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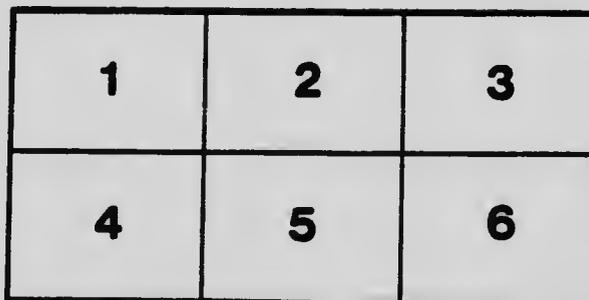
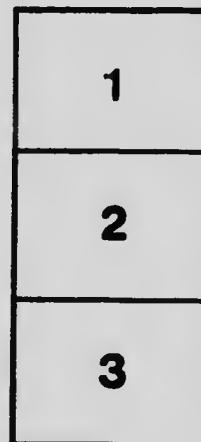
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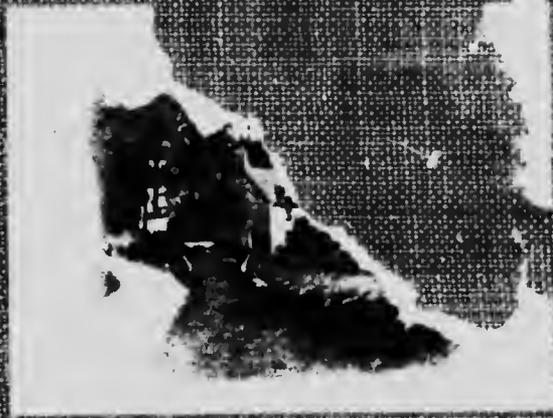
