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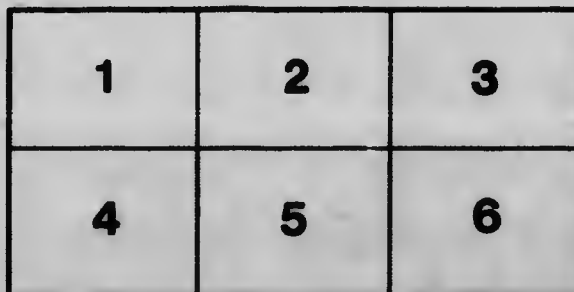
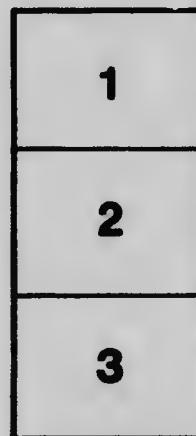
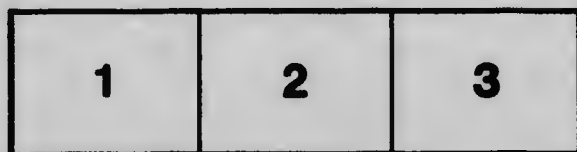
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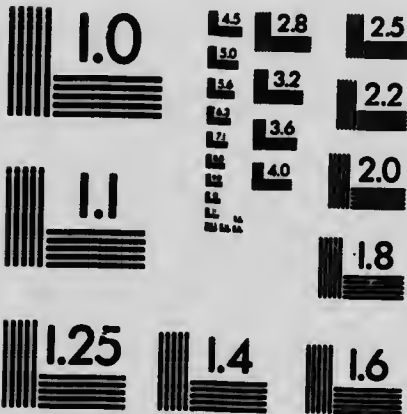
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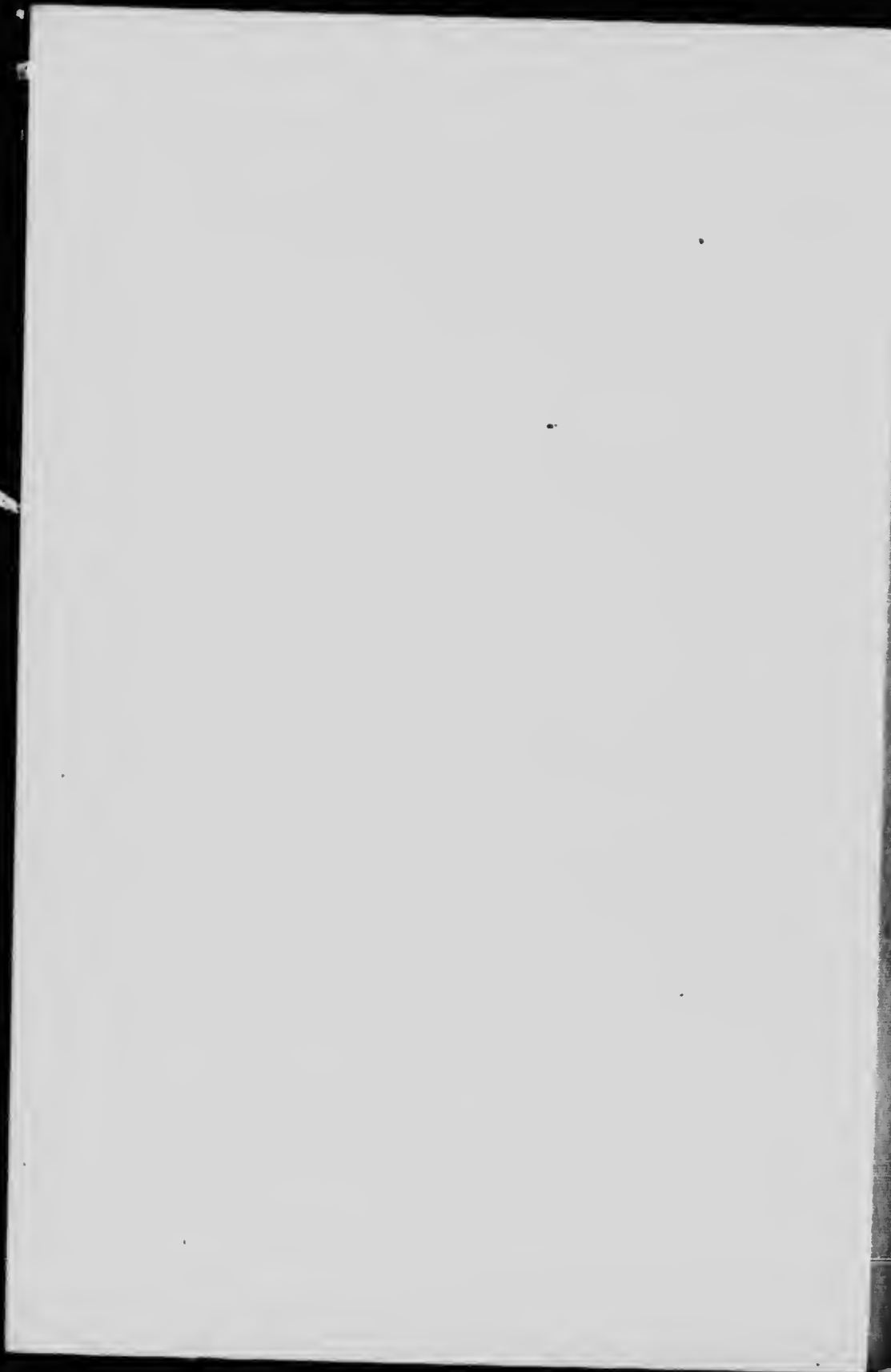
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# LAYS *and* LYRICS

By  
MRS. J. K. LAWSON



TORONTO:  
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# LAYS AND LYRICS

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## PART I.

### THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN

#### I.

UPON a gentle slope in Eden old  
Slept Adam, first of men;  
(His origin by Darwin has been told,  
But this the task of quite another pen,  
To tell how woman was evolved—and when).

When Adam first to consciousness awoke,  
The wonder of it all!  
The sky—the sea—the birds that silence broke,  
The trees so green and tall,  
The fragrant peace soft brooding over all!

The animals, strange, restless, breathing things,  
With liquid eyes;  
That in his steps with wistful following  
Came fitfully; the bright sun-glancing wings  
Cleaving the skies.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

The wonder of it all was so entrancing,  
Held with its spell,  
He saw the lambkins in the meadows prancing,  
The merry gnats in the long sunbeams dancing,  
Brooks in the dell.

The beauty of the vision filled his soul,  
Man's hour had come!  
Suns set, and night unfurled her starry scroll,  
Thought dawned and through his brain began to  
roll,  
But he was dumb.

His hunger he appeased with pleasant fruit,  
But in his heart  
There woke another hunger, voiceless, mute  
As is the music in an untouched lute  
Lying apart.

He was alone and felt his loneliness;  
Only in sleep  
He knew a something sweeter far than this,  
A full completeness he did, waking, miss,  
But could not keep.

## THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN

To explain this strange phase of his history;  
When his first sigh  
Was heard in Heaven's great whispering-gallery,  
Which still surrounds earth with its mystery,  
One spake on high:

"Lo! I am Love, and for my love prepare  
Creatures to fill my sole necessity;  
Because of this, my love, they are and were  
All things that live on earth, in sea and air,  
But chiefly man—heir of eternity.

"Go therefore thou, my gentlest spirit mild,  
Thou of the beauteous brow and loving eye;  
In Eden's garden hover near my child,  
My first of men, born of the ages wild,  
Unto him minister—in sleep be nigh."

This was the presence—subtle, unconfined,  
Which Adam felt.  
The unconscious influence of mind on mind  
Causing him with longing undefined  
To glow and melt.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

It troubled him; a sadness vague and strange  
    Haunted his face;  
The angel, pitying, noted the wan change,  
And round him close would sheltering wings  
    arrange  
    With pitying grace.

At last it grew so, he would moan and sigh  
    In sore unrest:  
His gentle guardian, watchful, saw his eye  
Now bent on earth—now raised toward the sky,  
    With grieving breast.

Seeing him thus, the Angel saddened too,  
    Though 'twas amiss;  
Desire to comfort Adam woke and grew,  
Till one day o'er him her warm wings she threw,  
    And pressed a kiss.

A shock magnetic vivified his frame  
    With magic verve,  
And with a thrill that never yet knew name,  
Though most men once in life have felt the same,  
    Leapt every nerve.



## THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN

Athwart his soul's profundity of sadness  
A rainbow gleamed.

Stole o'er his senses an unwonted gladness,  
A new delight, half bordering on madness,  
And thus he dreamed!

A vision ravishing, most lovely, chaste,  
One such as he had seen;  
Like, yet unlike, when in the mirrored waste  
Of tranquil waters he beheld, amazed,  
Himself amid the scene.

The joy awoke him with a blissful start,  
When lo! sweet wondering eyes  
Looked into his. He knew his better part  
And with ripe instinct drew her to his heart  
In rapture—loving-wise.

"Oh my beloved! where wert thou concealed?"  
He cried in bliss.  
Till now the lips of Adam had been sealed,  
But speech broke forth when Woman was re-  
vealed  
In loveliness.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

### II.

The Angel when her lips did Adam's touch,  
Strange sense of loss—  
A consciousness of having given too much,  
Instinctive made her swiftly turn to clutch  
Her wings across.

But lo! the wings were gone! And with them  
fled  
All memory!

Before her Adam slept on mossy bed,  
With smiling lips, and arm-empillowed head,  
A mystery!

A woman now, an angel nevermore,  
Even so Eve stood;  
In wondering innocence on Time's far shore,  
While Adam clasped and kissed her o'er and o'er,  
In rapturous mood.

But ah! her spirit vision, pure and keen,  
Was lost for aye;  
Evil could now in Eden creep unseen,  
To mar the charm of each delightful scene  
And cloud the day.

## THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN

Then spake the Voice: "O spirit, not lost, but  
strayed  
From Heaven's estate;  
Since not through aught but love thou thus art  
made,  
An angel in humanity arrayed,  
Be Adam's mate.

"And this thy punishment—to love and weep,  
Because of love;  
Forever to bequeath with sorrow deep,  
The kiss that Adam woke from loveless sleep  
In Eden's grove.

"Yet, to console thee down the ages long,  
I name by thee  
All that to strength and beauty doth belong;  
Thus Truth, Grace, Wisdom, in immortal song,  
Shall feminine be."

