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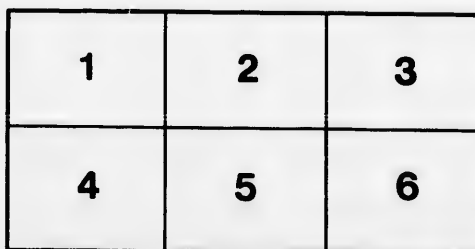
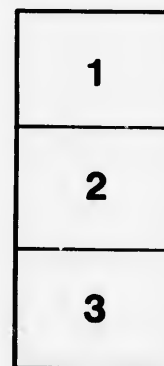
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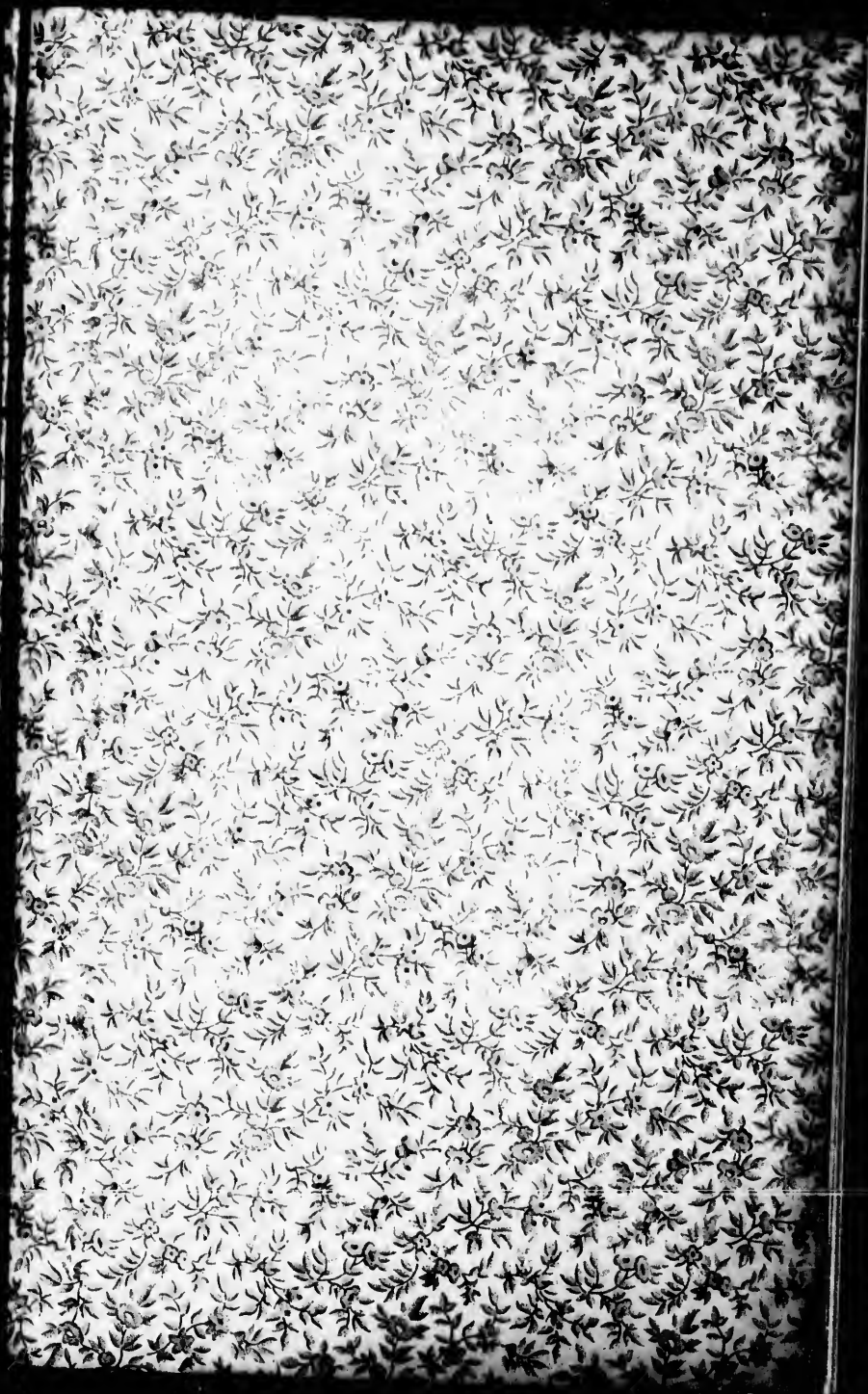
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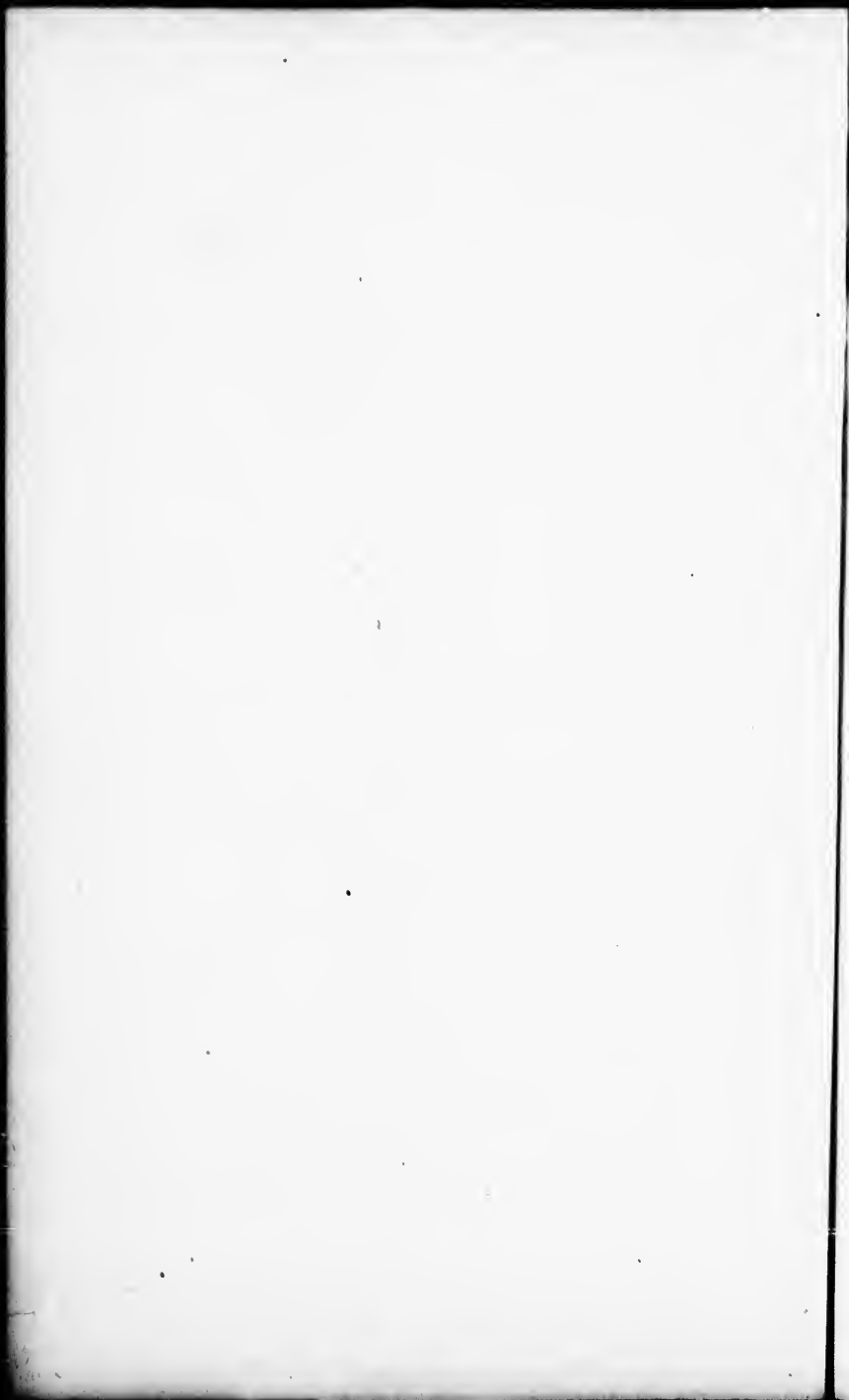
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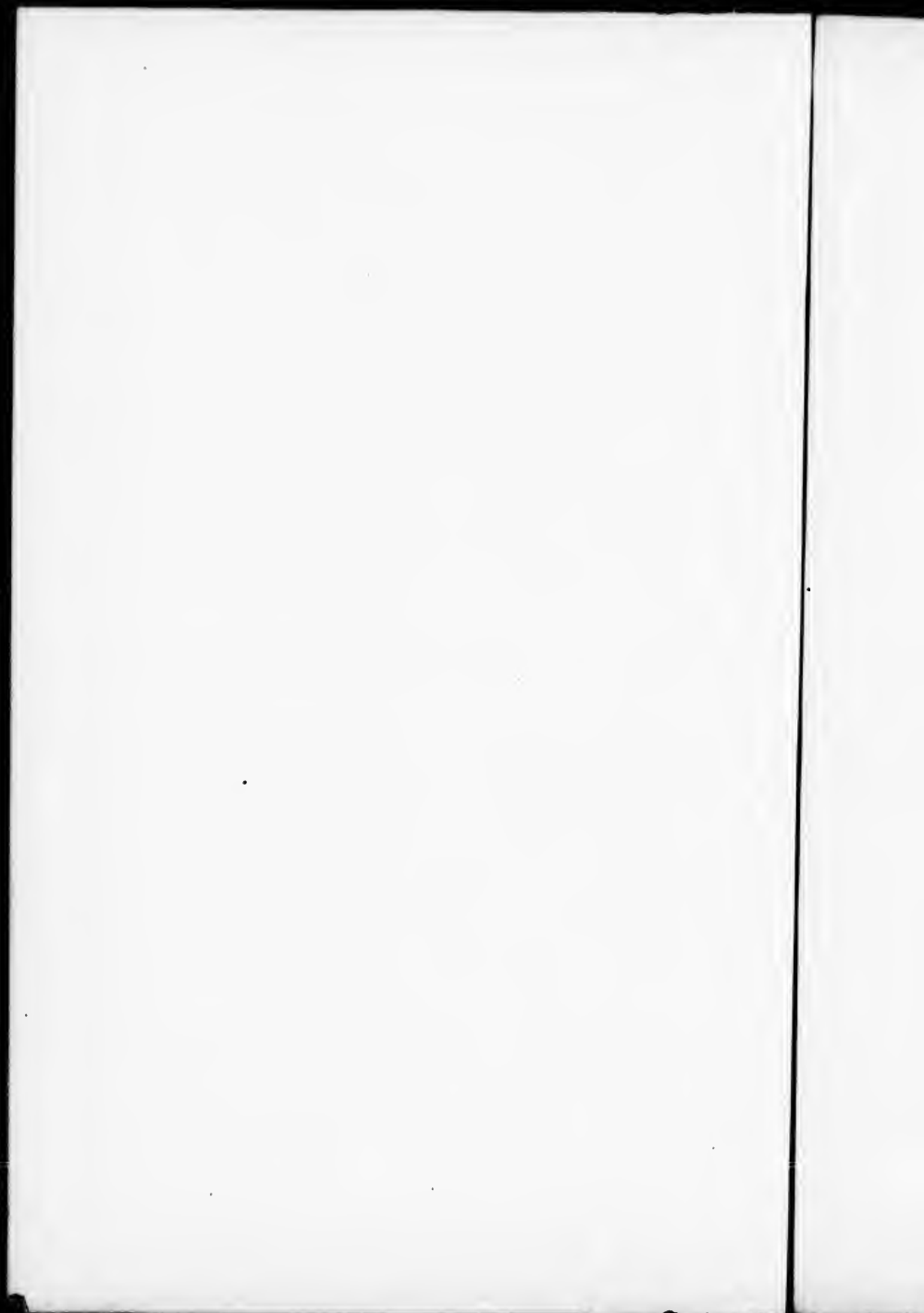
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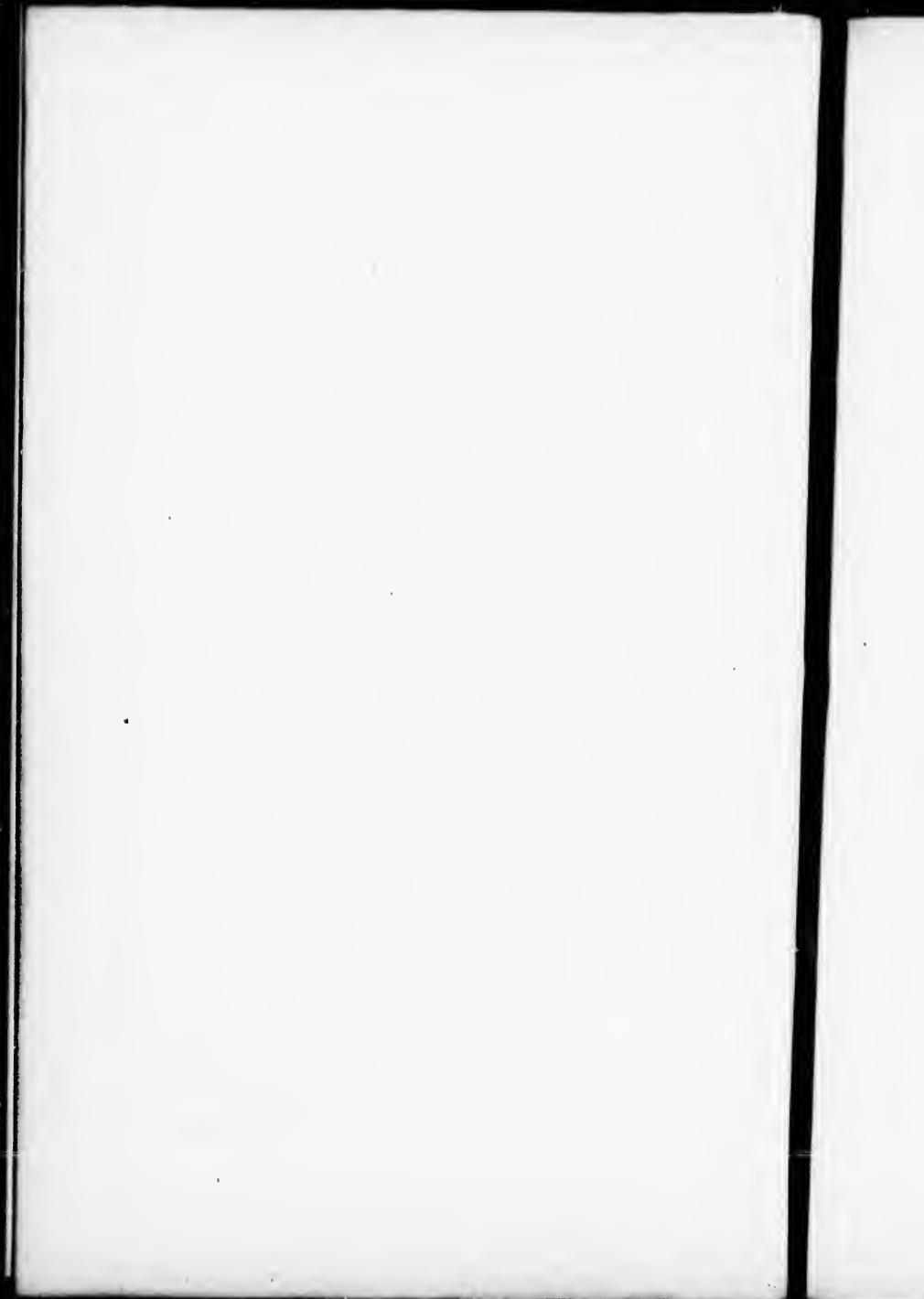


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POEMS.



