

Farewell, my sweet baby, too early we sever,  
 I may come to thee, but to me thou shalt never:  
 Some angel of mercy shall lead and restore thee,  
 A pure living flame, to the mansions of glory.  
 The moralist's boast may sound prouder and prouder,  
 The hypocrite's prayer rise louder and louder;  
 But I'll trust my babe in her trial of danger,  
 To the mercy of Him that was laid in the manger."

One might search the poets diligently and he would fail to find a more beautiful tribute to parental affection than that of the Bard's address to his youngest daughter. It is only possible to give a few words from it:

"And now, sweet child, one boon I crave—  
 And pout not, for that boon I'll have—  
 One kiss I ask for grandam's sake,  
 Who never saw thy tiny make;  
 And one for her who left us late,  
 Laid low, but not forgotten yet;  
 And thy sweet mother, too, the nearest  
 To thee and me, the kindest, dearest—  
 Thou sacred, blest memorial,  
 When I kiss thee, I kiss them all."

But our poet can vary his theme and his thought. "The Auld Man's Fareweel to His Wee House," "The Regret," "The Elegy," "A Father's Lament," "The Broken Heart," "An Aged Widow's Lament," "Maria Gray," "I Hae Naebody Now," "The Moon was A-Waning," "Farewell to Glen-Shallech," "Maggy and Me," "Poor Little Jessie," "Good Night and Joy be wi' You A'," are among the most tender of lyrics in any or all countries. Take one stanza from Jessie's lament over her brother:

"I hae naebody now to look kind and caress me;  
 I look for a friend, but nae friend can I see;  
 I dinna ken what's to become o' poor Jessie,  
 The wairl has little mair pleasure for me.  
 It's lang sin' a lost baith my father and mother,  
 I'm simple, an' poor, an' forlorn on the way;  
 I had ane that I likit, an only dear brother,  
 My Willie—but he's lying cauld i' the clay."