## THE QUEST OF ART

SHE called to him from out the sea,  
He saw her beckon everywhere,  
In azure gleam of rifted cloud,  
In shadows melting o'er the mere;  
On hills where languid Summer lay,  
In vales where waters laughed aloud,  
And all the warm and slumbrous day,  
Where tree bent whispering to tree,  
Leaf-shadow-elves danced merrily.  
"Go to, go to, heed not the dream;  
How shall men live if not by bread?  
'Tis but a will-o'-wisp's fell gleam;  
Let bread suffice." So ran the rune;  
So spake the voices of the dead;  
The dead who sit by the hearthstone,  
The folk who live by bread alone.

Their hand was on him. "Lo! the way  
Our feet have trod lies smooth and straight,  
Walk thou therein, nor from it stray;  
So shalt thou safely reach the grave."

## THE QUEST OF ART

But o'er their heads he saw the wave,  
Clear jasper shot with sunset gold,  
Aglow in Heaven's wide western gate,  
And scarce his rapture deep controlled;  
The glory filled his soul with awe,  
For there again her smile he saw,  
And heard behind the tranquil hills  
The ceaseless music of the rills.

And still the vision haunted him,  
Still held the voice his soul in thrall;  
No more a fitful, phantom call,  
As from the emerald isles of Spring,  
When leaf and bloom are bourgeoning;  
But in his soul's recesses dim,  
A sigh as from a twilight sea,  
A yearning unto agony.

"Oh, what is life unto the dead,  
And what to me availeth bread,  
The while my inner self, unfed,  
Perisheth?" he cried, and fled.  
A lone soul, isolate in clay,  
Shaping perforce his destiny.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

Then they who sit by the hearthstone,  
The folk who live by bread alone,  
Bewailed him sadly, day by day;  
So dark and drear the road he took,  
So wounded were his eager feet,  
Upon the stony, upward way.  
No more by flowery straths that lay,  
But strange and tortuous ways of men.  
Yet not once backward did he look,  
The inner soul-life grew so sweet.  
So sweet the smile he ever saw  
On Art's fair face. Yea, all past pain  
He counted bliss for joy and awe,  
When, ending all his eager quest,  
She came to him; no transient guest,  
No more elusive, fitful, far,  
A flash flung from a wandering star;  
But as with light divine revealing  
All mystery, all truth, all feeling,  
His dream by night, his bliss by day,  
By right of conquest, his for aye!

## OH, TO BE GODS IN BABYLON!

"THE gods abide in Babylon,  
Of old they came to Babylon;  
Footsore, by green-hedged country roads;  
Mere men were they in plain attire;  
Oft scant their fare, and chill their fire,  
But when they died, men crowned them gods;  
Let us, too, go to Babylon."

So spake the lads who would be gods,  
Three lads who went to Babylon.

All through the night the snorting steam,  
Unto the city of their dream,  
With clank and jumble, jolt and stand,  
Held on, while past them fled the land;  
Fled streams and meadows, hills and downs;  
Fled lochs and forests, hamlets, towns,  
Till set the moon, and paled the stars,  
And dawn unfurlèd—Babylon.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

The majesty of Babylon!  
The mystery of Babylon!  
Her stately years, like laden wains,  
Piled high with efforts, failures, hopes,  
And sheaf on sheaf of fruitless gains,  
Moved slowly down life's harvest slopes;  
Time, heavy-footed, led them on,  
But Youth, outworn, a-top lay prone.  
Old grew the lads in Babylon.

The first: him Pleasure whispered fair,  
About him blew her 'wilderer hair,  
Her glamour circled him like flame,  
He ceased to strive, forgot his aim,  
And woke at last, a soul beshorn,  
Himself unto himself forsworn.  
Dull, dull as doom the city's roar,  
Where sink the souls who rise no more,  
In the deep, deep dark of Babylon.

And one with all too tender eyes  
Saw but the wrong to heaven that cries;  
The smoke of men's vain torment rose,  
And dimmed all else but human woes;  
Nor hope, nor help, on any hand,  
A stone, this heart of Mammonland.



## OH, TO BE GODS IN BABYLON!

O sun-bathed hills, were ye a dream?  
O fields of youth! O flower-fringed stream!  
Out of the fog, and home to die,  
He, gasping, fled from Babylon.

Through toilsome years, by stony roads,  
One reached the dwelling of the gods;  
The silences that brood alway  
In Thought's vast temple, domed by day;  
Here found he strength, and soul-increase,  
In work knew rest, in tumult—peace.  
Here burned his lamp, and lo! its ray  
Shone o'er the world from Babylon.

## THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

A WIND in the wood went wailing,  
As slow the sun sank down;  
A voice in the wind prevailing,  
"O Love, how art thou flown!"  
And the old, old hills, with feet moss-grown,  
The old cry heard, and from each throne  
Sent back an echo wailing,  
"O Love, how art thou flown!"

A sound from the sea came wailing,  
As slow the moon uprose;  
A voice in the tide prevailing,  
The tide that ebbs and flows:  
"O Love, how art thou flown!"  
Thou wert so sweet, so sweet,  
And life so fleet, so fleet.  
What wouldst thou more than soul for soul?"  
Sobbed the long waves that shoreward roll,  
"O Love, how art thou flown!"

I heard the wind, and I heard the sea,  
And surely they were but a part of me;

## THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

The wail of the wind and the sob of the sea,  
Woke the old pain, broke the heart of me;  
O hush thee, Wind; be still, sad Sea,  
Love will never, ah, never, come back to me.

And still the wind goes wailing  
Through the lone aisles of the years,  
While smiles the moon, and all the tides  
Are tides of human tears.

For love still comes, and love still goes;  
Day brings no joy, night no repose,  
And deep in the heart the hurt abides,  
While sigh the winds, and moan the tides,  
"O Love, how thou art flown!"

## **"JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN"**

(On hearing the hymn sung in church.)

Oh, land of life! oh, land of love!  
Oh, land of bliss eternal!  
What mortal hand shall reach above  
And quench thy light supernal?  
Oh, gates of pearl, where mortals lay  
Earth's burdens by forever;  
Oh, streets of gold whose shining way  
Leads by the crystal river!

Oh, wondrous light, whose rays stream down,  
And flood death's vale with glory!  
Oh, victor's palm! Oh, martyr's crown!  
Oh, ever sweet old story!  
Ah me! these days how wise we've grown!  
We search the place of thunder;  
Beliefs upon the winds have strewn,  
And creeds have torn asunder.

But ah! learned sirs, life is so hard,  
In spite of all our science;

**"JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN"**

So much remains to hurt, retard,  
So little worth reliance.  
So vain our growing care to mark  
All things with wider vision,  
With but the grave, so deep, so dark,  
To swallow life's fruition.

Yet one quaint hymn, a sweet old strain  
From out the vanished ages,  
Hope's lost keynote rings out again  
With power unknown to sages.  
In clarion tones it sings the life  
For which strong souls have striven,  
Till earth—its sorrows, sin and strife—  
Recedes, and lo! the Heaven!

## LITTLE MAY

AH! well-a-day, our little May,  
With eyes so blue, and hair so brown,  
And heart so light, she strayed away  
O'er the clover fields to the distant town.

She strayed away—our little May,  
With eyes so blue, and hair so brown;  
For the fields were lone and the town was gay,  
And one stood waiting out over the down.

She strayed away—our little May—  
With eyes so blue, and hair so brown;  
Her mother looked out where the great town lay,  
And sighed as the years passed over the down.

At last—one day—was it little May?  
Her eyes were blue, and her hair so brown;  
The hair of this weary woman was grey,  
Who knelt by a grave this side of the down.

“Ah! woe the day!” sighed the woman grey,  
“When with eyes so blue and hair so brown  
And heart so light I strayed away  
O'er the clover fields to the weary town.”

## AFTERGLOW

It is the twilight time of rest,  
From yonder wood there comes no song;  
The hills loom dark, yet in the west  
The golden glory lingers long.

Now, as with pencil etched, I see  
The dim housetops, the distant spire,  
The tracery of twig and tree,  
The light from many a household fire  
Against the ether blue and cold,  
The few faint silver stars among;  
While deepening, reddening, o'er the wold,  
The golden glory lingers long.

Ah, me! my love, mine absent love!  
Thy face hath faded from my day;  
'Tis twilight gloom, around, above,  
And chill the night winds round me play.  
Yet with thy memory I am blest,  
I see thy face, I hear thy song,  
And in the deep heart of my west  
The golden glory lingers long.

## THE CONQUEST OF SIR CIRCUM- STANCE

SIR CIRCUMSTANCE rode through the land  
On his gaunt steed, Povertie.  
"Here shall ye dwell, here shall ye stand,  
And neither fight nor flee."

The folk were cattle-creature folk,  
Who followed where he led,  
They smiled to hear the grim old joke,  
'Twas mouldy as the dead.

For who can fight withouten arms,  
Or flee with wings clipt close?  
No fight was in them, no alarms,  
No sense, alas! of loss.

But one day from the herd broke one,  
Out o'er the fields he flew;  
Sir Circumstance beheld him run,  
With eyes of wrath and rue.



## THE CONQUEST OF SIR CIRCUMSTANCE

Then straightway he, with whip and shout,  
Upspurred gaunt Povertie;  
The rebel heard the angry rout,  
But ne'er look back did he.

All through the day o'er rocks and sands,  
Beneath a cruel sun,  
Through length and breadth of barren lands,  
He chased that stubborn one.

But ever as the creature ran,  
More and more like he grew  
In shape and stature to a man  
Who lacks nor brain nor thew.

More and more like, as ditch and dyke  
He leaped, while down the wind  
A mocking laugh flew keen to strike  
The ear of him behind.

And still the race, the bitter chase,  
Held on, till in the West  
The sun stood up with round, red face,  
As wondering at the quest.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

Till in the shadow of the hills,  
Where, through the meadows green,  
The murmurous music of the rills  
Gladdens the quiet scene,

The tireless quarry slackened speed,  
Turned, laughed, gripped bit and rein,  
And back on his haunches bore the steed,  
With his rider upon the plain.

"You thought me a cattle creature," said he,  
"Could neither run nor strive,  
Good sooth, your chasing hath made of me  
A man with his soul alive.

"Now, foot on neck, I bid you yield;  
Henceforth, I pipe, you dance,  
Fight in my foray, plough my field."  
"I yield," said Sir Circumstance.

## **THE AWAKING OF COLUMBIA (1898)**

**COLUMBIA** at the feast of life sat stately, calm,  
elate;  
**Smiled Peace** within her borders, **smiled Plenty**  
at her gate;  
At her full table from all lands, driven forth by  
direst need,  
The peoples of old Europe sat down in peace to  
feed.

O'erflowed the wine of plenteousness, abundance  
there of bread;  
Columbia called them children all, as on the full  
years sped,  
Nor care had she for lands o'er sea, so she but  
held her own;  
Scant reverence for empty pomp, for king, or  
court, or throne.