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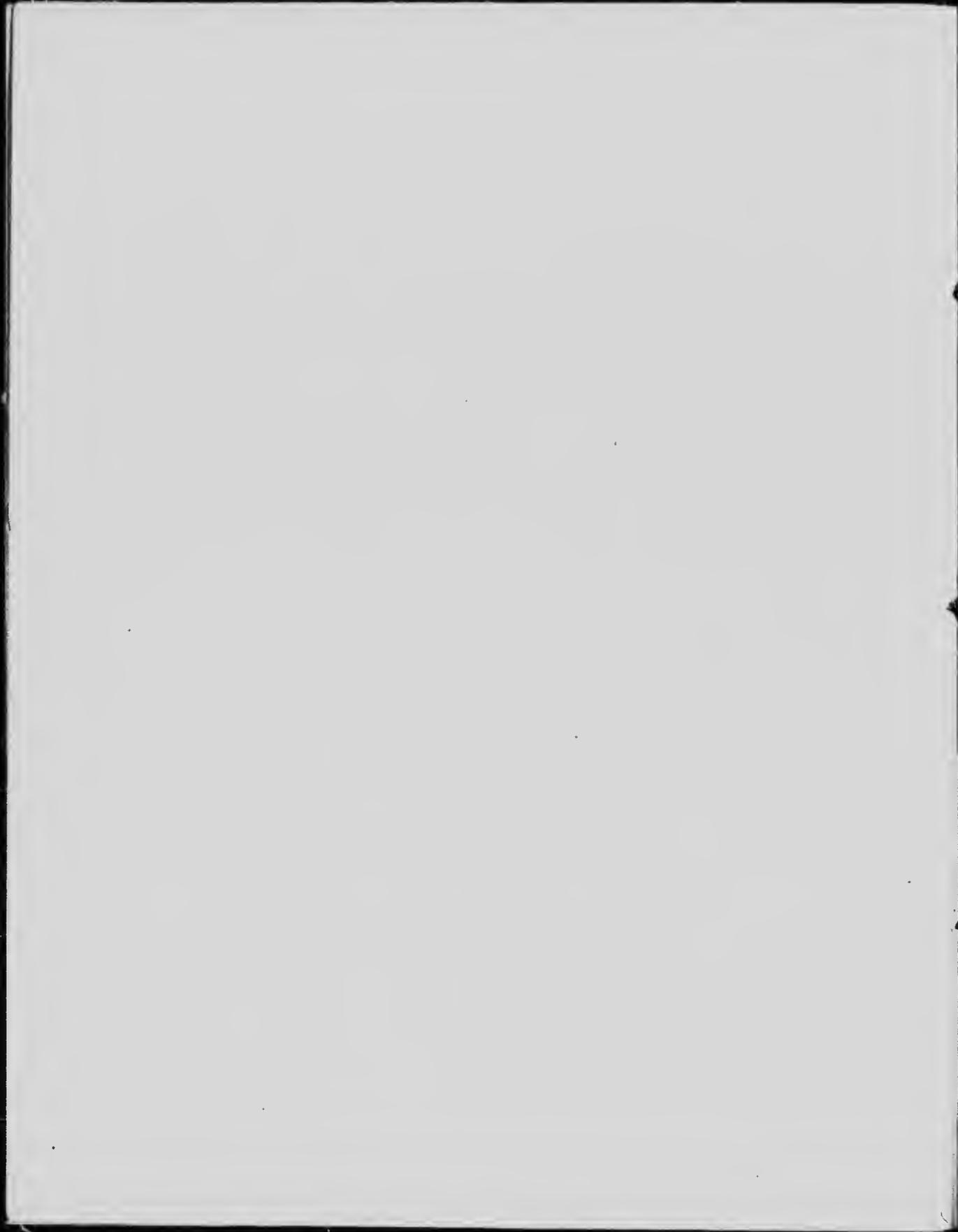
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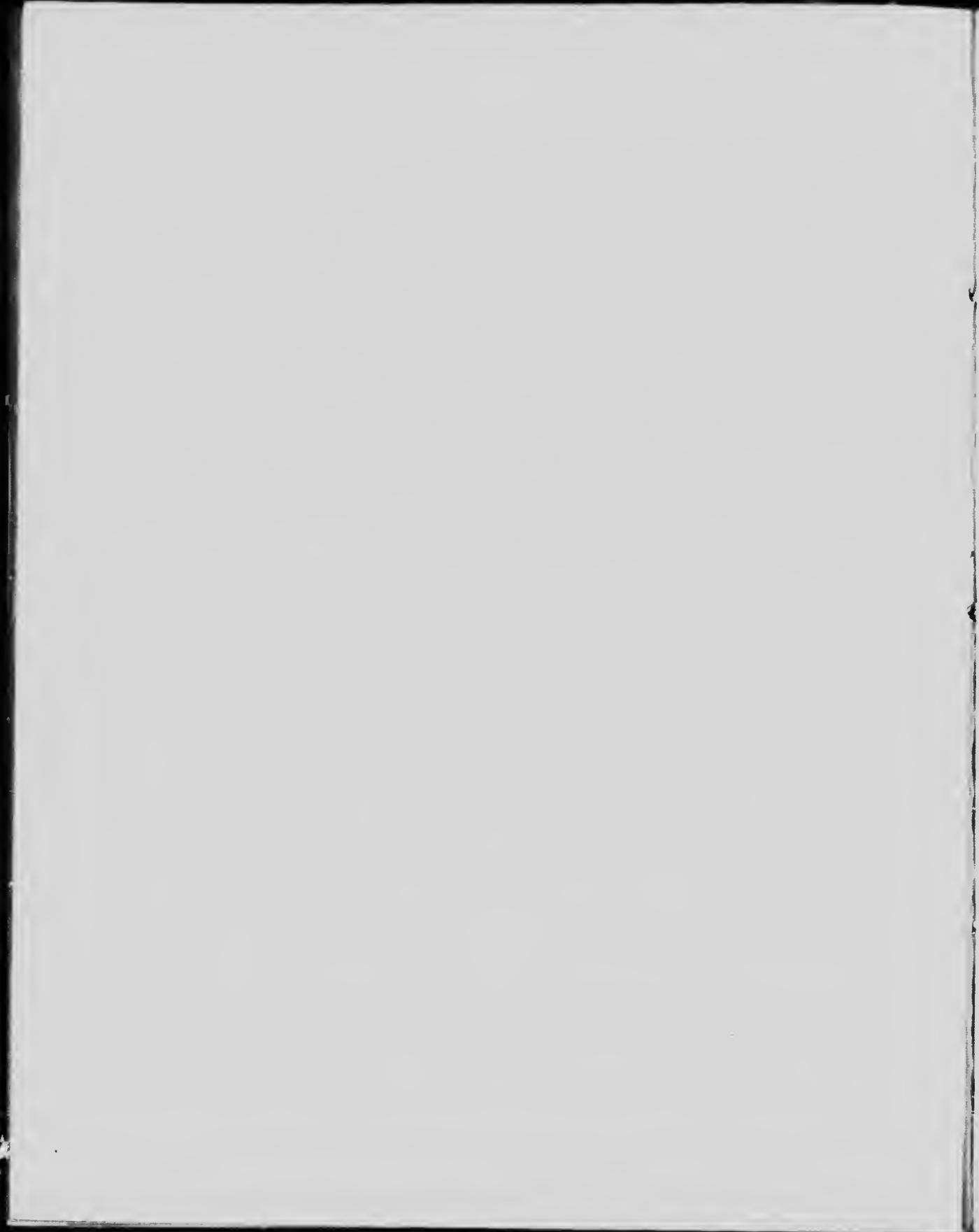
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Dreams of Home