POEMS.

BY

ROBERT DAVIDSON,

JEDBURGH:

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1825.

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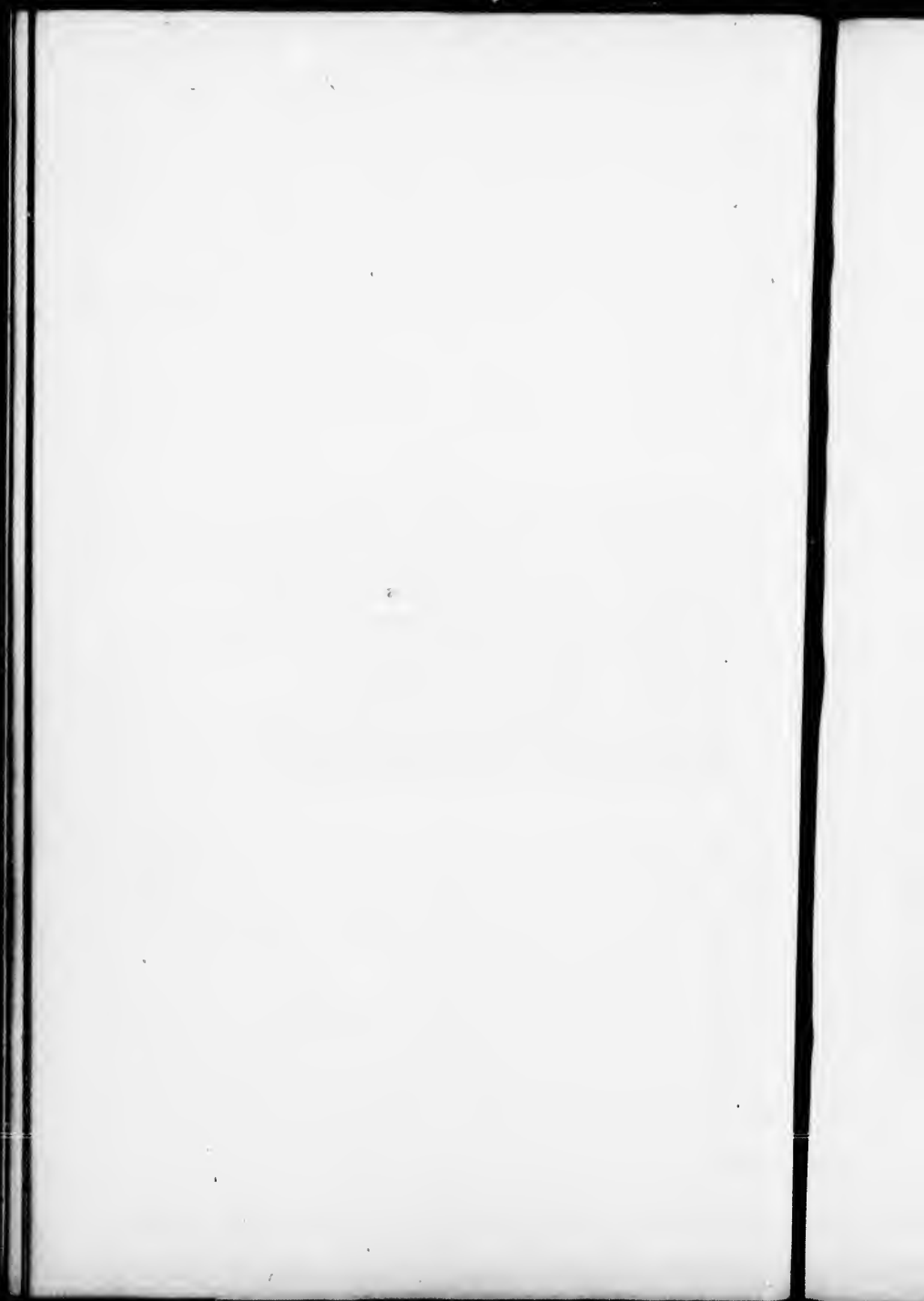
1891

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SEE Teviotdale romantic charms display,
Her past'ral lawns with groves and woodlands gay ;
Her crystal streams midst verdant glades are seen,
Like lines of silver bright'ning landscapes green ;
Her camp crown'd heights, where ancient warriors lay ;
Her mould'ring towers, where poesy loves to stray ;
Her lofty mountains look o'er lovely vales,
Like giant cent'nels guarding fairy dales :
Such scenes as these to fancy's eye pourtray'd,
Make simple muses haunt the peasant's shed.



REPRINTED FOR
HON. JOHN ROBSON,
NEPHEW OF THE AUTHOR,
Victoria, B. C., June 1891.

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POEMS.

THE WITCH'S CAIRN.

A TALE.

Is there no old shepherd a story can tell
About that old cairn on the edge of the fell ?
'Midst all my researches, I never can know
Who reared the pile, or who slumbers below ;
Perhaps some brave hero, whose daring and might
Has turn'd for his country the balance of fight ;
Perhaps some proud chieftain, whose fate we'll ne'er
learn,
Who soar'd at a kingdom and found but a cairn !

Not so, said a shepherd, this cairn keeps a name
That better had dwelt with oblivion than fame ;
Nor hero, nor chieftian, in story be-praised,
To Meg of the cavern this bourick was raised—
Come, sit ye down by me below this green tree,
And I'll tell ye the tale as old shepherds told me :
When done, ye shall see in yon lone glen so grey,
The stream where she drank, and the cave where she
lay.

This witch, for some time, kept the country aghast,
But vengeance o'erhied her and crushed her at last—
'Twas when her black cantrips no more could be
borne,

The country assembled by hundreds one morn ;
 Then some of the boldest seized Meg in her cell,
 Before she had leisure to practice her spell :
 Her hands they with saplings of rowin tree bound, /
 They bore her in triumph and shouted around ;

The judge being seated upon a gray stone,
 The crowd ranged around him, the trial went on ;
 Some kept at a distance, and durst not come near,
 Tho' Meg was in fetters, still e'd her with fear.

Auld Bauldy, the blacksmith, first Maggie accused—
 Says he, by her pranks, I've been sadly abused,
 I met her at morn ere the sun came in view,
 That luckless encounter I ever may rue ;
 The glance that she shot from her dark drumlie e'e,
 Forever has kipel'd misfortune and me—
 Nine times ere the e'enin, my knuckles I burnt,
 My bellows broke down, and the lum gaed alunt,
 I went to the fowling, and shot my ain drake ;
 Next morning, poor crummy was cauld at the stake ;
 I gaed the last week to a tryst on the Tweed,
 But her cursed cantrips bewildered my head ;
 I missed the ford in the broad light of day.
 And near fand the bottom 'tween bank or 'tween
 brae ;

When dreepin' and chitterin' I took the road hame ;
 My beast fell beneath me as dead as a stane—
 To flee frae misfortune 'tis needless to strive,
 We ne'er can be sinder'd while Maggie's alive

Then Sandy, the shepherd, began a sad tale,
 His eye turn'd on Maggie, he paused and grew pale ;
 Says he, I've done nothing deserving her spite,

Although she's attempted to ruin me quite :
 She passed me one day as I tented my flock,
 My unmanner'd colly but tugged at her cloak ;
 But poor luckless Yarrow I never saw mair,
 He ran to the mountains as wild as a hare—
 Before I came hame, she had witch'd my best cow,
 I seized the hag, and drew blood on her brow ;
 I thought by the deed for to baffle the spell,
 But soon her dread vengeance was felt on the fell !
 The sun had gone down, and the ev'ning was still,
 The flocks on the moorlands were wand'ring at will,
 No token of tempest was seen in the skies,
 And nothing but magic could make one arise ;—
 Soon, broken and dull grew the sound of the rills,
 And deep hollow murmurs were heard on the hills,
 A thick murky gloom soon extinguish'd the day,
 And night seem'd impatient to witness the fray ;
 So wild was the tempest that burst on the heath,
 That all things that breathed were threaten'd with
 death :
 The moor cock was choked ere a covert he found,
 The strong winged raven was dash'd to the ground,
 The loud rolling thunder groan'd through the dark
 drift,
 The red winged bolt shook the mountain's grey clift,
 The rocks, rent to splinters, their beds did forgo,
 And roll'd with a crash to the valleys below !
 Bent to the yird, by the hurricane's shock,
 I crawl'd on all four to a cave in the rock,
 There trembled in terror till midnight was past,
 Expecting each moment would count for my last ;
 Then in the dark cavern, I heard a deep grane—
 A hand touch'd my haffet, as cauld as a stane !

My hair heaved my bonnet,—my breathing grew
low—

My staff shook like aspin, and dropt on the snow—
I sprang from the cavern as swift as the wind,
And ne'er cast a look to the mountains behind !
When brambles or brushwood entangled my shins,
I snapt them like threads that the gossamer spins,—
My auld aunty Bess got a horrible fright,
She's never done well since that terrible night ;
She swears that she saw the auld beldam ride past,
Astride on a broomstick, directing the blast—
Many a storm I have faced in my day,
But recon'd with this they seem'd breezes in May.

Next morning, the fragments of hirsels were found,—
In wreath-choked torrents some hundreds were
drown'd—

Some, by the rude tempest, dash'd o'er the wide fens,
And some undiscover'd, lie yet in the glens—
No doubt but the court will judge candid and fair,
But if they spare Maggie, I'll never herd mair.

Then Watty, the wabster, ran wild through the
crowd,

His plaint against Maggie was bitter and loud—
Gae burn her, says Watty, and end her ill life,
That vile imp of satan's bewitched my wife :
A' our guid neighbors can freely attest,
That o' the good housewives, my Elspeth was best ;
Sae cleanly, sae thrifty, in butt or in ben,
Until this auld witch came to win in the glen—
Dung diled, wi' her cantrips, she saunter'd away,
And follow'd the troopers for many a day ;

Now when she's return'd, she'll do nought for the loom,
 She's never at rest when the ale ceps are toom ;
 She makes the house echo wi' clainour and war,
 She drinks like a souter, and swears like a tar ;
 I've spent my last pluck for to pay c^t her scores
 Now naked starvation has enter'd my doors,
 Nor comfort, nor kindness, my sorrow relieves,
 For Elspeth repays me wi' nought but her neeves.
 Yestreen, frae the ale-house, I brought her hame fou,
 The bumps o' the pint stoup remain on my brow ;
 This hag is the cause of my sorrow and shame,
 The person bewitched is naething to blame ;
 I hope that your honours will grant my request,
 I've brought twa tar barrels, we'll kindle the best.

The judge that presidet was held in renown,
 He once was a chaplain, and served the crown ;
 He fought at red Flodden, and never stain'd steel,
 But came off unrivall'd for swiftness of heel :
 Proud learning her treasures had shower'd on his
 head ;

He travell'd, when young, 'twixt the Tyne and the
 Tweed ;

The wide fields of science he clearly could scan,
 His study was woman—I dare not say man,—
 Nor wit, worth, nor genius can shield from mishap,—
 He'd twice been bewitched, and thrice had the c—l
 His fame as a judge flew o'er land and o'er sea,
 For none came before him that ever got free :
 Upon the rude rabble he turned his eyes,
 Said little, or nothing, for wisdom's concise—
 Half bent with a burden of judgment and sense,
 He call'd upon Maggie to make her defence.

Says Maggie, in magic I never was skill'd,
 I think it a weapon no mortal can wield ;
 Can mortals make tempests arise and be still,
 Or agitate nature and soothe her at will ?
 Will mind and dull matter serve 'neath their employ,
 Or sunshine and shadow, or sorrow and joy ?
 Were fate for a moment the task to resign,
 It fits not an arm that is feeble like mine.—
 Some say, I'm deputed by demons to vent
 Their malice on mortals that ne'er can be spent ;
 To mar each fair prospect, and tempt them to sin,
 And blast the few joys that are scatter'd so thin.—
 If demons have such a dread gift in their power,
 I would not receive it for worlds told o'er ;
 I feel for all hearts that's with sorrow oppress'd,
 Could wishing relieve them, they soon should be blest ;
 For this was a lesson I learned from woe,
 To value a friend, and to pity a foe ;
 For long ere my day had begun to decline,
 Pale grief was a guest in this bosom of mine ;
 War, cruel war, was the cause of my pain,
 My heart's dearest partner in battle was slain ;
 He went with a foray, no more to return,
 And left me bewilder'd in sorrow to mourn ;—
 He left me a mother to valour and worth,
 From me, six brave yeomen derived their birth.
 When stately, and blooming in life's lovely spring,
 They all fell on Flodden, abreast with their king ;
 I hasted away to bedew their sad biers,
 With the tear of a mother—the saltiest of tears—
 The victors, exulting, had buried the brave,
 Unshrouded, they slept in one wide bloody grave !
 To life's fleeting pleasures I then bade adieu,

The banks of the Yarrow grew irksome to view ;
 No more they seem'd lovely, delightful and gay,
 The flowers that adorn'd them were faded for aye ;
 All wretched and helpless, bereaved of those
 Who soothed life's sorrows, and shelter'd its close,
 Soon forced, by hunger, a morsel to crave,
 I made my abode in that dark dreary cave.
 When pity denies me, I wander forlorn,
 And pick the cold berries that's left on the thorn :
 My couch in the cavern, is flinty and hard—
 If demons employ me, how poor's my reward !
 If I am condemned, few days I can lose,
 My latest are closing, beclouded with woes !
 Of death's darksome stream I have reached the brim,
 My life's like a lamp that is dying and dim—
 I'm lonely and friendless—the last of my race—
 None share in my sorrows, nor fear my disgrace—
 The hearts that once loved me, are sunk in that sleep,
 Where spirits may pity, but eyes cannot weep.

When two rushing torrents do thwar! in their course,
 They're both for a moment bereft of their force !
 Swift o'er the wide crowd rose a short broken sigh,
 And a mild beam of pity shone soft in each eye.