The nations over-seas looked on; they saw her  
sons at play;  
The goal was gold—they raced for it unshamed  
the livelong day.  
They strove for it, they strained for it, and still  
the few who won  
Most miserable ever were of all men 'neath the  
sun.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

And still Columbia smiled, and still she feasted  
and she slept;  
The nations whispered, "Death-in-life hath to  
her vitals crept;  
The lust of gold hath slain her soul; she is cor-  
rupt within."  
So spake the nations, while each hugged her own  
especial sin.

Columbia slept, till through her dream of peace  
there rang a cry—  
A cry as of a people crushed, thrust out to starve  
and die.  
Columbia woke; Columbia rose; forth from its  
scabbard drew  
The too-long sheathed Excalibur, the sword that  
Slavery slew.

She spoke; across the mighty seas the lightnings  
bore her word:  
"Hear, O proud nation, who forgets that God  
He is the Lord;  
The peoples of these lands whom ye oppress are  
His, and ours,  
By fatherhood and brotherhood, those whom  
your hate devours.

## THE AWAKING OF COLUMBIA

“ Cease to oppress, out from this land, or by His  
might who gave,  
This sword of mine shall make the land you long  
have cursed, your grave.  
Too long the cruel fires of Spain have faggots  
made of men;  
Too long your devil-pride hath scorned all pleas  
of tongue or pen.

“ Daughter of her who laid you low and brought  
you to your knees,  
Who laughed to scorn your pride, and drove your  
galleons from the seas,  
Old England’s child, shall I belie the race of  
which I come,  
And when humanity appeals, be blind, and deaf,  
and dumb?

“ No, by my faith! Here on this rock of right I  
stand, nor doubt  
That as we stamped out Slavery, so shall we  
stamp you out.”  
The nations heard, and said, “ She may be over-  
fond of gold,  
But at the core Columbia is Columbia of old.”

## THE POET

His eyes beheld the vision limned,  
Of fair Elysian fields where dwell  
The Gods, once men 'mong men, their spell  
On Earth by time nor age undimmed.

There walked the sons of wisdom fair;  
Earth's greatest—once accounted small—  
Singers and seers, Truth's lovers, all  
With youth immortal crownèd there.

Souls strung like an Aeolian lyre,  
Through which all winds could sing and moan;  
Whose music, pitched to rapture tone,  
Rouse men to Pentecostal fire.

Some who but sang a simple song,  
Whose subtle sweetness thrills through Time,  
As thrills the sailor's heart some chime  
By soft home-breezes borne along.

Oh, then with instinct deep and true,  
He knew his own soul's kith and kin,  
Yet dreamt not ever he might win  
Those fields Elysian—crownèd too.

## THE COLONIES ON THE ISOLATION OF ENGLAND

Ho, Rooshian Bear, and Parleyvous,  
Bill Kaiser and the rest of you  
Who plot and scheme and trouble brew  
To harry Mother England:

A whisper in your ear, you there,  
If you know beans, keep on your hair;  
Seem's like you fellows ain't aware  
There's more'n you think to England.

The time was when she stood alone,  
And downed the world, and cried, "Come on!"  
And that was, too, ere we had grown  
To call her "Mother England."

You 'spose that little isle in the surf  
Is all of her—though that were enough?  
Don't you forget when you bully and bluff,  
We, too, *we* and *we*, are England.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

You 'spose she's weaker now than then?  
Now that we, grown in brawn and brain,  
Say, "Look-a-here, our swords, our men,  
Our lives, are yours, dear England"?

Millions strong at the very first toot  
Of the trumpet over seas to scoot,  
And smash every durned foreign galoot  
Who dares point a gun at England.

From lands o' the sun, from lands o' the snow,  
From lands above her, from lands below,  
We'll whiten the seas with our ships that go  
To the help, to the help of England.

More: Were that plucky old isle some day  
To drop in the sea like a stone in the bay,  
England would live, ay, and bear the sway,  
In the race and the stuff which is England.

So, as we remarked, you, Mister Czar,  
Herr Bill, and the rest, you stay where you are,  
Or there's going to be high jinks on this here star,  
And the one to go down won't be England.



## SILENCE

SILENCE is death.

Sullen it broods a tideless sea,  
Where float dim shapes afar from human ken;  
And voices call in fruitless agony,  
Dear names across a void that echoes not again.  
No sweet and blessed sound of pulsing life,  
Bird song, leaf whisper, pour of summer rain  
Stirs the dull stagnance of that viewless  
main;  
Hushed e'en the clang and clash of Nature's  
strife  
In the long woe of silence.

Silence is death.

'Tween human hearts it burrows deep a grave,  
And therein buries that which it hath slain—  
Fair Friendship—Love—and there is none can  
save.  
For that which silence blights lives not again,

## LAYS AND LYRICS

Not being hurt by any swift, hot blow  
By passion dealt, that kinder speech might  
heal;  
But starves, and droops, and pines, nor can  
reveal  
The inner hurt, the cruel, wasting woe,  
The voiceless woe of silence.

Silence is death.  
Oh, what have we of living speech and breath  
To do with deathly silence, when to-day  
The veil may drop between us, and dumb death  
End all kind speech, and all that we would say  
Be left unsaid forever? Hear me, my own,  
Nay, let me speak while yet I may, "I love  
you;  
Morn, noon, and night, and evermore, I love  
you."  
Remember this, when sad you fare alone,  
And I, mute in the silence.

## QUID REFERT ?

“ Heartily know,  
When half-gods go,  
The gods arrive.”

—*Emerson.*

“ When half-gods go, the gods arrive.”  
But oh, Serene Sage of the West,  
Was it the pain of thine own breast  
Taught thee from loss gain to derive?  
And do the gods, arriving, bring  
Gifts in their hands, nepenthe, sleep,  
So we no more may vainly weep  
But cease for aye our sorrowing?  
Shall they to us, bereft, become  
All that the dear half-gods had been,  
Ere faith had failed, ere love grew numb,  
Ere mists rose up, our souls between?  
Shall they, the gods, assuage the woe  
That withers us when half-gods go?

## DIVIDED

(An Old Allegory.)

OH, fair that early yestermorn;  
In cloudless blue the lark sang high,  
And sweet the breath of flower and thorn,  
As forth we wandered, you and I.  
Then at our feet a brook sang low,  
So small we joined our hands across;  
It widened; we with smiles let go,  
Nor felt as yet a sense of loss.

Alas! Ere noon we saw, dismayed,  
The brook swell to a river wide;  
No white sail on its breast displayed,  
Nor bridge across its sullen tide.  
No going back; Life's paths we cross  
But once; once through, swings shut the gate,  
And gain is gain, and loss is loss,  
And knowledge comes, alas, too late.

## DIVIDED

Low sinks the sun; hushed are the winds;  
No more the bird sings overhead;  
Day's dying finger slowly binds  
Eve's quiet brows with bands of red.  
Yet on far twilight shores we stand,  
Divided still by that dim sea;  
Nor ever more shall hand clasp hand,  
Or love be love for you and me.

## TILL THEN

SOME day, beloved, when this house of mine,  
Outlived, I leave behind, and forth repair  
Whither God will, in spirit realms benign,  
Until your coming makes even Heaven more  
fair,

Say not, "My love is dead; can love no more."  
Where souls are wedded Death but quickens  
Love.

And shall I, while you tarry on this shore,  
Forget you in the soul-land far above?

Nay! There, beloved, I shall breathe your name,  
And softly thrilling through your sleep 'twill  
fall;  
Nor shall you wonder whence the whisper came,  
But answer, as your wont, "Love, did you  
call?"

## TILL THEN

And I shall float adown to where you lie,  
And take your hand, and far away we'll go  
Over dream hills under a blue dream sky,  
Till waking, you will sigh, "Would it were so."

Till, one vague dawn, so wandering, we shall hear  
Earth voices whispering "The spirit's fled,"  
And you, for very joy that I am near,  
Will clasp me—"Love, I dreamed that you  
were dead."

## ONLY ONCE

ONLY once through this world we go,  
Only once!

A little lower than angels we,  
Wingless, indeed, but with feet to tread  
The paths of duty where'er they lead,  
O'er dizzy cliff or darkened sea:  
Dreeing life's medley of weal or woe  
Only once!

Only once through this world we go,  
Only once!

Blessing or curse to it—which are we?  
Who shall be better for you or me?  
Who made happier? Who from despair  
Lifted to hope? With whom do we share  
Burdens too great for the back to bear?  
Since we but once through this world go?  
Only once!



## ONLY ONCE

Only once through this world we go,  
Only once!

And no place found for repentance when self  
Bartering the best in him merely for pelf,  
Living in ease at humanity's cost,  
Finds when too late that his soul is lost,  
Since only once through this world we go,  
Only once!

## NEVERTHELESS

THE heavens above, how far!  
Were we to live for aye,  
No nearer were our star  
Unto yon Milky Way.

As moves the earth in air,  
As float fish in the sea,  
Encompassed everywhere,  
So we, in mystery.

The upheaved hills sit dumb,  
They know not how nor why,  
From ocean depths, they come  
To gaze on a dumb sky.

Earth is a vast green grave,  
Its dust, the dust of men;  
All that it ever gave  
It taketh back again.

## NEVERTHELESS

The generations come,  
The generations go;  
Of life this is the sum,  
And ever hath been so.

Yet, oh, how sweet the rose!  
The grape on the Autumn vine!  
Love in the heart that glows!  
And the kiss of those lips of thine!

## ST. MONAN'S, FIFE

THERE it rests, with its back to the brae,  
The jumbled, zigzag, grey old town;  
Roofs red and brown, roofs purple and grey,  
Blue-dim through reek from the chimneys  
blown.

Roofs slanting, triform, jutting, square,  
With skylights yawning wide for air,  
And gables—gables everywhere.

Low in the lap of the land it lies,  
On the knees of the shore serene and grey,  
The earth's green arms about it thrown,  
Its feet on the rocks where the seamew flies;  
And ever with mournful monotone,  
Ebbing and flowing the sea tides sway,  
Ebbing and flowing forever and aye.  
Dark on the sunset's ruddy gold,  
The old church-tower on the western height;  
The sturdy church, six centuries old,

## ST. MONAN'S, FIFE

On the edge of the wave with the town in sight;  
Where pray the living, where find repose  
The generations whom no man knows.

Boats in the harbor, nets on the brae,  
Sunbrowned fishers upon the pier;  
Women, light-ankled, deft-handed, gay,  
Ready to answer with joke or jeer;  
Children who make the old village ring  
With the games they play, the songs they sing.

Oh, here life steps to a heartsome strain,  
Each for the love of them works for his own,  
And not for any man's single gain,  
For a master's profit to sweat and groan.  
And blithely the sails with a stout "Yo ho!"  
To the mastheads rise as they outward go.

