouds, the howling tempests lower,  
 And all the fields are soak'd & drench'd with rains

Upon the mountain's brow the shepherd roams,  
 Winding his charge down to the shelter'd lea,  
 While round him every muddy streamlet foams,  
 Crush'd every shrub, and leafless every tree.

No reaper now is seen amidst the vale,  
 Nor sturdy workman bending o'er his toil;  
 No voice of song is heard along the dale,  
 But tempests howling in their dread turmoil.

Fled is the swallow, tenant of the sky,  
 No feather'd songster dares to raise its voice,  
 Save but the crow, that darts along the sky,  
 Braving the tempest with its croaking noise.

Then come, ye storms, elating to the soul,  
 Shelter'd and warm, I love to hear you roar;  
 Let ocean lift it's waves without controul,  
 And dash its breakers 'gainst the rocky shore.

Even from such scenes the mind instruction draws,  
 When nature seems in dire confusion hurl'd;  
 Even so, that hour, man broke the Almighty's laws,  
 And brought destruction on the moral world.

Siberia's wilds, and Lapland's trackless snows,  
Where nature wears her all-terrific forms,  
Dread Chili's earthquakes and her tornadoes,  
Or rude Kamschatka with eternal storms.

Those natural ills and thousand such as those,  
Portend the reign of passion and of sin,  
They swell the poison'd cup of human woes,  
But not so dread as conscience' voice within.

How wretched now is man upon the earth,  
No day of innocence, no year of peace;  
Wretched are mortals from their very birth,  
'Till death enclose them in his cold embrace.

ON FINDING A BLACKBIRD DEAD  
AMONG THE SNOW NEAR WHERE IT LATELY HAD  
ITS NEST.

How chang'd this spot I lately trod,  
The gay and daisied paths along ;  
Or laid me on the moss-green sod,  
And listened to the Blackbird's song.

When morn was bright, and eve was still,  
Thou gaily led the feather'd choir ;  
With notes resounding loud and shrill,  
Awak'd sweet inspiration's fire.

When earth put forth her golden flowers,  
And trees were clad in robes of green ;  
Then safe thou dwelt among the bowers,  
The leafy spray or bloom thy screen.



But now, alas ! the trees are bare,  
The troubled sky gives signs of woe ;  
Ah ! cold and piercing is the air,  
And hills and vales are clad with snow.

In vain, sweet bird, thou rang'd the wood,  
Or sought the shade of garden trees ;  
The frigid earth refus'd thee food,  
And shelter from the angry breeze.

The storm had broken down the spray,  
Where firmly clung thy little nest ;  
Thy dearest favourite haunt by day,  
The only spot thou lov'st to rest.

Wasted with want, benumb'd with cold,  
Methinks I see thee torpid lie ;  
Enwreath'd in snow, thy wings infold,  
Contract thy little limbs, and die.

O hadst thou, like the Cuckoo, fled,  
In genial spring, or summer's glow,  
Or, as the nimble swallow, sped,  
When wintry winds began to blow ;

The muse o'er thee yet had not mourn'd  
Nor heav'd the deep forboding sigh ;  
Nor mem'ry wak'd nor pity burn'd,  
For some poor child of misery.

Some wretch, who thro' life's rounds has toil'd,  
With frame worn down and visage wan,  
His hollow eye now fiercely wild,  
You scarce could know he once was man.

Or some poor sou of want and woe,  
From friends and country far apart,  
Who lingers in some cabin low,  
And dies neglected of a broken heart.

Or traveller lorn, faint and astray,  
With struggling footsteps weak and slow,  
Whom hope forsakes at close of day,  
And down he sinks, entomb'd in snow.

O'er scenes like these I bend in grief,  
And mourn dark destiny severe ;  
My throbbing bosom seeks relief,  
I love to give the wretch a tear.

Departed friends, I sad regret,  
And vigils keep at beauty's shrine ;  
Misfortune's sons can I forget,  
Their fate, O genius, oft times thine.

Songster, like thee, full many a bard,  
Has sunk untimely to the earth ;  
Whose lot thro' life, in death was hard,  
Unknown the spot that gave him birth.

The hapless bird whose fate I mourn,  
 Is far more honour'd now than they ;  
 Perchance remembrance may return,  
 To dirge I sung in wintry day,

Sacred to pity be this spot,  
 Is all the humble muse would claim ;  
 And when the Minstrel is forgot,  
 May story give the tale to fame.

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### THE CASTLE OF MONTGOMERY.

THE muses oft give Dukes and Earls,  
 Their couplets neat and flummery ;  
 But where's the Bard that would not sing,  
 The Castle of MONTGOMERY ?

Some praise Arabia's scented gales,  
 Her spiceries and perfumery ;  
 But sweeter far the vales around  
 The Castle of Montgomery.

I hate your dark and Gothic towers,  
 They mind me of a nunnery ;  
 Give me the hall where beauty shines,  
 The Castle of Montgomery.

Away ! ye frigid narrow souls,  
 With tempers dark and drumlie !  
 Commend me to the generous race,  
 The Family of Montgomery.