A friar came forward, and spoke in the ring,
 Then reason and pity fled both on swift wing ;
 The fiends, says the friar, have formed a plan,
 That has for its object the mis'ry of man :
 The brownie, the kelpy, the wizard and fae,
 All serve in their legions, and share in their pay ;
 The tricks and manœuvres they learn from their chief,
 If not well attested might stagger belief—

A witch, when she chooses, all shapes can assume,
A hare on the hill, or a tod in the broom ;
'Tween midnight and morning to Lapland she'll roam,
And skim the wide ocean as light as the foam,
Or cleave the thin air, when to flight she's inclined,
She'll mount on a moonbeam, and distance the wind ;
Sometimes, for her pastime, she tempests the floods,
And makes the blue billows to lash the dark clouds,
Then laugh at proud navies, distress'd in the strife,
Hung high on surges, and struggling for life—
Nine times to the wainward she waves a black wand,
Then pale sheeted spectres rise at her command,
They frolic, they gambol, they join in the dance,
With carles from England, and carlins from France ;
She lilts to their steps with an eriesome croon,
That startles dull midnight and darkens the moon—
Though Meg has been canting 'bout poortith and grief,
A witch I can prove her, and one of the chief—
The charges against her are weighty and clear,
We ne'er saw such blunders till Maggie came here ;
Impelled by her patron, her skill she puts forth,
To blast the appearance of virtue and worth.
A monk in our convent, you once loved so dear—
This hag has disgraced him—oh pardon his tear !
She call'd up a fiend in his likeness array'd,
And show'd him in sunshine concern'd with a maid—
No mortal's more free of maid, widow, or wife,
No snow on the Cheviot's more pure than his life ;
For on that same day, I can freely declare,
He was in the convent, engaged in prayer ;
But ah, this vile hag's laid his fame in the lurch,
A vile trick of satan to scandal the church.

Poor Maggie was roasted, the country found rest,
 But, harden'd in witchcraft, she never confess'd—
 Around yon old cairn where her ashes were spread,
 No verdure is foster'd, nor dew drops are shed ;
 All seems to be deaf to the voice of the spring,
 Within the rank hemlocks that skirt the dark ring.
 At eve, when the maukin steals through the tall fern,
 Amidst her wild wandering, she shuns this dread
 cairn ;

Or when the dull screech-owl glides o'er the scorch'd
 stones,

She quickens her motion and deepens her tones :
 At morn, when the lark, with his loftiest lay,
 Awakens the sangsters and welcomes the day,
 When from the grey cloud he beholds the dread spot,
 He darts to a distance and alters his note—
 Here, fame says, grim spectres have often appear'd,
 And voices not mortal by shepherds been heard ;
 Both reason and instinct the cemet'ry shun—
 Thus proving 'tis haunted as clear as the sun.

ELLIOT OF LARISTONE.

BRIGHT blazed the taper in Laristone ha',
The bagpipes did boom, and the bugles did blaw,
The banquet was spread by the hand of the fair,
Stout yeomen, and bowmen, and spearmen were there ;
Carousing, rejoicing, so bravely had sped
The forray, by Elliot of Laristone led :
Through the tower's lofty arches the martial airs rung,
'The porches with corslets and helmets were hung,
The claymores in scabbards awhile did recline,
While warriors sought solace in beauty and wine.
Up rose an old minstrel, with locks like the snow,
His eyes shot mild lustre like suns wearing low ;
As soon as his lyre he sounded with grace,
The wild and romantic arose in his face—
The eyes of the warriors were turn'd on the bard,
His theme it was battles where dangers they'd shared ;
He sung their last foray in heart-stirring strains,
Recounting their daring, their glory and gains ;
He gave to each hero his chaplet of fame,
And fix'd a bright wreath on brave Laristone's name
—He alter'd his lyre to wailings of woe ;
He sung of brave comrades by foemen laid low ;
His deep plaintive numbers soon moisten'd each eye,
And quenched the beams that in battle burnt high :
They praised, applauded, and pledged him in wine,
He then turned his harp to a lay of langayne :
Cent'ries and seasons have fled on swift wing,

Since the days of the hero whose daring I sing ;
 Yet still he stands high in the legends of faine,
 No long lapse of ages can moulder his name.

THE SONG.

Laristone's chieftain the foray has join'd,
 Where all the moss-troopers their powers had combined—

With true hearted lads, o'er the border did hie,
 To plenish their mailens with Cumberland kye.
 They marched in silence o'er moss and o'er moor,
 The night it was dark and the southron secure ;
 They seized a herd, and drove on till the dawn,
 They were not expecting a sword to be drawn ;
 But Lowther got warning and muster'd his men,
 And placed them in ambush down in a low glen—
 The Scots were surprised, when pursuing their course,
 With the bugle's shrill note, and the hoof-clang of
 horse—

Unsheath'd were the claymores that often had shone,
 The warriors were halted, the booty drove on :
 Bold Lowther enraged, rush'd wild on the Scot,
 Both parties were brave, and the conflict was hot,
 Until the moss-troopers their object had gain'd,
 The booty away, and the foemen detain'd ;
 They then thought no longer of tempting the day,
 They wheel'd from the battle and follow'd the prey,
 —To Elliot of Laristone, booty seem'd light,
 Being greedy of glory, continued the fight,
 Though his yeomen were few, they were vet'ran and
 brave,

They bore each assault as the rock doth the wave ;
 On front, flank, and rear, when they did them enclose

They formed a death-ring and fronted their foes.
Fresh succors to Lowther incessantly pour'd,
And still they were sinking 'neath Laristone's sword—
So struggles the lion when caught in the toils,
Appall'd by his prowess the bravest recoils ;
So great were the odds that his valour was vain,
O'erpower'd by numbers, his yeomen were slain :
Himself faint and sinking 'neath many a wound,
Was taken by foemen and ruthlessly bound.
Stern Lowther, enraged, no mercy would show,
His pastures were plunder'd, his bravest laid low ;
He doom'd the young hero in irons to lie,
In the gloom of a dungeon, with hunger to die.
Lowther's fair daughter to meet him came forth,
The boast of the border for beauty and worth ;
She gazed on the captives with pity and awe,
But turn'd pale as death when she Laristone saw ;
In him she remembered the hero again,
Who freed her from miscreants who murder'd her
train ;

His sword, quick as lightning, decided the strife,
And saved Annie's liberty, honour and life !
Since that hapless day she had never found rest,
The youth that rescued her still haunted her breast ;
His name or his country she never could know—
Nor deem'd it was Elliot, her father's chief foe !
She'd seen his fine features, in danger grow keen,
She saw him in ruin, now calm and serene ;
On that very day she was saved by his sword,
She ardently loved him, but now she adored—
She sued for his pardon, but all was in vain,
No pardon for Laristone she could obtain !
On that very day he was brought to his doom,

And laid in a dungeon design'd for his tomb,
 The vassals of Lowther around did combine,
 The night was devoted to revels and wine ;
 All but young Annie seem'd joyful and gay,
 Her heart in the dungeon with Laristone lay !
 When all her stern kindred were draining the bowl,
 The key of his prison at midnight she stole ;
 Though fearful and bashful, yet love made her bold,
 She plied her servants with handfuls of gold ;
 They to their young lady soon swore to be true,
 Then straight from the dungeon they Laristone drew.
 The first time he saw her, he loved the fair dame,
 Now, fanned by gratitude, blazed his flame—
 "Forgive me, fair Annie, I cannot be free,
 "Except you go with me my partner to be :
 "The rage of your sire, all bounds will defy,
 "For saving a foe he has doomed to die—
 "I'm not so unworthy of honour and thee,
 "To leave you behind here, a victim for me ;
 "No death seems so dreadful, no dungeon so drear,
 "To me, as the ruin of one I hold dear."
 —So argued the chieftain the lady to move,
 All reasons are potent when urged by love—
 At length she consented with Elliot to go,
 And share in his fortunes, come weel or come wo ;
 She beckon'd a servant—the steeds were brought forth,
 And soon these two lovers set out for the north.
 —To balk all pursuers lone by-ways they beat,
 The moon shone unclouded, the coursers were fleet,
 They rudely were stopp'd near the dawn of the day,
 By seven rank reivers a prowling for prey :
 Three of them fell lifeless 'neath Laristone's hand,
 The others receded in dread of his brand.

Appalled to see how their boldest had sped,
They poured their arrows, and dastardly fled ;
But from them came whizzing an ill-fated dart,
Which smote Annie's bosom, and pierced her true
heart !

The last leaden chillness shot swift through her frame,
She turn'd to her lover and falter'd his name—
The chieftain grew frantic, and wild at the deed,
He caught her when sinking down faint from her
steed !

Dim was her eye and her cheek pale as clay,
The rose's bright tinges were vanish'd for aye ;
The cold hand of death soon extinguish'd her charms,
She heaved her last sigh in brave Laristone's arms.
Sore shook the Chieftain, —the hero was fled—
High heaved his bosom and inwardly bled ;
His face it grew wan as a statue of woe,
And wet was the eye that gleam'd fierce on a foe.
He sent for his servants and bore her away,
He laid her fair dust where his ancestors lay ;
So sharp was his sorrow, so lasting its trace,
No smile ever after was seen in his face ;
His mind was of peace and serenity reft,
Yet mid the convulsion his valour was left :
When war scowl'd around him, he sought for repose
In the tumult of battle, more still than his woes—
The arm of the wretched is dreadful in strife,
So heedless of danger, so reckless of life.
—In those days, a monster, terrific and vast,
Had laid the green pastures of Teviotdale waste ;
Its name, and its nature, and shape were its own,
It bore no true semblance to anything known ;
Its head and its shoulders the crocodile claim'd,

The rest of its body a snake might be named ;
It seemed as if nature had veer'd from her plan,
And made all things hideous to centre in one :
The hugest of monsters that man ever saw,
To it was a morsel scarce worthy its jaw !
On a smooth sloping upland which rose near a fen,
In a torrent scoop'd bason it had fix'd its den—
For many roods round it the tint of its breath,
Had scorch'd the green herbage and blenched the heath.
All fearful of waging so hopeless a war,
Each living creature receded afar ;
All eyes that beheld it recoil'd at the sight,
The rook scream'd in terror and quicken'd her flight—
When roused by hunger, destructive it roam'd,
And each thing it met with, it quickly intomb'd :
Rewards had been offer'd the monster to kill,
Yet still it had baffled all courage and skill,
Its back being fenced with a thick scaly shield,
Which mock'd all the weapons that mortals could wield
When plied at a distance with arrows or darts,
And chanced to be gall'd on more sensitive parts,
The barb of the arrow scarce pierced the skin,
The wound of the dart seem'd a scratch of a pin ;
No heart was so hardy to venture quite near,
To try in close combat the claymore or spear,—
At sight of the monster even valour grew wan,
The task seem'd too vast for the prowess of man.
—Alive to the luring of honour and fame,
Brave Elliot of Laristone enter'd his name ;
His stern reckless valour was happy to find
Some desperate daring that daunted mankind !
The day of hard trial was publicly set,
A crowd from all quarters soon eagerly met,

Who, safe at a distance, stood silent and still,
And darkened the summit of Wormington hill ;
Each striving of Elliot a glimpse to obtain,
Who firm and undaunted arrived on the plain :
He belted his broad sword, and mounted his grey ;
To meet with a foe that held heroes at bay.
—Not far from the den was a smooth level mead,
Where nothing obstructed the tread of his steed ;—
To it he retired in firm dauntless mood,
The monster pursued, grim, panting for blood.—
His courser had borne him o'er many red fields,
Midst blazing of broad swords and rattling of shields,
But soon as he saw the dread monster appear,
In spite of the spur, he show'd symptoms of fear ;
Its jaws wide extended display'd their dread forms,
Its eyes glared like meteors when muffled with storms,
Its growl was like sounds in a deep hollow cave,
Its throat seem'd a cavern as dark as the grave :
Thrice he eluded the grasp of his foe,
And found it unwieldy, its windings were slow ;—
Round it, and round it, he rode with swift bound,
And still, when he pass'd it, he gave a deep wound.
—As the touch of the tempest arouseth the wave,
As the blast of the trumpet arouseth the brave,
As the breath of the furnace arouseth the flame,
As the spur stirs the courser till curbs cannot tame,
He found that his arm was too feeble to gore,
He only enraged it and chafed it the more ;
No wound that he gave it could make it recoil,
His steed soon grew weary, and wasted with toil ;
He turn'd from the monster, unawed by its might,
But quickly return'd in invincible plight,—
Of hot burning turf he prepared a red roll,

Bound fast with green willows and stuck on a pole ;
When, with its vast jaws, to inelasp him it strove,
Down the throat of the monster the faggot he drove;
It wreathed in anguish, and backward did start,
The smouldering fire soon scorched its heart ;—
The crowd at a distance detained by fear,
With loud shouts of victory, exulting drew near ;
The echoes of Wormington caught the acclaim,
And tore the wide welkin with Laristone's name !

THE
KIRN DAY.

NAE mair the sprightly sangsters greet the morn,
But pensive sit beneath the black'ning slae ;
The haw hangs crimson'd on the leafless thorn ;
The nut-brown braken shades the distant brae ;
While autumn from his verdure plenty shakes,
Wide o'er the fertile fields profusion pours,
For brose and bannocks to the land of cakes,
When, o'er her mountains, angry winter lours
Wi' a his bitter-biting with'ring powers.

Before the distant sun had speel'd the height,
And hail'd the woodlands with a cheerful smile,
Upon the furrow'd field, wi' hearts fu' light,
A band of rustics plied their early toil ;
Wi' sturdy hands they cow'd the noddin' grain,
This day their rugged task they hope to end,
When they shall ca' their hard won fees their ain ;
With conscious joy their simple hearts distend,
As o'er the sheaf-clad glebe their eyes they bend.

The auld guidman stalks round wi mickle pride,
And e'es the gowden grain in clustering raws ;
Let ruthless Boreas wildly sweep the glade,
He's heedless now o' every blast that blaws.

A constant crack gaes round among the fair,
 A' deeply versed in fashion's varying law ;
 Ilk ane recounts her stock, wi' tentie care,
 O' breast knots, top knots, beads and bonnets bra',
 Or joins some envied beauty to misca'.

The gatherers hover round in straggling bands,
 To them a scanty portion autumn yields ;
 Contented still they pick, with feeble hands,
 The little remnants of the stubble fields :
 Yet still they seem to share the common joy,
 That full this day in every face doth shine ;
 The aged matron tells the thoughtless boy,
 How many hairsts she'd seen and shorn langsyne,
 When she was brisk and bra' in youthfu' prime.

Wi' serious air she tells o' unco' deeds
 Perform'd by warlocks in the lonely glen ;
 Converting broomstick into stately steeds,
 To scour the wilds, unscared by marsh or fen ;
 Or what mishaps befel on festive nights,
 In days of yore, of which our minstrels sing ;
 How unperceiv'd approach'd the fairy knights,
 And stole the boasted beauties from the ring,
 Then fled to fairy-land on viewless wing.

Wi' themes like these, fu' fast the moments glide,
 Until the reekin' coggie's reach'd the field ;
 Wi' right guid will the heuk's are laid aside,
 And every hand a doughty horn doth wield :
 In firm array they hem the bowie's round ;
 O'word on the yird in circular ring they close ;

Then rural tales and simple jests abound,
 When blithely clautin' at their cogs o' brose—
 Sae fared the hearts wha fought wi' great Montrose.