Come luck, come lack, one deal to each,  
Nor fear nor favor the fisher knows  
As he sails away from the happy beach  
When the fish are rife and a fair wind blows;  
And what though a grave in the sea his lot?  
Holds it one hollow where God is not?

## LAYS AND LYRICS

Ah, still do I dream of that grey old shore,  
Its murmuring waves, its sheltering calm;  
The hearty speech and the open door,  
And the welcome word that fell like balm;  
Till over my soul, in a flood-tide free,  
My long-lost faith flowed back to me;  
Yea, the heart of my youth I found in thee,  
O grey St. Monan, beside the sea.

## "DUST TO DUST"

"Dust to dust." Ay, dust to dust,  
But what a world there lies between,  
Of frustrate hopes, of failing trust,  
Of dreams of all that might have been.

What striving after earthly gain,  
What conflict in the ceaseless fray,  
What songs of joy, what cries of pain,  
What falls, what triumphs day by day!

What care to keep the footsteps straight,  
What stepping to avoid the mire,  
What elbowing through the narrow gate,  
What fanning of the heavenly fire!

Ere safely here we rest at last,  
With silent lips and idle hands,  
Life's cares, life's labors overpast,  
The soul slipped through her loosened bands.

O ashes pale of life's quenched fires!  
O heart once quick with love's sweet pain!  
What joy was thine, what anguish dire,  
Ere dust returned to dust again!

## A GREY PILGRIM

A-WEARY, a-weary, a-weary,  
Ever and alway a-weary;  
And O, to lie down in the quiet, still and deep,  
And sleep, and sleep, and sleep.

Far have I come, and deviously have wandered,  
Over steep hills, o'er plains with rocks be-  
strewn;  
Many and many a day uncheered, alone;  
Days of sun, days of rain, days when it thun-  
dered.

Yet never a height too steep, no day I could not  
outlive;  
Love lent springs to my feet. Failure? I  
scorned the word.  
Not while there was hill to breast, or stream in  
spate to ford;  
And the bread of mine own labor, so sweet to  
eat and to give.



## A GREY PILGRIM

For the love of the loved was strength, the loved  
I called mine own,  
Ere their faces were turned from me and walls  
between us rose,  
And the feeling that all was changed grew as  
the ill weed grows,  
And strangers came in to reap the harvests I had  
sown.

Vanity of vanities? Nay, rather would I say  
'Twas well to learn life's lessons, grim though  
they may be;  
To read aright the mandate, when at last it  
came to me,  
To rise and bury self at the parting of the way.

## A VAIN APPEAL

O DEATH! fell Reaper, stay, oh, stay  
The ceaseless sweep of thy scythe awhile  
On these fields of Time by night, by day,  
Turning white swaths 'neath thy cold, grim  
smile.

Ceaseless thy harvests from land, from sea,  
From mines where the fire-damp flickers blue,  
And what the wail of the reft to thee,  
O Reaper, knowing nor ruth nor rue?

The beauteous earth is but one vast grave,  
The ocean floors with our dead are strewn,  
The well-beloved, the strong, the brave,  
Vanish—O Reaper, let us alone!

Life is so dear to us—Love, ah, so sweet!  
Here let us abide, we cry, e'en in our pain,  
Sun, moon, and stars over us, flowers at our feet,  
Seas, grandeur of mountains—O Reaper, re-  
frain.

\* \* \* \* \*

## A VAIN APPEAL

Still the scythe swings on and the white swathes  
fall,  
And the souls we love float up to God,  
And vainly we weep and vainly call.  
Do they hear us, O Death, in their calm abode?

## THE ENOCH OF TO-DAY

"AND Enoch walked with God." —So reads  
The record of a wondrous life,  
Ages ere dogmas, forms or creeds  
Had vexed men's souls with blood and strife.

And still we speak as though but one  
E'er trod that unfrequented way;  
While here, beneath this century's sun,  
Lo! Enoch walks with God to-day.

Not he who late brings up the rear,  
On all attacks on vested sin;  
Joining the ranks at last through fear  
Of being scorned by those who win;

Who preaches Christ by dint of gold,  
Labelled by Truth the price of blood;  
Not thus did Enoch preach of old,  
Or soul of man e'er walk with God.

But with us, of us, kith and kin;  
His step with ours upon the street;

## THE ENOCH OF TO-DAY

In men who choose the nobler way;  
In earnest women, brave as sweet.

With steady will and purpose high,  
And words of strength upon their lips;  
From platform and from press they cry,  
Like souls in the Apocalypse.

Their feet stand in the people's place,  
Their voices echo in the land;  
Oppression flees and finds no place—  
Who shall their righteous ire withstand?

The homes of want, of woe—the jails,  
The hospitals, their footsteps know;  
Through noisome slums, where faints and fails  
The human soul, with God they go.

With God they go, and in His light  
See souls by men so cheaply priced;  
Needs must they up with all the might  
Of word and deed to prove the Christ.

Ah! think not, though the world be old,  
And men have left the ancient road,  
Lost is the pearl or dimmed the gold—  
That Enoch walks no more with God.

## IN THE PLACE OF SOULS

### A DREAM.

ONCE as from troubled sleep methought I woke,  
And found myself—my living, conscious self—  
Hovering half-dazed above a still white form  
O'er which my kinsfolk wept.

And as I mused,  
Perplexed how this might be, unto mine ear  
Floated soft music, eddying wave on wave,  
In dreamy undulations, holding me in thrall,  
Till on a zephyrous surge of harmonies  
I felt upborne into a far, fair land,  
Whose air, instinct, did throb and palpitate,  
Life within life, alert, mysterious, pure.  
And as I gazed in rapt and wondering awe,  
One stood by me: "Welcome from Earth," said  
he.

"Is not this Earth?" I cried, amazedly,  
Whereat he smiled: "Nay! Azrael hath breathed  
Upon thy mortal form and set thee free;

## IN THE PLACE OF SOULS.

On Earth they say thou'rt dead."

"Dead! Dead!" I mused;

"And Paradise? Is it, too, but a dream?

Is there no more, no more? These Earth-dimmed  
eyes,

Unveiled by Azrael's touch, shall they not see  
One who passed hence into the Place of Souls,  
Leaving my life unto me desolate?"

He spoke, and oh, the radiance of his face!

"The Place of Souls indeed is Paradise.

There those who loved on Earth in hope await  
The coming of the loved, by Azrael borne."

Swift with ecstatic thrill up sprang the thought:  
I, too, had died and come unto the place  
Whither my love had passed long years ago;  
Slipped, even as one behind a curtain slips—  
Is seen no more. And as a mighty wave  
At high tide foaming rears, sweeps up the sands,  
Leaps o'er the rocks resistless to the shore,  
And breaks, with sighs receding to the main,  
So o'er me swept remembrance, cruel-sweet;  
So the old longing for a vanished face  
Wrung me and bowed me down, till, fired again  
With impulse born of hope, I turned and prayed:  
"Take me, I pray thee, to the Place of Souls."

## LAYS AND LYRICS

Then spake my guide, with quiet eyes on mine:  
"Whom seekest thou?" "Ah me! I seek my  
love."

Then through a far dim space we floated slow,  
On gently moving wings that lightly fanned  
A slumb'rous realm of warmth and odors faint,  
As in walled gardens when the twilight falls  
On drowsing roses drooped in dewy sleep;  
Such soothing calm pervading all the air,  
That, like a tired child laid upon its bed,  
I sighed for pure content, till spoke my guide:  
"How wilt thou in this strange land know thine  
own?"

But I—I could but answer with mute smile.  
As if my love's dear eyes and mine could meet  
And we not know each other!

He, too, smiled,  
My thought divining, and straightway it was  
As if the radiant shining of his face  
Lit all the entrance to the Place of Souls,  
Which from afar a nebulous vista seemed,  
A wondrous shimmering mist of rainbow hues  
That as I looked, broke, wavered, glowed  
With ambient light, revealing beauteous shapes,  
Of fair and glorified humanity.



## IN THE PLACE OF SOULS

Then, as a magnet to the pole is drawn,  
So drew to me one form, familiar, dear,  
With hasting feet o'er lessening space that flew  
Near and more near, till met our eager eyes,  
And with a cry that thrilled the Place of Souls,  
We clasped each other as of old once more!  
"At last, beloved!"

Then—Ah! God!—I woke,  
And found me here on Earth, and thou, mine  
own,  
Still waiting me in that far Place of Souls  
Which men call Paradise.

## REMONSTRANCE

THIS flower my cruel fingers crush,  
Can aught restore its bruised bloom,  
The sweetness of its rare perfume,  
The beauty of its sun-born blush?

Or this cool draught, spilled on the sand,  
Who shall its freshness gather up?  
Shall pale lips redden at the cup  
O'erturned by careless hand?

The wingèd jest, with truth keen-tipped,  
Why aim it at the breast most dear?  
If Love be slain, availeth then  
Or mute regret or inward tear?

When to life's cheerless close we come,  
Joyless, and old, and chilled at heart,  
Shall we not muse why this is so,  
How we, who loved, fare thus apart?

Ah, dearest, let us choose the best;  
Even as the soul is to the clay,  
Even as the sun is to the day,  
Stars to the night, soft sleep and rest  
To Love, to life, now and alway.

## ON THE VELDT

1900.

THUNDER of guns and smoke,  
Death and horror of hell,  
Flash and shrieking shell,  
Bugle-call, onset, shock.  
Fury of foes who meet—  
Meet and clash and fall,  
Rolled among comrades' feet,  
God—beholding all.

“What is it for which ye fight,  
O ye, installed in this land,  
By *My* people who gave you space,  
Asking only of your grace  
That ye rule as ye would be ruled—  
With justice: to every race  
The right of men to be men,  
Whatever their rank or place?

## LAYS AND LYRICS

“What is it for which ye fight?  
With *My Name* on your lips defiled,  
A whip for the black in your hand,  
And a kick for the Kaffir child?  
Ye, in the full years of peace  
Who brooded and brewed and schemed,  
Nor rested, nor knew surcease  
Of hate for *My people* who said  
When their hearts failed within them for dread,

“Nay, Brothers! but lift ye your head;  
Lo! your safety we buy with our dead.”  
What was it, O ingrates, ye dreamed,  
When ye skulked forth and scattered your bribes,  
'Mong the peoples and tongues afar,  
To the wide-flying vulture tribes  
Who flock where the carcasses are,  
Saying, “Come ye and teach us to war,  
On our enemy—yours of old,  
And the land shall be yours, and the gold”?  
What was it, O ingrates, ye dreamed,  
When ye plotted and planned and schemed?

