

HAME

SANGS

BY

R. Mc LEAN CALDER.

—o—

“It’s hame, an’ its hame, hame fain wad I be,”
“An’ it’s hame, hame, hame, tae my ain countrie.”
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

—o—

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THE pieces contained in this small volume were mostly written during a long residence in the United States and Canada, and have already appeared in newspapers and periodicals there.

They have been collected and published at the request of many friends in the Dominion and the neighbouring Republic.

The themes being homely, they are treated in a homely way ; still they may serve to echo the sentiments of Scotchmen who have wandered far " ower the sea," and who yet retain a strong affection for everything pertaining to their native country.

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HAME SANGS.

WHEN THE BAIRNIES ARE FRAE HAME.

The house is douf an' drearie,
When the bairnies are frae hame,
An' ilka 'oor I weary,
When the bairnies are frae hame ;
I miss their merry lauchin'
Their friskin' and their daffin',
Their shouts an' sangs sae cheery,
When the bairnies are frae hame.

When John comes hame at e'enin',
When the bairnies are frae hame,
Tho' ne'er a word compleenin'
When the bairnies are frae hame ;
Tho' he seeks tae hide his feelin',
His thochts there's nae concealin',
For his looks confess his meanin'
When the bairnies are frae hame.

Noo, John, just write tae granny,
To bring the bairnies hame,
For withoot they're here we canna
Feel the hoose tae be the same.
An' ilka day she'll see them,
For when she comes here wi' them.
We'll just keep her for we mauna,
Let the bairnies gang frae hame.

An' sae ance mair taegither,
 When the bairnies are at hame,
 Fu' blythe will be their mither,
 When the bairnies are at hame.
 We'll just keep them aye beside us,
 An' what joy or grief betide us,
 We maun share wi' ane anither,
 When the bairnies are at hame.

— o —

POLART BURN.

The frost has nipt the heather bloom,
 The brackens hing their dowdie leaves—
 The hips are red upon the brier,
 An' pairtricks whirr amang the sheaves :
 Nae mair the bees roam o'er the muir,
 Or, laden wi' their sweets, return,
 As I, tae sniff the cauler air,
 Stray up the glen by Polart burn.

Here, mony a happy day we spent,
 When we were laddies at the schule ;
 We sought the heather-linties' nest,
 Or gump'd for mennents in the pool :
 We wist nae hoo the time sped on,
 Until we heard the cowboy's horn,
 Yet laith tae lea' we linger'd on,
 'Till gloamin' fell o'er Polart burn.

We've wander'd 'mang the heather knowes,
 When frae oor feet the muir-cock whirr'd
 Or wander'd by the lower haugh
 Where first the cuckoo's note was heard :

Syne hameward we would tread its banks
 Tae watch the moss-grown mill-wheel turn,
 Or note the foamin' mill-race rush
 Tae blend its flood wi' Polart burn.

There, wi' the love oor boyhood knew,
 We wander'd—prodigal o' time—
 When eyes were brighter, lips mair sweet,
 Than ever met wi' in oor prime ;
 Noo sad the memory that comes back,—
 Its brightness never can return,—
 An' phantom hopes float 'mid the haze,
 That e'ening brings o'er Polart burn.

The schuleboy friendships then begun,
 Hae still grown closer year by year,
 Tho' a' oor mates are scatter'd wide,
 In cauld nor'-land, or southern sphere :
 But scarce a simmer time comes roun',
 But ane or ither maun return,
 Tae see ance mair their native hame,
 An' boyhood's haunts by Polart burn.

An' noo, amid the city's stir,
 The busy mart, an' crowded street,
 Aft' will my fancy wander free,
 Ilk shady nook and calm retreat ;
 Or as beside my fire I sit,
 Inclined o'er bygane joys tae mourn,
 The sunny glints come back again,
 Whene'er I think o' Polart burn.

A ROYAL MOUSE.

Wee beastie, wham our Scottish bard,
 Look'd on wi' tenderest regard ;
 Tho' nobly born, an' gently rear'd,
 Let nocht alarm ye,
 There's nae occasion tae be fear'd,
 I wadna harm ye.

Whatever made the sodger loon,
 Entrap ye frae the royal toon ;
 Frae 'neath the shadow o' the croon,
 An' castle ha',
 Tae live ilk day the same dull roon',
 O' here awa.

I fear 'twill be an unco change,—
 Tho' here, ye're free tae rump an' range,
 Yet a-thing will be dull an' strange
 For some wee while,
 Tho' here ye needna boo nor cringe,
 Tae lordly style.

But warst o' a, ' ye'll miss yere meat ,
 The little tit-bits choice an' sweet,
 At royal feasts—some extra treat
 Frae maid or lackey,
 While here, there's little ye can eat,
 But books or baccy.

But still there's comfort even here,
 Altho' the larder's scant o' cheer ;
 Nae cakes, nor kebbuck, meal nor beer,
 Tae fill yere maw,
 Yet murderin' cats ye needna fear,
 In Bachelor's Ha'.

If ye can find a corner snug,
 Safe frae the fear o' cat or dug ;
 In drawers, or cupboard, chair or rug, —
 In plaid or quilt,
 Then tak' yere ease, nor fash yer lug
 Ye're welcome til't.

But mind ye, here ye'll find nae state,
 Nae booin' tae the rich an' great ;
 Nae fetes nor feastin', pride nor plate,
 An' grand display,
 Wi' sodgers guardin' ilka gate,
 Baith nicht an' day.

Ye maun just tak' things as they are,
 Nor grumble at yere scanty fare,
 An' tho' I hae-na much tae spare,
 Ye're welcome to't,
 My crust or crowdie ye can share,
 Or gang withoot.

An' maybe when we're mair acquent, —
 Oor mutual feelin's better ken't.
 Just gambol tae yere heart's content,
 Withoot a swither,
 Sae lang as I can pay the rent,
 We'll fend thegither.

Try tae forget what ye hae been, —
 The pomp ye've shared ; the wealth ye've
 seen,
 An' at yere doon-come ne'er compleen,
 Nor care a whistle,
 Ye're safer here than wi' the Queen,
 In Windsor Castle.

EPITAPH.

Here lies a puir unfortunate beast,
 Wham royal cats ance deem'd a feast,
 Wha cuddled in the sodger's breast,
 Frae pussy's fangs,
 Tae find as cruel a fate at last,
 Frae hunger's pangs.

An' maybe, tae, it felt the blow,
 The fa' frae high estate, tae low ;
 An' wi' this ranklin' sense o' woe,
 An' cruel smart,
 It pined for bygane pomp an' show,
 An' broke its heart.

Sae like the feck o' mortals here,
 Aye pinin' for some grander sphere,
 Forgettin' a' the joys sae near,
 On every side,
 Or mournin' ower a past career
 O' cursed pride.

Heaven save me aye frae sic a fate ;
 I want na, crave na wealth nor state,
 Nor for the favor o' the great,—
 An' should I do it,
 Then may misfortune warm my seat,
 Until I rue it.

On the publication of the above poem in THE CHATHAM BANNER, (Ontario), the following note was printed by way of introduction :

A fellow boarder, who belongs to the Grena-

diers' Band, was stationed at Windsor Castle for a time, going and returning every day. On his arrival one evening he entered our room for a chat, when, in taking off his overcoat, a mouse jumped out from his shoulder and disappeared. He said he had felt a strange feeling about him all the way from Windsor, and then recollected that in one of the rooms of the Castle he had been fondling a cat which had caught a mouse and was playing with it. Pussy having dropped the mouse for a moment, it disappeared, and its escape could not be accounted for until our friend's arrival home. Some weeks after, in overhauling the room, the poor mouse was found dead. The above lines are founded on this incident.

—o—

LIZZIE BROON.

—

When the bloom was on the heather
 An' the clover deck'd the lea,
 An' the dewy beads were hingin'
 On ilka blade and tree
 When the simmer dawn was smilin',
 An' sheddin' beauty roun',
 Then o'er the meadow trippin'
 I first met Lizzie Broon.

Oh ! lightly fell her footfa'
 Her gowden locks hung doon
 O'er the snaw white neck an' bosom
 Of my gentle Lizzie Broon.

My heart was young an' blythesome,
 My days like simmer sky,
 Aye brighter for the clondlets
 That gaily flitted by ;
 An' when the shadow'd twilight
 Had drawn her curtain doon,
 Then happy were the moments
 I spent wi' Lizzie Broon.

We wander'd in the valley
 Beneath the smilin' moon,
 My arms in fondness twining
 Round gentle Lizzie Broon.

Now far far hae I wander'd
 Frae that still cherish'd scene,
 An' oft' when there is fancy
 The tears drap frae my e'en,
 I think I see her strayin'
 An' gazin' sadly roun'
 On the spot where last I plighted
 My love to Lizzie Broon.

An' my weary heart is longin'
 Its vexin' cares tae droon,
 In the lovin', trustin' glances
 O' my gentle Lizzie Broon.

THE THISTLE.

While memory backward tracks the time,
 Sin' first I trode a foreign clime
 In fancy aft the hills I climb

Where waves proud Scotia's thistle ;
 By knowe an' cairn, by mead an' moor,
 By linu an' loch, by glen an' shore,
 My childhood's scenes I aft explore,
 'Mang heather, fern, and thistle.

Hoo aft in boyhood's sunny days,
 I've skelpit barefit o'er the braes,
 An' little cared tho' heels an' taes
 Were tinglin' wi' the thistle ;
 Or when its summer bloom was past,
 An' downy feathers wayward cast,
 I've grieved that autumn's thieving blast,
 Should bare the bonny thistle.