"DREAMS OF HOME"

AND

OTHER POEMS



BY

JESSIE WANLESS BRACK

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" DREAMS OF HOME "

AND OTHER POEMS

By Jessie Wanless

have been gathered together in this form for the love of the old home in Berwickshire, Scotland, and that all who have known her and have seen and loved the romantic little village of Longformacus, may again live over some of the happy hours spent among the Lammermuir Hills.

—M G. W

JESSIE WANLESS BRACK.

Jessie Wanless, daughter of William Wanless and Margaret Graham Wanless, was born at the "School House," Longformacus, Berwickshire, Scotland, September 30, 1826. Her early years were passed in the village. It was a happy time and the memory of it pervades her song. But youth cannot always remain; the sterner business of life must be faced and so we find her at the age of nineteen keeping house for her brothers in Edinburgh. Then death came to the old "School House" and she had to return home to take the mother's place in the family. As years sped along one by one dropped from the family circle, to make homes for themselves, the laughter of children passed from the "auld hame," the dear father died and the "School House" was the home no longer. Several of the brothers and sisters had gone to Canada and together with her two younger sisters, she also resolved to cross the Atlantic.

"We landed," she writes, "in Quebec on the 2nd of October, 1866. I have now been in the country for over forty-five years and have not revisited the old laud. But my thoughts fly often to "Bonnie Scotland ayont the sea."

Yes, I long for a sight o' the heather hills
And a sound of the wimpling rills,
And a long, long breath o' the caller air
That's blowing on Scotland's hills.

Miss Wanless married in 1868 Mr. George Brack. Her poetry is full of the old home life and the recollections of youthful days in sweet and beautiful Lammermuir. She writes with bewitching grace and the expression of all her songs is just what one might expect from a kind, sympathetic and womanly heart.

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The Old Home at Longformacus.

I DREAM of a home, far away in au'd Scotland,
Nestling sae sweetly beside the pine trees,
Spreading their branches, so cool and inviting,
And gracefully waving when tanned by the breeze.

'Tis the home of my youth—how I long to behold it,
And walk on the path I so often have trod,
The one of all others I aye thought so lovely,
That led by the bridge to the house of our God.





There in the kirkyard, so quiet and peaceful,
Are resting the parents I think of with love;
Their dust it is mixed with the clods of the valley,
But their spirits are yonder in heaven above.

Home of my youth—how I'm longing to see thee!
And see the dear faces and places once more;
And wander again by the home of my childhood,
And rest on the old oaken seat at the door.

But time hastens on and a voice to me whispers:
"Scotland again you shall never see more."
Yet often my waking dreams fly with me homeward
To see the "auld hame" and the seat at the door.



