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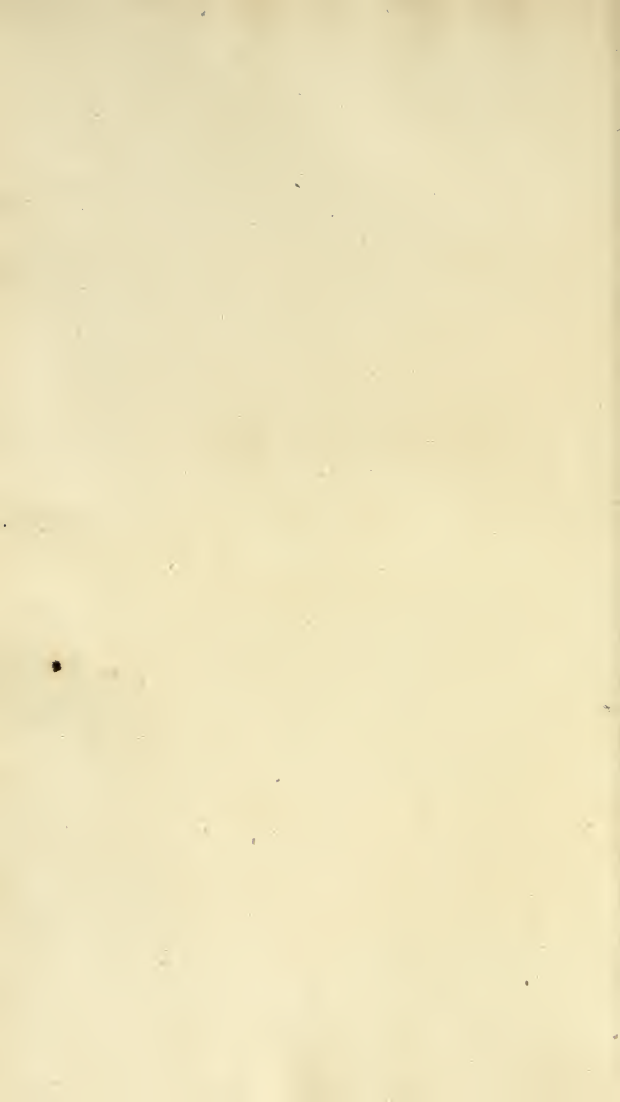
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POEMS AND SONGS,

BY THE LATE

RICHARD GALL.



Glen 48

POEMS AND SONGS,

BY THE LATE

RICHARD GALL.

K

WITH

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
 Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
 As though the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
 As though the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

SHENSTONE.

EDINBURGH:

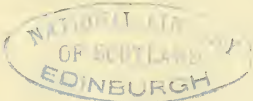
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MDCCCXIX.



MEMOIR

OF

RICHARD GALL.

EVER since the union of England and Scotland, the language of our fathers, no longer the language of a court, has been verging fast to oblivion; and has been too generally regarded, even by Scotsmen, as the appropriate dialect of the vulgar and illiterate. Yet they who had been accustomed to admire, in the works of some of our early poets, the energies of their native tongue, could not fail to regret, that though scarcely inferior to any language, and certainly far superior to that by which it has been superseded, in richness and in melody,

in the adequate expression of all that is poetical in imagination or in sentiment, it should be in danger of becoming, at no distant period, obsolete and unknown. To rescue it from this unworthy fate, a few ardent minds resolved to devote themselves strenuously to its cultivation. The Poems of FERGUSSON and of BURNS were hailed as the revival of the language, which conveyed, with so much beauty and felicity, the glowing inspirations of these bards of nature: their success excited the emulation of some kindred spirits; and the name of GALL has been honourably associated with the few, whose genius and taste have contributed to restore the dignity, and to develope the capabilities of the ancient dialect of Caledonia. Yet his name is almost all that is known of him, even by the warmest admirers of his poetry. In the long interval which has elapsed since his death, the curiosity of the public with regard to his history has considerably subsided. The short narrative of Mr STARK* is the only tribute that has been paid to the memory of this young poet; nor is it to be wondered, that his present biographer has, with all his industry, been able to collect but few circumstances concerning one, whose literary career was

* In the Biographia Scotica, *art.* GALL.

closed, when the fair dawn of his genius had just begun to attract the public attention.

RICHARD GALL was born in December 1776, at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, where his father exercised the profession of a notary. His parents, whose circumstances were far from affluent, do not seem to have been infected with the ambition, so common among the lower ranks in Scotland, of educating their son for one of the learned professions. Limiting themselves to the humbler, and perhaps more laudable wish, of enabling him to procure a decent subsistence in their own sphere of society, they did not observe, or did not regard, the symptoms of genius, which more discerning eyes might have discovered even in his earliest years; and which parental vanity might have treasured up, as certain indications of his future celebrity.

In conformity with these sober views, young GALL was sent, when about five years of age, to a school in Haddington; where, though he distinguished himself by his aptitude in learning, he was instructed in only the ordinary branches of reading, writing, and arithmetic. When he had attained such proficiency in these, as his parents thought

sufficient to qualify him for any common occupation, he was engaged, at the age of eleven, as apprentice to his maternal uncle, who was a house-carpenter and builder. The drudgery of a mechanical profession, however, was intolerably irksome to a mind, which, even at that tender age, seems to have displayed a decided tendency to literature; and neither the kindness of his master, nor the prospect of succeeding him in a business, which would at least have ensured to him a respectable competence, could repress his determination to renounce an employment so ill suited to his prevailing propensity.

When he had formed that resolution, his uncle was engaged in the erection of Gosford House, the magnificent mansion of the Earl of WEMYSS. From this place he walked to Edinburgh, and joined his parents, who had some time before fixed their residence in that city. Convinced now that it was in vain to force him into an occupation against which his mind revolted, his parents very judiciously engaged a friend to conduct him through all the principal trades in town; and explaining to him the advantages and disadvantages of each, to enable him to make a choice, by which he might afterwards

be inclined to abide. He chose to be a printer ; and was accordingly entered as apprentice to Mr DAVID RAMSAY, the late respectable proprietor of the Edinburgh Evening Courant. In this situation he had better opportunities of indulging his inclination for literature. His mother, who appears to have become a widow about this time, had engaged a person of respectable attainments, but who had been unfortunate, to reside in her house, and take charge of the education of her family. With this gentleman young GALL spent his leisure hours, in the assiduous study of some important branches of learning, which he had formerly enjoyed no means of acquiring.

As the powers of his mind expanded, his passion for literature became more ardent ; and he began to be fired by an ambition for literary fame. Even in his new occupation, though far better adapted than his former, to the ruling propensity of his soul, there was still a degree of drudgery, and an engrossment of time, which was altogether at variance with his love of study. When the term of his apprenticeship, therefore, had expired, he expressed his decided resolution to relinquish a business, which must necessarily interfere so much with his favourite

pursuits, and which he, perhaps, regarded as too mean to enable him to associate, on equal terms, with the respectable acquaintances, to whom his poetical talents and enthusiasm were now beginning to introduce him. Most opportunely, Mr RAMSAY was at that time in want of a travelling clerk: the situation was solicited by Mrs GALL for her son; and was granted at once, in a manner highly creditable to the character of this aspiring and excellent youth.

In this new employment Mr GALL continued during the few remaining years of his life: and it afforded him ampler means, than he had ever before possessed, of gratifying his passion for poetry. An ardent admirer of the beauties of nature, he derived equal delight and advantage from the opportunities, which, in his new capacity, he enjoyed, of travelling through some of the finest scenery of “his own loved native land:” and while his brethren in profession were posting from stage to stage, without one thought but of business, and nearly as insensible as their nags to all the charms of the country through which they passed—his eye expatiated with rapture over the varying landscape;—his bosom beat high with the anticipation of poetic fame;—and *his business* was,

to animate with the creation of his own fancy some favourite spot by mountain, glade, or glen; or to treasure up stores of rural imagery, to be drawn forth in his hours of calmer inspiration. It was now that he composed some of his happiest poems; and that he indulged in the visions of literary enterprise, so dear to the soul of the youthful enthusiast.

The pieces which he gave occasionally to the public, began to attract very general attention; and recommended him to the notice and friendship of some, who had already attained by their productions deserved celebrity; and of others, who, fired with kindred ambition, were just emerging, like himself, from obscurity, and were soon to blaze forth in the full brightness of fame. With an almost idolatrous admiration of BURNS, whom he proposed as his great model, he was so fortunate as to be introduced to his acquaintance; and was regarded with a kind of paternal affection by that chief favourite of the Scottish Muse, as one of the most passionate and promising of her admirers. Till the premature and much lamented death of that wonderful poet, young GALL was honoured with his correspondence. A similar cause brought him into contact with HECTOR MACNIELL, the ingenious author of "Will and

Jean ;” and between these two kindred spirits there arose an intimacy, which ceased not but with our author’s life. While THOMAS CAMPBELL was preparing for the press the “Pleasures of Hope,” he was lodged in the same house with GALL, whose taste and sensibility enabled him to enter with full sympathy into all the beauties of that enchanting poem, and naturally procured him the cordial friendship of its author, whose age, propensities, and sentiments, corresponded so exactly with his own.

But his chief companion and confident was Mr MURRAY,* afterwards celebrated as the biographer of BRUCE, and still more for the unparalleled extent of his philological erudition ;—in whose untimely death, hastened by excessive application to study, the learned world in general, but the University of Edinburgh especially, of which, for too short a time, alas ! he was one of the brightest ornaments, have to lament a loss that will not easily be repaired. For several of the last years of our author’s life, Mr MURRAY was his daily as-

* The Rev. Dr ALEXANDER MURRAY, afterwards Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh ; a situation which he filled with unexampled lustre, but which he enjoyed only a few months.

sociate. They were united by a common love of verse, and enjoyed a very pure delight in the mutual communication of all their productions and projects. But the happiness of so refined and endearing an intercourse, of which their youth seemed to promise a long continuance, was soon to terminate. While MR GALL was rapidly advancing to eminence; while he was forming friendships which might have materially contributed to his success in life; when he had just entered the path of fame, with a long prospect of happiness and honour opening before him—he was arrested in his hopeful career, and the fond anticipations which animated his own heart, and the hearts of his friends, were levelled in the dust.

Early in the year 1801, an abscess broke out in his breast; and though for some time it seemed to yield to the skill of his medical attendants, it returned with unexpected malignity; and in a few months from the time of its first appearance, the heart which had glowed with the noblest emulation, and exulted in the brightest visions of hope, was insensible alike to censure and to fame. During his lingering illness, his ruling propensity continued in all its vigour, and afforded his chief consolation and amusement. The annals of genius do not, per-

haps, present a more affecting scene, than a young poet, in the flower of life, and the dawn of his reputation, stretched on his deathbed, and beguiling the languor of sickness, and the dread of approaching dissolution, with the recreations of fancy, and the witchery of song. When no longer able, from weakness, to sit upright and use a pen, his paper was laid before him, and he committed his verses to writing with a black lead pencil. Some of these have been preserved, and form part of the volume now presented to the public. He breathed his last on the 10th of May 1801, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

For some years before his death, he had been attached to the Highland regiment of volunteers, whose ardour he inflamed by many elegant and patriotic effusions. One of these was printed at the expense of the officers, and copies were distributed to every individual in the regiment. His remains were followed to the grave by his companions in arms, and interred in the Calton burying-ground with military honours; while the rising sigh and the starting tear were a more affecting, though less obtrusive, tribute to his worth.

Soon after his decease, it was proposed by some of his friends to publish a volume of his poems, with some account of his life and occupations, as the best monument which they could raise to his memory. The office of editor and biographer was undertaken by his friend Dr MURRAY; and it is much to be regretted that the plan, though never relinquished, was delayed till the death of that gentleman, whose talents and opportunities so peculiarly fitted him for executing the task, in a manner which might be at once satisfactory to the public, and creditable to his subject.

In reading the account of the premature death of Mr GALL, we naturally recollect, with melancholy interest, the similar fate of his countrymen, ROBERT FERGUSSON and MICHAEL BRUCE. It was not in this particular, however, nor even in kindred genius only, that Mr GALL resembled these lamented poets. He was distinguished by the same sensibility of heart, the same gentleness of disposition, and the same endearing manners. Unfeignedly modest, he exhibited a most engaging contrast to the ostentatious absurdity, which often renders young authors, particularly of the poetic tribe, so ridiculous and intolerable. When he

spoke of poetry, especially of the poetry of Scotland, it was with an enthusiasm, which shewed him at once to be an ardent admirer of the Muses; but seldom, except in the company of his intimate friends, did he allow an expression to escape, from which it could be gathered that he was himself a poet. With his friends, however, in the hilarity of convivial intercourse, or the confidence of private communication, he delighted in talking of his poetical projects; and on such occasions, his enthusiasm, untinged with presumption, and his glowing philanthropy and patriotism, undamped by any sordid or unamiable feeling, imparted a high degree of interest to his conversation.

Love of country was in him a strong passion, of which a decided predilection for the language of his country was the natural consequence. His favourite topics were Scottish history and song. When he spoke of WALLACE, BRUCE, and the other heroes of our land, it was with the ardour of a youthful patriot; his eyes sparkled with fresh lustre; his cheek was flushed with a deeper crimson; and he avowed that his highest ambition was, to celebrate in their native dialect the great champions of Scottish independence. Diffidence of his own

powers inclined him to defer for a time “the glorious theme;” but in all his studies and poetical essays, he still kept it in view; and several of the pieces which appear in this selection, may be regarded as mere prelusory excursions, while he was “imping his eagle wings” for a bolder and loftier flight.

It is much to be lamented that he did not live to realise his favourite project, of his powers for which, he has given so able a specimen in his beautiful poem, entitled, “Arthur’s Seat.” Few subjects, indeed, could have been more happily chosen by a young bard, whose eye lingered in devotional admiration on the beauties of his native land, and whose heart beat with still higher interest in all that concerned its welfare and its glory. The unrivalled scenery comprehended within his horizon, gave ample scope to his talent for description; while almost every object that caught his view, associated with some interesting event in the history of his country, afforded him, in comparing its past with its present state, the finest opportunities of contrast, and naturally awakened the strongest emotions of the patriot and poet. Of these advantages he has most happily availed himself. From the very outset of the poem, his delineations

are animated with historical allusions. While he undertakes

To sing ilk bonny bushy bower,
Adorned wi' mony a wild-lorn flower ;
Ilk burnie singing through the vale,
Whare blooming hawthorns scent the gale ;
An' ilka sweet that Nature yields,
In meadow wild, or cultured fields :

he recollects that these are

Thae cultured fields, whare, towering strang,
The sturdy aik his shadows flang ;
Whare lanely Druids wont to rove,
The mystic tenants o' the grove :
Thae cultured fields, whare, on a day
Whan gallant JAMIE bare the sway,
The Forest flowers bloomed fair to see,
Wi' mony a gem to bless the e'e,
Ere Ruin's blast was heard to blaw, &c.

How beautiful and affecting the contrast which is contained in the following lines :

Here starts the splendid dome to view,
'Mang sylvan haunts o' vernal hue ;
There some auld lanely pile appears,
The mould'ring wreck o' former years,

Whase tottering wa' nae mair can stand
 Before fell Time's resistless hand ;
 Sic as Craigmillar's Castle gray,
 That now fa's crumbling to decay,
 A prey to ilka blast that blaws
 An' whistles through its royal ha's—
 Whare mirth ance burst wi' joyfu' sound,
 An' melting music rang around,
 Ah me ! dull gloomy silence reigns,
 The mossy grass creeps o'er the stanes,
 An' howlets loud, at e'enin's fa',
 Rejoice upon the ruined wa' !

While describing Craigmillar Castle, once the residence of the lovely and unfortunate MARY, he is naturally led to bewail the sorrows of that much-injured Queen ; and he breaks forth into the following animated and pathetic exclamation, which will bear a comparison with Mr BURKE's celebrated rhapsody on the late Queen of France :

There was a time, whan Woman's charms
 Could fire the warlike warld to arms,
 An' breed sic wae to auld an' young,
 As HELEN wept, an' HOMER sung :
 But MARY, o' ilk stay bereft,
 Misfortune's luckless child was left ;

Nae guileless friend to stem her grief,
 The bursting sigh her hale relief.—
 O ye, whase brave forefathers bled,
 An' aft the rage o' battle led,
 Wha, rushing o'er the crimson field,
 At Bannockburn made EDWARD yield;
 Ye, wha, still led by Glory's flame,
 Made terror mix wi' Scotia's name,—
 Whare slept your dauntless valour keen,
 Whan danger met your injured Queen ?