I carena for ye're garden flowers,
 Sae trim an' neat in ladie's bowers—
 There's ane aboon them a' that towers,
 The stalwart bearded thistle.

Noo noodin' tae the surly breeze ;
 Noo hid beneath the hazel trees ;
 Noo sunward baskin' where the bees
 Sip honey frae the thistle.

The flowers may languish in the field,
 When simmer days nae showers may yield ;
 It needs nae plantin's shade or bield,
 The hardy, burly thistle.

Tho' sharp an' keen the blasts may blaw,
 An' ither flowers may fade an' fa',
 It rears its head aboon them a'
 The sturdy bearded thistle.

The sun may glint wi' a' its power,
 An' cluds deny the fresh'ning shower ;
 Tho' dewdrops at the gloamin' hour,
 Begem nae blade or thistle.
 Still nourished by its native earth,
 Defiantly it branches forth ;
 Tho' bendin' 'neath the biting north,
 Still bravely wags the thistle.

When warlike hordes cam' ower the main,
 Wi' hopes o' conquest an' o' gain,
 A city's slumberers wad been slain.
 If't hadna been the thistle.
 While barefit for surprise prepared,
 They steel upon the drowsy guard,
 A warnin' cry o' pain was heard—
 Their curses on the thistle.

An' sae the thistle proved to be,
 The guardian o' oor liberty—
 Then wha can ever doot that we,
 Are proud o' Scotia's thistle.
 On mountain heights it rears its head,
 Proudly an' stern, as if it said—
 “ For Scotia's cause ye ne'er may dread,”
 “ Sae lang's ye lo'e the thistle.”

Sae when we see its sturdy form,
 Aft bent an' toss'd before the storm,
 Oor hearts tae Scotia's heroes warm,
 Sae like their native thistle.
 Tho' aft assailed by war's rude blast,
 When broadside Mars's red bolts were cast,
 They cam' triumphant forth at last,
 Unconquered like the thistle.

What tho' oor hardy mountaineer
 May rough an' rugged still appear,
 Tae pamper'd fools wha scoff an' sneer
 At Scotia's cherish'd thistle.
 Tho' hearts that beat 'neath silken gown
 Were soft as fleece or thistledoon,
 Still warm as breath o' balmy June
 Are hearts that lo'e the thistle.

Here, parted frae oor sea-girt hame—
 Still doatin' on auld Scotia's name,
 Oor hearts leap up wi' boundin' flame,
 At mention o' the thistle.
 Her name, her fame tae us are dear,
 Undimm'd by wealth an' fortune here—
 We'll teach oor children tae revere
 The land where wags the thistle.

At times my heart is aften fain,
 Tae cross ance mair the trackless main,
 An' roam my native hills again,
 Where bonny blooms the thistle.
 If but a glint 'twere mine tae see,
 Ere death's cauld hand had closed my e'e,
 That my last restin' place might be
 Beneath the waving thistle.

—o—

MY FITHER'S FIDDLE.

—

Hoo aft' in happy times gane bye,
 When but a wean some three feet high,
 My heart has been elate wi' joy
 As chair astriddle,
 I'd aft' alane delight tae try
 My fither's fiddle.

Or when the weary day was dune,
 An' by the ingle gather'd roun',
 I've watch'd whene'er my dad took doon
 The auld green bag,
 I wearied sae tae hear the tune,
 "An' rax my leg."

An' when we heard the tuning notes,
 We sune were aff oor cosy seats
 Beside the fire o' blazin' peats;
 Up tae the floor,
 When flingin' aff oor heavy boots
 We raised a stoure.

Nor did we cease the mirth an' glee,
 Till tired an' wearied sair were we—
 Wi' hearts as licht as licht could be
 We sought oor rest,
 An' in sweet slumber closed oor e'e,
 An' pillow press'd.

When stack-yairds were wi' plenty clad,
 And farmer-boddie's hearts were glad,
 I've seen the hinds gang dancin' mad,
 When work was dune,
 An' ilk blithe lass wad pick her lad,
 An' dance like fun.

But when the harvest kirk took place,
 Then joy was seen in ilka face,
 An' lasses wi' a witchin' grace
 Sae neat and braw,
 Made Jock and Tam alike confess
 " That it beat a'."

An' when thy canty strains began,
 Thou kept them a' in mirth an' fun,
 An' auld an' young wi' noise and din
 Made rafters ring ;
 Till daylight tauld the nicht was dune—
 New cares tae bring.

I've seen thee tae on auld year's nicht,
 Mak' lads' and lassies' hearts beat licht,
 An' youngster's faces beam sae bricht,
 An' hearts beat high
 Wi' expectation and delicht,
 An' purest joy.

Then, when the partner's danced and reeled
 Then loud and lang the music pealed—
 While cat-gut held thou wadna yield,
 Tho' sair the tussel,
 Exceptin' when the fiddler chield
 Wad weet his whustle.

Wi' gallant lads an' maidens coy,
 An' youngsters daft wi' mirth an' joy,
 I've seen the merry nicht slip bye,
 Till new year's morn.
 Wi' welcomed in wi' blithe strathspey
 Around the thorn.

Oh ! aften hae I blessed thy power,
 Tae yield us thus a happy hour,—
 Tae sweeten a' that sad and sour
 Oppressed my heart,
 An' gie auld care a canty clour,—
 His richt desert.

Still, when I hear thy canty sound,
 I'm tae my feet wi' lichts^ome bound,
 Or when the merry sang gangs round
 Wi' hearts^ome glee,
 Nae mair wi' grief my heart does stound ;
 Frae care I'm free.

Or when wi' plaintive accents played,—
 When sang o' lover lowly laid,
 Throws o'er my soul a holy shade—
 Wi' heart richt sair,
 I've sorrowed for the hapless maid,
 Tae fancy fair.

Lang may thou cheer my droopin' heart
 Ere I frae this world's sorrows part,
 An' when I feel the keen, keen dart
 O' grief an' pain,
 I'll seek, tae sooth the bitter smart,
 Thy canty strain.



LOST.



I loved her long, I loved her true,
 Yet never told my love ;
 I hoped one day to call her mine,
 And tried her heart to prove ;
 I saw when others sought her smile,
 How happy she could be,
 And hid the thought within my heart
 That she was lost to me.

I saw her in the prime of youth
 With every grace adorned,—
 I built fond hopes of future bliss,
 And o'er their ruins mourned.
 And still a lingering star of hope,
 Shone out in fitful gleams,
 But now, alas ! she's lost to me,—
 Dispelled are all my dreams.

Within my heart there is a void,
 For something loved and lost,
 A dark despair o'erwhelms my hopes,
 Like vessel tempest-tossed,
 With rudder gone, and compass lost
 Upon a stormy sea,—
 Such is my life, a drifting wreck,
 Since she is lost to me.

Soon will another claim her as
 The partner of his life,—
 Yet still I'll pray for her, that she
 May be a happy wife.
 Nor shall she e'er by look or word,
 My hopeless love discover,—
 I'll school my heart to fate's decree,
 Since lost to me for ever.

—o—

WHEN NELLIE SINGS TO ME.

I've listened to the summer winds,
 Amid the leafy trees,
 I've heard the brooklet's rippling song,
 The humming of the bees ;

At morn and eve the birds have sung,
 In all their wanton glee,
 But oh ! a sweeter voice I hear
 When Nellie sings to me.

When o'er the summer sea, the moon
 Has shed her silvery ray,
 And gentle ripples kiss the shore,
 'Tis then I love to stray ;
 Where balmy breezes bear sweet sounds
 Across that sparkling sea ;
 But there's a sweeter charm than all
 When Nellie sings to me.

When by her side I often sit,
 Or fold her to my breast :
 Oh ! then what brighter joy has earth ?
 What mortal e'er so blest ?
 The world and all its cares are lost
 In that sweet ecstasy,
 A foretaste of that purer world,
 When Nellie sings to me.

DOON AT THE HEEL.

This life is a warsle at best ye'll alloo,
 An' we hae mony back-sets before we win
 thro' ;
 But sic things we could thole gin it werena
 the way,
 Yer frien's look asklent whan ye tint what
 ye hae—
 Whan ye needna their help—oh ! it's a' very
 weel,
 But their sang seems tae change whan ye're
 doon at the heel.
 It's a garment o' shoddy—a fabric o' thrums,
 The frien'ship that cools whan adversity
 comes ;
 Ye'll hae plenty o' frien's in yer bricht
 simmer hours,
 When yer pathway is cheerie wi' sunlicht
 an' flowers,
 But let a bit frost come—their feelin's con-
 geal,
 An' their hearts turn like ice, whan ye're
 doon at the heel.
 When ye needna their help—oh ! they'll
 mak' sic a fraise,
 But ance ye get scanty o' meat an' o' claes ;
 What tho' at yer table they've eaten an' drank,
 Whan they kenn'd ye'd a balance a' safe at
 the bank—
 As ye briested the brae they wad help ye
 tae speil,
 But they'll shove ye aside whan ye're doon
 at the heel.

If in manners and speech, ye're as rude
 as a cad,
 Yer fau'ts they'll o'erlook—but ye're a'
 thing that's bad
 Gin ye hae a come doon, thro' nae fau't o'
 yer ain,
 Ye'll fin' ye'll be left just tae toddle yer
 lain—
 Ye may dee in a ditch, ye may beg or may
 steal,
 It's nae business o' theirs whan ye're doon
 at the heel.