The Banks of the Dye.

THE sun glances bright on the bonnie Dye water,
The breezes skim sweetly over the lea,
And steals awa' doon 'mang the blue bells of Scotland,
To rustle the leaves o' the hawthorn tree.

Down in the glen, where the mavis sings sweetly,
The bright yellow broom hangs its blossoms so high;
And the soft, downy buds of the old weeping willow
Dip low in the water that's wimpling by.

There near the ruin of auld Craigie Castle,
The nuts of the hazel grow tempting to see,
Where often with hearts brimming over with gladness
We've gathered wild flowers on Craigie Hall lea.

Gae near to the side of the sweet winding water,
The blossoms of hawthorn o'ershadow the hill,
And the primrose and gowan in wildest profusion
Perfume the banks above the auld mill.

And there is the bridge,—in sweet visions I see it,
The stones of its arch I can clearly define,
Spanning the water that murmurs sae softly,
Where oft I watched minnows in days of "lang syne."



And there, too, the church, and the Laird's stately mansion,
To me all so bonnie in memory's eye.
And the pride o' the Lantermuir, dear Longformaes,
A' nestling sae sweet on the banks o' the Dye.
I have crossed o'er the seas, and I've seen many plaees;
They say they are grander and clearer the sky;
But my thoughts ever turn with fondest affection
To the auld village hame, on the banks o' the Dye.

Home Longings.

OH! I long for a sight o' the heather bells,
And the sweet, sweet sound o' wimpling rills,
For a long, long breath o' the caller air,
That's blowing on Scotland's hills.

And oh! for a sight of the dear auld hame,
For the faces I never can tyne:
And once more a glimpse of yon happy days,
The days of bonnie lang syne.

“Lang Syne”

LANG SYNE! it is a bonnie word,
’Tis sweet baith said and sung,
And breathes sae grand the dulcet tone
O’ our “auld mither tongue.”

Lang syne recalls to memory dear
The friends that were so true,
Gliding before reflection’s eye
In panoramic view.

Heart treasures of yon happy days,
That can no more return,
When gathering wild flowers on the braes
Or wading in the burn.

Lang syne we’ve climbed the Dirrington,
Where fed the fleecy flock,
And quenched our thirst from hallowed spring
That gushes from the rock.

Then glorious thought,—on summer day,
To climb the mountain side,
When heather blooms and sweet blue bells
Were scattered far and wide.

To see the wondrous heap o’ stanes
High on the hill aboon,
Where “auld herd bodies” whispering tell
“Came tumbling frae the moon.”

There often our forefathers met
 To hear the words divine
 Flow from the sainted Peden's lips
 In days o' auld lang syne.

Alas! alas! to other hands
 This task I must resign:
 Only in thought can I portray
 The beauty of lang syne.

Bonnie Scotland.

THOUGH far away frae bonnie Scotland,
 Far, far away from my "ain countrie,"
 My heart still clings to bonnie Scotland,
 Bonnie Scotland ayont the sea.

Where I gathered primroses by the burnie
 And mountain daisies on yonder lea;
 Where heart speaks to heart wi' words sae bonnie,
 In the glens o' Scotland ayont the sea.

Its hills and valleys, its woods and waters,
 Its heather, braes ever dear to me;
 In the hall of memory it shines sae bonnie—
 Home of our fathers ayont the sea.

I think, if I were a bird of passage,
 I would spread my wings and away I'd flee;
 I vould soar away to bonnie Scotland—
 Land of the true hearts ayont the sea.

I would make my home by the water courses,
 And sing my songs in yon bonnie dell;
 I would build my nest 'mang the leafy branches
 That o'er shadow the kirk and the auld kirk bell.



Among the Leaves so Green.

COME to meet me, Nellie,
When all Nature's clad in green,
Meet me in yon bonnie glen
Where often we have been.
I'm fain to sing a song to thee,
With glints o' love between,
For lovers' songs are sweetest
Down among the leaves so green.