“Whom do ye fight against  
With *My Name* a lie in your mouth?  
Can ye bar the march of the sun,

## ON THE VELDT

Or the wind that blows from the South,  
Bringing Spring when Winter is past?  
Even so, in the teeth of the blast,  
From their Mother enthroned on the sea,  
From the ends of the earth—as one—  
Come *My* people with hope to these lands,  
To all races the soul of the free,  
And deliverance out of your hands.  
And shall ye prevail? Not though mountain and  
flood

Ye yoke to withstand them; not though they may  
fall

In swaths like the mown grass, while Earth  
quaffs their blood.

“Shall I bring to the birth nor deliver?  
Shall these who have sought not their own  
Die vainly, in frustrate endeavor—  
Their life a breath that is blown?  
Who heard the sore cry of their kinsmen—  
‘Behold, we are made less than men!’  
And marched with the footfall of Freedom,  
That halts not nor turneth again,  
Till the day *My Will* is accomplished,  
Till justice on earth shall reign.  
And with whom shall rest the victory,  
But with those for Freedom slain?”

## A WREATH OF ASPHODEL

I LOVED you—why, I knew not;  
I loved you—why, I cared not;  
Love stays not to enquire  
Why shines the sun, why falls the rain,  
Whence springs the heart's desire—  
The bliss that lies in loving—and the pain.

You loved me—why, I knew not;  
You loved me—why, I cared not,  
But earth was glorified;  
For joy I sang, "Now come what may,  
No chance of time or tide,  
Can dim the light of life's sweet day,  
So love abide."

The years came crying "Give,"  
Passed, full and satisfied,  
With work's strong meat and love's rich wine,  
With waxing strength and growth divine,  
And friendship true and tried:  
Ah! God! how sweet to live!

## A WREATH OF ASPHODEL

Or when or how it all befell,  
I know not: 'twas as when a blight  
Falls on a flower when Autumn night,  
At dawning, dead, lies hoar and white:  
It may be that I loved too well.

Yet hardly so: Who loves in part  
Loves not at all. Had I loved less,  
Had seen more clearly,—but, ah, me!  
The faults o'erborne by love's duress  
To others plain, how could I see—  
I—who had given you all my heart?

Now—do you now with vision cleared  
Of fatal glamor, thrall of sense,  
Of studied charm, of fair pretence,  
See all, not as it then appeared,  
But as it is? Oh, mute lips, say  
Did not the cost o'erpoise the play?  
What think you of it all to-day?

## HEREDITY

PREDESTINED unto failure. Striving still  
With blunted, broken tools to fashion fair  
The high ideal which is our despair;  
Forever foiled by curse of crippled will,  
That fails us most when most we would fulfil  
The higher destiny; breasting the slope,  
Back drawn by phantom hands that strangle  
hope  
And turn each aimed-at good into an ill.  
Yet, who shall say that He whose law runs so—  
That for ancestral lives misspent in sin  
Shall generations maimed and halting go,  
And striving ever, never hope to win,  
May not, in such foregone frustration, see  
Just claim to live again, not thus foredoomed, but  
free?



## THE GRAVEN RUNE

LIFE's lessons we are taught in hieroglyphs,  
Not in the simple phrases we all know:  
"Do good and good will follow, do but well  
And well it shall be with thee evermore,"  
But in strange symbols before which we stand  
Dismayed, with dark bent brows and troubled  
    eyes,  
And hard-clenched hands and hearts that ache  
    to breaking,  
While Hope and Faith in mute despair uplift  
Appealing hands to deaf and empty heavens.

Lo! still the cross stands grim on Calvary's  
    crown,  
Still bleeds on it the man who wars on ill,  
Upholds the good and dares denounce the lie  
That stalks at noonday in the guise of truth.  
Rome is no more, yet still doth Cæsar pace  
With crushing step along life's colonnades,  
Still his gay robe flaunts dazzling in the sun,  
Still shout the servile crowds, "He is a God."

## LAYS AND LYRICS

While fitfully, as from a sullen sea  
Whose deeps are stirred by presages of storm,  
Up to the stars ascends the mingled moan  
Of trampled millions; yea, of children reft  
Of childhood's birthright—innocence and joy—  
That Cæsar thus may reign.

Upon the site of ancient Babylon  
The dust of centuries hath settled smooth,  
And desert winds moan there. Yet in fair lands,  
With Christian temples thronged, stands, as of  
old,  
The golden image with the feet of clay;  
Colossal, stony-eyed, imperious,  
Adored as ne'er before—misnamed "Success."  
Nor need of King's command to bow the knee,  
But grovelling before it—souls of men.  
Upon its altar love and youth are slain,  
The very children taught the withering creed:  
"Beware the God within you—'ware the Christ,  
Tempting to self-forgetfulness—to love,  
Not thus men woo Success."

A sorry rune—the which we daily read!  
And high aloof sits he—yea, on God's hill—  
Who can, despite the menace it conveys,

## THE GRAVEN RUNE

Preserve his faith undimmed, work, wait and  
hope,

Nor doubt that through the rifted dark where  
steal

Morn's rays, affrighting sore the mole-eyed men  
Who hug the old barbarities of Time,  
Still rolls our world to inevitable dawn,  
Yea, to the radiance of the face of God.

## ONE SABBATH EVE IN ST. MONAN'S

NOVEMBER 22, 1891.

IN purple gloom of twilight,  
With shadows deepening down;  
The after-glow of sunset  
Framing the dim old town,  
The fishers paced the pier end,  
With measured rhythmic beat,  
As though some sea-born music  
Pulsed in their restless feet.

The boats, with tall masts mirrored,  
Lay on the glistening flood,  
And high above the harbour  
The star of evening stood.  
So still the hour and restful,  
One hummed a sacred strain;  
Soon other voices blending  
Caught up the sweet refrain.

## ONE SABBATH EVE IN ST. MONAN'S

And one, and yet another,  
Grand hymn of hope and faith,  
They sang as sing those only  
Who grapple storms and death.  
They sang, "Oh, God of Bethel,"  
The music thrilled the air,  
Far floated o'er the waters,  
The wanderers' cry and prayer.

They sang, "The Lord's my Shepherd,"  
Those children of the sea,  
As David sang, or later  
The men of Galilee;  
With heart and soul assenting,  
Feeling it—ah, so true!—  
Here—conflict, cloud and tempest;  
There—peace beyond the blue.

Oh, happy hearts undoubting,  
Were one to count the cost,  
Is all we gain in knowing  
Worth loss of faith and trust?

## ESTRANGED

THUS shall it be—even thus and so,  
Shall day with dull step follow day,  
When all our years are years of clay,  
And love's sweet speech no more we know?

Our flowers lie blighted—all unblown,  
Our song birds in the trees sit dumb,  
No more unto life's feasts we come,  
But, faint for bread, are fed with stone.

Through fields that teem, o'er seas that spume,  
A throbbing world with life aglow,  
Our joyless ways we listless go,  
With dull regret and hopeless gloom.

Ah, God! the pity of it all!  
The wreckage of the happy years,  
The loss—the unavailing tears—  
The evil wrought beyond recall!

## FOUNDERED AT SEA

OVER the old pier the wild sea leaps,  
Over the brown rocks the white spray sweeps,  
On the horizon a far lone sail  
Drifts, grey and ghostlike, before the gale.

Black is the North as with clouds of night,  
Ploughed is the sea into furrows white,  
High o'er the harbour the seagulls wheel,  
Wildly the tall masts rock and reel.

Boats at their moorings creak and strain,  
Sharp as a whip-lash beats the rain,  
Fishers ashore—in the sheltered lee—  
Moan, "God help men out in such a sea!"

Over the grey pier the wild sea leaps,  
Over the harbour the salt spray sweeps,  
But, ah! my heart! upon what sad shore  
Waits Love for the sail vanished evermore?

**SO SHALL YE BE THE CHILDREN OF  
YOUR FATHER IN HEAVEN**

**PITY us, O God.**

We will obey Thee in Thy great command—  
“*Love one another,*” for, oh! love is sweet,  
And easy is the yoke, and light the hand  
It lays upon us: Lo, our willing feet  
The lovable and dear run swift to greet:  
Patient, forbearing, shall we be, yea—blind,  
Where Nature hath withheld more than is  
meet;

And in such glad obedience ever find  
A service cheerful, helpful and complete,  
But bid us not, O God! like Thee, be kind  
To the unthankful and unto the evil;  
Upon the just and the unjust alike  
Falleth Thy warm sunshine and Thy rain,  
But how can we, down-borne by clay, be like  
Thee in Thy greatness of forgiving pain?  
How clasp the envious hand upraised to strike?  
How bear the withering lie, nor answer once  
again?

Yet—to uprise to this were not in vain,  
To this the altitude of Godhead fair,  
The calm ineffable of Heaven's own air.  
Pity us—O God!



## " ANIMATED PICTURES "

FAINT as the hum of a bumble bee,  
Floated across the street to me  
The strains of that grand old melody—  
" Venite adoramus !"

Far from the Tiber's yellow foam,  
Wafting me—ah!—what dreams of Rome;  
Thunderous music in Peter's dome:—  
" Venite adoramus !"

Alas! o'er the way in the cold and wet,  
Halt and helpless a poor man sate,  
Turning a wheezy organette:—  
" Venite adoramus !"

Cap on the pavement—head to the blast,  
Mutely appealing to all who passed;  
Grinding away—now slow—now fast:—  
" Venite adoramus !"

## LAYS AND LYRICS

A palsied arm, one leg half wood,  
"Might be worse," quoth-a bravely, "*one* arm to  
the good."

Which way to turn, come bed, come food:—  
"Venite adoramus!"

Mansions surrounding him, villas in sight,  
Fair ladies tripping past, rain-proof bedight,  
Oh! he'll make the price of a bed for the night!  
"Venite adoramus!"

The parable picture—old as Fate!  
Still Lazarus sits at the rich man's gate;  
Hopeful—despite his sorry state:  
"Venite adoramus!"

The picture's sequel? Ah! well—well;  
Who's who? what's what? 'twere hard to tell;  
But it gives one pause—that parable:  
"Venite adoramus!"

## TELEPATHY

WHEN Day is dead, and Eve broods dim  
O'er fading scene and sound,  
When grey haze veils the city,  
A dream-wall round and round,  
Soundless as sleep from o'er the sea,  
Wingeth thy thought through the dusk to me.

Rapture of rest on the silent land,  
On the sea, on the long, lone dune,  
The moon a-drowse in a dappled sky,  
Where towers and tall spires swoon,  
And through the dusk, a homing dove,  
Thy thought, with rest to me, my love.

## NO MORE

WE two at the core of life together,  
Howe'er the wind, whate'er the weather;  
Life a delight, and care a feather;  
Content at the core of life together.