Ne'er min' hoo ye got it, if siller ye hae,
 Ye'll be flattered an' praised ilka hour o'
 the day :
 At kirk ye'll be welcomed, sae lang's ye
 donate
 A share o' yer ill-gotten walth tae the
 plate—
 Gin they dinna just brand ye a limb o' the
 deil,
 Ye'll get the cauld shouther whan doon at
 the heel.

I'm sweir tae believe that a' mankind's the
 same,
 But it's best gin ye needna their praise or
 their blame ;
 Just steer yer ain path, an' ne'er trust tae
 the reed
 That's sure tae gie way whan assistance ye
 need ;
 Keep yer frien' i' yer pooch—hae a heart
 that can feel,
 An' a' han' that will help them that's doon at
 the heel.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

While fevered nations cease their burning
 strife,
 And war-worn veterans seek their homes
 again--
 While mourning widows 'mid their blighted
 life,
 And orphans in their prayers,
 Think of the loved who fell on battle plain,
 Unmoved by sighs and tears ;—
 And patriot hearts with holy feelings swell,
 For the brave ones in duty's cause who fell.

Within our peaceful kingdom, far and near
 'Mid city life, in rural cot and hall,
 A nation's voice is raised in loyal cheer,
 On this bright bridal morn, —
 God bless the fair Louise resounds from
 all—
 God bless the Lord of Lorne ;
 And Scotland sees with patriotic pride,
 Her son united to a peerless bride.

On mountain tops the lurid bonfires blaze,
 As when of old to herald war's alarms,
 But now the thoughts of peace and joy they
 raise,
 And call the happy free,
 Not to repel a proud invader's arms—
 'Tis England's jubilee ;
 And peer and peasant join with one ac-
 cord,
 To hail the maiden and her happy lord.

Our fair Dominion loyal to the core,
 Vies with our mother-land to wish them
 joy;
 And Scottish hearts where'er the wide world
 o'er
 One sentiment express,
 That heaven will watch them with a loving
 eye—
 And guard, protect, and bless
 With love felicitous that will abide;
 Not the cold form which mocks a purchased
 bride.

If such were needed, 'twill our hearts
 unite,
 In closer bond to our belovèd Queen,
 Whose virtues shine with a refulgence
 bright
 Though sorrow clouds her heart;
 A mother to her people she hath been,
 And we must act our part,
 Like loving children ready to obey,
 When called to peaceful scene or battle fray.

Campbell, the scion of a noble race,
 Whose deeds of valour shine on history's
 page,
 May'st thou, through life their worthy
 footsteps trace;
 Though now in battle field,
 No longer clansmen glorious warfare wage,
 Or deadly claymore wield:
 Thine be the path which art and science
 claim,
 Here add new lustre to thy honoured name

For thee, fair daughter of a noble Queen,
 We wish thy life as happy, pure, and good ;
 Thine be the Christian's better part to win,
 And shine in all thy deeds,—
 May never grief within thy heart intrude,
 As 'neath thy mother's weeds,—
 Thine be the queenly virtues we admire ;
 Thine be the genius of thy noble Sire.

So when thou hear'st our acclamations peal ;
 So when thou see'st torch and taper gleam,
 Know that our hearts are ever staunch and
 leal,
 And true to all that's free ;
 Deem not our vows an empty worthless
 dream,—
 We will be true to thee,
 Long as thou keepest thy wifely honour
 bright,
 And hold'st thy lord's heart as thy love's
 true right.

And we, though parted from our father-
 land—
 The land thy mother loves with many ties,
 With willing hands, and willing hearts will
 stand
 To guard thy happy home—
 Our country's stainless memories we prize
 Wherever we may roam,
 And dearer for all time because of thee,
 Will be to us that land across the sea.

HAME SICK.

I'm wearin' doon the hill o' life, an' sune
 maun reach the fit,
 Wi' feeble step I toddle roun', or by the
 ingle sit ;
 While in sweet dreams o' langsyne days the
 time slips softly by,
 For my heart's awa' across the sea, 'mang
 scenes o' infancy,—
 An' tho' for mony years I've been a wan-
 derer frae her shores,
 Wi' stronger love as death draws near, I lo'e
 her glens an' moors,
 An' my heart is aften hame-sick for ae look
 ower fell an' flood,
 Or a breath o' Scotland's mountain air that
 fires the patriot's blood.

Just five and fifty years gane by, sin' I left
 hame an' frien's ;
 A sonsy, brawny cheil I was, tho' only in
 my teens,—
 I'd listened tales, an' conned ower buiks
 which fanned the youthfu' flame,
 Tae see the wide warld for mysel' an' seek
 a foreign hame,
 An' sin' that day ower mony lands my
 weary steps I've traced,
 An' still the love o' childhood's scenes has
 never been effaced,
 But stronger grown wi' failin' years my ae
 desire has been,
 Tae see the hame I left langsyne ere death
 has closed my e'en.

The snaws o' age hae frosted ower my
 haffets thin an' bare,
 An' my een grow dim an' feeble as the
 gloamin's drawin' near;
 But my soul on wings o' fancy seems tae
 break its bands o' clay,
 An' tae revel in the dream-land o' the auld
 hame far away,—
 An' bonny are the visions that licht my soul
 at times,
 Far grander than the boasted scenes o'
 myrtle-scented climes—
 They're the scenes o' childhood's cludless
 years, my native banks an' braes,
 Where I roved a fair-haired laddie wi' the
 frien's o' ither days.

In fancy's e'e I'm ance again a laddie 'mang
 the lave,
 An' climb the mist-clad mountains where
 the fern and heather wave;
 Or listen tae the music o' the bonny whimp-
 lin' burns—
 Or the sough o' simmer breezes amang the
 mossy cairns:
 'Mang a' the favourite neuks we kenn'd, by
 meadow, hill an' glen,
 Wi' lightsome heart, an' boundin' step I
 rove them ance again,
 Or wi' a fond expectant heart I seek the
 trystin' tree,
 Where first I met my life's ae love, now
 lost tae earth an' me.

Deep in my heart's most inward neuk wi'
 miser care I prize,
 Auld Scotland's hallowed scenes where famed
 historic memories rise,—
 Her battle fields—dear cherished spots—
 where oor forefather's bled,
 Victorious ower their country's foes, by
 Bruce an' Wallace led,—
 Or the lonely, wild, romantic spots, by
 mountain, glen or hill,
 Where the covenanters worshipp'd wi' Peden
 an' Cargill,—
 Or waukenin' sadder memories—by mony a
 lane hill side,
 The moss clad cairns which mark the spot
 where Scotland's martyrs died.

While croonin' ower some auld Scotch sang,
 some lilt o' happier days,
 I seem tae be amang the scenes where Burns
 ance tuned his lays—
 Those deathless sangs which find a chord in
 ilka Scotchman's breist,
 Whene'er wi' joy elated, or e'er wi' grief
 oppress'd,—
 Or I wander sad an' pensive by mony a
 grove an' rill,
 The scenes o' plaintif' melody---the haunts
 o' Tannahill,---
 Or by the banks o' bonny Tweed wi' pil-
 grim steps I hie,
 Where sang the border minstrel, Scott,
 high priest o' chivalry.

At times I'm dow an' dreary, an' the tear-
 drap dims my e'e,
 Wi' the thocht that this my last desire may
 be denied tae me—
 Gin sic the will o' heaven be, I'll humbly
 bow my heid,
 Contented in a foreign land tae lay me wi'
 the deid,
 But while I'm tae the fore, I'll ne'er forget
 the langsyne days,
 When I roamed amang the heather, or
 speiled the gowany braes,—
 Nor cease to hae a Scotchman's pride in ilka
 honoured name,
 That frae the path o' poortith rose tae win
 a lastin' fame.

My weary life has been as fu' o' crosses as
 my plaid ;
 An' welcome will be rest at last when 'mang
 the mools I'm laid,
 But oh ! gin I could hae my wish, hoo
 peacefu' could I dee,
 Tho' there were nane tae drap a tear, or
 heave a sigh for me ;
 For I think I'd sleep sae sweetly wi' the
 heather ower my heid,
 An' the blue bells droopin' lowly as if tae
 mourn me deid,
 Could my last desire be granted ere the
 thread o' life is riven ;
 For ae sight o' bonny Scotland were like a
 glint o' heaven.

HALLOWEEN MEMORIES.

Come sit ye doon my auld guid wife, an'
 let us hae a crack,
 An' ance mair thro' the bygane years tread
 memory's storied track ;
 The happy days o' auld langsyne, the cloud-
 less an' the free,
 Come ance mair back tae cheer us wi' ilk
 hallowed memory,
 For tho' 'tis lang sin' we, guid wife, left
 that hame far away,
 Still a' her scenes o' hill an' dale are dear
 tae us tae day,
 An' wi' a schule-boy love I still think o'
 that happy scene,
 When roun' oor cosy ingle-side we kept oor
 Halloween.

Sic langsyne recollections aft yet my bosom
 thrills,
 When thinkin' o' my dear auld hame amid
 the heather hills,—
 Wi' what licht-heart I've sported o'er
 gowany bank an' brae,
 When tae the auld schule hoose we hied
 ilk sunny morn away ;
 But no a happier day we spent, than when
 we roamed the glen,
 Tae hunt for hazel nuts tae burn, when
 hame we got again,
 Or when 'mid joke an' ringin' laugh, whilk
 ilk ane relished keen,
 We joined the fun-provoking sports in the
 langsyne halloween.

