

Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see—
I canna live as I hae lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine—
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart—
Oh! haud me up, and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa part.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yaird
Step lightly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That liltis far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrillie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-drops shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And oh! think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
That file my yellow hair—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair!"

Perhaps the most striking feature of the poems now under our notice, is the great variety of style and sentiment which prevails among them. So thoroughly does our author enter into the spirit of each subject which he has chosen, that it is difficult to determine which was his favorite style. Strains of lofty chivalry and of pathetic sadness, of light-hearted mirth, and calm contemplation—the blithe carol and the woe-breathing monody—the warlike chant of the Sea-King, the wild rhapsody of the madman, and the lay of the love-lorn Troubadour—are struck by turns from his lyre, with an ease and freedom which might well cope with poets of greater name. If there be any predominant tone throughout his poems, it is that "world-weary" air, which the success of Byron's poetry tended so much to impress on the writings of twenty years ago. Of this character are the following lines:

"O, agony! keen agony,
For trusting heart, to find
That vows believed, were vows conceived
As light as summer wind.

O, agony! fierce agony,
For loving heart to brook,
In one brief hour the withering power
Of unimpassioned look.

O, agony! deep agony,
For heart that's proud and high,
To learn of fate how desolate
It may be ere it die.

O, agony! sharp agony,
To find how loath to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness
That break a trusting heart!"

That this tone was merely assumed in accordance with the prevailing taste of the day, is the opinion of his biographer, and certainly the appearance and conversation of Motherwell displayed little of the Lara or Childe Harold.

"One of his most prominent defects as a lyrical poet is, in my opinion, the assumption—for it was no more—of a morbid tone of feeling respecting the world and its ways. Doubtless—

'pictoribus atque poetis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.'

but there is a natural limit to even this proverbial licence, and a perpetual dirge about broken vows, slighted love, and human selfishness, is apt to engender the idea that the man who thus indulges in habitual lamentation over his own misfortunes, must have been less discriminating in his friendships, or less deserving of regard, than we could wish him to have been. But this was not the case with William Motherwell. Few men have enjoyed, and few men have more entirely merited, the strong and steady attachment of those with whom they associated; and if life brought to him its share of sorrow and anxiety, it likewise afforded many and solid compensations for his sufferings, of which, I have not a doubt, he was fully sensible, and for which, I have as little doubt, he was truly thankful. I would not have noticed this peculiarity, had it not communicated to some of his effusions an air of harsh exaggeration which was really foreign to his modest and uncomplaining nature, and did it not tend to create the belief that my late friend, with all his gifts, was deficient in that humility of mind which should characterise a wise and a good man. This was not so, and when passages—I regret to say that they are too numerous—do occur which might encourage this notion, let me hope that they will not be construed to his prejudice; but that they may be looked upon as mere poetical embellishment."

Motherwell took a deep interest in Scandinavian literature, and some of the finest pieces in the volume are translations or imitations of the Norse Scalds. "The Battle-Flag of Sigurd," "The Wooing of Jarl Egill Skallagrím," and "The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi," are noble examples of the fiery lays of the Vikings; they are too long for quotation, but we can recommend their perusal to every lover of genuine poetry.

Another favorite style with him was the imitation of the ancient Scottish Ballad; of this there are several specimens in the present col-