Perhaps some pamper'd spark, weak, wan, and pale,
 Whose gentle stomach ne'er was edged wi' toil,
 May look disdainfu' on the simple meal,
 The healthsome produce of their native soil :
 Though neither Indies lends its baneful aid,
 To fill these humble cups with viands rare,
 Yet on the cheek is rosy health pourtray'd
 Of hardy swains and rural beauties fair,
 Fresh as the flow'rs which scent the morning air.

The ca' of nature, styl'd loud clam'rous din,
 Among the sportive youngsters soon arise ;
 Among the elder core the cracks begin,
 In full divan now met, like statesmen wise ;
 Behind a stook fu' snugly they recline.
 The pipe and mill they freely hand about,
 The kirk and state affairs they do define,
 And solve each knotty point beyond a doubt,
 How dark intrigues and secret plots came out.

Anticipation paints the festive night,—
 The moments quick on rapid pinions flew,
 Till at the ca', with jovial hearts and light,
 They start, and do their former toils renew ;—
 This wish'd for day, a wonted right they claim,
 Without restraint their boasted strength to try ;
 Wi' garrulous tongue began a windy wight,
 To stir some quarrels that had lang lain bye,
 Then fierce defiance darts from every eye.

From right to left a furious fray begins,
 Each sober thought by mad'ning rage exiled :
 Frae rig to rig the bandster todlin rins,
 And a' is havock and confusion wild :
 The auld guidman, o' temper quite bereft,
 His bonnet shifts, and oft his haffet claws,
 To see the hard won crap in handfu's left,
 A ready prey to cotters and to craws ;
 He rins redwood, and shores them wi' the laws.

The softer sex, whose faces best beseeem
 That witching smile which steals the heart away ;
 But now their eyes shot forth a fiercer beam,
 And kindle into ardour at the fray ;
 Till softly soundin' yont the briery knowe,
 The distant notes of music strike their ears ;
 Then slow, wi' bonnet blue and lyart pow,
 Their ancient minstrel, *Claw-the-thairm*, appears,
 And is received wi' loud and jovial cheers.

Though gentles may his unconth touch deride,
 They roose him here, and say he's deeply skill'd ;
 Into a calm their frenzies soon subside,—
 Discord on sooty pinions left the field,
 Scared by the magic of those matchless airs
 That Caledonia proudly ca's her ain ;
 Which oft have soothed the lover's bleeding cares,
 And cheer'd her warrior on the bloody plain,
 When pressing forward o'er red heaps of slain,

The auld guidman forgets his anger now,
 Again guid humour twinkles in his e'e ;
 Frae rig to rig he blithely staggers through,

And tells auld warld tales wi' mirth and glee ;
 He bids a youngster take the auld grey mare,
 And speed him swiftly to the market town,
 To bring a cordial brisk, their hearts to cheer,
 A cog of nappy ale, both stout and brown,
 To banish care, and synde their sorrows down.

When their rough task near a conclusion draws,
 Thick, struggling round it, keen the lasses burn :
 They think to whom the hin'most handfu' fa's,
 Shall meet wi' Hymen ere the hairst return :
 Urged wi' despair, a maid rush'd fiercely on,
 Some towmonds syne she'd life's meridian speel'd,
 A rival hack'd her finger to the bone ;
 She, in a passion, ragin' left the field,
 While, at her hap, loud shouts of laughter peal'd.

Now, high in air, are caps and bonnets flung ;
 The shouts of joy from ev'ry tongue resound ;
 The glens and valleys long responsive rung ;
 The distant mountains back return'd the sound :
 Thrice happy vales ! nought breaks your silence still,
 Except the reaper's shout or milkmaid's sang ;
 In days of yore, oft did the bugle shrill,
 Wake all your echoes with its rousing clang,
 When steel-clad warriors sternly rush'd along.

Then lawless bands, by glen or wizard stream,
 Like ruthless tigers prowling for their prey,
 Did wait the rising of the lunar beam,
 To sweep the fenceless flocks and herds away.
 As rural toil his rugged labour plies,

He fears not now to lose his due reward,
While law stands sentinel with eagle eyes,
A firm, unshaken and undaunted guard,
And awes wild rapine with his shining sword.

Yet, on the field where law and freedom reign,
A demon stalks, with outward splendour graced,
Converting the once crowded, cheerful plain,
Into a dreary, desolate waste !
See ruin'd hamlets in his track appear !
In distant lands there former inmates mourn ;
If powerful fate check not his wild career,
His breath will blast the palace in her turn,
And lay fair freedom in her awful urn.

FASTEN E'EN.

Where Beaumont laves with limpid waves,
That bright reflect the day ;
Or dimpling deep, with eddying sweep,
Down fertile valleys stray,
A jovial core with social roar,
Was form'd in phalanx deep,
In sport and play to pass the day,
Their Fasten's e'en to keep,
Fu' blithe that day.

The ploughs stand idle down the dale,
Fast frae the fell the shepherd hies,
The barnman drops his weary flail,
No more his task the ditcher plies ;
The dusty miller sets his mill,
The souter casts his apron,
Through a' the town the looms stand still,
The webster lads are vap'rin'
Fu' crouse that day.

The schoolboy trips wi' brisker pace,
His heart lous light and cheerie ;
Pleasure's blinkin' in his face,
Nae tasks to make him eerie :
Even hirplin' age new vigour gains,
And seems mair brisk and sprightly ;
He casts his lade o' cramps and pains,

And on his crutch leans lightly
On sic a day.

Then slily through the circle deep,
That round the cocks are closin',
Wi' anxious e'e the youngsters peep,
The victor-bird supposin' :
No leaders more suspense could know,
Where kingdoms' fate depended,
When front to front, at Waterloo,
Renowned hosts contended,
On sic a day.

The ruthless rivals foot the ring,
And a' their plumage staining,
In deadly dint wi' beak and wing,
The life drops freely draining ;
Though hearts are barb'rous and profane
That smile on life expiring,
A virtue lurks beneath the stain,
When valour they're admiring
That unco day.

When high in air the ba' was flung,
Fu' lightly off they bounded,
Then lang and loud the clamour rung,
Till a' the hills resounded ;
Whiles sweeping wildly cross the vale,
Whiles o'er the uplands bending,
Whiles struggling wildly down the dale,
Like meeting streams contending,
Fu' keen that day.

We see that ardent spirit blaze,
Which o'er these hills presided,
When deadly feuds of former days,
Made sterner fields decided ;
But now we share that quiet sweet,
Which gentle peace imposes,
Save when on Fasten's e'en we meet,
Wi' broken shins or noses,
On sic a day.

Sin' first the glentin' morning sun
Was o'er the hills appearing,
Wi' drouthy comrades, *Burniewin'*
Had kept the stoup a-steering ;
When he had scared the cares away,
That dogg'd him for a towmont,
And staggerin' for to join the play,
Fell o'er the lugs in Beaumont,
Fu' deep that day.

The souter's wife hang by his hair,
And sair misca'd her deary—
This day he'd spent a crown and mair,
Her very tongue was weary ;
He lap, and freed him frae her paw,
But still retain'd the scar o't,
He frisk'd away to chase the ba' ;
And glad she made nae mair o't,
On sic a day.

When gloamin' keek't out o'er the hill,
They wish'd for to retard her,

The contest then grew sterner still,
With keen redoubled ardour ;
The ploughman laddies plied their heels,
To gain the gree they ettle,
The manly limbs that Cheviot speels,
Exerted a' their mettle
On sic a day.

Tam Coplin lang had view'd the play,
And laughed to see them toiling,
But still he scorned to join the fray,
His breeks ower braw for soiling :
But oh, whatreck ! a moorland chiel
Came friskin' by like fire,
Wi' wicked tae tripp'd Tammie's heel,
And turn'd him in the mire,
Right o'er that day.

When night's dull dusky wing at last
Had hill and valley shrouded,
Into the town they gather fast,
Ilk change house nook is crowded ;
Though doubtless now the game is changed,
Yet still they're stoutly striving,
In raws on forms and benches ranged,
And at the dumplings driving
Fu' fast that night.

When fiddler Will had turn'd his pins,
And tried her temper tightly,
Each wight forgot his broken shins,
And lap both lang and lightly :
Now rural beauties try their power,

And round the ring are shining,
 Who for to grace the social hour,
 Are a' their arts combining
 On sic a night.

Here, sit some chaps that hae nae taste,
 For music nor for lasses,
 Snugly round a bunker placed,
 Weel clad wi' jugs and glasses ;
 Their loud huzzas, and frantic shouts,
 And clam'rous bursts of laughter,
 Soon drown'd the fiddler's feeble notes,
 And shook both roof and rafter
 Wi' din that night.

Butt and ben the landlord flew,
 And vow, but he was happy,
 And still the tither mutchkin drew,
 Or stoups o' reamin' nappy ;
 Till stretch'd beside the toddy stout,
 Low lay poor Dick the souter :
 The miller bore sir *Haprick* out
 Just like a bag o' mu'ture,
 Sae drunk that night.

SEQUEL TO FASTEN E'EN.

Just was this picture once in days of yore,—
Now, rural sports and pastime are no more ;
Fled, ah, forever fled on wayward wing,
Save in these lowly vales of which I sing.
—Here, independence lingers, loath to part,
Diffusing gladness o'er the peasant's heart—
In vain's your loitering, dear celestial maid,
On thy loved haunts, now field to field is laid ;
The tinsell'd trash of gandy grandeur waves,
And haughty lordlings frown on servile slaves,—
Who would not wish our father's happier lot,
When every shed could claim its little spot ;
Although no dainties crown'd the simple board,
But what their native mountains did afford !—
Poor and contented at the healthsome plough,
And from the spot they till'd, subsistence drew ;
Warm in their breast the love of country burn'd,
They had an interest in the soil they turn'd !
—Hail, independence ! nurse of every art
Which brighten's life, or elevates the heart !
Beneath thy ray the virtues raise their head,
Fair fertile source of every gen'rous deed ;
Thy smile more noble makes the simple swain,
Than all the fops in grandeur's gilded train ;—
Thy pupil, Donald, on his mountains free,
With two attendants, poverty and thee :
Or when he's sever'd from his hills afar,

And marshall'd in the flaming front of war,
Even there, he doth thy inbred fire display,
Which blazes bright on danger's darkest day ;
Where'er thy cheering influence is found,
There, rural mirth and manly sports abound ;
But when unwieldy wealth, with baneful sway,
Doth sweep the peasants from their cots away,
In gloomy silence, o'er once cheerful plains,
A dead'ning death-like melancholy reigns.

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SIM AND SANDY.

SIM and Sandy, as our shepherds tell,
Were old companions on the bentie fell ;
They'd lived in friendship from their earliest day,
Till restless time had turn'd their haffets grey :
Nae langer fit to speel the mountain's side,
And guard the hirsels in their wand'rings wide,
By weakness forced to do an easier turn,
And tend the hawkies down the braken burn.—
Twice forty times they'd seen the vernal gale
Wave the lone wild-flowers on the banks of Kail ;
As oft they'd seen the brown leaf quiv'ring fa',
And stately Cheviot row'd in sheets o' snaw :
The friends they had in former days were gane,
And left them wand'ring life's rough road their lane!
Dull wintry age few buds o' friendship yields,
They'd now grown strangers on their native fields :
To them the simmer sun had ceased to warm,
And smiling nature tint her power to charm ;
Sick of the world, that once to their young eyes
Appear'd a flow'ring paradise of joys—
Some shapeless heaps, with hemlocks wild between,
Still mark'd the spot where cottages had been ;
But now no longer the abodes of men ;—
Lone silence slumber'd in the lovely glen :
Near by the ruins, row'd a crystal burn,
And half enclosed them with a circling turn ;
Its waters shaded from the scorching beam,
With weeping willows bending o'er the stream ;—

Some aged trees, with fading branches bare,
 Shed o'er the scene a melancholy air ;
 Here oft they met to soothe each other's woes,
 And tell the tales of long elapsed days,
 Upon the spot where their first breath they drew,
 And where the happy days of childhood flew :—
 One day they met upon their favourite spot,
 And traced the ruins of each well known cot ;
 Propt on their staffs, they totter'd, weak and wan,
 Then made a stand, when Sandy thus began :

SANDY.

Ah ! woes my heart ! what desolation's here !
 Yet still to us these ruin'd heaps are dear ;
 Our first impressions leave a lasting trace,
 That a' the storms of life can ne'er deface—
 Foul fa' the ruthless hand that has erased
 The hearths on which the cheerful ingles blazed ;
 Where oft we join'd the happy circles bright,
 That ring'd them round to pass the winter's night ;—
 When guileless sports no longer could engage,
 We sat attentive to the tales of age :
 How parted worth tyrannic pride defied,
 How warriors struggled, and how martyrs died !—
 Yon aged hawthorn, once with blossoms gay,
 Which mocks the spring and hastens to decay,
 Reminds us where, on simmer gloamins sweet,
 The cheerful village train were wont to meet ;
 No children now in joyful bands are seen,
 To pu' the wild flowers on the fairy green,
 No more they give their scents to human kind,
 But shed their odours on the senseless wind.

SIM.

The very thought is like to blind my ee,
 To think what changes we have lived to see—
 A croft converted to a sheep walk wild,
 Where twenty separate happy harvests smiled ;
 Their owners, free from servitude and strife,
 Found peace and plenty through the blink of life !
 But now these pleasing scenes have disappear'd,
 Around their former haunts no sounds are heard,
 Save when the bittern wheels wi' dreary moans,
 Or lonely lapwing screams in plaintive tones—
 Such is the deva-tation splendour makes,
 And mis'ry waits on every step she takes ;
 The peasant 's forced from his native shed,
 The much loved walks where his forefathers stray'd—
 In endless wand'rings round he's restless toss'd,
 Till in his breast the love of country 's lost ;
 He flies for shelter to far distant climes,
 Or crowded towns, to swell the tide of crimes.

SANDY.

What ye have said ower plainly doth appear,
 Our braw new laird has made a desert here :
 Wi' Indian gowd he bought the birken cleugh,
 How e'er it came, it's there, and that's aneugh—
 These gowden countries maun be hapless parts ;
 They're rowth o' gear, but scant o' gallant hearts
 To combat on their injured country's side,
 And form a bulwark 'gainst oppression's tide,
 Upon their shores each hungry harpy flocks,
 Aneugh to fleece them to the naked rocks ;

By hook or crook his empty pouches fills,
 Returns to Scotland and buys half her hills —
 The fact is plain in our vain birkie's case,
 His canty sire was fiddler to his grace ;
 But now the son can with his patron vie,
 Nae duke or Marquis wears his cap sae high—
 Mair senseless pride I've seen his gowkship shaw,
 Than Scotland's nobles hae amang them a'.—
 Ae day he hunted in the bracken slack,
 Twa foreign flunkies cringing at his back ;
 I chanced to meet him as I turn'd the kye,
 And let sir Foplin strut unheeded bye—
 Likewise my luckless collie did neglect
 To pay to gentle dogs a due respect ;
 A surly hound salutes him wi' a smack,
 He seized it firm, and turn'd it on its back ;
 His honour storm'd, and aim'd a deadly shot,
 Which laid my collie sprawling on the spot—
 Some twa three breathings past ere I could speak,
 My wee drap bluid ran burning to my cheek :
 As I drew near him—off his gelding sprung,
 Or, by the powers aboon, he'd felt my rung.