What happy moments hae I spent on that
 all hallowed nicht,
 When lads an' lasses gathered roun' the
 ingle burnin' bricht,
 When mirth shone oot frae every face, an'
 a' were happy there,
 For e'en the auld folks joined us wi' hearts
 devoid o' care:
 They joined us in the merry laugh, the
 gossip an' the sang,
 An' for ae nicht at least, we drove awa' care's
 withering stang,
 We blithely listened tae their screeds o'
 what they'd dune and seen,
 On this same nicht, lang years ago,—the
 auld Scotch Halloween.

An' Peggy, dae ye min' the time when I
 was courtin' you,
 Those first fond years we aften met oor
 pledges tae renew,
 When ower the hills I gaily sped tae the
 auld trysting tree,
 My only thocht, tae gain a look an' word o'
 love frae thee,
 When there we wandered lang, an' talked
 o' days o' comin' joy—
 For secretly I'd lo'ed thee, sin' a happy
 careless boy,
 For ye maun min' that nicht, guid wife,
 some forty years I ween,
 I drew thee as my valentine, that langsyne
 Halloween.

Noo we are toddlin' doon the hill, an' sune
 maun reach the fit,
 Still wi' a glow o' youthfu' fire my auld
 heart flutters yet,
 When thinkin' o' that land I lo'e, far, far
 across the sea,
 An' the happy days that hae been mine, my
 ain guid wife wi' thee ;
 Noo bairn's bairns roun' us rin, an' pouk
 thee by the gown,
 While wi' the younkers on yere knee, I like
 tae hear ye croon
 Some auld Scotch sang, that aft' has brocht
 the saut tears tae my een,
 Or tell the frolics we hae had on the auld
 Scotch Halloween.

Then let us haud oor Halloween as we were
 wont tae dae,
 Langsyne amang the schule-mates o' the
 auld hame far away,
 We're nae sae soople's we hae been, an'
 canna join the fun,
 But wi' the bairns aroun' us, we can tell hoo
 things were dune,
 When you an' I were bairns tae, as blithe
 as ony here,
 Wi' burnin' nuts, an' pu'in' stocks, an
 ither frolics queer,—
 An' let us hope guid wife, that ere in death
 we close oor een,
 We'll see a few mair winters come tae bring
 us Halloween.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

Come neebour Scots ance mair forgather,
 Tae celebrate wi' ane anither,
 The memories o' the land o' heather,
 Tho' far away,
 An' toast oor patron's name taegether,—
 St. Andrew's Day,

Come lasses, wi' your witchin' smiles,
 Again tae cheer wi' women's wiles ;—
 Come labourers frae yere cares an' toils,
 Ance mair be gay,
 An' share the joy which aye beguiles,
 St. Andrew's Day.

Here mony a son o' Scotia's hills,
 Forgettin' a' his griefs an' ills,
 This day will range the glens an' dells
 Far, far away,
 For 'tis a time ilk bosom thrills,—
 St. Andrew's day.

Nor dae we meet alane tae think,
 O happy times, or toasts tae drink,—
 A' ye wha mourn at poortith's brink,
 Will find us aye,
 Prepared to honour wi' the chink,
 St. Andrew's day.

We meet tae talk o' what's been dune.
 The poor frae pinchin' want tae win,
 Tae keep the wolf, be't debt or dun,
 Frae's door away,
 'Till frae his heart he bless oor ain
 St. Andrew's day.

We meet tae wipe the widow's tear,
 Wha mourns o'er husband's early bier,
 Her heart tae lichten, she maun share
 Oor charity,
 'Till blessin' a' in heartfelt prayer,
 St. Andrew's day.

Or she oppressed wi' poverty,
 Wha langs her frien's ance mair tae see,
 Make glad when we can set her free
 Her sea-bound way,
 Tae thank, when hame across the sea,
 St. Andrew's day.

Or they wha've suffered poortith's ills,
 Amang their native heather hills,
 An' come amang us sturdy chieles
 Tae push their way,
 Will ne'er forget, when fortune smiles,
 St. Andrew's day.

There's no' a day in a' the year,
 We greet wi' sic a hearty cheer,—
 For Scotia's sons frae far an' near
 Their hearts obey,
 Tae haud oor patron saint aye dear,
 St. Andrew's day.

Frae east tae west, baith south an' north,
 In ilka corner o' the earth,
 Will Scotchmen gie in joyous mirth
 Their feelin's play,
 Tae celebrate oor patron's birth,
 St. Andrew's day.

An' in oor ain Dominion land,
 Frae forest wild tae sea-girt strand,
 Scotsmen will meet, a mighty band,
 Respect tae pay,
 When "chill November" brings tae hand
 St. Andrew's day.

Our wives and dochters tae maun greet
 This hallowed time wi' honours meet,—
 An' bairnies tae maun hae their treat,—
 An' grannies gray,
 Tell hoo they kept langsyne the great
 St. Andrew's day.

Then let us hope that mony a year,
 We lang may meet ilk ither here,
 Oor jokes to crack, oor questions spier,
 An' blithe an' gay.
 Tae welcome wi' a joyous cheer
 St. Andrew's day.

An' in this land for years tae come,
 While burnies rin and forests bloom,
 When hearts are sad an' pooches toom,
 Let nae ane say,
 We failed tae free frae grief an' gloom,
 St. Andrew's day.

NOTE.—The above poem was awarded a Gold Medal by the St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa in 1868. A similar prize was adjudged to "The Royal Marriage."

LOVER'S LANE.

Down in lover's lane the violets are bloom-
 ing,
 That kiss the limpid waters along the
 river side ;
 And the tall and stately trees rise in all their
 leafy glory,
 Like a pretty maiden watching her re-
 flection in the tide,
 The summer breeze is stirring amid the
 waving leaflets,
 Sighing to the river that answers back
 again—
 And a soothing sense of quiet falls gently
 o'er my spirit,
 As I wander in the sun-lit path down in
 Lover's Lane.

Down in Lover's Lane when the twilight
 shadows lengthen,
 Across the verdant sward where the clover
 is in bloom,
 With youthful faces glowing and loving
 arms entwining,
 Sighing, dreaming, whispering, the lover's
 nightly come.
 Oh ! what fond endearments are whispered
 'neath the shadows
 By lips in rapture breathing, devoid of
 care or pain,
 Bright visions of a future with nought to
 mar its sunshine
 Are pictured to the innocents when down
 in Lover's Lane.

While often there I wander, and sadly there
I ponder

On scenes of brighter beauty, far, far
across the sea,

The past comes all before me, while fancy
brightly conjures,

A time when I was happy, young, inno-
cent and free.

But oft there comes a shadow across this
pleasant vision,

For never can such brightness illumine my
lot again ;

Yet, oh ! it is a pleasure to see these youth-
ful dreamers

With hearts so light and happy, when
down in Lover's Lane.

Then wander on, young dreamers, 'mid
love's unchequered trances,

And paint the future radiant with the
sunshine of the heart ;

For there will come a time when your inno-
cent young fancies

In the mid-day of your pilgrimage may
never bear a part.

'Tis time enough to gird up your loins for
the struggle ;

'Tis time enough to wrestle on life's great
battle plain ;

So gambol in the sunshine of thy life's gay
blushing morning,

And taste the sweets of "love's young
dream" when down in Lover's Lane.

COME OOT FRAE 'MANG THE NEEPS.

— — —
 Eh ! callants dae ye mind the time when
 youth was in its prime,
 Oor schuleboy days—oor brichtest days—
 life's cheery, cludless time ;
 What pranks we played, what riev'in' raids
 we planned baith nicht an' morn,
 As thochtless as the maukins that were nib-
 blin' 'mang the corn ;
 When baigie's were just at their best, we've
 ventured 'mang the shaws,
 Nor thocht for sic misdeeds we yet should
 feel the maister's tawse ;
 Until a runckled face appears—a voice oor
 paikment threeps—
 “ Ye deevil's buckies that ye are, come oot
 frae 'mang the neeps.

Aye mony happy days we had at Polwarth-
 on-the-green,
 When thochtlessly we ventured where we
 kenn'd we sudna been,
 Thro' slaps an' stiles, ower bank an' burn
 tae hunt for scrogg's an' slaes,
 Or may be harry lav'rock's nests by March-
 mont's woods and braes ;
 We caught the mennents i' the burn, or
 chased the startled harc,
 Nor thocht oor voices could be heard, or
 ocht tae fricht us there,—
 But see us rin for life or death—when thro'
 the bushes creeps
 The keeper's dug—and shouts are heard,
 “ Get oot frae 'mang the neeps.”

When aulder grown, like a' the cheils, I'd
 but tae hae a lass,
 An' mony a winnin' glance I cuist aroun' oor
 singin' class ;
 For there were sonsy lasses there wi' pawky
 roguish e'en,
 An' ane I took a fancy till—the miller's
 dochter, Jean ;
 But whither I was rather slow, or no, I
 dinna ken,
 But when I just was speirin'—"could I see
 her up the glen"—
 Her lad—I ne'er jaloused she'd ane—be-
 tween us canny creeps,
 An' wi' a dunch he says tae me, "Get oot
 frae 'mang the neeps."