Then come to meet me, Nellie,
When the gentle breezes blaw;
Come down yon bonnie burn side
And through the birken shaw,
And I'll be there before you, love,
To watch your graceful mien,
When you come to meet me, dearest,
Down among the leaves so green.

Oh! come to meet me, Nellie,
For the birds are singing sweet;
The mavis and the missle thrush
Hae found out our retreat.
Oh! list the love songs that they sing:
Yes, these at least are dear,
With all Nature for a chorus
In the spring time of the year.

Then come to meet me, Nellie,
For the flowers are blooming fair,
We'll wander through the woodland wide
And gather clusters rare.
The sweetest flowers among them a'
Shall deck my heart's ain queen,
For the blossoms are aye sweetest
Twined among the leaves so green.

In the Lammermuir Hills.

AWAY 'mang the hills,
Where the sweet purple heather,
Where Nature's wild grandeur
Reigns over the scene.
Where no footsteps are heard
Save the shepherd's in summer
Feeding his flocks
Where the brackens are green.

Where the birds of the wilderness,
Scared from their resting place,
Fly farther away
To a safer retreat,
Soaring on outspread wing,
Loudly their songs they sing
High in the sunbeams
So mellow and sweet.

To these hills our forefathers,
The brave Covenanters,
Were pursued by the wrath
 Of a merciless king.
But God was their refuge,
The Bible their standard,
And their record 's in heaven,
 Where death cannot sting.
They were chased from their homes
Like the beasts of the forest.
To hide in the caves
 On the cold mountain side;
But they thought on their Saviour,
Who died to redeem them,
When He was on earth
 "Had not where to abide."
And though often they suffered
With cold and with hunger,
Yet streams of sweet melody
 Rose on the breeze,
And soared with the lark
Far away towards the heavens,
In praise to their God,
 Whose voice stilled the seas.
On a lonely hillside,
Built with stones of rough granite,
The minister's pulpit
 Still stands, 'tis record;
When good men were speaking
The words of salvation
Were fiercely beset
 By the foes of the Lord.

Like the martyrs of old,
Though the flames did surround them,
They prayed that their murderers
Might be forgiven,
For they knew that when passing
The flood gates of Satan
A bright crown of glory
Was their's up in heaven.

Fathers, beloved, whose blood
Sealed the Covenant,
Which glorified spirits
Did witness with love:
May their children still follow
The steps of our Saviour
Till they join the redeemed
In the mansions above.



A Song.

THE cuckoo is no longer heard among the leafy trees,
Nor sound of larks' melodious song borne on the balmy
breeze,

The corn-craik's discordant note has followed in their train,
But they'll all come back in spring time when the swallows
come again.

When the swallows come again,
When the swallows come again,
They will come back in spring time,
When the swallows come again.

I wander 'mang the bracken wi' the salt tear in my e'e,
For the lad that I lo'e best o' all has crossed the deep blue sea;
But faith and hope are shining bright, though now I sigh alane,
But he's coming back to Ellen when the swallows come again.

When the swallows come again,
When the swallows come again,
He's coming back to Ellen,
When the swallows come again.

For time that's ever on the wing will soon bring round the day,
The flowers will bloom and birds will sing on ilka bank and brae,
When I and he that I lo'e best so happy will remain,
For our home will be in Beulah when the swallows come again.

When the swallows come again,
When the swallows come again,
Our home will be in Beulah,
When the swallows come again.

The Fall of the Gloaming Grey.

THERE'S a sweet, shady spot by yon burnside,
 Adoon o'er the gowany brae,
 Where the birds sing sweet songs by yon burnside,
 In the fall of the gloaming grey.
 Ah! the birds sing sae sweet in that sylvan retreat,
 At the fall of the gloaming grey.

And Jeanie comes down to yon burnside,
 And down o'er the gowany brae,
 To meet the dear lad that she lo'es best
 In the fall of the gloaming grey;
 For the birds sing sae sweet in that sylvan retreat,
 At the fall of the gloaming grey.