SIM.

Lang sair'd by servile slaves ayont the seas,
 Wi' restless bonnets and wi' souple knees,—
 Where heartless man, debased, degraded, quakes,—
 At his return he bans the land o' cakes,
 Whose hardy sons, by slav'ry yet unbroke,
 Have sauls as stubborn as their native oak,
 Untutor'd how to cringe, or prostrate fa',
 To aught submissive but their counry's law ;

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The manly airs that on their brows preside,
Seem rustic rudeness view'd by empty pride ;
Yet they're the fairest flowers our country yields.
And firmest props on hard contested fields.
They might hae clatter'd nonsense lang aneugh,
Had not a cry resounded down the cleugh ;
Sent by a shepherd on a distant brae,
To warn them that their kye were gaun astray.

EPISTLE TO A REV. FRIEND.

RESPECTED sir, this freedom pray excuse,
List to a simple, but no venal muse,
While, in untutor'd strains, she artless sings
The transient state of sublunary things ;
Who looks on life with philosophic eye,
And sees its gewgaws, but must heave the sigh ;—
The present sinks in time's devouring stream,
The past is but an unconnected dream :
Hence mighty empires from their base are toss'd,
And in the vortex of oblivion lost :
What now remains of Greek or Roman fame,
But mould'ring statues, or a sounding name ;
Of those who struggled for their country's good
In servile senates, or on fields of blood,
Or gilded science with a bright'ning ray,
All these like meteors blazed and pass'd away.---
A haughty state, that some few years before
Made Europe tremble to her farthest shore,
Now humbled low, of hard-won glories shorn,
And prostrate to the hands she held in scorn.
—Hard strains and toils ambition's restless son,
But ere the topmost tow'ring twig is won,
The giddy height delirious turns his brain,
He tumbles headlong ne'r to rise again :—
Each blood stain'd tyrant, grim with horrid crimes,
Who shook the world and marr'd its fairest climes,
Devours a while, then sinks to night at last :

We trace their actions as a tempest past ;—
If these are perilous heights where storms are rife,
Turn to the valley of domestic life ;
Calm lowly walks, beneath ambition's range,
Yet still there's nothing but perpetual change,—
See weeping parents tend their children's bier,
And helpless orphans wail their loss severe ;
The guileless comrades of life's op'ning spring,
That join'd in cheerful sports and form'd the ring ;
But e'er we climb to life's meridian height,
Oft half their eyes are closed in lasting night.
All things around us hasten to decay,
Nor would we wish this scene to last for aye ;
It suits not virtue, that celestial fair,
She seems not here as heaven's peculiar care.
—In downy ease, see prosperous guilt repose,
And goodness, struggling with a weight of woes ;
O'ercast with clouds this dark horizon lours,
To clear these doubts the godlike part is yours ;
And show to tear-worn eyes a fairer shore,
Where pleasures last, and virtue pines no more ;
To pour the balm that soothes the stounds of woe,
A nobler task can generous natures know !
Although the world in these degenerate days,
To different aims, a readier tribute pays,
Oft to the hand that guides destruction's car,
And o'er the nations rolls the storm of war,
Awaits the signal by ambition given,
Then sweeps to dust the noblest works of heaven ;
Nor is the man denied his share of fame,
Who teaches arts unworthy of the name,—
Light frivolous aims, made pond'rous by the crime
Of murder'd moments or a waste of time !

From our perverted hearts few plaudits rise,
 To them that teach the science of the skies :
 Like patients in a fiery fever toss'd,
 We love the beverage best that hurts us most.—
 Since bounteous heaven thy powerful tongue doth arm,
 With fire to rouse, with eloquence to charm ;
 To show the truth, in pleasing hues array'd,
 And call the passions glowing to her aid ;
 Through all the flock intrusted to thy care,
 Let every member claim an equal share ;
 To man alone the gospel gladness brings
 To deathless spirits, not to stars nor strings ;
 For when we to the grave girt pile repair,
 The prince and peasant both are equal there ;—
 A few short years, on this ungenial shore,
 Thy brilliant useful labours will be o'er :
 'Tis on the wing, though distant be that day,
 That lays thee lifeless with thy kindred clay ;
 To sleep secure in death's dark mansions lone,
 Till nature wake thee with her parting groan ;
 When the vain transient things of time are o'er,
 And all is fix'd and change shall be no more.

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LINES.

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG
FRIEND.

THOUGH cold in dust this mould'ring frame doth lie,
The gen'rous soul that warm'd it ne'er can die ;
The mortal part is all the grave can claim,
It can't imprison pure ethereal flame.—
The just, when sever'd from this world of woe,
Receive a kindness from a conquer'd foe ;
Death's icy arm, when life's last struggles cease,
Unbars the gates of endless joy and peace ;
Yet, such the weakness of our nature here.
Our blind affections pour a bitter tear :
For thee, dear shade, how my sad spirit grieved,
What stounds of anguish in my bosom heaved !
When time essays to staunch heart-rending wounds,
Or make their torrents flow in proper bounds,
Surrounding objects stir the slumb'ring smart,
And serve as prompters to the bleeding heart.—
When the young bands repair to school at morn,
With lightsome hearts, or gladlier home return,
To spend in guileless sports their cheerful day,
Thy part is vacant in their evening play.
When round the cottage hearth the simple ring
Present the tribute due to nature's king,
The days and months that's past return to view,
Thy seat is empty, and a sigh's its due ;

But here our sorrows find a short repose,
While hope exulting triumphs over woes—
A hope, thou join'st in nobler songs of praise,
Where raptured angels lofty anthems raise.
Short gleams of sunshine on a stormy coast,
Soon resignation's soothing powers are lost !
In the frail bosom, still to sense enslaved,
Remembrance turns o'er records deep engraved;
No slight impression's soon to be forgot,
But lasting as the minds on which they're wrote:—
When sad I trace them downward from thy birth,
As circling years disclosed thy modest worth;
And as each op'ning virtue rose to view,
I count the hopes that round them fondly grew;
But ah ! sad change—of all these joys bereft,
My hopes are wither'd and my wishes left !
How vain's our transient day beneath the sun,
With sorrows clouded ere it's well begun—
Although the time that form'd thy span was brief,
In it you 'scaped not from your share of grief;
It was your lot the bitter tear to spend
O'er the last sufferings of a dying friend,
Which heave the darkest weightiest wave of woe,
The sharpest pang that generous bosoms know;
And ere that tear was from thy cheek removed,
Down to the grave you followed him you loved.
—How lost to reason every grief appears,
That mourns thy exit from a land of tears;
Are they less bless'd, to whom kind heaven ordain
The swiftest passage o'er a stormy main ?
The fairest worth first leaves the shores of time,
'Tis not a native of this wintry clime;
It shines awhile to draw our wond'ring eyes,

Then wings its way to join its kin red skies;
The brightest worth is lightly prized below,
Till once it's gone, or when about to go;—
In dark distress it brightens still more bright,
As meteors blaze throughout the shades of night—
When in the grasp of life's terrific foe,
You bade farewell to all your friends below;
With resignation, taught us how to die,
And breathed on earth the temper of the sky:
Thy gentle heart, with death's dark gulf in view,
Possess'd a firmness heroes never knew;
Whom pride impels to tempt the dreary vale,
That awful pass where finite natures fail;
Whate'er their deeds to thoughtless men may seem,
They're no less frantic than a madman's dream.
At the decisive final trying hour,
When vain's the aidance of created power,
You lean'd on him whose arm can succour yield,
Who doth the keys of death's dark mansions wield;
Whose strong right hand, omnipotent to save,
Dispels the terrors that begirt the grave;
Streaks death's dark valley with celestial light,
And shields his friends with uncreated might;
Commands the storms which toss the dread abyss.
To waft them smoothly to the climes of bliss—
Such honors grace the exits of the just,
Nor shall the grave detain their sacred dust;
New glories wait them at the drama's close,
When planets drop, and suns their lustre lose.

THE

BEGGAR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

December's rough and surly gust,
Was raving round the leafless tree;
And Boreas, mounted on the blast,
Was sweeping wild the wintry lea;

I met a man whose aged form
Was bent beneath a load of years,
Warsling with the ruthless storm,
His cheeks were pale and wet with tears.

I said, my sire, you are to blame,
It surely ill befits your age,
Your faded, weak and feeble frame,
Will sink beneath the winter's rage.

No home have I, the sage replies,
From door to door I beg my bread;
No shelter from the angry skies
That beat upon my houseless head.

I saw the morning sweet serene,
I heard at noon the tempest rave;
In life lies many a changeful scene
Betwixt the cradle and the grave.

Life's morn is big wi' budding joys,
Right fair the vernal blossoms blaw,
But when the noon-day blasts arise,
How quick our cluster'd comforts fa'.

Free frae care and canker'd ways,
Where the Granpian summits rise,
I spent my cheerful early days,
In happy, though in humble guise.

The hours flew swift wi' eagle speed,
And joyless days came in their room,
And every year that did succeed,
Still deepen'd to a darker gloom.

First I lost a faithful wife,—
Six stately sons she rear'd to me,
And saw them in the bloom of life,
Ere death in darkness closed her e'e.

Four of them fell in distant lands,
No friendly hand their eyes to close;
They fought among the plaided bands,
The proudest ranks that Scotland knows.

To soothe my grief and smooth my care,
My other sons with kindness rove;
The gloomy brow of dark despair
Was brighten'd oft with filial love.

We rented long a little spot,
Which fell'd our wants and foster'd health;

Contented in a homely cot,
Mid-way 'tween poverty and wealth.

At the resistless cn' of fate,
Our gen'rous master breathed his last;
Another heir'd his braw estate,
Whose mind was of a different cast.

No spark o' pity warm'd his breast,
His heart ne'er wi' emotion glow'd;
And a' his passions seemed to rest,
Except a sordid thirst o' gowd.

The tenants o' his wide domains,
Were from their homes by av'rice chased;
Some stately tyrants from the plains,
Stalked on the desolated waste.

My sons to independence bred,
For her at home now sought in vain;
They then resolv'd to seek a shed
In climes beyond the western main.

But I had tint my youthfu' fire,
My bluid was cauld, my cheek was wan;
I only had ae strong desire,
To end my life where it began.

Darkly gloom'd the dowie day,
We thought to leave our native shore:
To the churchyard I took my way,
To visit friends which were no more.

My bosom rose with heaving swell,
My aching heart was like to burst,
I frantic took my last farewell,
And named the silent, sleeping dust.

When through the darksome aisle I peep'd,
Where all our parted chieftains lay,
I thought their dusty statues wept,
To see us pass in crowds away.

We'd scarcely left our native shore,
When stormy winds began to sweep;
A tempest rose whose madd'ning roar
To fury roused the foaming deep.

We struck upon a deadly rock,
Then shrill arose a plaintive wail;
Wild o'er our bark the billows broke,
The stoutest hearts began to fail.

My sons convey'd me to the boat,
Then went to bring our little store;
But ah! it was my wretched lot
That I should ne'er behold them more.

My breast did with impatience burn,
I raved distracted at their stay;
For long before they could return,
The crowded boat was under weigh.

And all that too the wreck adhered,
Were buried deep in watery graves;

For soon the vessel disappear'd,
Engulph'd beneath the roaring waves.

With grief grown frantic and deranged,
Insensible I reach'd the strand;
But ah, alas! — how sadly changed,—
To me it was a foreign land.

I gazed upon the raging sea,
With heart as callous as stone;
Like to a blasted leafless tree,
With a' its spreading branches gone.

The wintry cold my frame benumbs,
I wander helpless o'er the land,
Depending on the scanty crumbs
Which fa' from pity's palsied hand.

When oft I shed the bitter tear,
And sair wi' wants and waes oppress,
It soothes my heart to think I'm near
That country where the weary rest.

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MOTHER'S LAMENT

FOR THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON.

Nor tongue nor pen can paint a mother's woes
When o'er her infant's eyes death's shadows close;
With frantic gaze she lingers, loath to part,
And thus in broken accents pours her heart :
Adieu, my much loved babe, a long adieu
To all the fleeting joys of life and you;
If day's bright orb, that high in splendours shine,
And all the regions that he lights were mine,
And could they from the grave thy ransome buy,
I'd give them freely as an idle toy.
When thorny cares had wrung my restless breast,
Thy artless smile oft soothed my soul to rest,
And shed more balm upon the wounds of woe
Than ever stoic firmness could bestow.—
How pleasing to behold a bosom fair
That ne'er was ruffled with corroding care;
A guileless face that knew no hollow art
To wear a smile when malice swelled the heart—
Oft o'er thy face my eye would fondly stray
To see infantile beauties, dimpling, play;
In them, those bright and nameless tints appear
Which fancy makes celestial natures wear;
They are her pattern, when her fingers move,

To draw the portraits of the blest above,
 Anticipation led my partial eye
 To future scenes, where hope's bright regions lie;
 Where bliss unbroken, joy unmingled, seems,
 I there indulged in dear delusive dreams.
 I saw thee rise to manhood's active day.
 When thy kind hand would all my care repay;
 And as these shadowy phantoms moved around,
 The scene was stretched beyond life's narrow bound:
 I saw myself laid on the silent bier,
 And you, attending, drop the tender tear—
 Such are the airy fabrics which we raise,
 As blind presumption builds on future days—
 But ah, how frail! when every rising gust
 That faintly stirs doth sweep them to the dust;
 Thy early exit broke my reverie
 And made me shed the bitter tear for thee!
 A dark eclipse bedimm'd thy rising sun
 And marr'd thy course ere it was well begun;
 So have we seen a tender flower arise,
 And opening fair in beauty's fairest dyes,
 Until a vernal storm defaced the day,
 Then all its fragrance fell to swift decay.—
 Sweet blooming flower, ye've left this wintry coast
 For worlds unknown, yet still ye are not lost;
 You are transplanted to a fairer clime
 And safely sheltered from the blasts of time,
 Where ye shall bloom, untainted by decay,
 Beneath the beams of everlasting day;
 And when a few short days of sorrow's o'er,
 I hope to find you on that blissful shore
 Where severed friendships meet, no more to part,
 Nor sad adieus, nor farewells wring the heart!

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Midst all the griefs that crowd life's little span,
A heavenward hope sustains the heart of man;
This beam divine doth gild his path below
And blazes brightest in the night of woe;
From sorrow's brow dispels the darkest gloom
And sheds a radiance on the dreary tomb.
But what can soothe the sceptic's bosom wounds
When he concludes the grave his being bounds?
No cheerful ray his gloomy soul can boast,
Each friend he loses is forever lost;
No hoped for bliss repays his present pain,
He drives at random on life's stormy main;
No chart to warn him where couch'd dangers lie,
No pole-star twinkles in his dusky sky;
Nor end nor aim—a sea without a shore—
No peaceful haven when the tempest's o'er—
His feeble bark awhile the billows brave,
Then hopeless sinks beneath the roaring wave.