To these lengthened extracts, I cannot forbear to add one passage more, which breathes the very spirit of liberty, and shews how keenly Mr GALL sympathised in the struggles of our forefathers for independence, and how well he was qualified to sing of their glorious deeds.

Alas ! sic objects to behold,
 Brings back the glorious days of old,
 Whare Scotia's daring, gallant train,
 That ever spurned a tyrant's chain,
 For dearest Independence bled,
 An' nobly filled their gory bed.
 Sae o'er yon mountains, stretching lang,
 Their shields the sons of Freedom rang,
 Whan Rome's ambition wild, burst forth,
 An' roused the warriors o' the North ;

Whan CALGACH urged his dauntless train,
An' Freedom rushed through ilka vein,
As close they met the haughty foe,
An' laid fu' mony a tyrant low ;
As fierce they fought like freemen a',
Oh ! glorious fought—yet fought to fa' !—
They fell—an' thou, sweet LIBERTY,
Frae Grampia's blood-stained heights didst flee,
An' fixed thy seat remote, serene,
'Mang Caledonia's mountains green.
Fair Maid ! O may thy safest smile
For ever cheer my native Isle !

Though this poem does not appear to have received the last touch of the author, and an occasional rudeness may therefore be discovered in the structure of the verse, it flows, in general, with great smoothness and melody ; and there are few pieces of equal length in modern Scottish poetry, which present so many happy displays of true poetical talent. His powers seem to vary with his varying subjects ; and whether he is rapt in admiration of external nature, melts in compassion for distress, glows with exultation in the triumphs of his country, burns with indignation at her wrongs, or does homage to those great minds who have diffused around her the lustre of genius, his heart

swells with equal inspiration, and his vivid conceptions are conveyed in strains of appropriate eloquence. Of these remarks the passages already cited afford sufficient confirmation; and the reader is farther referred to the whole of the second canto, and to the fine address to Edina with which the poem concludes.

In his minor pieces there appears the same versatility of power; but it is to the tender, the plaintive, and the pathetic, that his muse is chiefly inclined. Though he can occasionally “wake the blythsome strain”—or “strike the harp to warlike measure”—his chief delight is to “sing in safer lays”—and over most of his verses he has thrown a shade of melancholy, which is not unpleasing. His heart appears to have had a native tendency to sadness—a tendency which was confirmed by the sombre colour of his life: for short as his career was, cares, sorrows, and disappointments, clouded his morning sky. Even in his earliest anticipations, there is often less of hope than despondency; his mind rather reverts to departed joys, than looks forward to joys to come; and it is with no affected sensibility that he pathetically exclaims:

Wake Nature's lyre, sweet, wild, an' chaste !
 O wake the strain that lulls to rest !
 Thy notes may charm my throbbing breast,
 By anguish torn,
 While I the joys an' pleasures past
 Can only mourn.

In his "Address to Haddington," he describes the scenes "where once his careless childhood strayed, a stranger yet to pain;" and contrasts the happiness of that gay and thoughtless period with the future struggles and miseries of life, in a tone of refined and tender feeling, which would have done no discredit to the celebrated poet, who has so sweetly sung of the "Scenes of Infancy." Every heart will heave responsive to the sentiments contained in the following beautiful stanzas :

But let me breathe my heart's warm flame
 Aneath yon auld tree's aged frame ;
 Whare Friendship past may justly claim
 A silent tear,
 To trace ilk rudely-sculptured name
 O' comrades dear.

How scattered now !—ah, wae is me !
 They steer their course on Life's dark sea ;
 Some scud awa wi' lightsome glee
 An' easy sail ;

Some aft the rudest shock maun dree

O' Ruin's gale.

O Life! in thy wee fond career,

What shifting lights an' shades appear!

Now Hope's bright beam will twinkle clear,

An' promise fair;

Now lours the gloom, sae dark an' drear,

O' deep Despair!

In the selection of Mr GALL'S Poems now presented to the public, the eye of taste may discover some imperfections: but when it is considered that they are the productions of a youth, who died at the age of twenty-five; that several of them are copied from manuscript in a schoolboy hand; and that few of them were prepared by the author for publication; candour will find little to censure, and much to admire. Had Mr GALL lived to publish his own poems, some of those which this volume contains would perhaps have been suppressed, and others would have appeared in a more polished state; but there are many of them, which the most fastidious regard to fame would not have induced him to reject, and which his taste, how matured soever by experience, could scarcely have improved. He had studied the Scottish language with great suc-

cess ; and few modern authors have written it in greater purity. His poems are disfigured by no provincial barbarisms, and display, in a very favourable manner, the peculiar excellences of our native tongue.

The refined and delicate sensibility by which Mr GALL was distinguished, naturally inclined him to the writing of songs ; and it does no small honour to his genius, that, when the deserved celebrity of the songs of BURNS, seemed to leave little chance of success to any inferior adventurer in that department of poetry, many of Mr GALL's songs were set to music, and obtained a very flattering share of popularity. Their title to that distinction will be admitted by all who have any taste for melody of verse, elegant simplicity, and natural sentiment. " The Bard," " The Braes o' Drumlee," " Captain O'Kain," and " My only Jo and Dearie," might have been owned, without a blush, even by the Ayrshire Poet. We are greatly mistaken, indeed, if the last of these songs has not been very generally ascribed to BURNS: and the " Farewell to Ayrshire," long admired as the production of that unrivalled bard, and even inserted in Dr CURRIE'S

edition of his works, is now ascertained to have proceeded from the pen of Mr GALL.*

The most ardent admirers of BURNS have regretted, that the brightness of his reputation has been sullied by the profane and licentious tendency of some of his most vigorous, and, in other respects, most fascinating productions. To the honour of GALL it may be asserted, that, even in his gayest and least guarded moments, he is never indelicate or immoral; and that, in all his writings, not a line appears, which could overspread with a blush the cheek of modesty, or awaken the indignation of insulted virtue.

Upon the whole, it is hoped that this little volume will be regarded as no mean accession to the poetry of our country; and will be received with peculiar pleasure by the friends of the author, as a relic of one whom they deservedly loved, and whose premature decease they sincerely deplored.

* See Note at the end of the volume.

Edinburgh, February 10, 1819.

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POEMS.

ARTHUR'S SEAT.

CANTO I.

O FOR a spark o' genial fire,
Sic as could ance a BURNS inspire !
O for a SHAKSPEARE's pencil rare,
To trace ilk glowing prospect fair !
Then might we sey in sweetest key,
To sing frae ARTHUR'S SEAT sae hie ;
To sing the list o' beauties thrang,
That ne'er hae swelled the poet's sang :¹
To sing ilk bonny bushy bower,
Adorned wi' mony a wild-lorn flower ;

Ilk burnie singing through the vale,
Whare blooming hawthorns scent the gale ;
An' ilka sweet that Nature yields,
In meadow wild, or cultured fields :
Thae cultured fields, whare, towering strang,
The sturdy aik his shadows flang ;
Whare lanely Druids wont to rove,
The mystic tenants o' the grove :
In cultured fields, whare, on a day
Whan gallant JAMIE bare the sway,
The Forest flowers bloomed fair to see,
Wi' mony a gem to bless the e'e,
Ere Ruin's blast was heard to blaw,
That wed their bonny blooms awa.

Ah ! thae befit the Minstrel's strain,
Wha pensive muses by his lane ;
Sweet Nature's Bard, wha learns to sing
In happy Fancy's fairy ring,
Whan swelling thoughts, like rising day,
Burst frae his mind in tunefu' lay.

Yes, ARTHUR, round thy velvet chair
Ilk chequered picture blushes fair,
An' mixed wi' Nature's landscape green,
The varied warks o' Art are seen.
Here starts the splendid dome to view,
'Mang sylvan haunts o' vernal hue ;
There some auld lanely pile appears,
The mould'ring wreck o' former years,
Whase tottering wa' nae mair can stand
Before fell Time's resistless hand ;
Sic as Craigmillar's Castle gray,²
That now fa's crumbling to decay,
A prey to ilka blast that blaws
An' whistles through its royal ha's——
Whare mirth ance burst wi' joyfu' sound,
An' melting music rang around,
Ah me ! dull gloomy silence reigns,
The mossy grass creeps o'er the stanes,
An' howlets loud, at e'enin's fa',
Rejoice upon the ruined wa' !

Ah, MARY, Scotia's lovely Queen !
Whan Nature wore her mantle green,
Aft didst thou waste the bitter hours,
An' muse amidst Craigmillar's bowers ;
Aft weet thy cheek wi' Sorrow's tear,
An' mourn thy hapless fate severe ;
Aft weep the days of artless youth,
Sweet days of innocence an' truth,
Whan thou, in wit an' beauty sheen,
In Gallia's splendid court wert seen ;
Whan ilka peerless charm o' thine
Bowed Gallia's Lords at Beauty's shrine,
An' thou aft hailed, in Pleasure's reign,
Those joys which ne'er returned again.

There was a time, whan Woman's charms
Could fire the warlike warld to arms,
An' breed sic wae to auld an' young,
As HELEN wept, an' HOMER sung :
But MARY, o' ilk stay bereft,
Misfortune's luckless child was left ;

Nae guileless friend to stem her grief,
The bursting sigh her hale relief.—
O ye, whase brave forefathers bled,
An' aft the rage o' battle led,
Wha, rushing o'er the crimson field,
At Bannockburn made EDWARD yield ;⁵
Ye, wha, still led by Glory's flame,
Made terror mix wi' Scotia's name,—
Whare slept your dauntless valour keen,
Whan danger met your injured Queen ?
Could neither Love nor Beauty warm,
To shield sweet Innocence frae harm ?

Ill-fated Maid ! hadst thou been born
In some sequestered wild, forlorn,
Whare beauty rare, unseen, might stray
An' sport upon the sunny brae,
Or learn wi' youthfu' glee to move
'Mang rural cares an' rural love :—
Sic ills around thee ne'er had hung ;
Sic grief had ne'er thy bosom wrung

But, treading Life's untroubled way,
 Sweet Peace had blest thy latter day.
 Yet, MARY, still thy mournfu' tale
 Ilk tender bosom shall bewail ;
 Lang, lang o'er thee shall Scotia mourn,
 An' Pity's tear bedew thy urn.

Craigmillar's fa'n ; an' wha can see
 Auld Halyrude wi' tearless e'e ?⁴
 Its polished towers neglected sair,
 The haunt o' regal pomp nae mair ;
 Its ancient splendour fled awa,
 That bleezed sae bright in ilka ha' ;
 Whare Scotia's Kings were wont to reign,
 Which STUARTS ance could ca' their ain.
 (Ah, luckless race ! on them nae day
 E'er blinkit wi' propitious ray ;
 Their hindmost stoop now forced to crave
 In ither lands—a wretched grave !⁵
 Ah, luckless race ! for ever fa'n,
 An' banished frae their native lan',

Though aft they struggled gallantlie,
The sceptred great again to be ;
Though late they saw, on Preston field,
Their marshalled foes inglorious yield,
Save sic as GARD'NER, gallant, brave,
Wha scorned to flee the warrior's grave,
But nobly fought upon the lea,
An' fell near yonder hawthorn tree.)
Ah me ! ance joy an' courtly grace
Near by the Thistle had a place,
An' a' our Lords at hame wad dine,
An' drink wi' glee the blude-red wine ;
Whan HARDYKNUTE, wi' horn sae shrill,⁶
Shook a' the trees o' greenwood hill,
An' gart the witless Norse repent
His " brag o' weir " upo' the bent.
Alas ! sic objects to behold,
Bring back the glorious days of old,
Whare Scotia's daring, gallant train,
That ever spurned a tyrant's chain,

For dearest Independence bled,
An' nobly filled their gory bed.
Sae o'er yon mountains, stretching lang,
Their shields the sons of Freedom rang,
Whan Rome's ambition wild, burst forth,
An' roused the warriors o' the North ;
Whan CALGACH urged his dauntless train,
An' Freedom rushed through ilka vein,
As close they met the haughty foe,
An' laid fu' mony a tyrant low ;
As fierce they fought like freemen a',
Oh ! glorious fought—yet fought to fa' !—
They fell—an' thou, sweet LIBERTY,
Frae Grampia's blood-stained heights didst flee,
An' fixed thy seat remote, serene,
'Mang Caledonia's mountains green.
Fair Maid ! O may thy safest smile
For ever cheer my native Isle !

ARTHUR'S SEAT.

CANTO II.

WHAT varied scenes, what prospects dear,
In chequered landscape still appear !
What rural sweets profusely thrang
The flowery Links o' Forth along !
O'er whase proud shivering surface blue,
Fife's woods an' spires begird the view ;⁷
Whare CERES gilds the fertile plain,
An' richly waves the yellow grain,
An' Lomond hill wi' misty showers
Aft weets auld Falkland's royal towers :
Nor distant far, upon the ear
The popling Leven wimples clear,
Whase ruined pile an' glassy lake
Shall live in sang for MARY's sake :

An' sweetly blooms ilk native charm
That BRUCE's youthful breast could warm,⁸
Whase manly thoughts were wont to burn,
Whare Gairney pours his silent urn.

Return, fond Muse, frae haunts sae fair ;
To Lothian's shore return ance mair ;
An' let thy lyre be sweetly strung,
For peerless Esk remains unsung.
Romantic stream ! what sweets combine
To deck ilk bank an' bower o' thine !
For now the sun, wi' cheerfu' rays,
Glows saft o'er a' thy woody braes,
Whare mony a native wild-flower's seen,
'Mang birks, an' briers, an' ivy green,
An' a' the woodland chorists sing,
Or gleesome flit on wanton wing,
Save whare the lintie mournfully
Sabs sair aneath the rowan tree,
To see her nest an' young anes a'
By thoughtless reaver borne awa.

Return, return the mourner's care,
An' ease the bosom o' despair,
Nor cleed your little heart in steel,
For Nature bade the lintie feel.
Go mark the maid whase gentle breast
Spreads for the tuncfu' thrang a feast,
Weel pleased to tak her sweet reward
Frae ilka little sylvan bard.

How fresh an' fair, o' varied hue,
Ilk tufted haunt o' sweet Buccleuch !
What bliss ilk green retreat to hail,
Whare Melville Castle cheers the vale,
An' Mavisbank, sae rural, gay,
Looks bonny down the woodland brae !
But doubly fair ilk darling scene
That screens the bowers o' Hawthorndean,⁹
Whare Nature's wild-lorn charms combined
To wake the pensive Poet's mind,
While waving woods in Phœbus' beam
O'ershadowed half the babbling stream ;

Whare DRUMMOND fled the thoughtless gay,
To pour his sweet Petrarchian lay,
Whase polished reed sae saftly rang,
As gart the mavis tyne her sang.
Thrice happy bard ! thy honoured name
Adorns the book o' deathless Fame,
An' Time in vain shall sey his rage
To blot it frae the gilded page.

What saftening thoughts resistless start,
An' pour their influence o'er the heart ;
What mingling scenes around appear,
To musing Meditation dear,
Whan, wae, we tent fair Grandeur's fa',
By Roslin's ruined Castle wa' !¹⁰
O what is pomp ? an' what is power ?
The silly phantoms of an hour !
Sae loudly ance, frae Roslin's brow,
The martial trump o' grandeur blew,
While steel-clad vassals wont to wait
Their chieftain at the portalled gate ;

An' maidens fair, in vestments gay,
Bestrewed wi' flowers the warrior's way.
But now, ah me! how changed the scene!
Nae trophied ha', nae towers remain;
Nae torches bleeze wi' gladsome light,
A guiding star in dead o' night;
Nor voice is heard, save tinkling rill,
That echoes frae the distant hill.