When oot I steer'd intae the warl' tae warsle
 for mysel',
 Wi' mony pitfa's 'mang my feet where
 thochtless comrades fell,
 I didna aye steer clear o' them, but still I
 kept my grip,
 An' managed tae get thro' the mire whane'er
 I made a slip ;
 An' then I'd aften think o' what my faither
 used tae say,
 "Gin wicked drinkin' comrades seek tae
 wile yere feet astray,
 Ye're sure tae get yersel' defiled, gin ye
 consort wi' sweeps,"
 "Sae when ye're like tae tint yere gate,
 come oot frae 'mang the neeps."

In business, tae, I've ventured whiles a wee
 thocht aff the road,
 When no' content tae save by sma's, an'
 cautiously tae plod ;
 I tuik a dab in railway shares, or else in
 minin' stock,
 An' used tae dream o' walth secured, until
 the bubble broke,
 Then, wi' a pooch as toom as when a laddie
 at the schule,
 I groaned o'er a' my hawbees gane, an'
 ca'd mysel' a fule ;
 But when the clud o' ruin breaks', an' day-
 licht ance mair peeps,
 I learned a lesson that wad last when oot
 frae 'mang the neeps.

I've no' forgot the lesson yet, an' aften
 times sinsyne,
 Whene'er I strayed frae duty's path, an'
 crossed the boundary line,—
 When sinfu' pleasures tempted me, an'
 lured me intae ill,
 I've wavered—left the narrow road,—but,
 yet, when a' was still,—
 When nicht cam' on wi' gruesome gloom,
 an' a' was dark an' drear,
 I've kent the sweat come o'er my broo, my
 heart tae quake wi' fear,
 An' whispered chidin's frae the wee sma'
 voice that never sleeps,
 Rang i' my ears as i' the past—"Come oot
 frae 'mang the neeps."

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

Air—"When the kye come hame."

'Twas on a summer's sunny eve when na-
ture sought to rest,
The setting sun still lingered in the gaily
purpled west;
'Twas then I heard a maiden sing, "Tis
pleasure dear tae me,
Tae meet my Shepherd Laddie by the haw-
thorn tree."

By the hawthorn tree, &c.

Oh! sweetly sang that merry maid as she
skipped o'er the green,
A happier smiling face, I trow, in Polwart
ne'er was seen,
Sae rosy was her cheek, and sae brightly
shone her e'e,
When she met her Shepherd Laddie by the
hawthorn tree.

By the hawthorn tree, &c.

When met and clasped in fond embrace, oh!
who their joys can tell?
Sae fondly lo'ed that shepherd lad his ain
dear Isabel.
Nae lad she lo'ed like him, aye sae blythe and
gay was he,
When she met her Shepherd Laddie by the
hawthorn tree.

By the hawthorn tree, &c.

Lang may they lo'e each other, and lasting
 be their joy,
 Let nothing mar their future peace, or hap-
 piness destroy ;
 And may that smiling lassie aye as blythe
 and happy be,
 When she meets her Shepherd Laddie by
 the hawthorn tree.

By the hawthorn tree, &c.

—o—

THE ROSE O' WHITESIDE.

Air—"My Nannie's awa'."

'Mong Marchmont's green woodlands the
 flowers blossom fair,
 The sweetbrier and primrose that perfume
 the air,
 But nane hae I seen, tho' I've roamed far
 and wide,
 Like Maggie, fair Maggie, the Rose o'
 Whiteside.

Nae fair blushing flow'ret when sparkling
 wi' dew,
 Though sweet be its odour and rich be its
 hue,
 Nae sweet scented rose in its fair summer's
 pride,
 Can vie wi' fair Maggie, the Rose o' White-
 side.

There 'mang her green woodlands sae happy
 blooms she,
 Where lightly the sweet summer breezes
 blow free,
 Where wood-songsters warble, where streams
 sweetly glide,
 There blooms my fair Maggie, the Rose o'
 Whiteside.

When, like a young rosebud, sae tender
 and fair,
 I loved her, I watched her, wi' tenderest
 care ;
 And thro' a' life's changes for her I'll pro-
 vide,
 And will love, guide, and cherish the Rose
 o' Whiteside.

Till Winter's rude blast comes and fades my
 fair Rose,
 Then may a' my joys and my sorrowings
 close ;
 And oh ! lay me down by my dearly loved
 bride,
 And I'll rest wi' fair Maggie, the Rose o'
 Whiteside.

OH ! COME WI' ME.

Oh ! come wi' me, my Bessie, love,
 And gaily we will rove
 Down by the bonny burnie's side
 That wimples thro' the grove ;
 For sweet it is, at eventide,
 To roam 'mid scenes so gay,
 'Mong flowers that deck each brake and
 glen,
 Or 'mong the new-made hay.

The reaper hastens to his home,
 And lilts his simple song,
 And, sweet, I hear the evening bells
 Borne by the gale along ;
 The gurgling stream that, winding, flows,
 The swift, refreshing gale,
 Throw their sweet music on the air,
 And fill the fragrant vale.

And in yon groves that fringe the stream,
 The linnets sweetly sing ;
 But when thy charming voice is heard,
 Then Marchmont's valleys ring ;
 For oft when I have wandered there,
 These shady groves among,
 Oh ! how delightful 'twas to hear
 Thy simple rural song.

Then come, my love, and charm me now,
 As thou wert wont to do,
 And meet me, where we oft have met,
 Beneath the spreading yew ;

And, arm in arm, we'll rove once more,
 While thou shalt smile on me :
 Thus we will spend the joyous hours,
 And ever happy be.

—o—

DREAMING OF MOTHER.

On a pallet, weak and dying,
 A little orphan lay,
 While through the open window
 He watched the fading day ;
 "Till weary with his vigil
 His head to rest he laid,
 And lost in airy fancies
 In murmurs soft he said—
 " I love to dream of Mother—
 To feel her loving hand
 Stretched out to smooth my pillow
 From that happy spirit land."

He closed his eyes in slumber,
 And rested calm and still,
 Just as the sun had vanished
 Behind the purpled hill,—
 A smile played o'er his features
 Like sunshine's wintry beam,
 While scarce above his breathing
 He murmured in his dream—
 " I'm coming, dearest Mother—
 I see thy beck'ning hand
 Stretched out to give me welcome
 To that happy spirit land."

—o—

ADA LEE.

Sadly the twilight is falling
 Over the shore and the sea,
 And the star of the evening is shining
 O'er the home of my sweet Ada Lee;
 While lonely I roam where the billows
 Are gently embracing the shore,
 And gaze long and sad o'er the waters
 To the home of the maid I adore.
 Ever the blue waves are rolling,
 Parting my true love from me,
 While sadly my bosom is longing
 For the smiles of my sweet Ada Lee.

Slowly the night's sombre shadows
 Creep over valley and plain,
 And the pale moon that smiles 'mid the
 cloudlets
 Come forth from her chamber again.
 But her smiles only deepen my sorrow
 As they silver the rippling tide,
 Recalling the moments when fondly
 I gazed on my love by my side.
 Ever the blue waves are rolling, &c.

Now o'er the blue vault of heaven
 Crystal stars beam with delight,
 And no voice save the wave's gentle mur-
 mur
 Breaks on the ear of the night.
 While the moon glances soft on my pillow
 Her beauties unheeding I see,
 My thoughts are away on the night-winds
 To the home of my sweet Ada Lee.
 Ever the blue waves are rolling, &c.

I LOVE TO DREAM OF HOME.

— — —
 I love to dream of home,
 Of kind friends far away,
 'Tis then sweet mem'ries come,
 Like morning's cheering ray,
 Which from my drooping heart,
 Dispel all care and gloom,
 And soothing joys impart—
 Oh ! happy dreams of home.
 Oh ! happy dreams of home,
 Around my pillow come,
 And tell me of the loving ones,
 Who think of me at home.

I love to dream of home,
 In fancy's pleasing reign,
 With loving friends to roam,
 And share their joys again ;
 Or sport in boyish glee,
 By mead and sylvan scene,
 As oft in days when we
 Roamed o'er the village green.
 Oh ! happy dreams of home, &c.

I love to dream of home,
 Sweet home,—oh ! happy theme,
 When morning dawn is come,
 To tell me 'twas a dream ;
 I often wish 'twas more,
 That I indeed were there,
 Within that cottage door,
 Their happiness to share.
 Oh ! happy dreams of home, &c.

I love to dream of home,
 And though I never meet
 Those friends of youth, or roam
 Those scenes so fair and sweet ;
 Yet, till my dying day,
 Whatever sorrows come,
 Till memory's decay,
 I'll love to dream of home.
 Oh ! happy dreams of home, &c.

—o—

THE LITTLE WHITE COT IN THE CLEARING.

Down in yon little white cot in the clearing,
 Where the bright summer roses encircle the
 door,
 Dwells a sweet maiden
 With eyes beauty laden,
 And dark raven tresses her brow streaming
 o'er.
 Soft is her glance as the bright summer
 dawning,
 Ere the fierce sun sheds his fire-piercing
 dart,
 Gentle and airy,
 Like light flitting fairy,—
 Sweet winsome Mary,
 The maid of my heart.

Down by yon little white cot in the clearing,
 Often I roam at the close of the day,
 Listen'ng her singing,
 Like silver bells ringing
 Borne on the soft twilight zephyrs away.

Then will a feeling steal over my spirit,
 Wafting me backward to childhood's bright
 day.

Years when no sadness
 Darkened my gladness,
 Nor yet love's madness
 Held me in sway.