ADDRESS TO LIBERTY.

WIDE as the range of humankind,
Extend thy sway, sweet Liberty !
In every clime the generous mind
A ready homage yields to thee.

Of noble generous deeds the nurse,
Thou brighten'st life in each degree ;
Without thee, being is a curse,
A bitter cup when reft of thee.

When Afric's hapless sons were torn
From kindred, country—all that's dear—
Aboard the bark, by ruffians borne,
They wail'd their destiny severe.

They homeward turn'd their eyes in vain,
When far upon the trackless sea,
In wild despair they shook their chain,
And sigh'd thy name, sweet Liberty !

When commerce links far distant shores,
Fair freedom, thine's the magic charm ;
With thy assistance science sours,
And matchless is the warrior's arm.

As spring calls forth the opening flowers,
And bids the frost-bound fountains roll,
Thy breath awakes the slumb'ring powers,
And stirs the ardours of the soul.

Against thy sons, when Xerxes led
His millions, ranged in deep array,
Thy radiant sword among them spread
Pale ruin, rout, and wild dismay.

When in disgust, in after times,
Thou badst those shores a long adieu,
And took thy flight to western climes,
Where Roman eagles proudly flew.

But when thou heardst with great disdain,
The base degenerate senate's roar,
The godlike Brutus strove in vain
To stay thee on his native shore.

For thee, the sons of Britain's Isle,
Have danger's darkest form defy'd ;
To win thy grace and share thy smile,
A Russell and a Sidney died.

Heart-chilling slavery to expel,
Brave warriors fil'd a bloody urn ;
A Douglas fought, a Wallace fell—
Red ran the stream of Bannockburn.

When Gallia's sons with loud acclaim,
Wild started from despotie chains,
Fired into frenzy at thy name,
They dyed with blood Europa's plains.

They every badge of bondage tore,
Wrought deeds of wonder to be free,
But lost thee in the wild uproar,
And hugg'd a demon dark for thee !

Then thou, fair freedom, didst retire,
And slav'ry gloom'd a starless night,
Then languid grew their martial fire,
That blazed to more than mortal height.

The change, simplicity may scan,
With vanquish'd nations then outbraved,
With gleam terrific on their van,
No more thy sword, fair freedom waved.

Thy artless sons who urge the chace,
On fields where science never stray'd ;
Strangers to each polish'd grace,
With arrows arm'd, in furs array'd.

Hold forth base bondage with a dower
Of splendour, pomp and pageantry,
They'll proudly spurn the proffer poor,
And cling to thee, sweet Liberty !

No haughty lordlings bend their mind,
From nature's king their rights they hold,
They lend more lustre to their kind,
Than servile menials deck'd in gold.

ADDRESS TO LIBERTY.

61

Wide as the range of human kind,
Extend thy sway, sweet Liberty !
In every clime the gen'rous,
A willing homage yields to thee.

ANNA AND MALCOLM.

ANNA of Benmore, long follow'd her Malcolm,
And often the battle saw through the salt tear;
Although to herself every fortune was welcome,
She fear'd no privations if Malcolm was near.

He fought unner Moore when misfortune was low'ring,
With him she traversed the mountains of Spain,
But hardships and famine her frame overpow'ring,
She sunk 'neath the toils of that hapless campaign.

Stretch'd on the cold sward the army was lying,
Each worn weary soldier reclined his head,
When Malcolm stole softly, with sorrow and sighing,
To make for his Anna her dark narrow bed.

'Twas night, and the wild blast of winter was scowling,
The foemen's shrill bugle was heard from afar;
Upon the lone mountains the grim wolf was howling,
At distance still dogging the footsteps of war.

The sharp throb of anguish the salt drops was draining,
When soft on her bosom the damp turf he laid—
A young son she'd left him, lay by him complaining,
All wretched and helpless, wrapt up in his plaid.

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With tender emotion his bosom was swelling,
So dark is the death-scene of those whom we love,
To cast a lone look on their dark narrow dwelling,
Shakes hearts which the thunder of battles can't move.

His young son he clasp'd with redoubled affection,
As back to his regiment bewilder'd he strays ;
But seem'd as detain'd by some powerful attraction,
He linger'd, retired, and oft turn'd to gaze.

The infant he carried, with sorrow assaulted,
Mid thick crowded columns with peril and prin ;
On the field of Cornuua a short time they halted,
Before it was soak'd with the blood of the slain.

Around them the armies of Gaul were a-thick'ning ;
His son on his shoulders he fasten'd with care ;
Before them the dark cloud of battle was black'ning ;
His mates of the mountain for conflict prepare.

The shot shiver'd banner which over them waved,
The calm steady motion that confidence yields ;
The scars on their features, with steel deep engraved,
Show'd them no strangers to hard foughten fields.

The number of foemen were hourly increasing ;
From steel-covered squadrons the blended blaze
shone,
Marshal'd, concenter'd, and vanward still pressing,
Till England's loud bugle the battle call'd on.

The hoarse sounding pibroch her daring sons cheered,
When almost obscured 'neath the sulphurous shade;
Through dark rolling vapour but dimly appeared
The nod of the bonnet and wave of the plaid.

The legions, tho' laurel'd, unused to such welcome,
Confound'd, astonish'd, and shatter'd, recoil :
In the moment of victory unfortunate Malcolm
Received a death shot, and sunk on the soil !

With gaze dim and tender, his young son he eyed,
Then beckon'd his comrades the infant to save ;
His tried mates in danger alertly complied,
For Pity's loved haunt is the breast of the brave.

"Companions !" he faltered, "from Malcolm receive
him,
Unshelter'd and helpless—of kindred bereft—
And, when you return, to your country bequeath him,
The last of his race that her battles have left !"

THE

FATE OF EDWIN.

The dull and dreary mirky night
Trode on the skirts of twilight gray ;
Nought but the Cheviot's distant height
Retain'd the tinge of parting day ;

When Edwin and his hapless train,
Try'd oft a lodging for to win ;
At many a door they call'd in vain,
For none would let the wretched in.

His helpless offspring by his side,
For them his tortured bosom bleeds :
Nae shelter but the welkin wide,
This night to screen their harmless heads.

His mem'ry muster'd happier days—
Hard was the fate he had to dree—
Upon the partner of his waes
He often turn'd a pitying e'e.

His bosom raise, he cou'dna speak,
Her lot he inly did bemoan ;
How sunk the e'e, and pale the cheek,
Where once the beams of beauty shone.

That day she made the bridal vow,
How bright she beam'd in youthfu' charms ;
Yet Edwin thought her lovelier now,
With ragged infants in her arms.

His bosom own'd no selfish smart,
His part o' waes he weel could bear ;
But ah, these objects wrung his heart !
Their mis'ry made them doubly dear.

Indulgent heaven hath hid from man
The fortune of the future day—
Was that pourtray'd within his scan,
What would he gain but sad dismay !

To gaze upon the distant part,
Would constitute a dread employ ;
The dreams of hope would leave the heart,
And dash each transient gleam of joy.

The darksome night was closing fast,
A tempest dimm'd each twinkling star ;
The wand'ers sought to shun the blast
Beneath a mined impending scour.

The fibres of the tangled thorn,
Thick o'er their heads fantastic hang ;
They there resolved to wait the morn,
That night nae farther they could gang.

In this mansion, dark and drear,
Darkness veil'd the mournful scene ;

The shiv'ring infants quaked with fear,
Till sleep in kindness closed their e'en.

O'er them hung the pensive pair,
Slow the mournful mother crept ;
For them breathed a parent's prayer,
And kiss'd them softly as they slept.

Fast to her heart the pulses sped,
Fondling o'er these pledges dear ;
Stretch'd them on their flinty bed,
And o'er them dropt a mother's tear.

In their bosoms, worn and faint,
They found the beams of hope arise,
When they had pour'd their ardent plaint
Before the Ruler of the skies.

Unto the plaintive cry of grief,
He ne'er disdains his ear to bend ;
With Him the wretched finds relief,
And friendless virtue finds a friend.

More favour from celestial powers,
Receives the lowly humble cell,
Than vaulted roof and stately towers,
Where gilded vice and folly dwell.

Though pent in misery's squalid vale,
Like wretched outcasts of the earth,
Celestial solace ne'er will fail,
To sooth the woes of suffering worth.

From innocence all pleasure flows,
When every earthly bliss is flown ;
In rags it yields more sweet repose,
Than guilt can give on heaps of down.

When Edwin, free from care and pain,
Wrapt in silken slumbers lay,
The cavern, soak'd with sapping rain,
At once the faithless roof gave way !

Whelming in the dismal cell,
The sire, his children, and his wife ;
Quick the pond'rous masses fell,
And dash'd the feeble sparks of life.

Pale misery scarce deserves a sigh,
On earth so transient is its sway,
And wealth and grandeur no envy,
Those fleeting phantoms of a day.

See Edwin at the evening's close,
Homeless, void of earthly things ;
But when the morning sun arose,
On equal terms with breathless kings.

At the decisive hour of fate,
Nor pomp nor splendour can avail :
The prince and peasant, poor and great,
As vice or virtue turns the scale.

**THE SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS
AULD DOG.**

Hae, there's a morsel, honest fittie,
Ye're now grown old, the mair's the pity ;
I've seen ye frisksome, wild and witty,
And brisk and gay ;
Weel are ye wordy o' a ditty,
The best I hae.

I've seen ye fit the benty fells,
Light as the lamb that skips the dell ;
O' tods I have had twenty tails
That ye had ta'en ;
But what we've been it nought avails,
Yon days are gane.

Ten circling towmonts ye hae seen,
And ever true and trusty been ;
A faithfu' friend frae morn to een,
Mid care or strife ;
And in some stormy nights, I ween,
Ye saved my life.

Benighted in a lonely cleugh,
The dark'ning drift drave through the heugh ;
The tempest howl'd wi' madd'ning sengl,
Wild o'er the waste ;
It toil'd the hardiest frame eneugh,
To brave the blast.

O'er many a moor and fen I crost,
 Till every airth and ain was lost ;
 Benumb'd wi' bitter pinching frost,
 Till nearly gane,
 I gae to you the leader's post—
 Ye brought me hame.

When fortune wi' an angry e'e,
 Look'd sair askance and scowled on me ;
 The feck o' a' my friends but thee,
 Forsook my side ;
 Scared wi' the ills I had to dree,
 Right sair to bide.

My doublet scarce w'd hide my skin,
 Cauld grew the looks o' a' my kin ;
 They pass'd my door and ne'er came in,
 Forgat my name ;
 But on ilk day o' dool or din,
 Ye was the same.

Though scrimped o' your daily fare,
 But little feck I had to spare,
 Ye gat na' bones till they were bare,
 Sad tale to tell ;
 Sometimes the offa's o' a' hare
 Ye took yoursel.

I've found in thee a faithfu' friend,
 That sought to serve nae private end ;
 Ane that misfortunes ne'er could bend,
 Though e'er sae rife ;

Ane wha his master to defend,
Wad ventured life.

Although ye're feeble, fail'd, and auld,
And scarce now toddle to the fauld,
While I hae either honse or hauld,
 Though e'er sae bare,
O' my last morsel, het or cauld,
 Ye'se hae a share.

THE

WINTER'S DAY.

The distant sun doth faintly peep
Out o'er the cliff's of Cheviot steep ;
The slumb'ring landscape cover'd deep,
 By winter's sway ;
Stirr'd by ilk gust, the drifted heap
 Bedims the day.

No spot the glittering scene beclouds,
Except the dusky distant woods ;
Or darksome trace of wand'ring floods,
 Slow gurgling wide,
Where'er the gath'ring shelve shuds
 Doth stem the tide.

The naked woods are bleak and lone,
With glitt'ring loads their branches groan,
And all their tuneful inmates gone,
 No sounds we hear,
Except the tempest's hollow moan,
 Sae dull and drear.

The shiv'ring plowman puffs his neives,
No more his share the furrow cleaves ;
The plow stands rusting in the wreaths,
 Adown the dale ;
With constant toil the thresher heaves
 The sounding flail.

The nibbling flocks forsake the knowe,
And inward seek the shelter'd howe ;
The sinking snaw they warsel through,
 In length'ning raws,
To where the broom and brambles grow
 In bieldy shaws.

The shepherd hastens to their aid,
With change of seasons undismay'd ;
He flings about his bieldy plaid,
 Wi' manly mein ;
Though winter scowls, in frowns array'd,
 He braves his spleen.

He mocks the silken sons of ease,
Placed round the sparkling ingle's bleeze ;
Least that their wee drap bluid should frieze,
 Oft toasts their loof ;

And starts to hear the rustling breeze
Rave round the roof.

The trembling maukin skips the heath,
Stung wi' a constant dread of death ;—
Starting at her panting breath,
She'll list'ning stand,
Her coward fears foreboding skaith
From ilka hand.

The ragged poacher speels the fell,
As easy scared as maukin's sel ;
If prattling tongues his honour tell
What he's about,
The law's train'd blood hounds fierce and fell,
Wad find him out.

Ye poacher lowns, I fear, I fear
This day will cost ye very dear ;
When in the court it doth appear
That batie bled ;
Stern justice growls like ony bear,
And mercy's fled.

When the rude winds of winter roar'd,
'Tis vain to plead that hunger shoare'd
A hapless offspring round your board—
Peace ! ne'er begin—
Ye've marr'd the pastime of a lord—
Ah ! deadly sin.

In this loved land, where freedom reigns,
One only blot her mantle stains ;

These old despotic feudal chains
O' Gothic days,
Doth gall her healthy hardy swains—
Her pride and praise !

In danger's gloomy darkest day,
They always prove their country's stay,
On crimson'd field or flood ;
Their breasts against a haughty foe,
On the proud plains of Waterloo,
A brazen bulwark stood.

Ye circles of the rich and gay,
Whose bowers defy the winter day,
Where wealth and warmth abound ;
Planted around the mantling bowl,
While mirth and music soothes the soul,
And pleasure reigns around.

Amid your revels, call to mind,
The hapless partners of your kind,
Where various ills combine ;
In poor misfortune's hovels, low,
The bleak abodes of want and woe,
Where age and poortith pine.

ON VISITING THE SCENES OF EARLY
DAYS.

Ye daisy'd glens and brierie braes,
Haunts of my happy early days,
Where oft I've pu'd the blossom'd slacs,
And flowerets fair,
Before my heart was scathed wi' waes,
Or worldly care.

Now recollection's airy train
Shoots through my heart with pleasing pain :
Each streamlet, mountain, rock or plain,
Like friends appear,
That's lang been lost, now found again,
And doubly dear.

But many a danted object's fled,
Low lies my once paternal shed ;
Rank hemlock wild, and weeds o'erspread
The ruin'd heap.
Unstirr'd by cheerful tongue or tread,
The echoes sleep.

Yon bonnie burn, whose limpid streams,
When warm'd with summer's glowing beams,
Has often laved my tender limbs,
When my employ
Was chasing childhood's airy whims
From joy to joy.