Romantic Esk! what sweets combine
To deck ilk bank an' bower of thine!
What chequered scenes their beauties shaw,
An' blossom wild around Newha',¹¹
Seen peeping through the tufted trees,
O'er bushy glens an' green-sward lees;
Whare FORBES ance, secluded sage,
Enraptured read the classic page,
An' Learning held her dear levee,
An' Friendship sat wi' social glee;
Whare RAMSAY, set on sunny hill,
Blew Scotia's reed wi' tunefu' skill,

While PEGGY, blythe an' sweet, was seen
Wi' PATIE on the flowery green,
While ROGER sighed frae e'en to morn,
Whan JENNY feigned a cauldribe scorn,
An' SYMON wi' the eldrin folks
Wad snuff, an' crack his couthie jokes :
O RAMSAY ! wha wi' native glee
Could picture rural life like thee ?

Sic ALLAN nobly dared, erewhile ¹²
The HOGARTH o' his native isle,
Whase master-touch could eithly trace
The nicest tints o' Nature's face ;
But now he's gane, an' we maun mourn,
Though richest laurels busk his urn.
An', RUNCIMAN ! thy hapless fate ¹⁵
The Muse deploras wi' deep regret ;
Thou, wha could tent each passion's flow,
An' bid the breathing canvass glow ;
Whase pencil Fame enraptured saw
At wark sublime in Ossian's Ha' ;

'Mang woods, an' lawns, an' gardens gay,
Whare CLERK an' Worth were wont to stray;¹⁴
Whare friendless Genius aft has gane,
An' never poured her plaint in vain.

Now tent the Pentlands, westlins seen,
O'erspread wi' flowery pastures green;
Whare, stretching wide, the fleecy ewes
Rin bleating round the sunny knowes,
An' mony a little siller rill
Steals gurgling down its mossy hill;
An' vernal green is ilka tree
On bonny braes o' Woodhouselee,¹⁵
Whare TYTLER hailed his pleasures new,
An' gave the wreath to merit due,
While dear he lo'ed the artless sang,
An' hill an' dale wi' music rang.

Delightfu' task! to bring to view,
An' gie the wreath to merit due;
Yet, ah! how mony a genius born
Is left unfriended an' forlorn!

Nae joyfu' cheer, nae happy hame,
Nor aught to boast o', but—a name!
An' sic the ills MACDONALD saw,¹⁶
Whan cares an' poortith wrought his fa'!
An' sic the fate—oh, doubly hard!—
Befel Edina's favourite Bard;¹⁷
He, ance the jocund, blythe, an' gay,
In hamely sang an' roundelay,
Till could neglect begude his care,
An' drave his mind to wild despair.
Sweet be the flowers that o'er them wave!
Green grow the grass on ilka grave!
An' saftly blossom ilka flower
That skirts the wa's o' yonder tower,
Whare Genius aft is seen to weep
Her HUME for ever laid asleep;
Whase manly saul burst forth in flame,
Whan England was the glorious theme;
Wha penned the chaste but nervous page,
An' died, the LIVY o' his age.

An' whare is he, perfection's child,
O' sweetest look an' temper mild,
Wha made the tender bosom glow
Wi' MARY's wrangs an' MARY's wo?
He's gane—ah, never to return!—
Nae mair the sparkling lamp will burn,
The lamp whase ever-faithfu' light
Made mirkest ages burn sae bright.
Sunk wi' the mouldering nameless dead,
What marble tells his narrow bed!

END OF CANTO II.

B

ARTHUR'S SEAT.

CANTO III.

EDINA! aft thy wa's hae rung
The hamely sangs thy Minstrels sung,
An' now the Poet warms, to pay
To thee his tributary lay;
Fu' happy, could he ance but rear
Ae verse that's wordy o' thy care.

O leeze me on thy bonny Dames,
A spotless list o' dearest names,
Whase peerless charms, ance on a day,
First gart me tune the rustic lay;
Lang kent for wit an' beauty rare,
As famed Circassia's daughters fair.
Sweet Maids! whan simmer decks the green,
Leave ye the dinsome busy scene,

An' to the sylvan Meadows stray,¹⁸
As e'enin skirts the lee-lang day ;
Or trace the vale romantic, sweet,
Whare Health an' her St Bernard meet :¹⁹
There let your charms blink bonnilie,
Love's fire-flaughts darting frae ilk e'e.
Sae R——L trips wi' modest mien,
An' steals the Minstrel's heart, I ween ;
For aft she wraps his saul in fire,
An' gars him strike the Doric lyre.

Nor are thy Sons less dear to Fame,
Or far afield, or here at hame ;
Alike their glory's kent afar,
Or in the senate or in war.
O may they never bare the steel,
Save for their King an' Country's weal !
An' then may success crown the brave,
An' victory in their banners wave,
Till peace entwine, wi' bonny hue,
Laurel an' olive round their brow !

Now some are seen in bourachs gay,
 On Bruntsfield Links to spend the day,²⁰
 An' stretching o'er the greensward lee,
 Strike aff the ba' frae tappit tee ;
 While ithers, decked in tartan sheen,
 To martial music beat the green,
 An' gar the feathered arrows flee,
 Weel skilled in noble archerie ;
 Right keen to ape the feats o' auld,
 Whilk ance engaged the great an' bauld,
 What time (as minstrel stories tell)
 A PERCY bled, a DOUGLAS fell.²¹
 Sic halesome sports can vigour yield,
 Whan cheerfu' age frequents the field,
 An' nerve the young baith stout an' strang,
 The future frosts o' eild to bang.

But wae's my heart wi' dool an' care !

CECILIA'S voice is heard nae mair !²²

Nae mair her tunefu' melody,
 Saft as the glance o' beauty's e'e.

Whan our King JAMIE bare the sway,²³

Aft wad he chant the lightsome lay

In notes he weel could ca' his ain,

Sweet as CORELLI's saftest strain :

But now sic sounds we dinna hear,

As ance wi' rapture filled the ear.

Nae OSWALD wakes the saftest tune,²⁴

To melt the saul ere haffins done ;

Nae KELLIE now, the fair amang,

Enraptured sweeps the strings along.

Alake ! they're gane—they're fled awa,

But lang the Muse shall mourn their fa'.

Fie, Scotia, fie ! shall it be said

That you forsook the darling Maid ?

Shall Music be by you exiled,

Again to haunt the woodlands wild ?

“ Na, whisht ! ” I hear some Genius say ;

“ Cease, Minstrel, cease your mournfu' lay !

“ Let a' sic dowie notes abee,

“ For better days shall Scotia see.

" The heart o' feeling maun forbear
 " The cheek to water wi' a tear,
 " An' Pity's pulse forget to play,
 " Ere Scottish Music die away."

Wha's she, wi' pensive step an' slaw,
 That seems to mourn near Thespis' Ha' ? ²⁵
 Alake ! 'tis Taste, sweet, modest, mild,
 Now ruefu' turned, dejected, wild,
 To think a seat she dares na claim,
 Whare ance she sat wi' meikle fame ;
 Whare matchless YATES, ance on a time, ²⁶
 Could raise the mind to thoughts sublime.
 Ye happy few, wha love to stray
 In Wisdom's flower-enamelled way,
 O bid the Maiden cease to mourn,
 An' let her wonted smile return ;
 Nor to the scene the plaudit gie,
 That tires the heart to please the e'e :
 Then SIDDONS, wi' majestic mien, ²⁷
 Ance mair may grace the tragic scene ;

Then SATCHELL may her powers exert,²⁸
Whase simple sweetness wins the heart ;
An' KEMBLE, still to Nature true,²⁹
May haud her mirror up to view.

EDINA ! may'st thou never tine
The name o' worth, which now is thine.
Lang may thy Sons the wreath retain,
The wreath which merit maks their ain ;
O, lang may sweetest sense adorn
Thy Daughters, fair as simmer morn.
Yes, yes—in Fancy's fairy dream
Thy future state begins to gleam :
Whare gowans smile to sunny skies,
I see the splendid fabric rise,
Whase stately columns, towering high,
Wi' ancient Rome or Greece may vie :
I see the proud majestic Clyde
Around thee lave the silver tide :
I see the bark thy turrets hail,
An' gowden Commerce fill the sail.

Yes, thou shalt shine in verdant bays,
Whan he, the wight wha sings thy praise,
Shall mingle wi' the nameless dead,
Nae lettered stane at his grave head ;
Nae brither Bard to sing his name,
Or tell his hankering after Fame.

THE
TINT QUEY;

OR,

THRAWART MAGGY.

Aft trifles big mishanters bring,
Frae whilk a hunder mae may spring;
An' some, wha thrawart tempers hae,
Aft stand unkent in their ain way:
But aye, to guard against a coup,
Fouk should look weel afore they loup.

'Twas wearing gey an' late at e'en,
Whan younkers leave the daffin green,
Poor SANDIE, frae his doughty wark,
Came hame a' jaupit i' the dark,

A lang auld timmer stool drew near
 The new peat ingle, glancin clear,
 Which sent its reek, in columns black,
 Out through an opening i' the thack,
 An' gat his wark-looms a' in tune,
 To ca' some tacketts in his shoon,
 Though wi' a lang day's wark sair dung,
 He was as stiff's a reisted rung.
 His MEG set by her spinnin-wheel,
 (Whilk helps the heavy time to steal
 Awa,) an' sturdily did hook
 The parritch-kettle on the crook,
 An' frae the willow buist did scatter
 A tate o' meal upo' the water,
 Nae doubt for fear it should beguile
 Her whan it minted first to boil.

This done, she clauchtit down wi' speed
 The bowet aff the box-bed head,
 An' frae a boal ye eith might see
 Her tak a spunk to light it wi' ;

For ye maun ken, that just e'en now
'Twas time to gang an' milk the cow.

But here, or we gae farer ben,
Ablins it's fitting to let ken
To them wha reads, that this same Lucky
Was e'en a dour an' thrawart bucky,
Which shawed she was o' bool-horned breed,
Whane'er she took it in her head.

Aye whan *he* ga'e advice, but swither,

Ye're sure that *she* wad tak anither ;

Na, but a joke, she's aft been seen

To clap her neives afore his een,

While he, poor sumph ! boot silence keep,

An' durst na for his lugs play cheep.

Then wi' her hands her tongue kept steeks :

In short now, MARGET—wore the breeks.

Compared wi' her in ony way,

He was as contrair's night's frae day ;

An honest-hearted simple chiel,

Wha lo'ed to see ilk body weel.

But hear what I am gaun to tell,
An' in th' affair judge for yoursel.

MEG loot but little time expire,
Afore she reached the theeked byre ;
But, wow ! sad cheat ! whan near she drew,
As white's her mutch her haffets grew,
An' legs did shake, as soon's she saw
The door wide stannin to the wa'.
Wi' heart high jumpin to her mou',
She cried, " Preserve us ! whare's the cow ?"
An' stood an' gloured about fu' keen,
But deil a cow was to be seen :
Then wi' the bowet hame she ran,
To tell the tidings to her man.
" O SANDIE, haste, fling by your shoon,"
Quo' she, " an' see what's to be done ;
" For some ane's been sae unco glaikit
" As gang an' leave the door unsneckit,
" An' Hornie, being left her lane,
" 'S win out, nor ken I whare she's gane."

“ Aweel,” quo’ he, “ sae ye may crack o’t,
“ See what a bonny hand ye’ll mak o’t!”
“ I’ll mak o’t!—What the sorrow way?
“ D’ye think that I can watch her aye?
“ That is a bonny speech indeed
“ To come frae your unwordy head.
“ Ye poor, unthinking, senseless sow,
“ Get up, an’ let us seek the cow.”
Quo’ he, right bauld, “ Deil’s i’ the jade!
“ I dare say ye are gaun clean mad,
“ To think, at sic an elritch time
“ O’ night, whan we see ne’er a styme,
“ That we, like gowks, should gang awa,
“ An’ ken na what may us befa’.
“ What though (nae seeing whare we’re gaun)
“ In some wild frightfu’ place we lan’,
“ Whare wily bogles, dancing reels,
“ May hing us a’ up by the heels;
“ Or devilish Spunkie, watching, lead
“ Us in some pool out-owre the head:

“ An’, MARGET, faith I really doubt,
“ Although we e’en should find her out,
“ Gif she wi’ mae be in a park,
“ Ye winna ken her i’ the dark.
“ But gin ye’ll only be sae wise
“ As just for ance tak my advice,
“ Bide still till light o’ day appear,
“ An’ then we’ll find the road mair clear.”

Whane’er this speech came frae his pow,
MEG’s passion like a rock took low :
“ Whisht ! haud your clep, an’ speak nae langer,
“ Ye neer-do-weel, to raise my anger !
“ A pity, faith, but I wad bow
“ To tak advice frae sic as you !
“ Wae worth ye, sir ! it sets ye ill
“ To talk to me in sic a style,
“ Considering what a life I’ve led,
“ To keep your geits an’ you weel clad ;
“ Or seldom wad ye hae a shift
“ Or dud to keep ye frae the drift.”

“ For gudesake, MARGET,” cries he, “ cease,
“ An’ let us ance again hae peace ;
“ For whan your tongue but breaks its girth,
“ This house is just a hell on yirth :
“ But gin ye’ll try to keep it still,
“ I’ll cheerfu’ do whate’er ye will.”

For now he saw’t vain to contend
An’ waste his wind to little end ;
An’ therefore bade her just sit down
Till he wad fetch some neighbours roun’,
Wha wad their best assistance gie
In seeking for the bawsand quey.

Wi’ that he did na langer wait,
But set aff, speaking a’ the gate ;
An’ scarce had been awa a crack,
Ere he returned, an’ at his back
Came marching in young ROBIN GOOL,
Wi’ HABBY GRAEME the hafins fool,
Auld SYMON GLAIKIE, GEORDY GRITH,
An’ staumrel WILLY GRAY the smith,

Provided a' wi' thumping cuds,
In case o' need, to gie some thuds.

Wi' ae consent they leave the house,
An' rattle o'er the craft fu' crouse,
Sometimes along the ditches scouring,
Sometimes out-through the hedges glouring ;
While MARGET loud an' aft did rair,
“ My lady Hornie !” here an' there.
Lang, lang they gaed 'mang hows an' braes,
Through elritch roads an' crooked ways,
An' were beginning to despair
O' seeing Hornie ony mair,
Whan, wearing near an auld windmill,
Just on a sudden WILL stood still ;
“ Whisht ! whisht !” quo' he, an' did allege
He heard a *boo* ahint a hedge,
Whilk MEG birsed through wi' speed, tho' thorny,
To see gif it was really Hornie ;
An' though 'twas mirk, she could espy
The park contained some scores o' kye ;

On which the men fouk a' gaed in,
To see if they could Hornie fin',
But lippent maist to MARGET's skill,
As first an' last she'd ta'en her will ;
An' she had said, nae lang before,
She'd ken her quey 'mang fifty score,
E'en though it was as dark as pit,
Whan ane can hardly steer their fit.
As gude's her word, she cried fu' fain,
That she had lighted on her ain,
Whilk nae doubt had, by light o' day,
Within the hedging made its way.
At this blythe news they ga'e a shout,
Wi' perfect joy, an' brought her out ;
An' lest she should again escape,
Out-owre her horns they coost a rape :
Syne GOOL fu' canny, by the same
Road that they gaed, straught led her hame ;
An' a' the lave, to cracking gi'en,
Thought that they had right lucky been ;—

Save luckless WILL, wha, in his haste,
Splashed in a ditch up to the waist ;
An' whan pu'd out by them aboon,
His feet came up, an' left his shoon ;
Which gart him, a' the weary road,
Gae trudging wi' his cloots unshod.
An' MARGET here began to taunt,
An' jeer poor SANDIE for his want
O' sense ; an' maist wi' blythness sang,
Because her deeds proved he was wrang.
But wait a wee : or a' be done,
Ye'll ablins hear her change her tune.

Wi' great ado, through dubs an' mire,
The troop fu' joyfu' reached the byre,
Whare hung o'er rungs ilk wearied wight,
Till MARGET gaed an' fush a light.
Then hunkering down upo' her knees,
Poor Hornie o' her milk to ease,
She ga'e a screigh, wi' stannin hairs—
“ The Lord keep's a' frae *witches'* snares !