Down in yon little white cot in the clearing,
 Gladly I'd linger till life's closing scene,—

No more to wander

Through scenes of bright grandeur,
 Tempted my wild roving footsteps again.

But, in that cottage, though ever so humble,
 Blythe would I be as a bird on the wing,

Never to weary,

Though others are dreary,

But with my dearie

A light-hearted king.

—o—

DRAW IN YERE STOOL AN' SIT
 DOON.

When young widow Glen lived awa' up the
 cleugh,

I thocht an' I dreamed o' her aften eneuch ;
 If I met her by chance, I looked sheepish
 an' shy,

She wad nod, say guid mornin', an' aff she
 gaed by.

But at last, I plucked courage tae gie her a
 ca',

Sae dressed in my Sunday claes, breeks,
 hose an' a',

Oh ! my heart it felt queer when I gat tae
 the toon,
 An' she said tae me, " Draw in yere stool an'
 sit doon."

I drew in my stool an' sat doon by the fire,
 An' naething could I dae but look on an'
 admire,
 My tongue wadna wag, sae a word I ne'er
 spak',
 Till the widow sat doon, an' the silence she
 brak'
 By speerin' for mither an' faither at home,
 An' hoo the auld crummie got on that was
 lame,
 O, the sheep in the fauld, an' the hens on
 the bauk,
 While aye, no, an' um-phum was a' that I
 spak'.

She brocht oot the bottle an' gied me a
 dram,
 Whilk opened my mou' like an oyster or
 clam,
 I praised her white han', an' her e'en o' deep
 blue,
 Then crap closer till her an' pree'd her sweet
 mou.'
 She never resisted but gied me her han',
 An' said that her riches, her houses, an'
 lan'
 I should share, gin I'd leave the auld folks
 in oor toon,
 An' cannily draw in my stool an' sit doon.

I tell't her hoo lang, an' hoo fondly I'd lo'ed
 her,
 Hoo fu' was my joy noo I'd sought an' had
 woo'd her,
 A lang fond embrace an' a kiss sealed oor
 vow,—
 Sae my head has been lichtsome frae that
 time till now.
 Neist week I've appointed tae mak' her my
 ain,
 For I canna thole langer her living her
 lane,
 Sae I'll dae as she tauld me when first I ca'd
 roun',
 I'll cosily draw in my stool an' sit doon.

— o —

THE GIRL WHO LIVES OVER THE WAY.

From morning till night I am sighing
 For a glance of a bright roguish eye ;
 Wherever I go I am trying
 A face in the crowd to descry ;
 I sit at my window, so lonely,
 At the dull, dreary close of the day,
 And my thoughts are ever and only
 Of the girl who lives over the way.
 I know not her name nor her station,—
 How rich or how poor she may be ;
 But my heart always feels a sensation
 From a smiling face peeping at me.

I think her the loveliest creature
 That e'er held a fond heart in sway,
 For love beams from every feature
 Of the girl who lives over the way.

How often I musingly wonder,
 Whoe'er this fair creature can be ;
 Or softly I sing while I ponder—
 "Sweet maid ! I am dreaming of thee."
 At night I am restless and weary,
 And long for the dawning of day,
 For a loving smile once more to cheer me,
 From the girl who lives over the way.

I wish I could find out her mother,
 Or father, if such there may be ;
 And manage, without any bother,
 To get an invite out to tea ;
 After which, could I catch pa a-dozing,
 And ma, busy, out and away,
 I would soon make short work of proposing
 To the girl who lives over the way.

—o—

MY HAME ACROSS THE SEA.

I've heard you speak o' sunny lands,
 An' far aff Southern bowers ;
 I've heard you sing in loyal strains,
 "This Canada of ours ;"
 But there's a land 'boon a' the lave,
 That's dearer far tae me,
 Scene o' my happy childhood's hours,
 My hame across the sea.

Tho' lang an' mony a day sine I
 Bade hame an' frien's fareweel,
 Yet aften dearest memories
 Will fondly o'er me steal ;
 An' bring me back the loved o' youth,
 The happy an' the free,
 Wha aft' my joys an' sorrows shared,
 In my hame across the sea.

I canna stop the tear that fa's
 When thinkin' o' the past,
 An' youth's dear frien's noo scattered wide
 Like leaves in winter's blast.
 Or they wha sleep their lang last rest
 Beneath some kirk-yard tree,—
 Yet link my heart still closer tae
 My hame across the sea.

Tho' here I've found a happy hame,
 An' frien's baith leal an' true,
 Yet noo whan wearin' doon the hill,
 An' sune maun bid adieu !
 Tae a' I dearly lo'e on earth ;
 My only wish would be,
 Tae rest beneath my native sod
 In my hame across the sea.

FAITHER'S AIN BAIRN.

Faither's ain bairn is a blue e'ed lassie,
 Wi' lint-white locks hingin' doon ower her
 broo,
 An' the blush on her cheeks like the roseate
 dawnin',
 Or the crimson flowers wat wi' the simmer
 dew,

Her step is as licht as the breath o' the
 zephyr,
 That scarce stirs the grass by the brae
 side or cairn,
 As she rins thro' the meadow the gowans
 she tramps on
 Spring up frae the tread o' faither's ain
 bairn.

Her voice is as sweet as the sang o' the
 mavis,
 Whilk sings aye sae saft at the close o' the
 day,
 An' she'll lilt and she'll sing the hale day
 taegither,
 As she gathers flower wreaths by burnie
 or brae,
 The ither wee lassies will toddle taegither,
 Awa thro' the woods amang heather or
 fern,
 Tae meet my wee lassie, for nocht they lo'e
 better
 Than the sangs an' the stories o' faither's
 ain bairn.

In the lang winter nichts she'll sit by the
 ingle,
 Watchin' the flare o' the dancin' lowe,—
 Or wi' saft dimple fingers she smooths oot
 the wrinkles,
 That she wunners tae see in her faither's
 broo,
 It cheers ma tae list tae her innocent prat-
 tle,—
 And her sweet winnin' ways tae a' sae
 endearin',

Sune mak' me forget the care's o' life's
 battle,
 As | I kiss the fair cheek o' faither's ain
 bairn.

Ilk mornin' an' nicht whan the knee we are
 bendin',

To Him that's the giver o' a' that we hae,
 Wi' deep fervent zeal I press the petition,
 That oor lassie may never be taken away.
 That she may be kept frae a' trial an' temp-
 tation,

As pure as she's noo, is my deepest con-
 cern ;

'Till some likelie laddie may woo her an'
 win her,

Tho' she'll aye be tae me her faither's ain
 bairn.

—o—

INDIAN SUMMER.

The glorious days of summer
 Are numbered with the past,
 And the giants of the forest
 Their withered leaves have cast ;
 In garden and in wildwood,
 The flowers their bloom have shed,
 And the maple tree is blushing
 And hanging down its head.

The parching summer sunshine
 No longer lights the scene,
 The summer dews no longer
 Refresh the meadows green ;

At morning and at evening
 The hoar frost decks the spray,
 Like the signs of old age coming
 When the locks are turning gray.

The bees have ceased their humming,
 The meadow flowers among,—
 And hushed in grove and greenwood
 The feathered warblers' song.
 Though blue the sky above us,
 And mild the mid-day sun—
 'Tis the summer's lengthening shadow
 And the twilight coming on.

As the candle in the socket,
 Gives its last expiring glare,—
 As hope beams out the brightest,
 Near the clouds of dark despair,
 As the soul's ecstatic visions
 When the snows of age appear,
 So the glorious Indian Summer
 Proclaims the waning year.

—o—

THE AULD SCHULE HOOSE ON THE GREEN.

Oh ! weel I remember the schule hoose,
 That stood fu' snug 'neath the trees,
 Where the blaeberries grew in the plantin,
 An' the heather invited the bees,
 Where the bairnies' voices rang merry,
 As wi' faces an' daidlies sae clean,
 They scampered awa' thro' the bushes
 To the auld schule hoose on the green.

Oh ! I mind when mysel' a bit laddie,—
 Whan life wore its sunniest smile,—
 How blythely wi' licht heart I lilted,
 As I scampered through hedge-slap an'
 stile ;

Or climbed the scrogg tree in the meadow,—
 Or waded the burn clear an' sheen,—
 Tho' aften I loitered ower late for
 The auld schule hoose on the green.

Still mem'ry delights for tae dwell on
 The scenes o' those happiest days,
 The burn where we gumpit for mennents ;
 Or the blue bell an' gowan-clad braes
 Where we twined flower wreaths for the
 lassies ;

For Mary, an' Lizzy, an' Jean,
 Wha ilka morn toddled there wi' us
 Tae the auld schule hoose on the green.

Oh ! I mind o' that wee theekit schule hoose
 Wi' the rose bushes grown at the door,
 An' the apple trees in the wee garden,
 Wi' bonny white blossoms hung o'er.
 The desks where we scribbled our copies,
 Or oftener, ate sweeties unseen,
 While the lassies were clippin' and shoowin'
 In the auld schule hoose on the green.

An' still aft' I think o' the plantin
 Where the geens an' the blaeberries grew,
 For aften we've sat there an' feasted
 Till our faces an' daidlies were blue ;
 An' our legs wi' the whans were a' scartet,
 But whilk we ne'er cared for a preen,
 We were blythe as the lamkins that sportit
 Near the auld schule hoose on the green.

An' weel can I mind how we huntit
 The squirrel high up the fir tree,
 Or the young cusha doo that had ventured
 Oot the nest afore it could flee.
 Where we shunned the deep well where the
 hunter
 Had fa'n in, an' ne'er was mair seen,
 When the bell ca'd us back frae oorsportin'
 Tae the auld schule hoose on the green.