Upon yon green, at gloamin gray,
 I've often joined in cheerful play,
 Wi' comrades guileless, blythe and gay,
 Whose magic art,
 Remember'd at this distant day,
 Still warms the heart.

Ah, cronies dear ! for ever lost !
 Abroad on life's rough ocean toss'd,
 By adverse winds and currents cross'd,
 By watching worn,
 Some's landed on that silent coast,
 Ne'er to return.

Howe'er the path of life may lie,
 If poorly low, or proudly high,
 When scenes of childhood meet our eye
 Their charms we own,
 And yield the tribute of a sigh
 To days that's flown.

TO THE

SHADE OF WALLACE.

HERO of Ellerslie ! thy unshaken soul,
Nor threats could awe, nor tyrants could controul.
Each manly bosom yields a fond applause
To thee, great Champion, bold in freedom's cause !
While mighty nobles, high in birth and power,
Forsook their country in her darkest hour ;
Proud of the blood that circled in their veins,
Yet basely slumber'd in ignoble chains ;
Indignant then ye drew the vengeful sword
'Gainst mighty England, and her haughty lord.
With firm resolve thy country for to save,
And rather perish than become a slave.

Five hundred years have bid the world farewell.
Since thou, a martyr, for thy country fell ;
Though no neglect can dim thy deathless fame.
Yet Scotland owes a statute to thy name !
With lavish hand she squanders wealth away
On insect names, that scarce will last a day :
Whom fate has doom'd in darkness for to rot,
For, ere their pile's complete their name's forgot ;
Till one arose of genius, taste, and birth,
And nobly dares to honour parted worth ;
With generous hand thy mimic form uprears,
Where Caladon and freedom mingle tears.

Renowned Shade, on Caledonia smile,
 For her thou struggled long with glorious toil ;
 May thy unconquer'd fire, while ages run,
 Glow in the bosom of her latest son !—
 Should independence from our country fly,
 And love of her in British bosoms dies ;
 Should Scotland morn amidst her patriots' graves,
 And her rough mountains turn the haunt of slave ;
 Then, even then, thy gen'rous worth, sublime,
 Can ne'er be tarnish'd with the wrecks of time,
 But will shine forth in unextinguish'd fame,
 While there's a heart that warms at freedom's name.

LINES.

ON HEARING THAT A MONUMENT WAS ERECTING OVER
 THE GRAVE OF ROBERT BURNS.

PLEDGE to the hearts ! joy be their lot !
 Who bids the sculptor column rise,
 To mark the sacred honour'd spot
 Where Colia's deathless poet lies !

In mem'ry of the matchless bard,
 Who in the vale of poortith pined ;
 Though fame bestows a great reward,
 Too late to him his country's kind.

In fame's fair roll, a radiant blaze
 Incircles his immortal name—
 A monument to latest days
 Of Scotland's glory and her shame.

She's now exulting in his lays,
 His soothing witching magic strain ;
 Each tongue is lavish in his praise,
 Like Scotsmen wise, when wisdom's vain.

Misfortune, with perpetual howl'
 Involved him round in starless night,
 Which chill'd the ardours of his soul,
 And damp'd his fancy's towering flight.

When on the couch of anguish laid,
 His manly spirit sick'ning low,
 He look'd in vain for friendly aid,
 To sooth the pangs of want and woe.

While av'rice, with unpitying eye,
 And rocky bosom, flinty hard,
 Half blushing at such apathy,
 Now blames the follies of the bard.

The ardours of his vig'rous mind,
 Might tempt from sober paths to stray ;
 His tender feelings, too refined
 For life's rough, rugged, thorny way.

When sore bestirr'd, the gen'rous steed
 Bounds reinless wild, and scours the heath.
 While the dull ass, with tentie heed,
 Still jogs along the beaten path.

Not that I would fair virtue slight,
The prince of Scotia's bards to praise ;
Though I adore his genius bright,
I mourn his ill-directed lays.

THE
SODGER AND SHEPHERD.

Rest ye, rest ye, wounded sodger,
We hear there's been a bluidy fray ;
You for this night shall be my lodger,
And tell me wha has won the day.

Rumour frae her wings has shaken
News, that fill our hearts wi' pain,
We've heard our border band is taken,
And its gallant chieftain slain.

Our country still retains her honour,
And will I trust while ages run ;
Viet'ry sits upon our banner,
But alas ! it's dearly won.

We pass'd the border line undaunted,
With the Douglas at our head ;
When day declined our host encamped
On the rugged banks of Reed.

The fading camp-fires faintly glanced,
Our sodgers press'd their grassy bed ;
When the English host advanced,
By the daring Hotspur led.

The sleepless guard the camp alarmed
With the trumpet's rousing breath ;
Our gallant sodgers quickly armed,
And formed on the field of death.

Scotia's banner high was reared,
Studded o'er with trophies bright ;—
Her bloody lion grim appeared,
Muffled in the shades of night.

From each array, out quickly darted,
Rows of steely falchions bare,
And winged deaths from bowstring started,
Whizzing through the midnight air.

The fiery sparks, with nimble lightness,
Round the temper'd edges play ;
The battle's breast, in clust'ring brightness,
Vied with the milky-way.

In deadly strife they long contended,
Alternate shouts of success rang ;
Victory, high in air suspended,
Long and doubtful pinions hang.

Douglas, danger's frown defying,
Pierced the southern battle deep ;
Raging like a chafed lion,
Round him lay a lifeless heap.

Like to a bark, on rocks impelled,
By the tempest's stormy breath,
His soul, by thirst of glory swelled,
Bore him on the points of death.

With spears and arrows deadly wounded,
In the fierce and fatal fray,
With the wrecks of war surrounded,
Bleeding faint the hero lay.

A Scottish knight his fall espied,
And quickly flew to his relief ;
He seized his hand, in blood deep dyed,
And hung in anguish o'er the chief.

"Knight," said Douglas, "cease your sighing.
Tears let whining weakness shed ;
Why do ye morn a soldier lying
Stretch'd on honour's lofty bed.

"With joy my lab'ring heart is lifting,
That I have 'scaped a coward's grave ;
Now when this mortal scene is shifting,
I'll make my exit with the brave.

"The parted shades of mighty warriors,
Who have this course of glory run,
From death's dark, dim and gloomy barriers,
Look exulting on their son.

"I know thou art to fear a stranger,
O'er the field my banner call ;
Proclaim that Douglas is in danger,
But conceal your chieftain's fall.

"But why am I your ear engaging,
Wasting time in useless words ;
Still the doubtful battle's raging,
I hear the clang of deadly swords."

Where the conflict hottest raged,
Loud resounds the Douglas' name ;
It cheer'd his bands where'er engaged,
And fann'd their ardour into flame.

The Scottish spearmen onward bearing,
Through the southern battle broke ;
But Piercy, still in danger daring,
Long withstood their dreadful skock.

This gallant chief, to fly distaining,
Faint with wounds, and forced to yield,
Still his former fame retaining,
Won on many a bloody field.

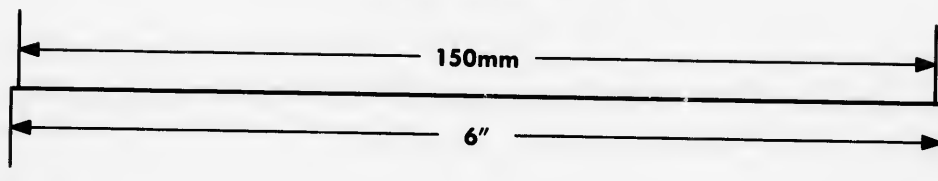
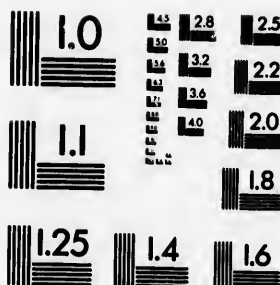
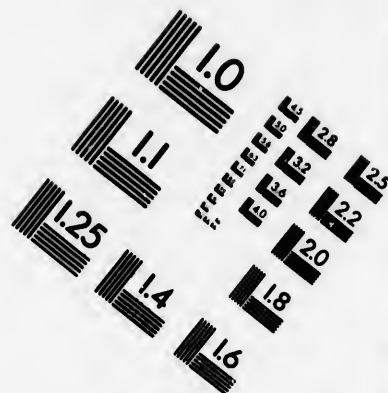
The queen of night her course pursuing,
Shed her pale and heatless beams
And faintly mark'd the scene of ruin,
Mangled heaps and gory streams.

I view'd the field where horror lour'd,
And saw the lifeless Douglas lie ;
The streams that from his bosom pour'd,
Now had drain'd their fountains dry.

Of warriors brave, what goodly numbers,
Saw the shades of evening close ;
But cold and hush'd, in lasting slumbers,
When the morning sun arose.







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The boasted pride of either border,
Wrapp'd in blood, and cold as clay,
Though lifeless, pale, yet ranged in order,
In their lines of battle lay.

THE

CHARMS OF LIBERTY.

What gives the bleakest region charms ?
What is the nurse of arts and arms ?
And every manly bosom warms ?—
It is the smile of Liberty.

What makes science stretch her scan ?
What doth the flame of genius fan ?
And rouses all that's great in man ?—
It is the breath of Liberty.

But now this noble gift of heaven,
Must from Europea's climes be driven ;
For which, her gallant sons have striven,
And barter'd life for Liberty.

From her dark zenith slavery frowns,
Through her domains the war-note sounds,
And loudly calls on crows and crowns
To quench the light of Liberty.

The doughty Bourbon's bared his sword,
Its point has often freedom gored ;
And chilled Siberia's savage horde
Has vow'd the ban of Liberty.

As freedom stands their aim and thrust,
And sees the storm of ruin burst,
She turns her eye where she was nurst,
O'er to the isle of Liberty.

Britannia, belted with the wave,
Proud with the trophies of the brave,
Must either lend her hand to save,
Or 'tend the bier of Liberty.

When she beholds devoted Spain,
Fair freedom's sinking head sustain,
Her rampant lion shakes his mane,
Roused by the shrieks of Liberty.

Oh ! Spain's prond genius, burst your urn.
And bare the brand by freedom worn
At Marathon and Bannockburn,
These glorious fields of Liberty.

Pour, slav'ry pour your swarms, but know,
Though countless, you're a feeble foe ;
No energetic ardours glow,
But in the cause of Liberty.

Let your cold vot'ries try to bind,
In bands of steel, the viewless mind ;
And change the stamp of human kind,
Ere they extinguish Liberty.

Make stately rivers landward glide,
Make winter walk in summers pride ;
And fix the ocean's restless tide,
Ere they extinguish Liberty.

Let banded despots, potent prond,
Becalm the stormy tempest loud,
And chain the bolt that cuts the cloud.
And then extinguish Liberty.

WILL O' BOWMONT.

Upon the bonny banks o' Bowmont,
Thick wi' herds and hirsels spread,
In calm content for many a towmont,
A shepherd held a hamely shed.

He'd speel'd the brae o' life right wary,
Where delusive phantoms glide ;
Now he held his way right cheery,
Sloping down the sunless side.

He look'd on waning life wi' pleasure,
He scarcely fand the tug o' time ;
He had a son, his only treasure,
Verging now on youthful prime.

Young Will, for manly shape and feature,
Now stood peerless on the green ;
His mind was richly wrought by nature,
A' its movements quick and keen.

He melted at a mornfu' story,
Indignant, swell'd at stupid pride ;
Sic minds are aye our nature's glory,
While they stand on virtue's side.

But ah ! if vice perverts their current,
They still retain their wonted force ;
Reinless, like the mountain torrent,
Dashing wild a headlong course.

A rumour raise about invading—
Our lads sae loyal true and staunch,
Flew to arms, and gaed parading,
Busk'd in red, to fear the French.

'Twas in this time o' din and riot,
Will got warning on the hill,
To leave the haunts o' rural quiet,
And to gang and 'tend the drill.

When first he frae his glens was parted,
Like other ill bred country clowns,
He look'd aghast, and often started
At the ways o' crowded towns.

But lured at last wi' flowing glasses,
Will ran headlong into vice ;
He soon forsook his barefit lasses,
For some beauties no sae nice.

When his time drew to a finis,
Will return'd withouten scars ;
He'd learn'd indeed some tricks of Venus,
But little at the school of Mars.

Ilk rural joy had now grown tasteless,
Still in his lugs the music rang ;
The lee lang day he listen'd, listless,
To the lark's or milkmaid's sang.

In regimentals busked, belted,
Weekly to the town he ran ;
He drank a hog or e'er he halted,
And raise as dry as he began.

Sic ways wi' grief the rake remembers,
As soon as he gets time to think ;
Reflection fans up virtue's embers,
Hafflins smoor'd, but not extinct.

To good advice Will never harked,
But scatter'd a' the pickle gear ;
He gaed æ day to see the market,
Fell in, and drank the guid gray mare.

In sic ways he still persisted,
His kin to stop him strove in vain ;
Till ruin'd quite, at last he listed,
And joined reinforcements bent for Spain.

EPITAPHS.

BELOW this green turf, Wat o' Wimperton lies,
A man whom the world deem'd prudent and wise :
He ne'er was an Athiest, his god was his purse,
His interest the magnet that ruled his course ;
To steer by this pole star he ne'er did neglect,
He veer'd, wheel'd, and wimpled as it did direct.
When chafed wi' bodies o' humble degree,
His fury ran wild as the waves o' the sea,
When the roar of the tempest hath roused the floods.
But who can be pestered wi' poortith and duds.
When pride, wealth, and tyranny stamped and bann'd,
His passion was wind-bound, he cringed and fawn'd;
But if they were sportive and aim'd at a jest,
Though distant from wit as the west from the east,
Moved, as by magic, he join'd in the glee,
Convulsed wi' laughter, fo'k thought he would dee.
To deal wi' the gentry he weel kend the nack,
He fawn'd to their face, and he theived at their back;
He never had friends, yet in spite o' his foes,
He ne'er wanted langkail, wi' bannocks and brose.—
But o' wofu' change ! the cauld yird is his bed
And to the immortals his spirit has fled ;
What there is his fortune no man can reveal,
But while in this warld the bodie did weel.

HERE, William of Windhope, lies under this sod,
 A man whom the world thought wilful and odd ;
 His nature was gen'rous, his judgment was clear,
 His feelings were manly, his friendship sincere ;—
 He virtue revered, though in poverty's clutch,
 He scorned the worthless though titled and rich ;
 He never was skill'd in world's safe lore,
 To bow to the steed for the trappings it wore.—
 When misery besought him his pity o'erflow'd,
 If poortith benumb'd him, a sigh he bestow'd ;—
 So feels when in fetters the gen'rons and brave,
 To look on the helpless o'erwhelm'd in the wave—
 Such notions may do for the land of the leal.
 But here, their possessors but seldom do weel.

THE

GIPSY'S RANT.