“ As clear to me as shining pewther,
 “ They’ve whuppet aff poor Hornie’s uther.”
 “ G–d’s presence guide’s !” ilk chield did roar,
 An’ a’ made clean heels to the door.
 Lang HABBY GRAEME, wi’ downright hurry,
 Played clyp out-owte an auld wheelbarrow ;
 An’ held it as a sterling fact,
 Some bogle rampaged at his back.
 MEG, rinning like a flea in blanket,
 Her coats upon a lang nail hanket,
 That gart her coup the creels, an’ squeel—
 “ Ah, sirs ! I’m grippet by a deil !”
 An’ as she cross the threshold lay,
 Wae’s me ! she near hand swarf’d away.
 Poor WILL the smith, wi’ half-cauld blood,
 But shoon or bannet, roaring stood ;
 An’ some, to get themsels weel hidden,
 Were maistly smothered i’ the midden.

Thus matters in confusion reigned,
 Till time near half an hour had gained,

Whan they again began to gather
A little spunk, an' creep thegither :
Syne near the haystack, but dissension,
They gaed to haud a stout convention.
But just whan HAB began descanting,
WILL cried that SYMON was awanting,
An' ilk ane ferlied nae a wee,
What luckless gate the chield could be.
Then GOOL proposed, that they should gae
An' seek him out without delay :
Sae out they bourach'd in a thrang,
But fand they had na far to gang ;
For frae the byre a tether-length,
The callan tint a' maughts an' strength.
There, to their great surprise and wonder,
They fand him lying as flat's a flounder,
Upon his wame ; nor wad he steer,
But lay an' panted sair wi' fear,
Just like a hare that's lang been hunted
By bloody hounds an' sportsmen mounted.

WILL took him rashly by the arm,
An' bade him rise, nor fear ought harm ;
But SYMON, wha ne'er turned to see him,
Now really thought the deil was wi' him,
An', gasping, rair'd wi' a' his might,
“ O, murder ! O, I'm fell'd outright ! ”
Till SANDIE took him by the hand,
An' then his wide mistake he fand.
Syne a' again, a wee piece back,
Retired to argue near the stack,
Whare the hale tot, for fear o' skaith,
Were fley'd to speak aboon their breath.
But SANDIE, wha right eithly saw
This night's wark in MEG's crap wad craw,
Thus to her spake : “ Ye stupid ass,
“ I tald ye what wad come to pass ;
“ But na ! ye're aye sae self-conceited,
“ A gude advice ye scorn an' hate it,
“ Till ance ye find it is o'er late,
“ An' then, forsooth, ye're glad to hae't.”

WILL GRAY, wi' faltering voice, spak neist :

“ I think we'd best send for the *priest*,

“ Wha'll gar the witches cour their head,

“ An', come what will, he'll nae be fley'd.”

Now ilka birkie gied his notion,

An' sealed it wi' some queer-like motion ;

But a' agreed, at length an' lang,

The byre to enter in a bang ;

An' for that purpose, linked steeve,

They held by ane anither's neive :

Then a' at ance (it is nae jest)

Moved slawly forat in a breast :

But, vow ! what was their hale surprise,

Whan HABBY GRAEME, astonished, cries :

“ My gudesake, sirs, may I be shot

“ Gif it be ought but a brown—STOT !

“ That frae the grass park we hae brought ;

“ Sae a' our wark has gane for nought !”

Aft trifles big mishanters bring,
Frae whilk a hunder mae may spring ;
An' some, wha thrawart tempers hae,
Aft stand unkent in their ain way :
But aye, to guard against a coup,
Fouk should look weel afore they loup.

ADDRESS TO HADDINGTON.

YE gowany braes, ye meadows green,
Ye dear retreats o' Simmer sheen,
Ye heights whare busy Labour's seen,
 An' rural glee,
Mark ye the stranger's thoughtfu mien,
 An' ruefu' e'e?

Alas! there was a time, I trow,
Ye scenes, whan he was kent to you ;
Whan his young heart ilk pleasure knew
 O' life's gay morn,
Pure as the blobs o' siller dew
 Upo' the thorn.

Departed days! Youth's joyfu' reign!

O, will ye never come again?

Ah! fled is ilka happy scene

 Youth ran to meet,

Except whan Fancy warms the strain,

 Delusion sweet!

Yet let me pensive musing stray

By sunny bank an' flowery brae,

While former joys, now fled away,

 My bosom warm,

An' dear remembered scenes display

 Ilk wonted charm.

How bonny spreads the Haugh sae green,

Near yonder haly ruins seen!

The Briery Bauk how sweet at e'en,

 Wi' music's sound,

Whare weel the wandering e'e may glean

 Ilk landscape round!

An' peeping frae yon broomy height,
The Yellow Craigs break on the sight,
Whare aft the youngsters tak their flight,

Wi' hearts fu' gay ;

Ah me ! the lintie's joy to blight

For mony a day.

There ithers round the greenwood ply,
An' fearless, 'midst their thoughtless joy,
The Kay-Heughs climb, wild, rugged, high,

Wi' hoary side,

While rooks an' cushats dinsome cry,

Baith far an' wide.

But let me breathe my heart's warm flame
Aneath yon auld tree's aged frame,
Whare Friendship past may justly claim

A silent tear,

To trace ilk rudely-sculptured name

O' comrades dear.

How scattered now!—ah! wae is me!
They steer their course on Life's dark sea;
Some scud awa wi' lightsome glee
 An' easy sail;
Some aft the rudest shock maun dree
 O' Ruin's gale.

O Life! in thy wee fond career,
What shifting lights an' shades appear!
Now Hope's bright beam will twinkle clear,
 An' promise fair;
Now lours the gloom, sae dark an' drear,
 O' deep Despair!

An' such, ye scenes to Nature true;
The chequered features seen in you;
Here shadows dark, ilk glen, an' how,
 An' laigh-land, fill;
There sunny beams wi' light bestrew
 Field, wood, an' hill.

Sweet Tyne! while thus thy streamlet plays,
 An' sparkles bright in siller rays,
 How bonny are thy banks an' braes

Through Simmer's prime!

They claim the musing Minstrel's lays

An' thoughts sublime.

Yes, down thy banks, ance on a day,
 Aft Saltoun's sons wad musing stray,
 Whan Freedom fanned the kindling ray

O' patriot fire;

An' eke the Muses wont to play

Their gleesome lyre.

For here, the dewy leas amang,
 The Bard wad breathe his heaven-taught sang;
 An' here, frae 'midst the rural thrang,

A DOUGLAS rose,

Whan "woods and wilds," green-waving, rang

Wi' RANDOLPH'S woes.

Wake Nature's lyre, sweet, wild, an' chaste!

O wake the strain that lulls to rest!

Thy notes may charm my throbbing breast,

By anguish torn,

While I the joys an' pleasures past

Can only mourn.

EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO ROBERT BURNS.*

HAIL, ROBIN, blest wi' ilka gift
To spread your fame aneath the lift!
Lang may your Lassie keep in tift
 To rant an' sing,
An' mak thy bonny ballads swift
 O'er Scotia ring.

Whan FERGUSSON (whase blythsome horn
Beguiled the waes he lang had borne)
Frae Caledonia's arms was torn,
 In youthfu' pride,
Unsparing Death deep fixed his thorn
 In Scotia's side.

* The reader of taste will easily discover, that these Stanzas are an early production of our Author's. This is obvious to the Editor from the hand-writing in the MS. now before him.

For, wi' the youth, oh, sad to tell !

Her wonted glee an' spirit fell ;

In ilka howm an' flowery dell

Mirth fled awa ;

Her pipe hung silent as the shell

In FINGAL's ha'.

Yet though baith cauld an' laigh he's laid,

Blest ever be his gentle shade !

Since Taste a lightsome charm has spread

O'er ilka measure,

By auld an' young he'll aye be read

Wi' waefu' pleasure.

But whan dowf Scotia sighed in pain

For ROBIN's fate——for ROBIN gane——

APOLLO fired a hamely swain

Wi' mirth an' glee,

An' BURNS revived the joyfu' strain,

In tunefu' key.

The Scotian Muse, nae langer seen
Wi' bluthered cheeks an' watery een,
Wad lead you through the woodlands green,
 Frae out the thrang,
Wi' her upo' the knowe to lean,
 An' souf a sang.

Fast spreading like a bleezing flame,
The haughs an' vallies rang your fame ;
O'er glens an' braes its echoes came,
 Baith far an' near :
You justly gained a deathless name,
 Beyond compeer.

Your sangs are sought by grit an' sma',
Frae cotter's hut to lordly ha' ;
The Doric pipe sae saft you blaw,
 Wi' breath an' skill,
As gars auld Scotia crouselly craw
 On ilka hill.

Fu' aft on bonny simmer days,
Whan FLORA wears her gaudy claise,
I dander to the gowany braes,
Or lanely glens,
To con thy saftly-melting lays,
Or pawky strains.

O how delightfu' then to lie,
Nor tent the hour that's stealing by,
Till aft you gar me heave a sigh
'Twixt joy an' grief,
Till ance anither tune you try,
That brings relief!

Baith fools an' knaves you crouselly bang,
An' wightly wag the skelping whang,
In words sae pithy, sharp, an' strang,
An' nicely jointed ;—
Lord pity him wha tholes the stang,
Sae glegly pointed!

Though little worth your pains I gie,
It's nae for want o' will in me ;
Yet could I think my sangs to thee
 Wad pleasure bring,
Gosh, man ! I'd gladly sit the lee-
 Lang day, an' sing.

Now, wale o' hearty cocks, I feel
I e'en, though laith, maun say, Fareweel ;
For Time, in spite o' ane, will steal
 An' slip awa :
Meanwhile, that I'm your servant leal,
 I'm blythe to shaw.

THE WAITS.

AFT whan the Waits were playing by,
 I've marked their viol wi' a sigh ;
 Sad as the sounds that never die,
 O' partings sweet ;
 Dear as a mither's lullaby,
 Whan babies greet.

Silver Gun.

WHA'S this, wi' voice o' music sweet,
 Sae early wakes the weary wight ?
 O weel ken I them by their souch,
 The wandering Minstrels o' the night :
 O weel ken I their bonny lilt,
 Their sweetest notes o' melody ;
 Fu' aft they've thrilled out-through my saul,
 An' gart the tear fill ilka e'e.

O sweetest Minstrels ! weet your pipe,
A sad an' waefu' note to blaw ;
Syne souf the " Braes o' Yarrow green,"
Or, " A' the Flowers are wed awa !"
For O they're sweet—as Memory sweet,
Whan on the happy past we feast ;
Saft as the deep an' melting sigh,
That aften steals frae Pity's breast.

O sweetest Minstrels ! weet your pipe,
A tender note o' love to blaw ;
Syne souf the " Broom o' Cowdenknowes,"
Or " Roslin Castle's ruined wa'."
They bring to mind the happy hours
Fu' aft I've spent wi' JENNY dear.—
Ah ! now ye touch the very note
That gars me sigh, an' drap a tear.

Your fremit lilt I downa bide,
They never yield a charm for me ;

Unlike our ain, by Nature made,
 Unlike the saft delight they gie.
 For weel I ween they warm the breast,
 Though sair oppressed wi' poortith cauld ;
 An' sae an auld man's heart they cheer,
 He tines the thought that he is auld.

O sweetest Minstrels ! halt a wee :
 Anither lilt afore ye gang,
 An' syne I'll close my waukrife e'e,
 Enraptured wi' your bonny sang.

* * * * *
 * * * *

They're gane !—The morn begins to dawn ;
 They're weary paidlin through the weet :
 They're gane—but on my ravished ear
 The dying sounds yet thrill fu' sweet.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF "WILL AND JEAN."

" THE daisy-flower may blaw unseen
" On mountain-tap, in valley green ;
" The rose alane, in native sheen,
 " Its head may raise ;
" Nae musing Poet now, I ween,
 " To sing their praise.

" Nae pensive Minstrel Wight we see
" Gang sauntering o'er the claver lea,
" The fireflauchs darting frae his e'e,
 " The wilds amang,
" Wha native freaks, wi' native glee,
 " Sae sweetly sang.

“ His was the gift, wi’ magic power,

“ To catch the thought in happy hour ;

“ To busk his verse wi’ ilka flower

“ O’ Fancy sweet,

“ An’ paint the birk or broomwood bower

“ Whare lovers meet.

“ But now he fills his silent ha’ ;

“ My sweetest Minstrel’s fled awa !

“ Yet shall his weel-won laurels blaw

“ Through future days,

“ Till weary Time in finders a’

“ The world lays.”

Such was the dowie plaint o’ wae

That Scotia made, by bank an’ brae,

Whan BURNS—poor BURNS!—was ta’en away,

An’ laid at rest.

Green grow the grass, light lie the clay,

Upon his breast !

But now she draps the waefu' tale,
An' notes o' transport load the gale :
Nae langer down the silent vale

She lanely mourns ;

An' to her cheek, ance lily pale,

The rose returns.

The streaks o' joy glent in her face,
Thy steps, MACNEILL, sweet Bard ! to trace ;
To mark wi' Nature's artless grace

Thy blossoms blaw ;

Happy to see thee fill the place

O' him awa.

How sairly does her bosom beat
At poor Misfortune's wretched state,
While tracing WILL through poortith great,

An' prospects drear ;

An' at his JEANIE's hapless fate

She draps a tear.

Then mark, sweet Minstrel o' the day,
Thy Scotia's sons an' maidens gay,
Her deep wild glens, her mountains gray,

Wi' misty head,

An' eke her ilka sunny brae,

Wi' flowers o'erspread :

What time alane thou may'st retire,
May these thy fairy thoughts inspire,
An' set thy manly saul on fire,

In Scotia's praise,

An' mak thee strike thy native lyre

To saftest lays !

To wake the pangs Despair maun dree,
Whan wandering houseless o'er the lee ;
To strike the strings o' Sympathy,

Whan griefs combine ;

To start the tear in Pity's e'e,

The task be thine !

VERSES

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE
CELEBRATED ROBERT BURNS WAS BORN, AND THE
SURROUNDING SCENERY, IN AUTUMN 1799.

O BUT it makes my heart fu' sair,
The lowly blast-worn bower to see,
Whare infant Genius went to smile,
Whare brightened first the Poet's e'e!

BURNS, heavenly Bard! 'twas here thy mind
Traced ilka object wildly grand;
Here first thou caught dame Nature's fire,
An' snatched the pencil from her hand.

Bleak Autumn now reigns o'er these scenes,
The yellow leaves fa' aff the tree;
But never shall the laurel fade,
That Scotia's Muse has twined for thee.

O Doon ! aft wad he tent thy stream,
Whan roaming near thy flowery thorn,
An' sweetly sing " departed joys,
" Departed, never to return !"

An' near thy bonny crystal wave,
Reft o' its rose we find the brier,
Beneath whase shade he wont to lean,
An' press the cheek o' JEANIE dear.

O'er yonder heights, in simmer tide,
His canty whistle aften rang ;
An' this the bank, an' this the brae,
That echoed back the Ploughman's sang.

But whare is now his wonted glee,
That sic enchanting pleasure gave ?
Ah me ! cauld lies the Poet's head ;
The wintry blast howls o'er his grave !

To ither lands the Poet's gane,
Frae which the traveller ne'er returns ;
While Nature lilt a waefu' sang,
An' o'er her SHAKSPEARE Scotia mourns.

HELENORE.

A FRAGMENT, IN IMITATION OF THE OLD
SCOTTISH BALLAD.

* * * * *

An' wiel they baitht her bluidy face,
An' syne her bösom bare ;
But O, her saft an' bonie skin
Bespak sum lady faire.

Her blinkand e'e was schut in dethe,
(Quhilk anes was fu' o' glie,)
An' clay-cauld war her rosie lips,
(Quhilk spak sae tenderlie.)

An' mony ane cam thair, I trow,
Quha did the tithings heir ;
An' ay as they luiket on her bonie face,
Wi' sorro drapt a teir.

* * * * *

“ O Heavin ! it brekes my very hairt,

“ A face sae sweit to see !

“ But sure, sith nane a meith doth kna,

“ O’ fremit bluid she be.”

SIR KENNETH, knycht o’ meikle fame,

Luikt owre his castle wa’ ;

An’ downe anethe the hingand heugh

The gathert thrang he sa :

An’ lang he ferliet at the sicht,

An’ sair he raxit his ein ;

Syne hastenit fra his castle hie,

An’ to the howe bedein.

“ Quhat meins this thrang ? Quhat meins this mane

“ Amang baith yung an’ ald ?”

Syne he luikit at the deid lady,

Lay on the yird sa cald.