Oh, aften I think o' those playmates
 Noo scattered far, far, frae their hames,—
 Where the laddies still search in the plantin
 For the trees where we cut oot our names,
 While they tell ane anither the story,—
 That in many a strange foreign scene,
 Are the laddies wha were years before them
 At the auld schule hoose on the green.

I ken na if e'er I may wander,
 Again by that auld cherished spot,
 But those bright cludless hours o' my child-
 hood
 An' those playmates shall ne'er be forgot,
 While deeply engraved on my mem'ry,
 Shall aye be each fair hallowed scene,
 As in fancy I aften shall linger
 By the auld schule hoose on the green.

WAIT AND HOPE.

Cease repining, troubled heart,
 Time will sooth the bitter smart ;
 Now, though dark the clouds may lower,
 Summer comes with sun and shower,
 Wait and hope.

Though thou may'st have loved and yearned
 For a love yet unreturned ;
 Though thy wealth of love were wasted,
 For a mutual love untasted,
 Wait and hope.

Kindness wins a kindred feeling.
 And the heart, yet unrevealing,
 Love's mute mysteries, may yet
 True felicity beget.
 Wait and hope.

May be thou hast loved and lost,
 Shadows o'er thy pathway crossed—
 Though forlorn thy life may be,
 There are brighter days for thee.
 Wait and hope.

Come, no longer sadly shun
 Summer breezes, summer sun ;
 Let not winter's storm clouds roll
 O'er thy dark, despairing soul.
 Wait and hope.

And as sure as summer brings
 Flowers and fruit and pleasant things ;
 So thy path will bloom anew,
 With a mutual love and true.
 Wait and hope.

CONSTANT STILL.

We have loved, and we have parted,
 And my life is sadly changed,
 Since I find thee fickle-hearted.
 And thy love from me estranged ;
 Though thou gav'st me many a token,
 Time nor change my hopes would kill,
 Yet thy ardent vows are broken,
 While my heart is constant still.

Oh ! how fondly memory lingers
 On the days, when, void of care,
 Love had touched with fairy fingers
 Future scenes, serene and fair.
 Now the sky is darkly clouded,
 Storms of sadness work their will ;
 Though despair my life has shrouded,
 Yet my heart is constant still.

How I thought of thee when severed,
 For I deemed thy heart was true,
 And my trust in thee ne'er wavered,
 Anxious cares I never knew ;
 Yet there came a sad awak'ning,
 Future years with grief to fill,
 Silently my heart was breaking,
 Yet I loved thee constant still.

Though you wed for wealth and station,
 And despise my humble love,—
 Though time brings no consolation,
 And my life a burden prove ;
 Still the bygone joys I'll cherish,
 Faintly though the void they fill,
 And, till life or memory perish,
 I will suffer, constant still.

SIDE BY SIDE.

Side by side in the churchyard lying,
 Mother and children sleep ;
 Where summer winds through the trees are
 sighing,
 And flowers 'mid the mosses peep ;
 Down in the vale the murmuring stream ;
 Glances and waves in the noonday gleam ;
 While mother and children peacefully
 dream,
 Side by side.

There were two little mounds in the old
 churchyard—
 Two little tombstones, telling
 Where the loved and lost 'neath the verdant
 sword,
 Had their last long silent dwelling :
 And the mother's wish on her dying bed,
 To be laid by the side of the cherished
 dead,
 Is granted—Mother and sons are laid,
 Side by side.

Over the fresh made mound I linger,
 In dreams of the silent night,
 For that patient spirit at last has winged
 her
 Happy, heavenward flight,—
 Away from the toils and struggles of earth,—
 From a world of changing gloom and mirth,
 Now with the saved in their glorious birth,
 Side by side.

Far o'er the sea my spirit wanders,
 Amid each hallowed scene,
 Where the old familiar stream meanders,
 And the valley is fresh and green. ;
 As in days of yore when we wandered there,
 With youth's gay spirits void of care,
 And pictured the future bright and fair,
 Side by side.

Though the home, once happy, now is
 shrouded,
 In sorrow's sombre gloom,
 And the hearts of mourning friends are
 clouded,
 With the shadow of the tomb,—
 A light gleams forth through the dark des-
 pair ;
 A hope of a joyous meeting there,
 Far from earth's bitter grief and care,
 Side by side.

May a mother's dying prayer be granted,
 That we who linger here,
 May not rest with the joys of earth con-
 tented,
 But strive for that better sphere,
 To which a Saviour's smiles entreat us ;
 Where the loved ones gone before shall
 meet us,—
 Where a mother's fond embrace will greet
 us,
 Side by side.

LITTLE BLUE-BELL.

Down in the dell where the streamlet glides
cheery,

Now in the sunshine, and now in the
shade,

Where bees humming blythely seem never
to weary,

Gleaning their sweets from the flowers in
the glade.

Glancing so modestly out from the shadows,
Nodding its head to the zephyrs' faint
swell,

Brightly reflecting the sky's cloudless azure,
Pride of the valley the little blue-bell.

Little blue-bell, waving blue-bell,

List to the fairy chimes rung in the
moonlight

Little blue-bell, modest blue-bell,

Pride of the valley is little blue-bell.

Down in the valley as modest and winning,

As the fair flow'rets that dapple the glade,

Blythe as a fairy, with steps light and airy,

Blooms in her spring-hood, my dear little
maid,

Often I sing of her charms to the breezes,—

Oft' to the song-bird her graces I tell,

Often compare her to flowers of the meadow,

Dear to my heart is my little blue-bell.

Little blue bell, charming blue-bell,

List to its fairy chimes rung in the
moonlight,

Little blue-bell, modest blue-bell,

Pride of the valley is little blue-bell.

Never may winter blasts come near her
dwelling,

Never chill night dews wither the bloom,
Safe in her home from the storm and the
tempest,

Ever the same when a-wooing I come ;
Soon may the hour come when claiming her
promise,

Safe in my home and my bosom to dwell,
Years may roll o'er us, as happy and joyous,
As when I first met my little blue-bell.

Little blue-bell, winsome blue-bell,
List to the fairy chimes ring in the
moonlight,

Little blue-bell, modest blue-bell,
Pride of the valley is little blue-bell.

—o—

THE AULD THACKIT HOOSE.

—

Just ower the wee briggie that crosses the
burn,

That rins by the fit o' the green,
There's a humble bit cottage wi' ivy clad
wa's,

Where mony blythe days I hae seen :
The inside is hamely, yet tidy an' neat,

It's inmates are kindly an' douce,
An' there's aye a warm welcome whenever
I ca'

On the folks at the auld thackit hoose.

Hoo cantie we've been by the auld ingle
side,

When the lang winter nichts had set in ;
We sat in the glow of the cheery peat fire,
When the story an' sang wad begin ;
We sang the sweet lilts o' oor ain native
land,

When our heroes were Wallace and Bruce,
Or listened tae auld-farrant tales that were
tauld,

In the neuk o' the auld thackit hoose.

'Twas a picture o' hamely contentment an'
cheer,

That riches or state couldna bring,
Auld Jock by the ingle, his pipe in his
cheek,

Was as happy as kaiser or king,
Auld Babbie sat there wi' her wark on her
knee :

On the hearth stane lay Rover an' puss,
For even the cats an' the dugs would agree
'Neath the roof o' the auld thackit hoose.

Whene'er I return to the auld village green,
Tae the scene o' my boyhood's bright
days,

The joys o' the past come again tae my heart
As I roam by the burnies an' braes ;
An' here wi' auld cronies, still faithfu' an'
true,

We meet a' sae frienly an' crouse,
Tae crack ower the scenes o' the happy lang
syne,

In the neuk o' the auld thackit hoose.

WHEN THE DAYS ARE CREEPIN' IN.

The simmer flowers are withered,
 The simmer winds are gane,
 An' yellow leaves lie scattered
 On upland an' in glen ;
 The burnie lilt sae dolefu',
 As its drumlie water's rin,
 An' the sun curtails its glances
 When the days are creepin' in.

The stacks hae a' been thackit—
 We've laid aside the plough,
 The tatties a' are howkit,
 An' the simmer dargs are thro',
 An' noo beside the ingle,
 In the neuk sae snug an' clean,
 Sae canty we foregather
 When the days are creepin' in.

Noo winter's comin' surely,
 Wi' cauldrie win's an' snaw,—
 We're thankfu' for oor biggin',
 Altho' oor cot's but sma',
 We envy nae the riches
 Sae mony try to win ;
 We hae oor simple pleasures
 When the days are creepin' in.

An' for the helpless ootcasts
 We never grudge a bite,—
 We're fain tae gie them shelter
 Frae the nippin' winter's night,
 For we think o' oor ain laddie
 Far frae a' his kith an' kin,
 Amang strangers may be fendin'
 When the days are creepin' in.

Auld age comes on us creepin',
 For oor simmer days are past,
 An' sune we maun be sleepin',
 Amang the mools at last ;
 But yonder, when oor hope is,
 Free frae a' stains o' sin,
 There will be nae cheerless winters,
 When the days are creepin' in.

—o—

LOUNSDALE HAUGHS.

How oft' in sunny summer days,
 We wandered down the silent dell,
 To gather scroggs, or geens, or slaes,
 Or pull the primrose on the braes,
 The foxglove and the pale blue-bell.