THE blithesome spring again is seen,
 The gowan glents upon the green,
 The primrose paints the briery brae,
 The milk-white blossoms deck the slae ;
 The sma' bird sings upon the tree,
 But naething now brings joy to me :
 I've wander'd lang and far awa,
 I've number'd fourscore years and twa ;
 My day's worn to the gloamin' hour,

The dowie night's begun to lour ;
 Although my calling's counted mean,
 I've lived as happy as a queen ;
 I've tasted a' the joys o' life,
 The lover and the happy wife ;
 And a' the fondness mother's hae,—
 What mair's enjoy'd by ladies gay ?
 I've often heard the working train
 Roose a' employments but their ain ;
 Wi' them, contentment is sae rare,
 Just ony thing but what they are ;—
 Some ithier craft, they weel could dree,
 But that was ne'er the gate wi' me—
 I swear by a' my wand'ring kin,
 Hed I my life now to begin,
 Could I row back the time that's fled,
 I still would chuse nae ithier trade.
 —When blinks o' spring had warm'd the sward,
 I envied neither lord nor laird ;
 My heart was light, though busk'd in duds,
 Free as the sangsters o' the woods ;
 And like them, seldom cross'd wi' care,
 Ilk day brought me my daily fare.
 —When summer's burning heats opprest,
 When I was weary I cou'd rest ;
 Cowr'd in shade o' shaw or dyke,
 I often e'd the drudgen bike :—
 To see them tug and toil sae sair,
 I blest my lot still mair and mair.
 —When Autumn waived wi' yellow grain,
 For me ilk ane might shorn their ain ;
 Wi' uncraized banes I pass'd my days,
 Though scant o' gear, I still had ease ;

But them that winna toil and sweat,
I've oft been tauld they shouldna eat :
Was this a law through Christendie,
There's mony mae wad fast than me.
—When wintry spates made sykes to row,
And storms scowl'd on the Cheviot's brow,
This was the hardest time we kend,
Yet still we fought and made a fend.
Although we hardships underwent
We wander'd aye wi' backs unbent ;
And didna need to starve our neives,
Wi' nibblin neeps frae neath the wreaths ;
Although we couldna boast a fire,
We lodged right weel in barn or byre ;
Stretch'd wi' the hawkies on the hay,
Fu' snug and cozie oft we lay ;—
Though pride may toss her head aloft,
Our beds by custom seem'd fu' soft ;
On custom, puir folk comfort hings,
It fills the gap 'tween them and kings ;—
Ambition's gewgaws, when possest,
Can ne'er bring solace to the breast ;
A kingly crown to purchase bliss,
Is feckless as my amous dish.
When young, I sometimes tried a knack
To cheat the crowd, and catch a plack ;
The gonyels trow'd that I forsaw
In future days what wad befa' ;
And by the dint of magic spell
I could their fates and fortunes tell ;
Whae'er sic senseless stuff believed,
They weel deserved to be deceived.
There's mony a vain and lordly tyke

Thrives by the blindness o' the bide ;
They fleece them bare, and scorn them baith,
While I could do them little skaith :—
I spaed them aye a lucky lot,
And made them happy for a groat.
Now, superstition's on the waning,
The day o' reason's at the dawning,
Sin' light's been glimm'ring in ilk noddle,
Nae cantrips now can bring a bodle ;
This trade o' mine, like money mae,
Is rather wearin' down the brae ;
There is an unco alteration,
Sin' first I tried this occupation :
What happy langsyne days I've seen,
The commons then lay fair and green ;
Oftimes upon their flowery lee,
Our gangrel cores met merrily ;
But now they're perted, sorrow speed them,
Among some chields that dinna need them ;—
Every slap, and byeway's steekit,
Field to field is patch'd and eikit,
And naething's left for a puir bodie,
No a mouth's bite to a euddie,
The auld guid men wha graced the kintrie,
Hae vanish'd a' in half a cent'ry ;
Although their steadings shaw'd but meanly,
Their hearts were tender, warm and friendly ;
They werna sae to gear attached,
As choak'd their pity for the wretched ;
Nor e'er sae puff'd wi' fortune's feathers,
To make them spurn their luckless brithers ;—
Wi' rest and peace sure heaven has blest them,
But the poor has sadly mist them.

Ye doughty dead, for you I'm grievin',
 But I'll say naething o' the leevin';
 To lack them I am never mintin',
 And to roose them wad be sklentinn';—
 Whae'er attendance fortune grants them,
 The poor folk's blessing seldom haunts them :
 Against our core throughout the nation,
 There is an unco combination ;
 Ilk kintries keeper's proudly struttin',
 The constables hae been recruttin';
 To catch each wight that bears a wallet,
 Peace officers hae pawn'd their saul on't :
 To chase the lazy, lame and crippled,
 The border pack is now unkippled ;
 Loud rings the cry 'tween Kail and Ettrick,
 To haunt each wanderer like a paitrick.

She said nae mair, for rising wrath,
 Tied up the earlin's tongue ;
 Wi' stalwart air she held her breath,
 And shook a hazel rung.

WALLACE'S FAREWELL.

Air—*Chevalier's Lament.*

Adieu to the land that my fathers defended,
 The land of the warrior, untrod by the slave ;
 The land of proud hearts, whom a tyrant ne'er bended
 The loved haunt of freedom, the nurse of the brave!
 Alas, I am destined to leave thee for ever,

From kindred and country by treachery torn ;
When prowess had failed, now fraud has prevailed,
Like a felon in fetters to ruin i'm borne.
I scorned the path of the lawless aggressor,
Whose boundless ambition all limits defy ;
My heart's dearest mead was to curb the oppressor,
And wipe the salt pearl from liberty's eye :
These were the objects that kindled my ardour,
But war I abhorr'd with its wild wasting train ;
When vict'ry had smiled, and slav'y recoiled,
I glow'd for my country, but sigh'd for the slain.

Famed heroes ! ye shades of companions undaunted !
Who fell in the combat our country to save ;
I envy your exit, by fetters untainted,
To perish in freedom's the boon of the brave :—
Ye warriors I've led, who still live for your country,
And stride in the van of her warlike array,
My ruin will warm ye, my wrongs they will arm ye.
And whet the red weapon on battle's rough day.

Let not the proud spoiler exult when I'm taken.
And dash'd by deceit from the pathway of fame ;
Although a lone captive, my spirit's unshaken,
His racks and his dungeons shall find me the same !
Adieu, my dear country, my last look shall linger,
Until the bleak mountains are lost to my view ;
I've left thee a dowry of daring and glory,
That tyranny never can sever from you.

SONG.

THE BONNIE BANKS WHERE TEVIOT STRAYS.

AIR—*The Wood of Cragielee.*

Ye bonnie banks where Teviot strays,
Ye bonnie banks where Teviot strays,
I loe thee still, though far awa,
Seats o' my happy early days.

To cauld Canada's gloomy woods,
Misfortune's train has hunted me ;
I cheerless view these giant floods,
And think them ill exchanged for thee.
Ye bonnie banks, &c.

Thy lovely landscapes deck my dreams,
While fancy floats in reverie,
I wander by thy crystal streams,
And nightly still revisit thee.
Ye bonnie banks, &c.

When day succeeds the dreary night,
And morning lifts her sparkling e'e,
I think her beams were twice as bright,
When glintin o'er the Cheviot hie.
Ye bonnie banks, &c.

Here, tuneless groves nae concert pours
To greet approaching spring wi' glee ;
And simmer spreads nae lovely flowers

Like them I've aften pu'd on thee.
Ye bonnie banks, &c.

In every clime beneath the sun
Fair friendship's ne'er a naked tree;
Some friends in distant lands I've won,
But nane like them I left on thee.
Ye bonnie banks, &c.

A dear and ardent wish remains,
May fortune grant the boon to me—
In age to tread thy lovely plains,
And spend life's gloamin hour on thee.
Ye bonnie banks, &c.

SONG.

AIR—*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*

On Waterloo's becrimson'd mould,
Where red the tide of ruin roll'd,
Fatal to the brave and bold,—
For closed was many a martial e'e—
A highland warrior low was laid,
Though deadly wounded, undismay'd;
Stretched on his bloody plaid,
On the carnage covered lee.

Adieu, adieu, the hero cries,
To life and all its tender ties ;
No more my Mary's lovely eyes
Will shed their cheering beams on me.

Go, hapless maid, with many a tear,
Bedew the spot of parting dear ;
The hand of death arrests me here,
I'll never more return to thee.

Hark ! the conflict swells again,
Rushing squadrons shake the plain ;
The bagpipe breathes a kindling strain,
My comrades brave, it calls on thee.

Though half their numbers press the plain,
Th' undaunted remnant forms again ;
To beat them back, the thought is vain,
Its either death or victory.

Where the combat fiercest rave,
Still I see their tartans wave ;
Still the deadly blast they brave—
Not a single foot gives way.

See Caledonia's glorious band,
Midst wreck and ruin greatly stand,
Firm as the rocks that girt her strand,
When ocean's madd'ning billows play.

Swift to their aid the sabre gleams,
And bright reflects the dazzling beams,
While snowy steeds spout gory streams,
Yet still they tempt the doubtful day.

Now Gallia's shatter'd squadrons fly,
 Scotland ! Scotland ! rends the sky ;
 The fainting hero join'd the cry,
 His faltring accents died away.

SONG

AIR—*Neil Gow's Farewell to Whisky.*

I'll pledge ye, Donald, frank and free,
 I often fand a friend in thee,
 When toils and dangers we did dree,
 Far frae the land o' whisky O.
 Now we've return'd to Athol braes,
 Where blithe we passed our early days,
 We'll tak a soup to heal our waes,
 And toast the land o' whisky, O.

We'll crack o' ferlies far awa,
 O' what we heard and what we saw ;
 O' fields that busk'd our country braw—
 The honour'd land o' whisky, O.
 Midst deadly showers o' shells and shot,
 It warm'd us like the pibroch's note,
 To hear our plaided comrades shout
 The land o' cakes and whisky, O.

But now we're feeble, fail'd and auld,
 And life's red stream creeps slaw and cauld :
 To make us canty, crouse and bauld,
 We'll often pree the whisky, O.

Down where yon bonnie burnie rins,
We'll wander oft about the linns ;
What Chelsea gi'es for broken shins,
We'll ware the tithe on whisky, O.

Egypt saw us in our prime,
And frae that day we keep'd the line,
Till Bonie did his bonnet tine,
And bann'd the land o' whisky, O.
We'll pass the e'ening o' our days
Where they began, on Athol braes,
Far frae war, and a' its waes,
Snug in the land o' whisky, O

But if our king and country crave
Our help, when hostile banners wave,
We'll freely hirple wi' the brave,
To shield the land o' whisky, O.
If sae o'ercome wi' craizy yeild,
Nae warlike weapons we dow wield,
We'll play a spring to cheer the field,
The air o' cakes and whisky, O.

SONG

AIR—*Auld Langsyne.*

To wander lang in foreign lands
It was my destinie ;
I joyful was at my return,
My native hills to see ;
My step grew light, my heart grew fain,

I thought my cares to tine,
Until I fand ilk weel kend spot
Sae alter'd sin' langsyne.
Auld langsyne, &c.

I sigh'd ta see the flowery green
Skaith'd by the ruthless pleugh ;
Likewise the bank aboon the burn,
Where broom and hawthornes grew ;
A lonely tree, whose aged trunk
The ivy did entwine,
Still marked the spot where youngsters met,
In cheerful sports langsyne.
Auld langsyne, &c.

I mixed with the village train,
Yet still I seem'd alane,
Nae kindly hand did welcome me,
For a' my friends were gane ;
Those friends, who oft in foreign lands,
Did haunt this heart o' mine,
And brought to mind the happy days
I spent wi' them langsyne.
Auld langsyne, &c.

In youthfu' prime, at fortune's ca',
I braved the billows' roar ;
I've now seen thirty simmer suns
Blink on a distant shore ;
And I have stood where honour bade,
In the embattled line,
And there, left many gallant lads,
The cronies o' langsyne.
Auld langsyne, &c.

I've gathered walth o' weel-won gear,
 Yet still I fortune blame ;
 I lang wi' strangers passed my days,
 And now I'm ane at hame :
 I have nae friend, but what my gowd
 Can draw to mammon's shrine ;
 But how unlike the guileless hearts
 That wish'd me weel langsyne.
 Auld langsyne, &c.

CAMERON'S ADDRESS TO HIS CLAN.

AIR—*Jamie's come Hame.*

Descendants of heroes ! whose fame knew no blots,
 The pride of your country, the last of the Scots !
 The morning's advancing, the lark's on the wing,
 This day maun determine if Jamie is king.

Your injured country your pity implores,
 The wrongs of your monarch sit on your claymores ;
 We on the prond foemen swift vengeance will bring,
 And show these usurpers that Jamie's a king.

We proudly did own him when he was in power,
 Nor will we forsake him when fortune looks sour ;
 We'll rather lie round him in a cauld bluidy ring,
 And show them what Camerons dare do for their king

See, Lochiel's banner stands proud in the line,
 Oft has it waved o'er your brave fathers and mine,
 Whose undaunted courage nae dangers could ding,
 O'er red heaps of ruin they followed their king.

Nor will we, their offspring, disgrace the proud line.
 Nor tarnish the trophies that round it entwine ;
 Your blood and your chieftain's doth claim the same
 spring,
 Just fight like your fathers and Jamie's a king.

Our foes are in motion, their horse comes in sight,
 Perhaps they may need them, they're useful in flight.
 Now bagpipes and bugles, in rival notes sing.
 Your honour, your country, and Jamie your king !

THE MOUNTAINS OF SPAIN.

Air—Humours of Glen.

Sweet balmy peace her soft sway is extending,
 With gladness the march-beaten sodgers return;
 With hearts light and cheerful their way homeward
 bending,

Back to their dear country, pale weary and worn—
 Day after day I impatiently languish'd
 To meet with my Billy—but now that's in vain ;
 The last ray of hope in my bosom's extinguish'd,
 For cold lies my love on the mountains of Spain.

The last happy hour that I pass'd with my Billy,
Was where yon lone hawthorne stands low in the
vale;

In beauty's full bloom was the primrose and lily,
Sweet sang the mavis, and soft sigh'd the gale:
In that hour of anguish, when with him I parted,
My beating heart hinted we'd ne'er meet again;
The chill pangs of anguish through my bosom darted,
And cold ran my blood when he sailed for Spain.

Though the fields do look gay with the flowers in full
blossom,

Admidst all the beauties of nature I pine;
Each sweet little songster but wounds my sad bosom,
It sings to its true love, and minds me of mine!—
When in broken slumbers I sink on my pillow,
My woes, unextinguish'd, bewilder my brain,
In wild wand'ring fancy I cross the green billow,
And sit by his grave on the mountains of Spain.

The sons of ambition doth gloss a false story,
To kindle young heroes in glory's career;
Pointing to fame in the prond path of glory,
That phantom by many is purchased too dear!
O! had I been there when my Billy was dying,
I'd fearlessly sought him 'mid heaps of the slain;
Aloft in my arms I had raised him when lying,
And soothed his last sigh on the mountains of Spain

END.

VICTORIA, B. C.:

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