The warrior schuke—O sair he schuke!—

Furth sprang the glitterand teir:

“ O CHRYSTE! O CHRYSTE! it is HELENORE!

“ It is my dochter deir!”

* * * * *

ELEGY ON PUDDING LIZZIE.¹

SHE's gane! she's gane!—O'er true the tale!

She's left us a' to sab an' wail!

Auld Clatterbanes has hit the nail

Upo' the head;

Deil o' his carcass mak a flail,

Sin' LIZZIE's dead!

O Death! O Death! thou'rt void o' feeling!

For wi' thy deadly whittle stealing

Through gentle hald, or hamely sheeling,

Wi' divet rigging,

Thou send'st the best o' bodies, reeling,

To their cauld bigging.

Hadst thou but claughted wi' thy claw
A Lord, a Duke, or baith the twa,
The skaith, I trow, had been but sma',
 Ane might forgie ye ;
But LIZZIE thus to steal awa,
 O wae be t'ye !

Auld Reekie's callants, mourn wi' me ;
Your waes, alake ! are sair to dree :
O mourn the days—the days o' glee,
 Now fled awa !
I see the tear in mony an e'e,
 Fu' sadly fa'.

O, mony a time, ance on a day,
In cheery bangs we've ta'en our way,
Ilk birkie keenly bent on play,
 Wi' hearts fu' light,
An' for a wee set Care astray,
 Far out o' sight.

An' whan we reached her little dwelling,
Whare tuilzied birds wi' bluidy talon,²
How kind she met us at the hallan,
Led to the ha',
" Gude-e'en ! gude-e'en !" aye loudly bawling,
An' becking law.

Syne what a fyke, an' what a fraising !
" The puddings, bairns, are just in season—
" They're newly made—the kettle's bizzing—
" Sae dinna fret ;
" Mair sappy anes ne'er crossed your wizen,
" Although *I* say't."

Saul ! how it sharpened, ilka ane,
Whan wi' them she came todlin ben,
A' piping like a roasted hen,
(Braw healthy eating !)
Wi' timmer pins at ilka end,
To haud the meat in.

An' then she had the knack sae weel,
To gust the gab o' ony chiel
Wi' spiceries brought through danger's fiel',
Frae India's coast,
An' ingans, mixt wi' gude ait-meal,
Auld Scotia's boast.

Thus seated round her canty ingle,
O how the knives an' forks wad ringle,
An' cutty-spoons 'mang puddings mingle,
Hoved up sae waly ;
An caps an' trenchers in a jingle
A' scarted brawly.

Did ony relish cauler water ?
Na, faith, it was na in our nature :
We boot to hae a wee drap creature,
Gude Papish Whisky ;³
It beits new life in ilka feature,
An' keeps ane brisk aye.

Whan she begoud to crack her creed, ⁴
I've seen our chafts maist like to screed ;
In short, at times a single thread
 Might e'en hae tied us ;
An', vow ! how crouse she cocked her head,
 Whan set beside us !

The mair the pith o' barley shone,
The mair was heard Mirth's social tone ;
An' sang, an' joke, an' toast, gaed roun',
 Wi' glee imprinted,
While busy Time still jogged on,
 Unmarked, untented ;

Till Night, her sable mantle dreeping,
Brought Luna o'er St Anthon's peeping,
An' dowie ghaists, frae kirk-yards creeping,
 Began to wander,
Whan we, frae LIZZIE's kindly keeping,
 Wad hamewards dander.

Oh, wae's my heart! now, whan she's gane,
 How sad an' altered is the strain!
 To pudding-feasts, an' rants fu' fain,
 Nae mair we'll pap in;
 Our wames e'en to our rigging-bane
 Like skate-fish clapping.

But whisht! for mair I canna speak—
 The tears come rapping down my cheek,
 To mark her grave, sae cauld an' bleak,
 The green grass growing;
 But L—d keep her frae Hornie's creek,
 Black, sooty, lowing!

Then O fareweel to feasting rare,
 An' screeving cracks that drave aff care!
 Fareweel to ranting late an' ear',
 Sae blythe an' frisky!
 An' eke, fareweel, for ever mair,
 To Papish Whisky!

DUNCAN AND HELEN.

PART I.*

WHERE Albyn's misty hills appear
To reach the azure lea,
Near by a burnie rinnin clear,
An' sparkling i' the e'e,

Auld MALCOLM's hamely dwelling raise,
By Nature's hand designed,
Whare he had spent his better days
Wi' MARION ever kind.

Full saxty years, wi' eident pace,
Had crossed his frosty pow,
An' marked the furrow in his face,
An' quenched Youth's maddening low.

* Neither the remainder of this Poem, nor any sketch of the plan, has been found among the Author's MSS. EDITOR.

Ah! now, whau 'twas his fa' to feel
Time's sair regardless blast,
He ilka day, wi' placid smile,
Could think upon the past.

Though far frae Grandeur's gowden ray
Their little cot did stand,
Here Innocence was wont to stray
Wi' Beauty, hand in hand.

A daughter fair, o' make divine,
Adorned their rural hame ;
Mair fair than Bard could e'er define,
An' HELEN was her name.

Her cheeks the rose spread blushing o'er,
Selvaged wi' sweetly pale,
As pure as is the modest flower
That decks the lowly vale.

Like starnies clear in frosty night,
Sae blinked ilka e'e,
Whare Love aft danced, a' fair bedight,
Wi' saul-inspiring glee.

Her father e'ed her beauties rare
Like opening flower unfold ;
She was her mother's eident care,
An' comfort now, whan auld.

Nor did her beauty sprout alane,
Untented an' unseen ;
The shepherd lads were wooing fain,
Baith far an' near, I ween.

But lang ere now, a neighbour's son,
Wha lived a little by,
Fair HELEN's tender heart had won,
E'en to the auld fouk's joy.

A faithfu' heart, an honest mind,
Young DUNCAN aye possest ;
His look was o' the manliest kind,
Outstripping a' the rest.

Thir twa had shot up on the green,
An' lang ilk ither knew ;
Leal love in youth had hefted been,
An' strengthened as they grew.

Wi' joy they looked to the day
That wadna keep them twain ;
An' man an' wife, they hecht to hae
A haddin o' their ain.

But ah ! at bonny morning dawn,
We aft bloom green to see,
Yet ere the sun at e'en is fa'n,
Are like a blasted tree.

Like Death's dread trumpet frae afar,
 'Mang Scotia's glens exiled,
The loud and dismal voice o' war
 Is heard, wi' echoes wild.

To yonder dreary desert waste,
 Washed by the raging main,
A youthfu' Prince, wi' grief down prest,
 Came o'er to seek his ain.

Ilk Chieftain strack his bossy shield,
 That rang o'er hill an' glen ;
The Clans rushed to the bloody field,
 Like lions frae their den.

To join his Chieftain, DUNCAN baul'
 Forsook his love an' hame ;
For DUNCAN had o'er proud a saul
 To brook a coward's name.

But, wae's me ! wha can tearless tell

The horrid deeds o' death,

The dolefu' havoc that befell

On black Culloden's heath ?

See Scotia's sons, in fierce array,

The bloody battle wage,

By furious passions led astray,

An' cursed party rage !

See here, in awfu' cloudy mood,

The son an' father stand !

See there the gash, still gushing blood,

Made by a brither's hand !

How mony a goodly youth lay cauld,

Pale on the muirland bare,

Ere lang to fill a mooly hald,

An' rest for evermair !

Yet still the master o' the day
Pretends his Country's weal,
An' mony a fa'n but manly fae
Bedims the murdering steel.

The widow's greet, the baby's cry,
He winna lout to hear ;
To sooth his rage in vain they try,
Tears only whet his spear.

But turn we frae the cheerless view,
An' frae the ruefu' plain,
An' see whare peerless HELEN now
Bewails her DUNCAN slain.

A rebel wight, wi' visage dour,
Wha scoured the hills along,
In passing HELEN's peacefu' bower,
The waefu' tidings brang.

“ Lang, lang,” quo’ he, “ wi’ boiling blood,
“ Wi’ deadly strength he strade ;
“ At CHARLIE’S side he bravely stood,
“ Till Death his vengeance staid.”

Sic dolefu’ news, as ye may trow,
Her very heart-strings rent ;
To lily white her rose cheek grew,
Nor glimpse o’ comfort kent.

She shunn’d the bonny singing burn,
She shunn’d the flowery brae ;
Sic weel-kent scenes aye made her mourn,
An’ eiked to her wae.

Her father kind an’ mither dear,
Wad gaze on her unseen,
An’ dight the saft paternal tear
That trembled in their een.

Nae mair around the ingle rang
The tales o' former years ;
Nae langer MALCOLM, gleesome, sang
The deeds o' his forbears.

* * * * *

MAY;

OR,

AN ADDRESS TO THE SWALLOW.

1795.

COME, bonny birdie, come awa,
An' big your housie on my wa',
 There safe your covey lay;
The drift an' snawy wreaths are gane,
The surly blasts o' hail an' rain
 Gie place to blooming May.

Fu' lang an' bitter was the storm
That did baith hill an' dale deform,
 But now a' Nature's gay;
The meadows an' the plains revive,
The ploughmen see their labour thrive,
 Aneath the smiles o' May.

But ablins ye may chance to hear,
Whan scudding through the viewless air,
 The cannon's roundelay ;
For still in pomp terrific reigns
The God o' War, in crimson stains
 To bluther cheerfu' May.

Peace, wi' the olive in her neb,
Flees far ayont yon gowany glebe,
 An' hauds us in dismay ;
While blood an' carnage, dire alarms,
An' a' the horrid din of arms,
 Salute the dewy May.

But thou, sweet bird o' passage, can
In this, advantage take o' man,
 An' make a shorter stay.
The twa three months o' simmer gane,
Ye scour out-owre the hill an' plain,
 To seek anither May.

The Muse wad here a lesson learn,

An', by your flitting, sae discern

Her ain uncertain stay :

A bird o' passage now she sings ;

To-morrow, on seraphic wings,

She seeks celestial May.

Come then, sweet birdie, come awa,

Big your wee housie on my wa' ;

There safe your covey lay :

An' while ye twitter on my roof,

Let dool an' care gae by my houff,

An' ilka hour be May.*

* The date at the MS. copy of the foregoing shews it to be an early production of our Author's ; but although not so correctly finished as his later Poems, it is much superior, both in sentiment and execution, to any of the pieces he wrote at that period. See Note at the end.

EDITOR.

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

SWEET are the strains o' Scotia's aiten reed !
O sweet to me the bonny sounding sang,
That rows sae soft in our auld hamely leid,
To which baith pith an' melody belang !
Wi' this our ALLAN's canty whistle rang
Its bonny notes o'er sunny bank an' brae,
Whare Nature's wild-flowers in profusion hang,
An' PATIE wi' his hirsle aft did stray,
An' his dear blinking PEG, sad source o' BAULDY's wae.

O let me wander by the singin' burn,
Or careless rest aneath some eldrin tree,
An' study Nature in her ilka turn,
While a' her hidden treasures feast mine e'e,

An' eke the mind maun satisfaction pree ;—
There listen to the lav'rock's cheery strain,
That skims an' flatters o'er the gowany lea,
A fit example to the shepherd swain,
Wha, wi' contentment blest, right seenil suffers pain.

'Twas thus I listened to th' enchanting lay
O' Nature's Minstrel, BURNS, o' deathless name,
Whase heavenly notes first to my heart made way,
An' in my very saul raised up a flame,
That made me eident thirst for neighb'ring fame :
But, ah ! I little deemed the day sae nigh,
Wad light the Minstrel to his cauldribe hame,
An' Scotia doom o'er Scotia's urn to sigh,
Whase native fire, I ween, shall never, never die.

Yet why that tear? Why heaves my bosom sae?
Why do my heart-strings tremble ane an' a' ?
Has Scotia now nae youth to sooth her wae,
An' sing her praises here an' far awa' ?

At siccan deeds her bairns were never slaw.
Yes, Scotia, cease to mourn the Minstrel dead ;
O cease to lat the tear o' sorrow fa' :
Anither BURNS kythes on the landwart mead ;
For B——R now wi' glee takes up the aiten reed.

'Tis thou, my friend, canst catch fair Nature's smile—
She bids thee pour the simple artless strain ;
Auld Scotia listens wistfully the while,
An' hails her days o' happiness again,
Whan she nae mair negleckit shall remain.
Thus may'st thou still attune thy native lyre,
An' a' the sweets o' rural life maintain ;
Breathe notes that make the honest saul aspire
To truly manly deeds, an' wake the patriot fire.

RECITATION

ON CELEBRATING NEW YEAR'S DAY IN A CERTAIN
BACCHANALIAN CLUB.*

'Twas in a walk, ae frosty night,
The lift was blue, the starns were bright,
An' strong the moon's reflected light
 Gleamed on the Forth ;
Faint waving streamers played in sight,
 Far i' the north.

I dandered up the C—— hill,
I gazed around, an' thought my fill,
An' much I mused on good an' ill,
 In this mixed plan,
Whare a' seemed right an' happy still,
 Compared wi' Man.

* The only evidence of this Poem being Mr GALL's is, that it was found among his MSS. in an unfinished state, and in his hand-writing.

I thought how Pride an' Vice obscene

Deform the lovely moral scene ;

The endless storms that rage within,

Debarring rest ;

An' Self binds in eternal chain

The human breast. *

A' things conform to Nature's law,

The winds, the storms, the frost, the snaw ;

But Man, the head, the chief o' a',

Their beauty stains,

Till Death the rebel hauls awa

To future scenes.

My bosom heaved a boding sigh,

An' turning round, I chanced to spy

Pale Melancholy stalking by,

Wi' solemn pace ;

Deep thought was marked in her eye,

An' louring face.

“ Anither year is gane !” she said,

“ But what improvement have ye made

“ In mind, in morals, or in trade,

“ In this your prime?

“ I fear ye're but a thoughtless blade

“ Yet, a' this time.”

She bade me ponder o'er the past,

On loss o' months in number vast,

An' count an' reckon, ere my last

Approach too near :

“ The fatal hour is coming fast,

“ Perhaps this year !”

My saul remained deep struck wi' awe,

While slow an' sour she stalked awa ;

Till soon a sprightly Wanton, braw,

(Mirth was her name,)

Cried, laughing, “ Dinna mind it a',

“ I'll bear the blame.

“ Stap down to NED's, fill up a glass,

“ An' blythly toast some bonny lass ;

“ Thus catch the moments as they pass

“ On silent wing :

“ Hech, lad ! ye'll try to get some brass,

“ An' learn to sing.

“ Take my respects, wi' health an' greeting,

“ To a' the members o' the meeting ;

“ May they an' you ne'er miss a weeting

“ On New Year's Day.

“ Sin' life an' a' its scenes are fleeting,

“ Live while ye may.”*

* * * * *

* It is to be regretted that this piece was not finished according to the plan apparently intended, which, we suppose, was a paraphrase of SOLOMON's ironical advice, “ Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth.”

SONNET.

ADVERSITY.

WHEN shall my lingering sorrows have an end !
Alas ! I'm doomed to be the child of wo !
I still must bear each agonizing throe,
Whose pointed pangs my feeble heart-strings rend.
Each little scene I thought so sweet and fair,
(Ah ! thought so once, but in a better day !)
No more with wanton pleasure I'll survey :
For now, even now, I'm silvered o'er with care,
Ere yet my sun hails its meridian light,
That marks life's noontide, as it ceaseless turns ;
My throbbing bosom, agitated, burns,
In hopes 'twill quickly set in endless night.
Then may kind Heaven in mercy close my woes,
And lay my wearied body to repose !

SONNET.

TO MINLA.

How delightful to wander the grove,
Or the howm whare the burn steals along,
An' list to the lintie's saft sang,
The sweet little minstrel of love!
See the wild flowers bedecking the braes,
Whare they blaw—but aft blaw there unseen;
While the bee, that's to industry gi'en,
To its hame wi' their sweets laden gaes.
Such, MINLA, thou first of the fair,
Were the sweets that afforded delight,
An' taught me, frae morning to night,
To study auld Nature wi' care.
Yes, such were the sweets cheered me ance on a day,
Till thy beauties appeared—then they a' fled away.

SONNET.

TO FORTUNE.