A crimson dawn, a weeping day,  
A leaden sky, a river grey,  
And one lone shadow upon the plain  
Cast by the sunset after the rain.

And we, no more together.  
Bright the blue bay in the rainbow weather,  
Fine the far hills and the sun-flushed heather,  
But we no more, no more, together.

## ON A PICTURE OF THE MADONNA

O TRUTH, by skill of master Art,  
In parable depicted here,  
The cruel sword—the piercèd heart—  
The grieving lip—th' upwelling tear!

Fair symbol of the sweet, the kind,  
Who walk with us the world's highways;  
Of whom unthinking fools—purblind,  
Speak heedless words of blame or praise.

So blythe her speech, so brave her air,  
The woman of the stricken heart;  
We meet her—greet her everywhere,  
Nor dream we she but acts a part.

With pleasant word and ready smile  
Conventional, she weaves a veil  
To hide her wound, and furth the pale  
Of hidden smart all eyes beguile.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

With steady step she goes her way,  
Enduring mute her woman's lot;  
Or clouds or sun, or grave or gay,  
There is no land where she is not.

Her eyes are like the lonely tarn  
Amid the hills, in whose dim deeps  
Of shadowy floor we half discern  
The strange still life we reck not of;  
Life that in silence silent grows,  
In gloom that each fell secret keeps  
Of drownèd things that no more move  
Down—down where sun nor moonbeam goes;  
So in the depths of her calm eyes  
Lie memories—what memories!  
Yet are there times when—all alone—  
Suave good-byes said—the last guest gone,  
Ah! then before her anguished eyes,  
From years submerged the ghosts uprising;  
They sit with her and murmur low  
As in the dear days long ago,  
When life was sweet, when hands and feet  
Hastened to further love's behest,  
Dreaming—to wake with cruel smart—  
Remembrance sword thrust through her heart;  
Questioning—was it best?

## LOVELIGHT

It is the twilight time of rest,  
From yonder wood there comes no song,  
The hills loom far, yet in the west  
The golden glory lingers long.

Now in the vale we dimly see  
The village grey, the tall church spire,  
The slumb'rous droop of yonder tree,  
The glint from many a household fire.

High in the ether blue and cold  
One beauteous star, the star of song,  
While, reddening out beyond the wold,  
The golden glory lingers long.

Ah me, my love—mine absent love—  
Thy face hath faded from my day;  
Dim twilight deepens round, above,  
And sighing night winds round me play.

Yet with thy memory I am blest,  
I see thy face, I hear thy song;  
And in the deep heart of my west  
The golden glory lingers long.

## REMENYI

EVENING's slow deepening, here and there a star,  
Sweet flowers in fragrant sleep amid the dew,  
Faint murmurings from seas whose sunlit blue  
Unites with skies low bending, dim and far.  
The whisper of the tide within the bar,  
Long rifts of crimson cleaving morn's dim  
haze,

Dawn ushering in some glorious day of days,  
Remembered, memory-crowned as some days are.  
Exquisite harmonies caught from Nature's lyre,  
Music of birds, far torrents rushing free,  
Sweet angel voices thrilling as with fire,  
Now glad, now sad, as only love can be.

\* \* \* \* \*

Your magic bow, all this and more to me  
Inimitably sang—Remenyi!



## GOOD-NIGHT

THE sunset fades, the world grows grey,  
On field and tree the color dies,  
Dim seas moan up to shrouded skies,  
Fled is the light that graced the day,  
Good-night! good-night!

Yet, through the hours of dark and sleep,  
Still rolls the world around to dawn,  
Fresh breezes from far oceans blown  
Up o'er the waking land shall sweep—  
Good-night! good-night!

But, ah! what dawn shall gild the grey  
That broods more deep, more dark than this?  
What wandering wind of Love shall kiss  
To life one dear, dead yesterday?  
Good-night! good-night!



*PART II.*

(IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT)

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**THE BIRTH OF BURNS**

IN ages far when Earth was young,  
An' Time as yet a beardless callant;  
E'er human speech was said or sung,  
An' there was neither book nor ballant,

The Powers aboon, assembled a',  
Wi' strong brows brent an' een sae gracious,  
Sat in the great starn-lichted ha',  
That crowns Olympia's tap sae spacious.

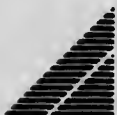
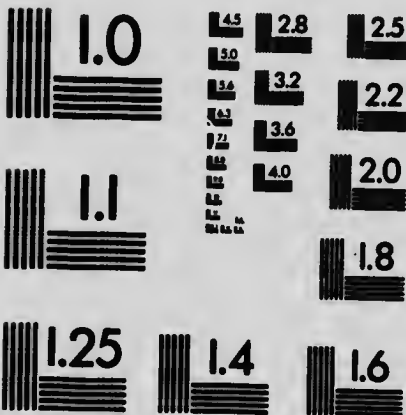
There Juno stood beside her lord,  
There Venus wi' her winged wee laddie;  
Vulcan—his smiddy fire weel smored;  
An' sons—a credit to their daddy.

Big gods an' little, mair or less,  
In mony a queer an' cloudy toilet,  
An' next to Jove, in misty dress,  
The wise Minerva an' her hoolet.



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## LAYS AND LYRICS

The nectar flowed—the bowl gaed roon',  
An' aye they grew mair crouse an' cantie;  
Till, oot they brak—"A boon! a boon!  
To mak' the dull earth prood an' vauntie."

Great Jove upon his breast let fa'  
His mighty head wi' thinking o' it;  
Then up he towers high ower them a':  
"I hae't! I hae't! let's mak' a poet!"

"A man o' men, noo weak, noo strong,  
A creature fired wi' spark immortal,  
A livin' flame o' love an' sang,  
Caged in the clay o' errin' mortal."

Oot brak sic cheers!—the like ne'er heard!  
The very starnies winkin', wondered;  
While earth below, amazed an' scared,  
Looked up in fricht, sae loud it thundered.

The wean for ages sleepit lang,  
Lulled by the planetary motion;  
His lullaby an' cradle sang  
The faint, far murmur o' the ocean.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE BIRTH OF BURNS

But whaur to find sweet mither-love,  
Or father fit for sic a ferlie,  
Lang tried the mighty brain o' Jove,  
An' vexed his meditations sairly.

At last, a'e day, he smilin' said,  
"Here ends my lang an' anxious swither,  
Earth's boon is safe—I see ahead  
A worthy father, kindly mither."

\* \* \* \* \*

But lang the ancient Gods renowned  
Down Time's dim corridors had vanished,  
Ere Scotland, proud, at last was crowned,  
Wi' poesy an' worth replenished,—

When Rab was born. The deil he heard,  
An' looked as though he'd ta'en the jaundice;  
Seizin' an' auld witch by the beard,  
He whirled her roon an' roon the Andes!

Oh, sic a storm! It blew a' night,  
Atlantic, on his hind legs rampin',  
Gart mony a sailor quake wi' fricht,  
Sae close the danger o' them swampin'.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

“ Just when I’ve things a’ my ain way,  
An’ a’ are servile, mean an’ cannie,  
Here, a’ my fine work to gainsay,  
Upstarts this peasant-poet mannie!

“ He’ll tell them men are brithers a’,  
He’ll vow that man wi’ God claims kinship,  
Frae homage to the rich and braw,  
He’ll win them ower to love an’ frien’ship.

“ Confoond it a’! I’ll ha’e revenge,  
I’ll wait until the lad gets frisky;  
Gin poortith winna crush or change  
I’ll ply him weel wi’ gude Scotch whisky.

“ Tak’ that enoo—’tis but a trick,  
A hint o’ what ye’ll get hereafter.”  
Oot flew his hoof—a’e vicious kick,  
Doon fell the gayle frae roof an’ rafter!

The rest ye ken—Rab’s life, his fame;  
The deil, though weel his word he keepit,  
The poet’s pity spoilt his game,  
Wi’ words in human kindness steepit.

An’ still where’er the Scot may stray,  
One star smiies doon each dawning morrow,  
Still listenin’ to the sweetest lay,  
E’er sung by man for love and sorrow.



## THE HILLS O' SCOTLAND

THE grey auld hills o' Scotland,  
O welcome sight to see!  
As up the Clyde ance mair we sail  
Hame frae a far countrie.

High o'er the haze their shouthers braid  
Rise bauld against the sky;  
The ancient sentinels that keep  
This land o' liberty.  
There by the sea they sit and wait  
For a' that gang awa',  
Their spell is ever on the heart,  
The wanderer hame to draw.

What though a grey an' gurly sky  
Loots low their heads aboon,  
An' mists like wraiths o' memory  
Trail slow their sides a-doon?  
Frae prouder peaks that higher soar  
To skies o' clearer blue;  
Wi' longin' hearts we turn again,  
O hills o' hame, to you.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

There's no' a spot the world o'er  
Ayont Auld Scotia's ken;  
On every shore, in every clime  
Her sons aye haud their ain.  
But far or near, howe'er they fare,  
The dream is aye the same;—  
Back to the dear auld land ance mair,  
Back to the hills o' hame.

## IN FAIR CANADIE

O BONNIE, bonnie moon in the lift sae hie,  
What saw ye in the Nor'land awa' ayont the sea?  
Where stars like diamonds shine, an' a fervid  
sun glows fine

On the grapes that bend the vine in fair Canadie

Wham saw ye on the prairie where flowers blaw  
free,

Till a' the land's like sunset on a rainbow-rippled  
sea?

Where Nicht's but sleepin' Day, on river,  
wood, an' bay,  
An' wild things daff an' play in fair Canadie.

Wham saw ye, bonnie moon? An' what said he?  
What message sent my ain love to me frae ower  
the sea?

Said he ne'er a word ava?—will he no come  
when the snaw

Fa's deep an' covers a' in fair Canadie?

O moon that winna tell, tak' this kiss frae me,  
An' when his sleep ye smile on, ower there ayont  
the sea,

Loot to my love fu' fain, be kind an' dinna hain  
Till he dreams o' me again in fair Canadie.

## EVERGREEN

I've seen in many a forest, when a' was gaunt an'  
bare,  
A tree, still green an' bonnie in the snell an' frosty  
air.

Though scant the bield a wintry sun upon its  
beauty shed,  
Yet lived it on as love lives on when faith an'  
hope are dead.

Sae ye may gang your ain gait, an' I gang mine,  
But love is like the evergreen, an' ne'er can  
memory tyne  
The auld days, the dear days, wi' only you an' me,  
An' the grandeur o' the hills, an' the glory o' the  
sea.

There's weary feet upon the road that leads to  
nae hearthstane,  
An' high the head for a' the heart may break nor  
ance mak' mane,  
But oh! the sweet o' a'e summer nicht, the moon  
upon the tide,  
The scent o' the sea in the summer gloam, an' we  
twa side by side!