Then up from the glen comes the auld laird.
 He comes to woo Jeanie away;
 The mother says, "Marry him, Jeanie,
 And be a grand lady so gay."
 But the birds sing sae sweet in the sylvan retreat,
 At the fall of the gloaming grey.

But Jeanie says, "Mother, it's vain to try
 To link December with May,
 My heart I hae gaen to the lad I lo'e best
 Yestreen in the gloaming grey.
 As the birds sang sae sweet in that sylvan retreat,
 At the fall of the gloaming grey.

Jeanie cares not for siller, she cares not for lands,
Nor for the laird wrinkled and grey;
She has plighted her troth to the lad she lo'es best
Yestreen in the gloaming grey.
For the birds sang sae sweet in that sylvan retreat,
At the fall of the gloaming grey.

And her home is to be in yon bonnie glen
By the gowany banks o' the Dye,
Where still she will hear the birds' sweet song
On the breeze that comes floating by.
For the birds sing as sweet in that sylvan retreat.
At the fall of the gloaming grey.



Tam Trotter's Lament.

I HAE crossed the saut seas and mysel' I've to blame,
 It's a lang, lonesome year since I left the auld hame,
 My father was greetin' my mither and a'
 When I paeked up my trappin's and e'en cam awa'.

But I'm gaun awa' hame, Willie,

I'm gaun awa' hame;

My hairt it is sair.

And I'm gaun awa' hame.

When I came to this country 'twas a' new tae me;
 I wandered about, nae kenned face could I see;
 I was like to ane lost a' my ain leefu' lane,
 And sair did I rue for no 'bidin' at hame.

And sair did I rue

For no 'bidin' at hame.

Auld Ritehie sent word I might be a great man
 If I'd but come oot and conform to his plan;
 But his plan is sae queer I dinna like it ava,
 Sae my bundle's tied up and I'm gaun awa'.

Sae my bundle's tied up,

And I'm gann awa'.

When first I saw Ritehie, my countenance fell,
 For he was a miser 'twas easy to tell,
 And stinginess reigns in his kitchin and ha'
 Which makes me nae sorry for comin' awa'.

He e'en grudges the morsel I put in my mouth,
But his ainsel's sair fashed wi' a wonderful drouth,
And as for my cleedin' I get nane ava'
Sae I'll take far less hame than I brought awa'.

He thinks the Scotch callant should ne'er sleep ava'
But rest a wee while on a packie o' straw,
And syne up and awa' at it just the same,
Sae I'm dune wi' the hale o't an' gaun awa' hame.

Think twice, neighbor Tammas, or ye gang awa',
There's na muckle siller in Scotland ava'—
They hae ta'en it to London, although its no fair,
And they've sunk it in stocks and we'll ne'er see it mair.

Sae I've sent for my Jean and my heart's no sae wae
She'll help me 'oot brawley to climb up the brae;
When we get to the top o't and dune wi' all care,
We'll gang awa' hame to see Scotland ance mair.



Spring.

SWEET spring is returning with fairy-like step,
Gliding swiftly as bird on the wing,
Scattering sweet fragrance o'er mountain and glen;
Spring has come, sweet beautiful Spring.

And now thou art here bringing treasures untold,
Words fail to express what you bring.
So all are uniting in anthems of love
To welcome thy coming, sweet Spring.

Thy mild, balmy showers, bringing leaves to the bowers,
And blossoms and fruit to the trees,
And Nature adorned with sweet-scented flowers,
Enlivened with songs from the bees.

At the sound of thy voice the birds hasten forth
To sing sweetest songs in the grove;
The ring dove's sweet cooings are heard in the wood,
And all Nature's o'erflowing with love.

To our Heavenly Father the Giver of all.
Thanks we give for thee, beautiful Spring;
Lord, grant to each one a contrite heart
Forever Thy praises to sing.

Not Lost But Gone Before.

To Nellie.

AN angel was sent, in the form of a child,
To a home by the side of a wood;
The flowers grew round in profusion so wild,
For sweet was the place where it stood.