How many, Fortune, worship at thy shrine,
With wo-worn cheek, and modest, humble prayer,
Yet oft, alas ! are cheerless left to pine,
And waste their weary moments in despair !
I too have wooed thee many a bitter day,
Since first I struggled in Misfortune's stream ;
Have sung thy praises in the wild-taught lay,
The little offspring of Hope's favoured beam ;
Yet still I'm poor, as those who claim thy aid :
Of golden riches I can boast no store ;
Yes—but thou gavest me LAURA, sweetest Maid !
I thank thee, Fortune—for I ask no more.
My LAURA's smile can chase Misfortune's frown,
And sorrows past in sweet oblivion drown.*

* See Note at the end.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY OF
" JAMIE AND BESS,"*

AS SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINBURGH,
27TH AUGUST 1796.

SHAME fa' me, but I'm blythe to see appear
Sic routh o' Reekie's lads an' lasses here,
Whan o' your presence sair we stand in need,
To lend a lift to your ain country leid ;
That dauted leid, whilk Fame can weel attest,
Suits honest Scotia's aefauld bairns the best.

* " Jamie and Bess, or the Laird in Disguise," is an imitation of ALLAN RAMSAY'S " Gentle Shepherd," by ANDREW SHIRREFS, A. M. for whose benefit it was performed, with great applause, by some young ladies and gentlemen of Edinburgh. The above Prologue was written expressly for this occasion.

But, sad mishanter ! now thae days are gane,
Whan Scotian callants kent nae leid but ane ;
Whan her bauld sons (aye to their mither dear)
Wad never lout newfangled clack to hear :
Then could her sangsters loud their steven raise,
An' tune their aiten reeds to sound her praise.

O 'twas for Scotia blythe an' canty days,
Whan ALLAN lilted on her gowany braes ;
Dear Bard, whase fame has spread 'mangauld an' young,
Wha lo'ed his country while her praise he sung.
In hamely verse weel did it set the carle
To tell the ups an' downs into the warl' :
Not only a' our actions gleg he'd tent,
But e'en our very thoughts he pat in prent.
Gin ony gowk sit dull an' dowf at hame,
He canna say that RAMSAY is to blame ;
Na, na !
Round ilka chimley-lug whare younkers thrive,
His pawky jokes keep mirth an' glee alive :

Syne he to safter strains his pipe could move,
As witness PATE an' PEGGY's rural love.
If ever worth unfeigned regard could raise,
Thae twa are surely wordy o' our praise.
Unkent to guile, but to ilk ithers dear,
Nae tinsel'd show their hefted love could steer ;
Aft did their cracks beik Love's keen bleezing low,
Upon the gowany braes o' Habbie's How,
Whare " bonny MEG " sang sweet aneath the thorn,
While youthfu' PATIE tuned his " stock an' horn ;"
Whare ablins daffin wi' a heart fu' glad,
The shepherd rowed her in his haslock plaid ;
Or stownlins kissed the blushing lassie's mou',
An' cheek-for-chow tauld o'er their love sae true,
While Innocence her mantle o'er them threw.

Sic tales as thae frae honest RAMSAY came,
The lasting basis o' his future fame.
Sure, whan he died (Praise keep his saul aye safe !)
The Scottish Muse was e'en but poorly aff ;

For 'twas her wish, that quickly should be seen
Anither PATE an' PEG to grace the green.

But, waesucks! fient a bard that she could ask
Wad tak upon him sic a kittle task;

Alleging ALLAN had the flow'rets a'
Frac Nature pu'd to grace his lovely twa,
An' nane remained to busk a pair sae brow.

At length an' lang, in tartan dress arrayed,
The Muse, right dowie, to our author gaed;
For though she heretofore had luckless been,
She hoped in him to find a feckfu' frien'.

Her tale she tauld, an' syne made her request;
Sweet were her looks, though e'en but hamely drest.

Say, ye wha guide us wi' propitious hand,
Wha could refuse the lassie's fair demand?

A dowfart might—but ANDRY, ever leal,
In Scotia's cause had aye a heart to feel.

At ance he wi' the Muse's wish compliced,
For her dear sake, whate'er might him betide;

Resolved, wi' RAMSAY for his pattern, soon,
That he wad " spoil a horn, or mak a spoon."

This night their daddie, wi' submission due,
Will show his lad an' lassie baith to you ;
For now, as patrons wha show friendship rare,
He trusts his little offspring to your care.
O guide them weel ! (they're in their teens just now)
An' they may soon to fame unspotted grow.
Then, then will ANDRY blythely dance an' sing,
An' ca't the brawest feather in his wing.

To you, ye blooming Fair, sae sweet an' gay,
Like scented flowers in bonny month o' May,
Ye little witches, wha sae eithly can
Keep up an' cheer the very saul o' Man—
To you the Poet now submits his fate,
An' for your verdict will submissive wait ;
Convinced, that if he gain your kind applause,
The Lads will follow, an' support his cause :
For true's the tale, whare lasses sweet are seen,
There will the callants thrang around bedeem.

O then support him wi' approving smile,
An' wi' your beams reward the Muse's toil :
If ye are pleased, he'll court nae Critic's grace,
But snap his fingers in his girning face.

An' now ae favour mair ;—O be sae kind
As grant indulgence to our Youths behind ;
For though we'll strive to gain your approbation,
We'll ablins fa' short o' your expectation.

But, sirs, I'll haud my tongue, nor langer stay :
Ye're the best judges ; I've nae mair to say.

FAREWELL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MR GRANT,

AT HIS BENEFIT, THEATRE-ROYAL, 1ST OCTOBER 1796.

Wow ! wha wad think, that shaws his noddle here,
That surly tyke, ca'd Winter, were sae near ?
For up an' down, where'er I cast my eeu,
As 'twere in spring, sweet new-blawn flowers are seen.
But wherefore ferlie, whan I ken this night,
'Tis Reekie's Lasses that attract my sight ?
An' sure the sweetest roses ever blew
Wad tine their beauties whan compared wi' you.
They, for a wee, their gaudy garb assume ;
But ye're aye bonny, in perpetual bloom.
To menseless fallows, wha wad daring gang,
An' mint to do sic smiling dawties wrang,

May nipping poortith never mercy shaw,
But gie them cauld an' hungry wames to claw :
Nay, may their wizens ne'er find *whauky's* fissle,
But turn as geyzend as a bawbee whistle.
Yet dinna think I mean, by what I say,
That ony siccan gowks hae come this way ;
Na, troth, that verdict maunna here be passed ;
Auld Reekie's sons are o' a different cast.
O Scotia, Scotia, ye may crouselly crack,
Whan ye've sic sony callants at your back,
Wha'll stand your friends against your bauldest faes,
As BRUCE an' WALLACE did in former days.
Ye too can lout (your faes will e'en confess,)
To lift a chiel that's coupit by distress.

Hech, sirs ! whan sic great patrons deign to aid
Me wi' their pithy lifts, sae friendly made,
Your kindness sae o'ercomes me ilka way,
I'm scant o' words for what I fain wad say :
But sure my havins wad be unco sma',
To let sic fair occasion slip awa,

An' never mint my gratefu' thanks to make,
An' set the best foot foremost for your sake.
To thank you for your couthy care an' pains,
Fu' weel, ye ken, I'd reason mair than ance ;
My best deservings were but little feck,
Nor could I e'er sic patronage expect :
An' in return, sin' I've nae mair to gie,
Accept my kindest wishes, frank an' free.
May Peace an' Plenty on ye constant flow,
An' a' that's sweet an' dainty round ye row ;
May ye ne'er want a fouth o' clink to jingle,
An' laughing bairnies round ilk canty ingle ;
An' Madam Fortune, ilka day an' hour,
On you her best, her choicest blessings pour.

For me, poor chiel ! I've kent her mony a day,
An' stachered lang aneath her lades o' wae ;
For by the quean (what mortal, sirs, could bide it ?)
I've been like ony foot-ba' sair misguided.
She'd glunch at me—I'd laugh at her again,
In hopes she'd frae her thrawart gates refrain ;

But wae's my heart that siccan days I see!
The cummer's fairly got the heels o' me:
For now I'm doomed, nor can the trick be shunned,
(Deil tak her wiles!) to leave my auld calf-ground;
To leave Auld Reekie, whare, I weel can say,
I've spent fu' mony a blythe an' cheery day.
Gang whare I will, for siller or for fame,
Whan gane frae Reekie, sure I've left my hame;
Whilk aft will make me say, whan I'm awa,
"O Reekie! Reekie! thou'rt the best of a'!"
—An' sooner evergreens shall lose their hue,
An' sturdy aiks like souple willows bow;
Sooner shall Arthur's Seat nae mair be seen,
An' E'nbrough Castle flit to Heriot's Green,
Than I, however high or laigh I be,
Forget the kindness that ye've shewn to me:
An' though I'm forced to bid Fareweel in pain,
The chace may turn, an' we may meet again.



LINES

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS IN AN INN, WHERE THE
NAMES OF A GREAT MANY LADIES WERE INSCRIBED.

THIS list o' mony beauties rare,
My Lassie's name might grace it ;
But in the view o' ilka fool
I canna think to place it.
The stranger's curious ee may glour,
Yet shanna here perceive it ;
For in my heart's far neuk 'tis hid,
Whare Love fu' deep did grave it.

END OF THE POEMS.

SONGS.

HELEN'S LAMENT.

THE sun in the west fa's to rest in the e'ening,
Ilk morning blinks cheerfu' upon the green lea,
But, ah ! on the pillow o' sorrow aye leaning,
Nae morning, nae e'ening, brings pleasure to me.
O waefu' the parting, whan, smiling at danger,
Young ALLAN left Scotia to meet wi' the fae !
Cauld, cauld now he lies in a land amang strangers,
Frae friends an' frae HELEN for ever away.

As the aik on the mountain resists the blast rairing,
Sae did he the brunt o' the battle sustain,

Till treachery arrested his courage sae daring,
An' laid him pale, lifeless, upon the drear plain.
Cauld Winter the flow'ret divests o' its cleeding,
In Simmer again it blooms bonny to see ;
But naething, alas ! can e'er heal my heart bleeding,
Drear Winter remaineth for ever wi' me.

BEAUTY'S BLOSSOM.

SURE my JEAN is beauty's blossom,
Breathing sweets in ilka airt ;
She's the tenant o' my bosom,
Frae that bower she'll ne'er depart.
Sweet the charm her looks discover,
In her breast what beauties lie,
Frae a fond an' constant lover
Wringing mony a deep-felt sigh.

I hae seen the floweret springing
Gaily o'er the scented lea,
I hae heard the mavis singing
On yon spreading hawthorn tree ;
But, my JEANIE, peerless dearie,
She's the flower attracts my ee ;
Whan she tunes her voice sae cheerie,
She's the mavis dear to me.

SONG.

THE mists o' love dwell on my soul,
An' dreary prospects fill my ee ;
The mists o' love dwell on my soul,
Nae beam o' hope remains wi' me :
For HELEN, fairest o' the fair,
On flowery brae or broomwood shaw,
Turns—turns frae me, by riches lured ;
Ah ! turns frae me her heart awa.

O HELEN fair, why didst thou smile ?
Why make this breast wi' anguish burn ?
Why didst thou rob me o' that peace
Which never, never will return ?
Yet, HELEN, sweetly pass thy days ;
Nae storm invade that heart o' thine :
This breast for thee shall heave a sigh,
A tear bedim this ee o' mine.

SONG.

TUNE—O wat ye wha's in yon town.

THERE'S waefu' news in yon town,
As e'er the world heard ava ;
There's dolefu' news in yon town,
For ROBBIE'S* gane an' left them a'.
How blythe it was to see his face
Come keeking by the hallan wa' !
He ne'er was sweer to say the grace,
But now he's gane an' left them a'.
He was the lad wha made them glad,
Whanever he the reed did blaw :
The lasses there may drap a tear,
Their funny friend is now awa.

* ROBERT BURNS.

Nae daffin now in yon town ;

The browster-wife gets leave to draw
An' drink hersel, in yon town,

Sin' ROBBIE gaed an' left them a'.

The lawin's canny counted now,

The bell that tinkled ne'er will draw,
The King will never get his due,

Sin' ROBBIE gaed an' left them a'.

The squads o' chiels that lo'ed a splore

On winter e'enings, never ca' ;

Their blythesome moments a' are o'er,

Sin' ROBBIE's gane an' left them a'.

Frae a' the een in yon town

I see the tears o' sorrow fa' ;

An' weel they may, in yon town,

Nae canty sang they hear ava.

Their e'ening sky begins to lour,

The murky clouds thegither draw ;

'Twas but a blink afore a shower,
Ere ROBBIE gaed an' left them a'.
The landwart hizzy winna speak ;
Ye'll see her sitting like a crow
Amang the reek, while rattons squeak——
Her dawtit Bard is now awa.

But could I lay my hand upon
His whistle, keenly wad I blaw,
An' screw about the auld drone,
An' lilt a lightsome spring or twa.
If it were sweetest aye whan wat,
Then wad I ripe my pouch, an' draw,
An' steep it weel amang the maut,
As lang's I'd saxpence at my ca'.
For warld's gear I dinna care ;
My stock o' that is unco sma'.
Come, friend, we'll pree the barley-bree
To his braid fame that's now awa.

SONG.

How sweet is the scene at the waking o' morning !

How fair ilka object that lives in the view !

Dame Nature the valley an' hillock adorning,

The wild rose an' blue-bell yet wet wi' the dew.

How sweet in the morning o' life is my ANNA !

Her smile's like the sunbeam that glents on the lea:

To wander an' leave the dear lassie, I canna ;

Frae Truth, Love, an' Beauty, I never can flee.

O lang hae I lo'ed her, an' lo'ed her fu' dearly,

For saft is the smile o' her bonny sweet mou' ;

An' aft hae I read in her een, glancing clearly,

A language that bade me be constant an' true.

Then ithers may doat on their gowd an' their treasure ;

For pelf, silly pelf, they may brave the rude sea ;

To lo'e my sweet lassie, be mine the dear pleasure ;

Wi' her let me live, an' wi' her let me die.

CAPTAIN O'KAIN.

Flow saftly, thou stream, thro' the wild-spangled valley ;

O green be thy banks, ever bonny an' fair !

Sing sweetly, ye birds, as ye wanton fu' gaily,

Yet strangers to sorrow, untroubled by care.

The weary day lang

I list to your sang,

An' waste ilka moment, sad, cheerless, alane ;

Each sweet little treasure

O' heart-cheering pleasure

Far fled frae my bosom wi' Captain O'KAIN.

Fu' aft on thy banks hae we pu'd the wild gowan,

An' twisted a garland beneath the hawthorn ;

Ah ! then each fond moment wi' pleasure was glowing,

Sweet days o' delight, which can never return !

Now ever, wae's me !
The tear fills my ee,
An' sair is my heart wi' the rigour o' pain ;
Nae prospect returning
To gladden life's morning,
For green waves the willow o'er Captain O'KAIN.

SONG.

THE sun gaes down the westlin sky,
To take his nap at leisure ;
But peerless JEANIE is the sun
That lights my soul to pleasure.
By night, by day, her bonny face,
Aye beets my bosom's fever ;
By night, by day, she fills each thought,
An' lingers there for ever.

The rose sae gay, in flowery May,
Wad droop did she come near it ;
The lily's hue, whan wet wi' dew,
Her neck can mair than peer it.
The wretch wha pines in sorrow's gloom,
Despair his bosom wringing,
What wad he gie to feel like me,
To JEANIE's bosom clinging ?

SONG.

As I came through Glendochart vale,
Whare mists o'ertap the mountains gray,
A wee bit lassie met my view,
As cantily she held her way :
But O sic love each feature bore,
She made my saul wi' rapture glow !
An' aye she spake sae kind an' sweet,
I couldna keep my heart in tow.
O speak na o' your courtly queans !
My wee bit lassie fools them a' :
The little cuttie's done me skaith,
She's stown my thoughtless heart awa.

Her smile was like the gray-e'ed morn,
Whan spreading on the mountain green ;
Her voice saft as the mavis' sang ;
An' sweet the twinkle o' her een :

Aboon her brow, sae bonny brent,
Her raven locks waved o'er her e'e ;
An' ilka slee bewitching glance
Conveyed a dart o' love to me.
O speak na o' your courtly queans, &c.