Your half-bred gentry I despise,  
 Their pedantry and mummery ;  
 How different far the Noble Race,  
 The Family of Montgomery.

Sedition trembles at your nod,  
 Your justice, stern, and summary;  
 But Patriot Britains long shall hail,  
 The Nobles of Montgomery.

Be yours the joy, be yours the pride,  
 To shield and feed the hungry;  
 And heaven shall bless, from age to age,  
 The Family of Montgomery.

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LINES,

*Written on receiving a large Hailstone from Miss  
 Mary Flower, during a Thunder-storm.*

TO-DAY I got from lovely M.  
 A snowy frigid frozen gem;  
 She said she had it from above,  
 To cool a doating lover's love.  
 Above? said I, in playful tone,  
 O have they there such hearts of stone?

It cannot be ; so far from this,  
 Unchang'd and ardent is their bliss ;  
 Not so the gem I now survey,  
 Its frozen beauties melt away.

I well expected from Miss Flower,  
 Some posy sweet from beauty's bow'r ;  
 The snow-drop, or the primrose pale,  
 The sweetest flower that decks the vale ;  
 Some briery sweet, or mountain rose,  
 That round its heavenly fragrance throws ;  
 Or Scotia's bells of lovely blue,  
 All silver'd o'er with drops of dew ;  
 Had you bestow'd such gifts as these,  
 They might Poetic fancy please ;  
 Such gifts the muses love to greet,  
 With stanzas soft, or couplets sweet.  
 Yes, I expected from my fair,  
 Some motto'd ring, or pebble rare ;  
 Some trifle, long to friendship dear,  
 O'er which remembrance sheds a tear ;

For ever sacred to the heart,  
When dearest friends on earth must part.

But why present the frigid hail,  
Whose ravages I oft times wail ;  
When down it came at heav'ns command,  
And ruin brought on Egypt's land ;  
Blasting the hopes of human toil,  
Along the fertile banks of Nile.

O hail ! what ruin dost thou bring,  
To Scotia's rapid early spring,  
When, rattling through the northern breeze,  
Thou nip'st the blossom on the trees,  
And palsied shrubs, rude shaken, wither,  
And all their buds and foliage shiver.

Hail, lightnings, tempests, dreaded thunders,  
Almighty's works ! Almighty's wonders !  
Your use to mankind little known,  
This secret great Jehovah's own.



Enough poor mortals here to know,  
 These storms shall only rage below ;  
 For fury's ensigns shall be furl'd,  
 When springs a new and better world.

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### THE NIGHTINGALE.

ONCE on a time a truant boy,  
 A boy that was his master's pest ;  
 Eager caught, with savage joy,  
 A Nightingale upon her nest.  
 He, in an iron cage, confin'd  
 The little fluttering thing ;  
 Where, day by day she sadly pin'd,  
 And nightly thus would sing,  
 For liberty, dear liberty,  
 For liberty I mourn,  
 From liberty, dear liberty,  
 From liberty I'm torn.

The little birds who sweet rejoice  
 The woodland vales among,  
 Often heard her plaintive voice,  
 And listen'd to her song.

But ah! they could not bring relief,  
 Although they were inclin'd ;  
 Her heart was broke, she died for grief,  
 She could not be confin'd.

For liberty, dear liberty.

For liberty she sigh'd,

For liberty, dear liberty,

For liberty she died.

#### ON SEEING A BIRD'S NEST FORSAKEN.

FORSAKEN bower, late sweet retreat  
 Of some enamour'd luckless pair,  
 O! how my fluttering pulses beat,  
 I call to mind the joys that were.

Yes, I had once a favourite spot,  
Where vision'd hope had fix'd her stay;  
And I had once a father's cot,  
Where fancy gave her infant lay.

But from this cot I'm cruel torn,  
Far from the scenes of youth I stray,  
Like some lone bird, I sit forlorn,  
And pine time's weary hours away.

Rude was the hand that touch'd the bow'r,  
And marr'd the little songsters' bliss;  
Alas ! too like that fatal hour  
When fled from me earth's happiness.

Sudden the stroke, with lightning's speed,  
Or rolling, rushing thunder-storm,  
It burst upon my fenceless head,  
And shatter'd manhood's vigorous form.

The bird, chac'd from its place of rest,  
    May yet the rude destroyer flee,  
And soon again rebuild its nest,  
    And sing upon another tree.

But man, without a home or friend,  
    Must, pilgrim-like, new dangers brave,  
With misery's load for ever bend,  
    Nor find relief, but in the grave.

Deserted spot ! lone though thou be,  
    Nor voice of bird thy echoes wake,  
O solitude ! how sweet to me—  
    The spot is sacred for thy sake.

Here let me sit or pace along,  
    Or loiter by yon aged thorn,  
Perchance the music of my song  
    May woo the songster to return.

Propitious thus—the muse will smile,  
 The birds their little bower repair ;  
 Thus time and every care beguile,  
 While woodland strains shall fill the air.