She came in the time of the birds and the flowers,
On a beautiful morning in spring,
As if wooed down from heaven to dwell up n earth
Where the woods did sweet lullabys

The wee baby's brothers had grown to big boys,
When this little stranger did come;
And they looked on the child as a beautiful toy,
And they called her the pride of the home.

And her parents thought that the light of the sun
Never shone on a baby so fair,
For she was a beautiful, beautiful child,
This dainty, child they called Clare.

She was toddling around and pulling the flowers,
Her wee self the pride of them all,
When the strain of sweet music was heard floating by,
And a voice for wee Clara did call.

Yes, the Master had come, and had called for wee Clare,
 Her age scarce a year and a day,
 So the Angel of Death closed her beautiful eyes
 And her spirit was wafted away.

Away to the regions of endless delight,
 Where the sweet voice was needed to join
 In the anthems of love with the ransomed above,
 With the children encircling God's throne.
 March 29th, 1887.

The Child's Faith.

(Little Chay)

JESSIE, tell me, where is Heaven,
 Where mother went at break of day?
 Oh! I cannot stay here, Jessie,
 If she will be long away.
 Take my hand and we'll run onward,
 She told me never to be late,
 And I want so much to see her
 Ere she reach the Golden Gate.

When mother sent us to the village
 On a bright and sunny day,
 The last word she would say to us,
 "Do not linger by the way,
 But hasten back with little Bobbie
 Ere does fall the evening dew,
 And dear mother will be watching,
 She'll be looking out for you."

Away we went, so bright and happy,
Bob and I with hand in hand,
Trudging on along the pathway,
No happier children in the land.
And when we were home returning,
There we saw her in the shade,
For dear mother there was waiting,
Waiting for us at the gate.

Then oh! Bobbie, let us hasten,
Do not keep her waiting long,
For I fear she will be sorry
And think something has gone wrong;
I know she'll wait for little Charlie,
Although it may be e'er so late,
For I know she will be waiting,
Waiting for us at the gate.

Cold winds blew and dear wee Charlie
Was no longer to be seen
With the other happy children
Playing near the village green;
Changed was he since last I saw him,
But his faee was bright with joy,
Whispering, "Jessie, I see mother
Waiting for her little boy."

Look! there's such a host of children,
And it is so very bright,
And such multitudes of angels,
Every one is robed in white.
Help me to rise up, dear sister,
I must not be a moment late;
There is mother, yes, I see her,
Right beside the Golden Gate.

The Psalms of David.

WE will ne'er say farewell to the auld Psalms of David,
 But cling to them while we have breath;
 The songs that our martyred forefathers did sing,
 And we'll love them till day of our death.

More than three thousand years the auld Psalms of David
 Have been sung for the worship of God;
 And its awesome to see with this innovation
 How they are mangled and scattered abroad.

Lang syne thirty thousand of God-fearing men,
 To worship the true God were trying,
 And the sixty-eighth Psalm they joyfully sang
 When taking the ark to Monnt Zion.

The auld psalms of David are both prayer and praise,
 And to many it's wondrous strange;
 It is hard to believe how men with great knowledge
 Could have planned or permitted the change.

O God of all nations, check such innovations
 As taking thy precepts apart;
 Let us still worship Thee in the auld Psalms of David,
 The sangs, aye, sae dear to our heart.

(An answer to John Imrie's "Farewell to the Auld Psalms
 of David.")

On the Edge of the Wilderness.

HOW weary we've got at the edge of the wilderness,
And near to the swellings of Jordan's side,
Where dearly beloved ones gone on before us
Are waiting for us at the other side.

Dearly beloved ones, in joy and in sorrow,
Great was our grief when they went away:
Yet why did we weep when their spirits were taken?
They only have gone from this temple of clay
To dwell with the Lord, in mansions of glory,
In that home where our Saviour has gone to reside.
The land of the blessed, they entered into.
That day they crossed o'er Jordan's side.

Yet we who are left, oft have lived in forgetfulness.
And wander at times on a desolate track.
Unthinking alike of the past and the future,
But the voice of our Saviour kept calling us back.