The lasses fair in Scotia's isle,
Their beauties a' what tongue can tell ?
But o'er the fairest o' them a'
My wee bit lassie bears the bell.
O had I never marked her smile,
Nor seen the twinkle o' her e'e !
It might na been my lot the day,
A waefu' lade o' care to dree.
O speak na o' your courtly queans, &c.

LOCHIE BRAES.

O MITHER, spare thy cruel wrath,
It makes my heart sae sadly sair ;
Nor think that absence can remove
My heftit love for WILLIE fair.
Return wi' me to Lochie Braes,
To peacefu' haunts again return :
On Lochie Braes Love's ardent flame
First made my heart in anguish burn.

The tear aye trembles in my e'e,
The bursting sigh aft bids it fa',
Sin' thou frae faithfu' WILLIE's arms
Hast banished me sae far awa.
Think o' the pangs, wert thou bereft
O' the sweet bairnie on thy knee ;
Then O forbear—forbear to part—
O, dinna part my love an' me !

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

THY cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo an' dearie, O ;
Thy neck is like the siller dew,
Upon the banks sae briery, O ;
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O, sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee !
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only jo an' dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak it eerie, O ;
But little kens the sangster sweet,
Ought o' the care I hae to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo an' dearie, O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
An' youth was blinking bonny, O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet an' mony, O ;
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
An' round about the thorny tree ;
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo an' dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O ;
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
An' never mair to leave me, O :
Then I wad dawt thee night an' day,
Nae ither warldly care wad hae,
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
My only jo an' dearie, O.

SONG.

O MARY, turn awa
That bonny face o' thine!
O dinna, dinna shaw that breast,
That never can be mine!
Can aught o' warld's gear
Relieve my bosom's care?
Na, na! for ilka look o' thine,
Can only feed despair.

O MARY, turn awa
That bonny face o' thine!
O dinna, dinna shaw that breast,
That never can be mine!
Wi' love's severest pangs
My heart is laden sair,
An' o'er my breast the grass maun wave,
Ere I am free from care.

SONG.*

Now bank an' brae are clad in green,
An' scattered cowslips sweetly spring ;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing ;
By Cassillis' banks, whan e'ning fa's,
There let my MARY meet wi' me,
There catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonny blink o' MARY's e'e.

The chiel wha boasts o' warld's wealth
Is aften laird o' meikle care ;
But MARY she is a' my ain,
An' Fortune canna gie me mair.
Then let me stray by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
An' catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonny blink o' MARY's e'e.

* See Note at the end.

THE BRAES O' DRUMLEE.

ERE eild wi' his blatters had warsled me down,
Or reft me o' life's youthfu' bloom,
How aft hae I gane, wi' a heart louping light,
To the knowes yellow tappit wi' broom !
How aft hae I sat i' the beild o' the knowe,
While the laverock mounted sae hie,
An' the mavis sang sweet in the plantings around,
On the bonny green Braes o' Drumlee !

But, ah ! while we daff in the sunshine o' youth,
We see na the blasts that destroy ;
We count na upon the fell waes that may come,
An' eithly o'ercloud a' our joy.
I saw na the fause face that Fortune can wear,
Till forced frae my country to flee,
Wi' a heart like to burst, while I sobbed " Fareweel
" To the bonny green Braes o' Drumlee !

“ Fareweel, ye dear haunts o’ the days o’ my youth,

“ Ye woods an’ ye valleys sae fair ;

“ Ye’ll bloom whan I wander abroad like a ghaist,

“ Sair niddered wi’ sorrow an’ care.

“ Ye woods an’ ye valleys, I part wi’ a sigh,

“ While the flood it pours down frae my ee ;

“ For never again shall the tear weet my cheek,

“ On the bonny green Braes o’ Drumlee.

“ O Time, could I tether your hours for a wee !

“ Na, na, for they flit like the wind !”——

Sae I took my departure, an’ sauntered awa,

Yet aften looked wistfu’ behind.

O sair is the heart o’ the mither to twin

Wi’ the baby that sits on her knee ;

But sairer the pang, whan I took a last peep

O’ the bonny green Braes o’ Drumlee.

I heftit ’mang strangers years thretty-an’-twa,

But naething could banish my care ;

An' aften I sighed whan I thought on the past,
Whare a' was sae pleasant an' fair :
But now, wae's my heart ! whan I'm lyart an' auld,
An' fu' lint-white my haffet-locks flee,
I'm hamewards returned wi' a remnant o' life,
To the bonny green Braes o' Drumlee.

Poor body ! Bewildered, I scarcely dow ken
The haunts that were dear ance to me ;
I yirded a plant in the days o' my youth,
An' the mavis now sings on the tree.
But, haith ! there's nae scenes I wad niffer wi' thae ;
For it fills my fond heart fu' o' glee,
To think how at last my auld banes they will rest
Near the bonny green Braes o' Drumlee.

SONG.

O ANNA, thou fairest an' dearest,
My blessing upon thee befa',
Though thy charms, to my heart ever nearest,
Hae banished sweet comfort awa.
Thy smile, like a sunny beam breaking,
Bids hope through my soul brightly shine ;
But, ANNA, reflection awaking,
Aft whispers, thou wiltna be mine !

It is na thy raven locks waving,
It is na the blink o' thy ee,
It is na thy bosom saft heaving,
That steals ilka pleasure frae me.
Thy mind's fairer beauties appearing,
Admiring, enraptured, I see ;
These, these my poor bosom are tearing,
An' make me doat fondly on thee.

O ANNA, if love, ne'er beguiling,
 Regard an' thy friendship can gain,
Dispel then my grief wi' thy smiling,
 An' let me e'en ca' thee my ain.
Without thee, each moment I measure,
 How dreary, how lifeless, an' lang!
But wi' thee, O welcome each pleasure,
 An' fareweel each anguishing pang!

SONG.

AH, MARY, mony a day
I've gleefu' spent wi' thee,
Hae marked thae youthfu' beauties rise,
That tore my peace frae me.
The rose bloomed in thy cheek,
Sweet as the dawning day,
An' lovely was thy lily neck,
Whareon thy ringlets lay.

But now thae days are gane,
The rose is fled awa ;
Thy cheek, that ance was blooming red,
Is pale as drifted snaw ;
Thy ee will wake nae mair,
That sheened sae fu' o' glee ;
An' cauld, cauld, are these lips o' thine,
I've pressed sae tenderly.

O waefu' was the hour
That led thy steps astray ;
An' cruel was the rowing flood,
That left thee lifeless clay !
But though thou'rt gane awa,
For ever gane frae me,
Thou'lt linger in ilk thought o' mine,
Till ance I follow thee.

SONG.

I WINNA gang back to my mammy again,
 I'll never gae back to my mammy again ;
 I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
 But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

I've held by her apron, &c.

Young JOHNNIE cam down i' the gloamin to woo,
 Wi' plaidie sae bonny, an' bannet sae blue :
 " O come awa, lassie, ne'er let mammy ken ;"
 An' I flew wi' my laddie o'er meadow an' glen.

O come awa, lassie, &c.

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his dow,
 An' pressed hame his words wi' a smack o' my mou' ;
 While I fell on his bosom, heart-flichtered an' fain,
 An' sighed out, " O JOHNNIE, I'll aye be your ain !"

While I fell on his bosom, &c.

Some lasses will talk to the lads wi' their e'e,
Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really dree ;
Wi' JOHNNIE I stood upon nae stappin-stane,
Sae I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

Wi' JOHNNIE I stood, &c.

For mony lang year sin' I played on the lea,
My mammy was kind as a mither could be ;
I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

I've held by her apron, &c.

THE BARD.

IRISH AIR—The Brown Maid.

THE Bard strikes his harp the wild valleys amang,
Where the tall aiken trees spreading leafy appear,
While the murmuring breeze mingles sweet wi' his sang,
An' wafts the saft notes till they die on the ear :
But MARY, whase presence sic transport conveys,
Whase beauties my moments o' pleasure control,
On the strings o' my heart ever wantonly plays,
An' each languishing note is a sigh frae my soul !

Her breath is as sweet as the sweet-scented brier,
That blossoms an' blaws in yon wild lanely glen ;
Whan I view her fair form, which nae mortal can peer,
A something o'erpowers me I dinna weel ken.

What sweetness her snawy white bosom displays!
The blink o' her bonny black e'e wha can thole!
On the strings o' my heart she bewitchingly plays,
An' each languishing note is a sigh frae my soul!

SONG,

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY THE AUTHOR, WHEN AN EDINBURGH VOLUNTEER, AT A DINNER OF THE CORPS, IN CELEBRATION OF ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY OVER THE DUTCH FLEET AT CAMPERDOWN.

DREAD ye a foe? Dismiss that idle dread;
 'Tis death with hostile step these shores to tread.
 Safe in the love of Heaven, an ocean flows
 Around our realm, a barrier from the foes.

HOM. OD. B. 6.

TUNE—Fy let us a' to the Bridal.

NAE mair need we sigh whan we reckon,
 An' think on the days o' langsyne,
 Whan bauld Scottish heroes, sae doughty,
 Wi' laurels o' valour did shine;
 For DUNCAN, a true Scottish callan,
 Wha lang has been thirsting for fame,

Has yerkit our faes in a tulzie,
An' proved himsel' wordy the name.

The Frenchmen, thae ill-deedy bodies,
Wha never were sound at the bane,
Wi' hearts maist as black as a kettle,
An' o' their auld tricks unco fain ;
Wi' fleechin, an' Hornie's assistance,
Gart meikle-breek'd Dutchmen agree
Their ships a' wi' haste to untether,
An' meet ADIE DUNCAN at sea.

But fouk little ken, whan they travel,
What luckless mishaps may befa',
Or the Dutchmen wad ne'er been sae doited
As ventured frae Holland ava :
For DUNCAN, sae wily an' cunning,
Lay watching the time to begin ;
Then belly-flaught banged in upo' them,
An' gied them a weel-licked skin.

Wi' legs snapped aff, broken noddles,
 (My fegs! 'twas a sad ravelled pirn!)
 The Dutchmen endeavoured to rin for't,
 But fand themsels snib'd in a girn.
 They looked like gryces new-sticked,
 Whan siccan mishanters they saw,
 An' heartily d——d the French vermin,
 Wha o' them had made a cat's paw.

Yet Frenchmen (wha'll ne'er be tongue-tacked,)
 Blaw aff at an unco degree;
 Again 'bout Invasion they blether,
 An' swear they'll be here in a wee.
 But e'en let them yammer an' ettle,
 BRITANNIA laughs at their scheme;
 She has Tars, wha are Kings o' the Ocean,
 An' Volunteer birkies at hame.
 Whan Scotia's braid shield, o'er her mountains,
 Sae terribly sounds the alarm,¹

Her sons, looking forward to glory,
Rush bravely to guard her frae harm.
'Mang the lave o' her trusty defenders,
Whase praise weel deserves to be sung,
There's CAMPBELLS, a race lang respected,
Frae DERMID, great warrior, sprung.²

Eke FERGUSON, DEWAR, an' FRASER ;
BUCHANAN, wha seeks Scotia's weal ;
MACDOUGAL (the famed Lord o' Lorn,)⁵
MACNAB, an' MACKENZIE, sae leal ;
Wi' GORDON, MACLEOD, an' MACDONALD,
Wha'll stand, but will ne'er turn awa ;
An' bauldly to lead us to honour,
See MURRAY, the chief o' us a'.

Yes, we hae our bauld Highland Laddies,
Wi' bannets set briskly ajee,
Whase love for their Country's sae sicker,
Afore they forsake her they'll die.

Look round here ! In ilka Scotch bosom

A flame for auld Scotia does burn ;

A flame which nae dastardly traitor,

Nor dangers, nor death, can o'erturn.

PEGGY WI' THE GOWDEN HAIR.

YE roses, fa' at my love's feet !

Ye lilies, bend your heads an' die !

Your bonny beauties, lang sae sweet,

Are now for ever lost on me :

For though ye sweetly bud an' blaw,

To busk the valley blooming fair,

There's ae sweet flower excels ye a',

Young PEGGY wi' the gowden hair.

I sigh at e'en, I sigh at morn ;

Nae peace hae I within my breast ;

I dander o'er the fields forlorn,

To muse on her wham I lo'e best.

Sweet, sweet she smiles, she's kind an' leal,

There's nane like her amang the fair,

Her bonny glance is love's saft seal,

Young PEGGY wi' the gowden hair.

Blaw, blaw, ye winds! your nipping cauld

 Wi' cranreuch cleeds baith hill an' shaw ;

Your blasts I scorn—love glows sae bauld

 For her wha's stown my heart awa.

Ye Powers wha watch wi' tentie e'e,

 An' blessings on us bodies skair,

O grant ae matchless boon to me,

 Sweet PEGGY wi' the gowden hair !

LOUISA IN LOCHABER.

CAN ought be constant as the sun,

That makes the world sae cheery ?

Yes, a' the Powers can witness be,

The love I bear my dearie.

But what can make the hours seem lang,

An' rin sae wondrous dreary ?

What but the space that lies between

Me an' my only dearie.

Then fare ye weel, wha saw me aft

Sae blythe, baith late an' early ;

An' fareweel scenes o' former joys,

That cherish life sae rarely !

Baith love an' beauty bid me flee,

Nor linger lang an' eerie,

But haste, an' in my arms enfauld

My only pride an' dearie.

I'll hail Lochaber's valleys green,
 Whare mony a rill meanders ;
I'll hail wi' joy its birken bowers,
 For there LOUISA wanders :
There will I clasp her to my breast,
 An' tent her smile fu' cheery ;
An' thus, without a wish or want,
 Live happy wi' my dearie.

SONG.

BALOO, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy daddie now is far awa,
A sailor laddie o'er the sea ;
But Hope aye hechts his safe return
To you, my bonny lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy face is símple, sweet, an' mild,
Like ony simmer e'ening fa' ;
Thy sparkling e'e is bonny black ;
Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,

O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,

For thou art doubly dear to me.

O but thy daddie's absence lang,

Might break my dowie heart in twa,

Wert thou na left a dawtit pledge,

To steal the eerie hours awa.

THE HAZLEWOOD WITCH.

FOR mony lang year I hae heard frae my grannie,
Of brownies an' bogles by yon castle wa',
Of auld withered hags, that were never thought cannie,
An' fairies that danced till they heard the cock crow.
I leugh at her tales ; an' last owk, i' the gloamin,
I dander'd, alane, down the Hazlewood green :
Alas ! I was reckless, an' rue sair my roaming,
For I met a young witch, wi' twa bonny black een.

I thought o' the starns in a frosty night glancing,
Whan a' the lift round them is cloudless an' blue ;
I looked again, an' my heart fell a-dancing ;
Whan I wad hae spoken, she glamoured my mou'.
O wae to her cantraips ! for dumpish'd I wander ;
At kirk or at market there's nought to be seen ;
For she dances afore me wherever I dander,
The Hazlewood Witch wi' the bonny black een.

THE LANELY LOVER.

TUNE—The Banks of the Shannon.

AH! WILLIE NOW is gane frae me,
Frae ANNIE gane afar,
An' to the saft delights o' love
Preferred the din o' war.
Nae mair at e'en, wi' heartsome glee,
Thegither we are seen ;
Nae mair we daff' amang the lave,
Or wander o'er the green.

Now in a far aff foreign land,
My comely WILLIE strays,
An' soon, alake! the chance o' war
May end his youthfu' days :
But weel I ken, though far awa,
His faithfu' breast does burn

Wi' glowing love, while here I lang
An' sigh for his return.

How dreary was that day to me,
Whan WILLIE gaed awa,
An' left me here!—the grief, I thought,
Wad break my heart in twa.
O may he lang, 'mang deadly faes,
Frae skaith be keepit free,
Till he again, wi' tearfu' joy,
Shall peacefu' Scotia see!

Ye gentle breezes, saftly blaw,
Ye gales, auspicious prove,
An' fill the wide-spread milk-white sails,
An' waft me back my love!
Till then, I'll seek the silent glade,
Or flowery-selvaged burn,
An' wi' the lanely birdies roam,
An' sigh for his return.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.*

SCENES of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu !
Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloamin,
Fare thee weel before I gang !
Bonny Doon, whare, early roaming,
First I weaved the rustic sang !
Bowers, adieu ! whare love decoying,
First enthralled this heart o' mine ;
There the saftest sweets enjoyng,
Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine.
Friends, sae near my bosom ever,
Ye hae rendered moments dear ;
But, alas ! whan forced to sever,
Then the stroke, oh ! how severe.