## ST. MONAN

THERE'S a rare auld village close doon by the sea,  
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin';  
Just twa—'ree grey houses, an' twa—'ree brown  
boats,  
An' twa—'ree douce fishers in blue duffle coats;  
An' bairns by the hunder, as merry's can be,  
Oh, a rare auld toon is St. Monan.

It has an auld kirkyard that's washed by the sea,  
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin';  
An' there in the middle o't stands an auld kirk  
Wha's origin's lost in antiquity's mirk;  
'Tis auld-fashioned, Gothic, an' quaint as can be;  
A rare auld kirk has St. Monan.

An' ower to the westward, o'erlooking the sea,  
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin';  
There stands an auld castle, sae eerie an' still,  
Crumblin' fast to decay on the tap o' the hill,  
An' there build their nests a' the wild birds that  
flee,  
An' the crows, wheelin' ower frae St. Monan.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

The folk are a' fishers, an' live by the sea,  
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin';  
Wi' their lives in their hands, they gang doon to  
the deep,  
In the mirk hours o' nicht when a' else are asleep,  
For the honest maun fend, an' their weird they  
maun dree,  
Though they come nae mair back to St. Monan.

Oh, leeze me upon them ower there by the sea,  
The sea that gangs moanin', moanin';  
Year in an' year out, there they are as ye see;  
They live, an' they love, an' they marry an' dee;  
An' sometimes a heart or two breaks, ah, wae's  
me,  
E'en in the auld toon o' St. Monan.

## A SECRET

O, HAE ye seen oor Jean  
In her braw new duffle coat,  
An' her wee tartan shawl  
In a kink at her throat?  
She's aff an' doon the pier  
To bring the line upbye,  
For the yawls are comin' in,  
An' she's fish to 1ry.

O whist ye! There's a kist  
Fu' o' linen white as snaw;  
An' a' kin-kind o' orra things,  
An' dishes stowed awa'.  
An' Philip's on the pier,  
His nets piled shouther high,  
An' he looks, but ne'er lets on,  
When oor Jean gaes by.

At Lammas they were a'  
Up the North at the drave,  
An' Philip wi' his nets  
Tried his luck wi' the lave.

## LAYS AND LYRICS

An' there's mony a bonnie ferlie  
In the toon o' Aberdeen,  
But a fisher buys nae gold ring  
For himsel', I ween.

There's a fine boat in the harbour,  
An' a wee hoose on the brae,  
But wha's gaun to bide in't  
It's no for me to say.  
She'll say it's just a clash,  
An' my word would be denied,  
But gang ye to the kirk,  
An' ye'll hear wha's cried.



## A HANDSHAKE

ARE ye doon in the mouth, neebor? Rax me your  
hand,

A gude-willy grip ane can aye understand;  
Oor speech it may differ an' puzzle us a',  
But a grip o' the hand needs nae grammar ava.

An' what I would say in this handshake o' mine—  
Noo dinna despair though your faith ye may tine;  
Let the weak an' the feckless gae scoog frae the  
rain

But you—stand ye up till the sun shines again.

Ay! lang, lang an' dreich is the battle o' life,  
An' few, few the victors that win in the strife;  
But for you wha' by faith in the richt persevere,  
There waits but a'e endin', afar or anear.

## SIN' SYNE

I SIT upon the brae where I sat langsyne,  
The gowans at my feet as they were langsyne,  
The Forth, sae calm an' blue, outspread before  
my view,  
An' the sun upon the sails as it shone langsyne.

O the whins are a' abloom in the gold o' langsyne,  
The hawthorn, white an' sweet as in May lang-  
syne;  
A la'erock's blythesome tune through the sun-  
shine ringin' doon  
An' the burn aye babblin' on as it did langsyne.

A' Nature smiles as sweet as it smiled langsyne,  
An' oh! it's a' as dear as it was langsyne;  
But in me there's a mane that I may tell to nane,  
An' the heart is cauld as stane that was warm  
langsyne.

It's no' for what I miss that was there langsyne,  
The faces that I mind o' in a kind langsyne,

## SIN' SYNE

The hearts that lo'ed me weel, the kindly an' the  
leal,  
They live for evermair in my ain langsyne.

It's a' something I hae tint sin' that fair langsyne,  
It's wisdom dearly coft wi' the faith o' langsyne;  
I look on a' I see wi' a kent an' cauld rife e'e,  
But oh, to be the fule that I was langsyne!

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER

OH, bairn, my bairn, come hame to me  
Frae that weary world o' men;  
Frae the din an' the stour o' the strife sae dour,  
An' the heartaches nane may ken.

I'll trow me a blythe young minnie again,  
An' ye my wee laddie fair;  
An' we'll bar the door as we've dune before,  
On the wearifu' bogie, care.

The peace o' the summer nicht shall fa'  
On your heart as on grass the dew,  
Evanished youth wi' it's trust an' truth,  
Come back to your soul anew.

Sae sweet the sang o' birds at dawn,  
The earth sae fair an' green,  
Ye'll mind nae mair, your weird sae sair,  
Nor trow hoo auld ye've been.

\* \* \* \* \*

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Awa', vain dream! Ah! weel I ween  
The world will keep its ain;  
The laddie I kissed a'e far yestreen,  
What morn shall bring again?

But thou, O Heart that hauds us a',  
Noo when his dark hair turns to snaw;  
At e'enin', when the lift is clear,  
When lown the wind an' sweet the brier;

An' low, an' wae, an' far awa',  
The murmur o' the gloamin' sea,  
Saft let him hear Thy voice doonfa':—  
"O bairn, My bairn, come hame to Me!"

## SUN AND SHADOW

THE auld toon lies in the bend o' the brae,  
An' green are the fields awa' to the nor' o't,  
An' blue is the sea, the summer sea,  
When the lift bends doon an' the ships glide  
o'er it.

An' oh, to watch in a fine afternune,  
When the tide is fu', and the auld pier lippin',  
The boats launch seaward, ane by ane,  
Sails up, an' oars in the water dippin'.

Blythe, blythe is the toon when the boats come in,  
White, white are the fish in the sunlight  
glancin';  
An' happy the wives doon the pier that rin,  
An' merry the weans on the auld braes dancin'.

## SUN AND SHADOW

But wae the dawnin' that brings nae mair  
To the harbour some wha yestreen went sailin';  
The auld toon sits wi' a dowie air,  
An' doors are closed on the women wailin'.

Sighin' and sabbin' up ower the bend,  
Sighin' and sabbin' the tide gangs ever,  
But they that are missed frae the auld pier end  
Come back to their hame an' their ain—ah,  
never!

## AEOLIAN

O EAST wind, east wind, when will ye cease your  
blawin'?

See, ower the velvet laws o' Fife, how saft the  
sunlicht's fa'in';

After the rain, the fair ploughed fields wi' warm  
mists are reekin',

An' here an' there upon the braes the primroses  
are keekin'.

The lang roadsides are fringed wi' green, an'  
dandelions golden,

Hedges an' trees are a' a-bud; the gowans a' un-  
foldin';

The crows are back to their auld nests; just listen  
to their cawin'!

East wind, east wind, it's time to cease your  
blawin'!

O east wind, east wind, we're weary o' your  
blawin'!

Ayont the May how bonnily the summer day is  
daw'in'!



## AEOLIAN

Up past the Bass, wi' siller sails, sae fair the  
ships come glidin';

An' waitin for the tide, the boats are aff the  
harbour ridin'.

Alang the braes, abune the shore, when fa's the  
starry gloamin',

The lads an' lasses, lover-like, are fain to gae  
a-roamin';

But love itsel' can hardly dree your chill an' oorie  
gnawin',

East wind, east wind, oh cease your bitter  
blawin'!

## SPEAK YE KINDLY NOO

NAE carven cross or lettered stane  
Ower me when I lie doon  
In quiet lap o' Mither Earth,  
Wi' grassy turf aboon.  
Fu' sound I'll sleep, though ne'er a wreath  
May wither ower my brow,  
Sae dinna hain your love till then,  
But speak ye kindly noo.

Wae's me! how aft they come ower-late,  
The words ane langs to hear.  
How rife the hungry souls that pine  
For lack o' timeous cheer.  
An' what avails the lang regret,  
The love Death wakes anew,  
When stilled the heart, an' closed the een?  
Oh, speak ye kindly noo!

Why should we gi'e the sharpest word  
Sae ready to oor ain,  
When love can mak' o' earth a heaven,  
An' angels e'en o' men?  
Oh, leeze me on the life that's leal,  
The love that brings nae rue,  
The heart that hains nae couthie word,  
But speaks me kindly noo!

## MY AIN AULD TOON

OUT ower the sea there's a fisher toon,  
A Scottish sky bends o'er it;  
A' day at its feet the wee waves croon,  
An' the Forth spreads fair before it.  
Oh, the sun shines fine in the land I'm in,  
But no' as he shines ower yonder;  
An' the grass is green, but nae dewy sheen  
As I mind where I would wander.

I see it noo; the moon looks doon  
Through dappled cloud rifts breakin';  
The skippers frae door to door rin roon',  
Their sleepin' crews to waken.  
The tide is due, the harbour's fu',  
The boats afloat rock darklin';  
The stars' clear een, ilk ane a freen',  
Abune the pier-head sparklin'.

It's "yo-hea-ho," up sail an' away  
Through mirk to meet the mornin'.  
No a'e mast left. An', oh, I pray  
Blythe, blythe be their returnin'.  
Oh, my ain toon, my dear auld toon,  
I think o't late an' early;  
Nae joy comes there I canna share,  
Nae grief but I grieve sairly.

## THE OLD FISHERMAN

He stands upon the auld pier end  
And looks oot ower the sea,  
He likes to watch the sunset tide  
Creep in sae calm and slee.  
His hair is white, his face is brown,  
His een, they can see far;  
Ay! he can tell the time o' nicht  
By lookin' at a star.

Weel buttoned up across the breast  
His blue sleeve-waistcoat fine;  
His little yawl rocks by the pier,  
Sometimes he casts a line.  
He's careful been; nae man he awes,  
His wife's as auld as he;  
They mind o' things lang past and gane,  
An' live in memory.

The laddies in the harbour wade—  
It seems nae time ava  
Sin' he himsel' was wadin' there  
The wildest o' them a'.

## THE OLD FISHERMAN

Wi' Geordie, Jock and Toosie Tam,  
An' Dave, a perfect deil,  
They're a' awa' but ane or twa  
Douce neebors, liket weel.

An' mony a crew he's seen set sail—  
Fine strappin' men they were—  
The heartsome joke upon their lips,  
An' never saw them mair.  
His een are wet, his face is wae,  
He's thinkin' o' his ain;  
His bonnie sons that sailed awa'  
An' ne'er cam' back again.