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#### ON HEARING FAMILY WORSHIP.

How dear to me the solemn voice of praise,  
 When artless echo'd by the household train,  
 Sweeter, by far, than all the varied lays  
 Of giddy mirth or song of the profane.

Even these o'er pleasure's cup, with all their art,  
 But for a moment vibrate on the ear ;  
 But sacred songs delight and touch the heart,  
 And fill devotion's eye with many a tear.

Not tears of sorrow—but which melt the soul,  
 In hope's sweet extacy of future bliss,  
 Which thrill, entrance, ennoble and extol.  
 If there be heaven on earth 'tis surely this.

Devotion's hallowed hours can I forget?  
 Can I forget her sacred songs of love,  
 When, day by day, the family circle met,  
 A little picture of the bless'd above?

'Twas then that fancy young first wing'd her flight  
 Up to a region gentle, heaven-ward calm,  
 'Twas not a task, but hourly my delight,  
 To patter serious hymn, or holy psalm.

With father's prayers, a mother's anxious tears,  
 With brother's friendship, and with sister's smile,  
 Away fled youthful and unclouded years,  
 My breast devoid of care, my heart of guile.

Then wonder not remembrance oft returns  
To days of innocence now past and gone;  
Or o'er departed pleasure sighs and mourns,  
Or seeks relief in solitude alone.

For there, and only there, yet may I find  
A humble refuge from the world's disdain;  
Or learn these virtues, noble and resign'd,  
That meekly bear, or scorn, the stings of pain.

All oft renew the sacred vow and prayer,  
Sent up to heaven in happy early days.  
My fluttering tongue, and fainting heart, prepare  
For high devotion in the land of praise.

## IMPROMPTU,

*On reading an Account of the late Horrible  
Conspiracy.*

BLUSH, Britons, blush, that in your native land,  
Is found a murderous, base assassin band ;  
A band ferocious for the Premier's blood,  
Led on, and marshal'd by wretch THISTLEWOOD ;  
To everlasting infamy the name,  
Allied to treason, and the scaffold's shame.

'Tis true, the Thistle in our land yet grows,  
Yet near it springs the briery mountain rose ;  
Long may they rise and flourish side by side,  
The motto'd emblems of our country's pride ;  
Sedition, treason, vainly shall oppose,  
For ever twines the Thistle and the Rose ;  
Let woods and wildsand heath-clad mountains ring  
Perish the traitors,—may God save the King.



## CONCLUSION

FOR THE AYRSHIRE MELODIST.

SUBSCRIBERS, perhaps, may think it high time  
 To bring to a close this volume of rhyme :  
 Then listen a moment to one short effusion,  
 Which I have composed by way of conclusion.

Some readers, I know, will blame me for sameness;  
 And others, more bold, will condemn me for tameness;  
 And the mass, I am sure, will rudely revile,  
 And say to the Great, I am cringingly servile.  
 Of this I'm aware—and a thousand such things,  
 By those who review, or declaim against Kings.  
 Such language to me is mere ranting and slang,  
 And is thought by the public a mere cuckoo's song.  
 In the tone of sweet friendship, do tell me my error :  
 'Tis not for the critics, but friends, I'm in terror.  
 If these last are but pleased, then I am content,  
 And my time and my labours I reckon well spent.

But though this volume is brought to a close,  
 Let not my friends nor the public suppose  
 That my rhyme and effusions are quite ended yet.  
 No—I have pieces **abounding** with point and with  
 wit,

Such as Horace **once** wrote, when his satires he  
 penn'd,

And boldly the **age** and its manners condemn'd.  
 My readers, I pray you, don't start at satire,  
 I have dress'd her in strange but engaging attire ;  
 Her subjects are new, they have never been sung,  
 And nothing that's personal flows from her tongue.  
 Her delight is a pun, diversion, and laughter—  
 I scarcely need say, she is Momus's daughter.

But I will not detain my readers much longer,  
 Tho' at present I feel as if twenty years younger ;  
 An omen, perhaps, that my work will succeed,  
 And gladden a heart long accusom'd to bleed.  
 If so, my Subscribers, I owe this to you,  
 So, with grateful emotions I bid you adieu.

I fain would yet add one paragraph more,  
For the Muse is on wing, and she struggles to soar.  
But I tumbled my inkstand, and sullied my paper,  
And, what is still worse, I want oil for my taper.  
Such forebodings as those can scarce be mistaken,  
And my fabric of hope in a moment is shaken.  
Then go, Volume, go—bring weal or bring woe—  
Whate'er be thy fate, I tremble to know.

FINIS.

I find would yet add one paragraph more,  
 For the Muse is on wing, and she struggles to soar,  
 But I tumbled my inkstand, and soiled my paper,  
 And, what is still worse, I want oil for my taper.  
 Such forebodings as these can scarce be mistaken,  
 And my fabric of hope in a moment is shaken.  
 Then go, Volume, go—bring weal or bring woe—  
 'Tis better to be thy fate, I tremble to know.

FINIS