Back from all evil and ways of temptation,
Back from all glamor that Satan could send,
The voice of our Saviour kept calling us ever,
"Forget not the way to the promised land."

So now we have got to the edge of the wilderness
And wondering look back on the path we have trod,
While the light that is shining from over the river
Is leading us on to our Father's abode.

Song of Praise.

PRAISE ye the Lord, for His mercy endureth,
 Kneel at His footstool, sound loudly His praise,
 Enter His courts in the beauty of holiness,
 And high above heaven Jehovah's name praise.

Praise ye the Lord, for His mercy endureth,
 Nations and kingdoms His glory proclaim:
 Mortals fall prostrate and angels adore Him,
 Jesus, the Saviour, the Lord is His name.

Praise ye the Lord, for His mercy endureth.
 Sing sweetly the words of the psalmist of old;
 Tears of contrition and hearts that are humble
 Are dearer to Him than the offerings of gold.

Praise ye the Lord, for His mercy endureth,
 Bring all your sorrows and lay at His feet.
 Your cross He will lighten in helping to bear it,
 And change all your mourning to songs that are sweet.

Praise ye the Lord, for His mercy endureth,
 Forever this theme be the joy of your soul,
 Till all Nature uniting in grand acclamation,
 While echoes responsive encircle the whole.

Praise ye the Lord, for His mercy endureth,
 His works of creation, sound loudly the strain,
 Angels and archangels join in the chorus,
 And glory triumphant prolong the refrain.

Praise ye the Lord, for His mercy endureth,
 With loud sounding melody rending the sky,
 Till heaven's high arches resound with the anthem
 Of praise to our Saviour, who for us did die.

Amen and Amen.

A Petition.

TO Thee, the great God, who ne'er had beginning
And never will have any ending of days,
Permit me, a sinner, to kneel at Thy footstool
And render to Thee due honor and praise.

Teach me to shun the broad way of selfishness,
Watch o'er my footsteps lest I go astray;
And if I am doubting may Thy voice say to me,
Be not doubtful of mind for "I am the way."

Direct me, O God, to the highway of holiness,
For thorny my path is and lonesome my way,
Cause me to remember that day is approaching
When shadows of darkness will all flee away.

Teach me to look unto Thee, my Redeemer,
Help me to be true and live free from all strife,
Believing that Thou wilt have mercy upon me,
And write Thou my name in the Lamb's Book of Life.

And though all unworthy and all undeserving,
When the blessed time comes, that my race it is run:
O may Thy dear arms be beneath and around me,
And my sins all be cleansed, thro' the blood of Thy Son.

Thy Word also speaks to us of the Good Shepherd,
When the fold has been broken and one gone astray;
He will leave the ninety and nine in the desert
To seek out the one who has wandered away.

Be not angry, O Lord, still let us plead with Thee,
 As Abraham did plead for the cities of wee,
 And like Jacob wrestling with the angel of Peniel.
 Say, "Unless Thon bless me I will not let Thee go."

Then, O our Father, forget not the wayward one,
 Footsore and weary, feeble and old;
 Shepherd of Israel, look on him in mercy,
 And bring the poor wanderer back to the fold.

A Prayer for a Wanderer.

O UR Father in heaven, we remember
 The prayers of the parents for their erring son;
 Correct him, O Father, correct him in Thy Word,
 And bring him to Thee, like the Prodigal son.
 He has gone far and fast by the way of the wilderness,
 Lured by the phantoms that led him astray;
 Neglectful alike of his God and his Saviour,
 While grasping the shadows that vanish away.
 King of all kings, have their prayers in remembrance,
 For him who has wandered from the narrow way.
 Permit Thon our prayers with their prayers to be blended;
 We spread them before Thee in humble array.
 Thon hast said in Thy Word, "Put me in remembrance,"
 And I'll think of thy children for ages to come,
 And on that great day when I make up my jewels,
 In counting them up, they will be of the sum.
 And our Saviour has said, "Whatsoever ye ask Him,
 The Father in heaven, in the name of the Son,
 Believing in truth that all will be granted
 Through the prayer of faith, without doubt 'twill be done."