So on the auld sea-wa' he leans,  
The hush o' e'enin's breath  
Deep in his soul; he hears the tide  
Whisper o' life and death.  
An' sweet the thocht that heaven draws near,  
He'll soon be wi' the lave;  
An' frae his ain get welcome fain  
In the life ayont the grave.

## **"JOUK, AND LET THE JAW BY"**

Wha lifts a white an' angry front  
To calumny an' shame?  
Wha bears the brunt o' bitter tongues  
That scorch wi' Hell's ain flame?  
Wha sits in sorrow by the hearth  
Made cauld by sudden doom?  
Wha stands aghast to see o'erhead  
Black ruin's gatherin' gloom?

Come, tak' ye heart and weigh ye fair  
The auld phrase, trite and quaint,  
"Jouk, an' let the jaw by,"  
Or sinner ye or saint.  
Gin failure threatens, grip to this:  
What's done is judged by men,  
What ye hae aimed at—lost or won—  
There's only Ane may ken.

The dunt that hurts sae when we fa',  
The wounds our dearest gi'e,  
The weary days o' stress an' strain,  
Oh, but they're ill to dree!

**" JOUK, AN' LET THE JAW BY "**

**But, " Jouk, and let the jaw by,"  
Though head an' heart be sair,  
Wi' mallet hard an' chisel keen  
Life's sculptor fashions fair.**

**An' oh, when thochts o' days lang dead  
O'erwhelm ye like a tide,  
An' a' ye've haen an' a' ye've lost,  
Seem mair than ye can bide,  
" Jouk, an' let the jaw by,"  
Till ebbs the flood again,  
An' frae Despair's fell deeps ye rise  
The stronger for your pain.**

## AN' OH, THE MERLE SANG CLEAR

My love he turned his face to me,  
An' oh, his een were sweet to see;  
Nae need had he the words to say—  
“ Oh, love, ye ken I lo'e ye.”

An' oh, the merle sang clear,  
On his tree-tap in the blue;  
Sang to his mate, as mine to me,  
The auld song, ever new:  
I lo'e ye, I lo'e ye—  
The auld song ever new.

A fig for 'wark! awa' wi' care!  
My love's my ain for evermair;  
There's naething noo can daunton me,  
Sae lang's my love he lo'es me.

An' oh, the merle sings clear,  
On his tree-tap in the blue;  
Sings to his mate, as mine to me,  
The auld song, ever new:  
I lo'e ye, I lo'e ye—  
The auld song ever new.



**AN' OH, THE MERLE SANG CLEAR**

Oh, love is strong, and love is sweet,  
Oh, love is breath, an' hands an' feet;  
When dowie, I tyne heart, it's aye:  
" Oh, love, ye ken I lo'e ye."

An' aye the merle sings clear,  
On his tree-tap in the blue;  
Sings to his mate, as mine to me,  
The auld song, ever new:  
I lo'e ye, I lo'e ye—  
The auld song ever new.

## OH, BONNIE BURN

OH, bonnie burn, that wimplin' rins  
The daisied meadows doon;  
Where gat ye that in thy laigh sang,  
A' ither sangs aboon?  
The sough o' wintry winds is wae,  
An' waefu' moans the sea;  
But in thy lang sweet elfin thren  
There's a'e sang aye to me.

I hear it when I sit alane,  
I hear it in my dreams,  
Doon dinlin' on through dewy straths,  
An', oh, how sweet it seems.  
Noo racin' swift, wi' laughter licht,  
Noo croonin' saft an' slee,  
An' singin', singin' evermair  
That a'e laigh sang to me.

The moon bends ower an' smiles to see  
Her face thy banks atween,  
When like a fairy's chant thy sang  
Rings through the hush o' e'en;

## OH, BONNIE BURN

An' by thy side I dreamin' stray  
Nae mair my leavefu' lane;  
Thy sang—it is my love's ain voice,  
An', oh, but we are fain.

Oh, bonnie burn, oh, wimplin' burn,  
Sing on, sing aye to me;  
The dreams sae dear, it mak's me sweir  
The wakenin' to dree.

## AN IDYLL OF THE PLOUGH

SILLER clouds and la'erock's sang,  
Up in the April blue;  
Doon in the fields the hale day lang,  
Young Geordie at the plough.

Buddin' trees an' bloomin' gorse  
Aroon' the headrig braw;  
He turns the fur' an' steers the horse  
Doon mony a bonnie raw.

Katie in her fine new goon,  
Atween the hedges green,  
Comes steppin' blythely to the toon,  
But ne'er lets on she's seen.

Geordie in the furrow stands,  
An' glowers the lang road doon;  
The reins hard grippit in his hands;  
What ails the donnert loon?

## AN IDYLL OF THE PLOUGH

Red, red the west, a weary crow  
Sits on the idle plough;  
But Geordie's to the toon awa'  
Roon's neck a cravat new.

Up through the scented gloamin' sweet,  
Come, daun'erin' saft an' slow,  
Love's languor in their lingerin' feet,  
Young Katie an' her jo.

## THE WEARIFU' SILLER

THE siller, the siller, the wearifu' siller,  
A' that we're here for's to mak' it, it seems;  
What it will do for us, what it can buy for us,  
Fills a' our lives, a' our thochts, a' our dreams.

The wearifu' siller, sae sairly o'er-rated;  
Sae coveted, sinned for by great an' by sma';  
The magical sesame, every door openin',  
Yet powerless to buy ane the best, after a'.

A' that maun perish an' pass in the usin';  
A' that is least in life siller can gie;  
A' that this world spreads fair for your choosin';  
But farther it canna—the highest is free.

Whene'er did siller endow men wi' genius?  
What has siller to do wi' the deeds that endure?  
Wi' the love that is life, wi' the friendships we  
value?

Wi' aught that is noble, an' lovely, an' pure?

## THE WEARIFU' SILLER

Whaur is the heart siller e'er saved frae breakin'?

Whaur is the head it e'er furnished wi' brains?

Siller bids nae longin' soul cease frae achin',

Brings to regret nae rebate o' its pains.

Let wha will worship and grovel before it,

Image o' gold wi' the tempter's chill e'e,

A' the earth's kingdoms atweel he may promise,

But siller's worth never could satisfy me.

## IN ST. ENOCH'S SQUARE, GLASGOW

O LASSIE, little lassie, selling vestas in the  
square,

Wi' shilpit face, an' raggit frock, an' strawley  
towzled hair,

What hope for ye, what help for ye, ye puir  
neglected wean,

Wi' spurtle legs, an' wee red feet upon the cauld  
weet stane?

Up to the train, doon frae the train, the human  
torrent flows,

Frae coast an' city, bien' an' braw, the crowd still  
comes an' goes,

An' "Vestas, sir? A penny, sir," the eager chorus  
thranes,

For sell ye maun, an' pennies bring, or dree sair  
skin an' banes.

It's weel to sing and say there's Ane that marks  
the sparrow's fa',

But aft atweel it's hard to think that there's a  
God ava

When hame ye gang at e'enin' to the cursin' an'  
the shame,

The hard, foul words, the drunken dauds in the  
hell that ye ca' hame.



## IN ST. ENOCH'S SQUARE, GLASGOW

Oh, fair an' fine an' stately stand the kirks on  
every hand,  
There's rowth o' corn an' wine an' silk, an'  
wealth o'erflows the land;  
There's hames for dogs, an' hames for cats, the  
horse is kaimed wi' care,  
But, oh, ye tender woman wee, for you what  
thocht is there?

Ay, lassie, in the cushioned kirks, fu' sweet the  
hymns we sing,  
The beauties o' the ither world, the glories o' the  
**King**;  
What He, the King, maun think o't a', I kenna,  
but I trow,  
Gin He were in our hearts ava, there would be  
nane like you.

O Thou, who wert the Carpenter, Son Thou o'  
God Most High,  
Was it for *this* Thy weird was dreed, for this,  
Lord, didst Thou die,  
That men should thrive by others' wants, by  
others' woe and shame,  
Weans passed through fire to Moloch in a land  
that names Thy name?

## JAMIE DALE AN' ME

Oh, we gaed walkin' thro' the fields,  
Jamie Dale an' me;  
Bonnie shone the summer sun,  
An' bonnie blue the sea;  
White were the gowans at our feet,  
White o'er our heads the haw,  
I but a lassie in my 'teens,  
An' Jamie twenty-twa.

Oh, we gaed walkin' thro' the fields,  
Jamie Dale an' me,  
The hairst moon high aboon the stooks,  
An' we, wi' bairnies three.  
Ane sleepin' saft upon my arm,  
Ane on his shouther high;  
An' a'e wee curly-headed lad,  
Sae crouse, ca'in hame the kye.

Ay! we gaed walkin' thro' the fields,  
Jamie Dale an' me;  
The bairns a' married an' awa'  
An' aulder folk were we.

## JAMIE DALE AN' ME

The day was blae, the rigs were bare,  
The corn a' led awa';  
Cauld sougled the wind up frae the sea,  
The lift hung grey wi' snaw.

But never mair we'll walk the fields,  
Jamie Dale an' me;  
On dowie braes I gang my lane,  
His face nae mair I'll see,  
Till in a land of fadeless spring,  
Auld age melts aff like snaw,  
An' I again am in my 'teens,  
Ar' Jamie twenty-twa.

## "ARE OOR FOLK IN?"

OH, cam' ye frae Anster, or wast frae the Elie?  
Or whaur there's a harbour for refuge to rin?  
Heard ye ocht o' the boats oot bye a' nicht tossin'?  
Tell me, oh, tell me if oor folk's in.

Never an e'e a' nicht through hae I steekit,  
The wind an' the sea they mak siccan a din,  
An' nae word o' the boat wi' my twa bonnie  
laddies;  
Tell me, oh, tell me if oor folk's in.

It's ten year the noo sin' my man was ta'en frae  
me;  
A storm sic like's this, wae's me, weel I min',  
I ran doon to the pier, an' I speired at a neebor—  
Tell me, oh, tell me if oor folk's in.

"Ay, lass, they're a' in. But it's no' at this har-  
bour;  
They're safe in the port that we a' hope to  
win";

**" ARE OOR FOLK IN?"**

And I fell at his feet, but the minute I waukened,  
'Twas, " Tell me, oh, tell me if oor folk's in."

But the Lord has been gude, an' we've warstled  
through brawly—

At the best, life's a battle for puir folk, ye  
ken;

But aye when the wind's in the Nor'-east I'm  
auxious—

Tell me, oh, tell me if oor folk's in.

I'm sure my gudeman, though he be safe in  
heaven,

He'll ne'er be content till the rest o's can win;  
An' I ken a' the time at the Lord he'll be  
spierin'—

" Tell me, oh, tell me if oor folk's in."