* See Note at the end.

Friends, that parting tear, reserve it, .

Though 'tis doubly dear to me ;

Could I think I did deserve it,

How much happier would I be !

Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,

Scenes that former thoughts renew,

Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,

Now a sad and last adieu !



NOTES.

ARTHUR'S SEAT.

NOTE 1.

*To sing the list o' beauties thrang,
That ne'er hae swelled the poet's sang.*

The Editor has seen a descriptive poem on Arthur's Seat, but cannot now recollect by what author. It is probable that it was unknown to GALL.

NOTE 2.

Sic as Craigmillar's Castle gray.

Craigmillar Castle, now in ruins, is situate on an eminence about two miles south from Edinburgh. It was the residence of the accomplished, lovely, and unfortunate MARY Queen of Scots, after her return from France in 1561.

NOTE 3.

*Wha, rushing o'er the crimson field,
At Bannockburn made EDWARD yield.*

To the Scottish reader it is unnecessary to mention any particulars of the ever-memorable battle of Bannockburn, in the neighbourhood of Stirling, fought in 1314.

NOTE 4.

*Wha can see
Auld Halyrude wi' tearless e'e?*

The palace of Holyroodhouse, formerly the residence of our Scottish monarchs. Adjoining to the palace stand the ruins of the Chapel Royal.

NOTE 5.

*Their hindmost stoop now forced to crave
In ither lands——a wretched grave!*

Among the many unhappy consequences of the French Revolution, the last misfortunes of the venerable Cardinal YORK, the only surviving branch of the once illustrious house of STUART, are worthy of notice. Driven to seek shelter in Germany, he is said to have been reduced to a situation bordering on absolute want, till relieved through the generous interference of the British Government.

NOTE 6.

*Whan HARDYKNUTE, wi' horn sae shrill,
Shook a' the trees o' greenwood hill.*

He has tane a horn as green as grass,
An' gi'en five sounds, sa shrill,
That trees in greenwood shook thereat,
Sa loud rang ilka hill. HARDYKNUTE.

NOTE 7.

Fife's woods an' spires begird the view.

King JAMES VI. is said to have compared the county of Fife to a *gray coat trimmed with gold*, the soil towards the coast being far superior to that of the more inland parts: the southern coast, along the banks of the Forth, being also *studded* with towns and villages, many of which formerly exhibited an extent of trade and population of which scarcely a trace now remains.

NOTE 8.

*Sweetly blooms ilk native charm
That BRUCE'S youthful breast could warm.*

MICHAEL BRUCE, a young man alike distinguished by his amiable dispositions and his fine poetical genius, who died in the twenty-first year of his age. For an account of this interesting youth, see the *Mirror*, No. 36, written by the late Lord CRAIG.

NOTE 9.

*But doubly fair ilk darling scene
That screens the bowers o' Hawthorndean.*

About a mile below Roslin, and in the same valley, in a situation peculiarly romantic and wild, stands the house of Hawthornden, formerly possessed by WILLIAM DRUMMOND, the famous poet and historian, who died in 1649. "It may safely be said," says PINKERTON, "that if any poems possess a very high degree of that exquisite Doric delicacy which is so much admired in Comus, &c. those of DRUMMOND do. MILTON may often be traced in him; and he had certainly read and admired him. DRUMMOND was the first who introduced into English that fine Italian vein; and if we had had no DRUMMOND, perhaps we should never have seen the delicacies of Comus, Lycidas, L'Allegro, or Il Penseroso. MILTON has happened to have justice done him by posterity; DRUMMOND, alas! has not been so fortunate."

NOTE 10.

*Whan, wae, we tent fair Grandeur's fa',
By Roslin's ruined Castle wa'.*

Roslin is beautifully situate on the river Esk, about seven miles south from Edinburgh. The ruins of its castle, frowning over a precipitous bank, and its chapel, the most entire remain of Gothic architecture to be seen in Scotland, contrast finely with its enchanting scenery, and render it peculiarly

attractive to those, who, with a taste for the beauties of nature, unite a patriotic interest in the antiquities of their country. It formerly belonged to the family of ST CLAIR.

NOTE II.

*What chequered scenes their beauties share,
An' blossom wild around Newha'!*

The seat of R. BROWN, Esq. The river Esk runs through the grounds, the scenery of which is of the same picturesque character as that of Roslin. When in the possession of DUNCAN FORBES, Esq. Newhall was the resort of many of the literati of that day, among whom was the celebrated ALLAN RAMSAY, who laid the scene of his pastoral comedy, "The Gentle Shepherd," in this neighbourhood.

NOTE 12.

*Sic ALLAN nobly dared, erewhile
The HOGARTH o' his native isle.*

DAVID ALLAN, historical painter, who died at Edinburgh in 1796. This artist received the rudiments of his art in the Academy of Painting, instituted and carried on for some time by Messrs FOULIS in Glasgow. He spent many years in Italy, where he studied the great models of antiquity. During his residence there, he gained the prize medals given by the Academy of St Luke for the best specimen of historical composition. The faithful delineations of Nature, and the truly

characteristic humour, which distinguish his works, will transmit his name with honour to posterity.

NOTE 13.

RUNCIMAN! *thy hapless fate*

The Muse deploras wi' deep regret.

ALEXANDER RUNCIMAN, historical painter, one of the highest geniuses, as an artist, that Scotland has produced, was born at Edinburgh, where his father was settled as an architect, on the 15th August 1736; and in 1750 became apprentice to Messrs JAMES and ROBERT NORRIE. Sir JAMES CLERK of Pennicuick, with that ready generosity which formed a noble trait in his character, having discovered the superior abilities of RUNCIMAN, advanced what pecuniary assistance was necessary to enable him to proceed to Italy, that he might improve himself by studying the noble specimens of painting in that great school of the arts.

Having continued in Italy several years, at the earnest request of his patron, he returned to his native country, but with a weak and impaired constitution; and shortly after executed the grand paintings in Ossian's Hall at Pennicuick, the altar-piece in the English Chapel, Cowgate, Edinburgh, and several others, which will remain lasting monuments of his abilities. He wished much to revisit Italy, but from this he was dissuaded by his friends. The bursting of a blood-vessel was the immediate cause of this great artist's death, which took place at Edinburgh on the 21st October 1785. "His chief excellence," says Mr T. BROWN, "was composition, in

which it is doubted whether he had any living superior. With regard to the truth, the harmony, the richness, and the gravity of colouring,—in that style, in short, which is the peculiar characteristic of the ancient Venetian, and the direct contrast to the modern English school,—he was unrivalled. His works, it must be granted, like all those of the present times, were far from being perfect ; but it was Mr RUNCIMAN's peculiar misfortune, that his defects were of such a nature as to be obvious to the most unskilful eye, whilst his beauties were of a kind which few have sufficient taste or knowledge in the art to discern, far less to appreciate.”

NOTE 14.

*'Mang woods, an' lawns, an' gardens gay,
Whare CLERK an' Worth were wont to stray.*

The late Sir JAMES CLERK of Pennicuick, who will long be remembered for his superior taste in the fine arts, in architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, and in whom merit always found a prompt and steady patron.

NOTE 15.

*Vernal green is ilka tree
On bonny braes o' Woodhouselee.*

The seat of the late WILLIAM TYTLER, Esq. As a literary character, this gentleman is well known to the world. To him we are indebted for the restoration of the fine poem of “ The King's Quair,” by JAMES I. ; and the best essay which

has been written on Scottish music, in which he proves the absurdity of the opinion, that we owe to DAVID RIZZIO some of our finest Scottish melodies.

NOTE 16.

Sic the ills MACDONALD *saw.*

The Rev. ANDREW MACDONALD, a native of Leith, author of *Vimonda*, *Velina*, and other excellent performances; who, at the age of thirty-three, fell a victim to sickness, disappointment, and misfortune.

NOTE 17.

*Sic the fate—oh, doubly hard!—
Besel Edina's favourite Bard.*

The celebrated ROBERT FERGUSSON, who died before he had attained the twenty-fifth year of his age, and whose grave remained undistinguished from the nameless crowd, until marked by a simple monumental stone, erected at the expense of a kindred genius—ROBERT BURNS.

NOTE 18.

To the sylvan Meadows stray.

Hope Park, in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh.

NOTE 19.

*Or trace the vale, romantic, sweet,
Where Health an' her St Bernard meet.*

The beautiful little valley to the northward of the New Town, in which is the mineral spring called St Bernard's, now ornamented with a statue of HYGEIA at the expense of the late Lord GARDENSTONE.

NOTE 20.

*Now some are seen in bourachs gay,
On Bruntsfield Links to spend the day.*

Bruntsfield Links, much resorted to by the citizens of Edinburgh, who here amuse themselves with the game of golf. Here, too, the Society of Scottish Archers annually shoot for a silver arrow.

NOTE 21.

*What time (as minstrel stories tell,)
A PERCY bled, a DOUGLAS fell.*

See the popular ballad of Chevy Chace.

NOTE 22.

CECILIA'S voice is heard nae mair!

In December 1798, an advertisement from the governor and directors of the Musical Society of Edinburgh appeared in the

public prints, calling a general meeting of the members, for the purpose of finally determining whether the society should be continued or immediately dissolved. St Cecilia's Hall has been shut ever since.

NOTE 23.

*Whan our King JAMIE bare the sway,
Aft wad he chant the lightsome lay.*

The accomplished and amiable King JAMES I. of Scotland, who, in addition to his other valuable accomplishments, eminently excelled in music. Indeed it has been reasonably supposed, that he was the inventor of our beautiful Scottish melodies, which have ever been so justly and so universally admired.

NOTE 24.

Nae OSWALD wakes the softest tunc.

Mr OSWALD, a native of Scotland, and an excellent composer and performer; author of the popular tunes of Roslin Castle, the Braes of Ballenden, &c.

NOTE 25.

*Wha's she wi' pensive step an' slaw,
That seems to mourn near Thespis' Ha'?*

To the admirers of the rational and improving amusement of the Theatre, it must be gratifying to observe the recent

improvement in the national taste for dramatic entertainments. The trash of LEWIS, COLMAN, and similar authors, which had for some time usurped the stage, is now almost entirely exploded; and SHAKSPEARE, OTWAY, and our other standard dramatic writers, are beginning to resume their due influence.

NOTE 26.

*Whare matchless YATES, ance on a time,
Could raise the mind to thoughts sublime.*

Mrs YATES, well known on the Edinburgh boards about twenty-five or thirty years ago.

NOTE 27.

SIDDONS, *wi' majestic mien.*

The elder Mrs SIDDONS.

NOTE 28.

Then SATCHELL may her powers exert.

Mrs STEPHEN KEMBLE.

NOTE 29.

KEMBLE, *still to Nature true.*

Mr STEPHEN KEMBLE.

ELEGY ON PUDDING LIZZIE.

NOTE 1.

ISABEL WEATHERSON, the subject of this Elegy, was a well-known character, who kept a little alehouse at Jock's Lodge, in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh; and, from her peculiar skill in making Scotch Puddings, had obtained the appropriate name of PUDDING LIZZIE. Her house was long the favourite resort of the young people in Edinburgh, when they were inclined to a frolic with little expense. She died 1796.

NOTE 2.

*Whan we reached her little dwelling,
Whare tuilzied birds wi' bluidy talon.*

LIZZIE had a sign-board above her door, on which were painted two cocks fighting, with this inscription: "The thickest skin stand langest out."

NOTE 3.

Gude Papish Whisky.

She sold Rum under the name of Papish Whisky, for the purpose, it was said, of evading the license.

NOTE 4.

*Whan she begoud to crack her creed,
I've seen our chafts maist like to screed.*

Our hostess was noted for her ready wit, and many satirical sayings; so much so, that few cared to engage with her, as they were sure of becoming the jest of the whole company.

MAY ;

OR,

AN ADDRESS TO THE SWALLOW.

*But thou, sweet bird o' passage, can
In this, advantage take o' man ;
An' make a shorter stay.
The twa three months o' simmer gane,
Ye scour out-owre the hill an' plain,
To seek anither May.*

This stanza is a close and very feeble imitation of the following beautiful lines in the "Ode to the Cuckoo;" a poem which, though printed along with LOGAN's poetical works, has with much probability been ascribed to MICHAEL BRUCE.

What time the pea puts on her bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet Bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee :
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

SONNET.

TO FORTUNE.

THE leading thought in this Sonnet is the same as that in the following Address to Fortune, by the generally facetious, but occasionally pathetic, PETER PINDAR. It would perhaps be unjust to charge our Author' with plagiarism. Very close imitations, or rather resemblances, will sometimes accidentally occur.

Yes, Fortune, I have sought thee long,
Invoked thee oft in prose and song,
 Through half Old England woo'd thee ;
Through seas of danger, Indian lands,
Through Afric's howling, burning sands ;
 But, ah ! in vain pursued thee.

Now, Fortune, thou would'st fain be kind,
And now I'll plainly speak my mind ;
 I care not straws about thee.
For DELIA's hand alone I toiled ;
Unbribed by wealth, the nymph has smiled,
 And bliss is ours without thee.

SONG,

Now bank an' brae are clad in green.

THIS Song appears in CROMEK'S "Reliques of BURNS," and is attributed, of course, to that celebrated Author. It was delivered to the Editor among the other MSS. of Mr GALL, in his hand-writing; and from the very peculiar circumstances narrated by Mr STARK concerning the song, "Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure," the Editor does not feel himself warranted in either denying the song a place in this volume, or pronouncing a decisive opinion concerning the author. He would only beg leave to observe the similarity of the expression,

"But MARY she is a' my ain,
An' Fortune canna gie me mair,"

with that of Mr GALL'S "Sonnet to Fortune," already noticed; a similarity which inclines him to believe that this song is likewise Mr GALL'S production.

SONG

ON THE VICTORY AT CAMPERDOWN.

NOTE 1.

*Whan Scotia's braid shield, o'er her mountains,
Sae terribly sounds the alarm.*

This is an allusion to the custom the ancient Caledonian chiefs had, of striking their shields, to call their people together on the approach of danger.

NOTE 2.

Frae DERMID, great warrior, sprung.

A hero celebrated by OSSIAN, from whom the CAMPBELLS take their pedigree. Vide SMITH'S Gaelic Antiquities.

NOTE 3.

MACDOUGAL (*the famed Lord o' Lorn*).

The MACDOUGALS were in ancient times a very powerful clan, the chiefs of which were, for a considerable period, dignified with the title of "Lord of Lorn."

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

THIS Song has generally been attributed to BURNS, and is admitted as his in Dr CURRIE'S edition. But Mr STARK, in his *Biographia Scotica*, says: "One of Mr GALL'S songs, in particular, the original manuscript of which I have by me, has acquired a high degree of praise, from its having been printed among the works of BURNS, and generally thought the production of that poet. The reverse, indeed, was only known to a few of Mr GALL'S friends, to whom he communicated the verses before they were published. The fame of BURNS stands in no need of the aid of others to support it; and to render back the song in question to its true author, is but an act of distributive justice due alike to both these departed poets, whose ears are now equally insensible to the incense of flattery or the slanders of malevolence. At the time when the *Scots Poetical Museum* was published at Edinburgh by Mr JOHNSON, several of BURNS'S songs made their appearance in that publication. Mr GALL wrote the following song, entitled, 'A Farewell to Ayrshire,' prefixed BURNS'S name to it, and sent it anonymously to the publisher of that work. From thence it has been copied into the later editions of the works of BURNS. In publishing the song in this manner, Mr GALL probably thought that it might, under the sanction of a name

known to the world, acquire some notice ; while, in other circumstances, its fate might have been ‘ to waste its sweetness in the desert air.’”

Such is the relation of Mr STARK. It is made with a confidence, which leaves no doubt that the fact was known to himself.

A critical eye might perhaps discover in these lines some internal evidence confirmative of Mr STARK’s assertion, that they are not the production of BURNS. The whole of the stanza, “ Friends, so near my bosom ever,” &c. seems to want the point and vigour which so eminently characterize the songs of that great Bard of Nature.

THE END.