Here, too, when hearts were tuned to love,
 And nature seemed to share our joy,
 We trysted in the shady grove,
 To plight our vows—while fancy wove
 A dream of bliss without alloy.

Ah ! that was bliss which could not last,
 For little then we knew of care ;
 We thought not that time's withering blast
 Would wreck our hopes as on it passed,
 And leave our hearts all bleak and bare.

Yet, when I roam again the scene,
 And see it just as in my prime,
 I crush the thought—what might have been,
 And feel a glow of peace within
 That gilds once more my childhood's time.

Bright memories of the past, come back,
 And dear companions round me play,
 We seek the old familiar track,
 While laughter light and boyish talk
 Beguile the sunlit woodland way.

And though the clouds of care may loom,
 Our fancy still will brighter glow—
 Away with all despair and gloom,
 When all our old loved flowerets bloom,
 And zephyrs whisper soft and low.

Who could be sad in such a spot,
 Where beauty smiles on every hand—
 Where blooms the sweet forget-me-not,
 Where lilies on the waters float,
 And pebbles glisten 'mid the sand?

It were unfitting I should bring,
 A tear or sigh to such a spot—
 Nay, round it still let memory cling,
 To brighten all, as time's fleet wing
 Brings age and sorrow as my lot.

Then fare-thee-well,—and if denied
 To roam again thy banks and braes,
 I'll cherish with a miser's pride
 These flowers—when o'er the ocean wide,
 They'll bring me back my childhood
 days.

EDINBURGH'S WELCOME TO PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR,

At the Opening of the Exhibition of 1886.

What's a' the steer, that the bugles are
soundin',

An' cannon belch forth frae the crest o'
the rock?

What mean the cheers frae the meadows
resoundin',

An' windows an' balconies crowded wi'
folk;

High aboon a', hear the pipes wi' their
bummin',

Soundin' the pibroch, sae piercin' an'
shrill,—

What's a' the steer? Why, the young Prince
is comin',

Sae, welcome, my bonnie lad, come when
ye will.

Come they frae mansion, an' come they
frae cottage,

Frae field an' frae forest, the mountain
an' glen,

The children in arms, tae the old in their
dotage,

Leal hearts hae a' tae their country an'
Queen;

Frae crag an' frae peak, the wild cheers are
ascendin',

An' echo replies frae the valley an' hill,

The leal hearts o' Scotia their voices are
blendin',

Wi' " Welcome, my bonnie lad, come
when ye will."

Gin ye inherit yere gran'sires' devotion,
 Tae a' that pertains tae the guid o' the
 land ;
 Tae learnin's advancement—the spread an'
 promotion
 O' art, skill and science on every hand ;
 Then, welcome ye'll ever be here tae the
 north, lad,
 The proud seat o' learnin', o' courage an'
 skill,
 We'll mak' the hills ring frae the Clyde tae
 the Forth, lad,
 Wi' "Welcome, my bonnie lad, come
 when ye will."

—o—

MITHER'S BONNY LASS.

We hae a fair-haired lauchin' wean.
 As fu' o' mirth an' glee
 As ony friskin' lamb that sports
 Upon the gowany lea ;
 An' should ye speir her name, she'll look,
 Wi' roguish, lauchin' face,
 And say, "I'se dot no usser name—
 I'se mither's bonny lass."

Ay, 'deed, she's mither's lassie noo,
 The younglin' o' the fauld,
 An' oor hearts cling closer till her,
 As we feel we're growin' auld ;
 We watch an' guard wi' ceaseless care,
 Frae a' the storms that pass,
 That no a bitin' blast can harm
 Oor mither's bonny lass.

An' whan she says her prayers at nicht,
 An' cuddles 'mang the claes,
 We ask kind heaven tae be her guide
 In a' her comin' days ;
 We nichtly plead that she may hae
 The spirit's savin' grace,
 Tae keep her pure as she is noo,
 Her mither's bonny lass.

Her mither's heart aft pleads wi' Him
 Wha blessed the bairns langsyne,
 Tae hae a watchfu' e'e upon
 This wee, wee, tot o' mine ;
 Tae shield her in his lovin' airms,
 Frae a' sin's foul disgrace,
 An' be thro' life a guide an' frien'
 Tae mither's bonny lass.

— o —

KISS THE BAIRNS FOR ME.

My guidman's far awa' frae hame,
 An' oh ! I miss him sair ;
 But, still, I ken that he is leal,
 An' lo'es me a' the mair.
 For when his tender letters come,
 Frae far across the sea ;
 He ne'er forgets the weans, but says,
 " Just kiss the bairns for me."

Oh ! dool and dark wad be my lot,
 If 'twere na' for the weans ;
 I've aye their love tae cheer me on,
 Tho' far may be my frien's.

An' weel I ken the faither's heart
 Wherever he may be,
 Gangs oot in kindly words o' love,
 "Just kiss the bairns for me."

I hear their lauchin' voices ring ;
 I see ilk rosy cheek,
 An' when my thochts are far awa'
 My heart's ower fu' to speak.
 But when at nicht they cuddle doon,
 An' close ilk roguish e'e,
 I ne'er forget their faither's wish :
 "Just kiss the bairns for me."

My prayers are aye that we ere lang
 May meet, an' part nae mair ;
 Tho' puir oor lot, wi' him we'll a'
 Our joys an' sorrows share.
 But while he roams in distant lands,
 Tho' lang oor partin' be,
 I'll ne'er forget his lovin' words,
 "Just kiss the bairns for me."

—o—

MY HEART WARMS TAE THE TARTAN.

—

Is there a land like Scotland,
 Wi' sons sae brave an' free,
 Can show sae fair a record
 O' dauntless chivalry ?
 I love her cloud-capped mountains,
 Her glens and whimplin' rills,
 While my heart warms tae the tartan
 An' my native heather hills.

I love thee, dear auld Scotland,
 Thy mountains heather clad,
 For my heart warms tae the tartan,
 An' the lads wha wear the plaid.

We'll ne'er forget her heroes,
 Wha fought in freedom's cause,
 An' laid the grand foundation
 O' a' her righteous laws ;
 I listen tae the lyrics
 By deathless poets sung,
 While my heart warms tae the tartan
 An' my native mither tongue.

I love thee, dear auld Scotland, &c.

I hear the pibroch soundin'
 A rousin' martial blast,
 With shattered pennons flyin'
 The troops are marchin' past ;
 A hearty loyal welcome,
 Sounds in that loud hurrah,
 An' my heart warms tae the tartan
 An' the gallant forty-twa.

I love thee, dear auld Scotland, &c.

In many lands I've wandered,
 Far, far across the sea,
 But aften hameward turnin'
 My thochts wad wander free,
 An' noo I tread the heather,
 I fain would be at rest,
 For my heart warms tae the tartan,
 An' the land I lo'e the best.

I love thee. dear. auld Scotland.

HOW SHALL WE HONOUR HIM.

How shall we honour him now he is gone,
 How shall we show that we cherish his
 name?

Shall it be cut in memorial stone?

The tribute we pay to his fealty and fame.
 Shall it be blazoned on pillar or scroll?

Shall it be sounded in speech or in song?
 Nay, let his deeds be the theme of our soul,
 Like him, loving right, and despising the
 wrong.

Bow down the head, reverently tread,
 Garfield has gone to his last silent rest;
 Here let us plight our souls to the right,
 Thus shall we honour him, bravest and
 best.

Mourn we not, then, as do those hope-
 bereft,
 Learn we the lesson his pure life has
 taught;
 High let us prize the example he left,
 Thus shall his memory ne'er be forgot.
 Thus shall his fame and unsullied name
 Still in our memories ever be green;
 Be our life's aim free from censure and
 blame,
 And may our record be stainless and
 clean.

Bow down the head, &c.

High was the standard he sought to attain,
 High was the trust that the nation bestowed ;

And though cut off in the dawn of his reign,
 Mighty the power that he wielded for good.

Then let the nation, the rich and the poor,
 Follow his steps on the pathway he trod ;
 Thus shall we honour him, noble and pure,
 And live for our country, our people, and God.

Bow down the head, &c.

—o—

“ WHERE LAST WE MET.”

Where last we met, dear Aggie,
 Beneath the hazel bower,
 Where winding Langton watereth
 The fragrant woodland flower ;
 Where sweet the feathered warblers wake
 The echoes o’ the glen,
 An’ nature smiles a welcome aye,
 Oh ! meet me there again.

Where last we met, dear Aggie,
 Fair spring had decked the scene,
 And the cooling breeze was whispering
 ’Mid the bower’s sweet foliage green.
 Tho’ many years have passed, love,
 Since last we roamed the glen—
 Tho’ now pale autumn welcomes us,
 Oh ! meet me there again.

Where last we met, dear Aggie,
 Tho' all was fair around,
 Yet our hearts were sad and sorrowful,
 No peace our bosoms found.
 For we had met to say farewell,—
 We wept, we sighed in vain,
 We dared not hope that ever, love,
 We'd wander there again.

But now when met at last, love,
 Oh ! think not of the past,
 But rather let our hearts rejoice
 We've met again at last.
 Now from thy throbbing bosom, love,
 Let pleasure banish pain,
 And looking on to future joys
 We'll happy be again.

—o—

WON.

—

With what a glow of happiness,
 My heart does wildly beat,
 The warm blood courses through my veins,
 My joy is now complete ;
 For I had thought her lost to me,
 And all my hopes undone ;
 But, no, she said that only I
 Her trusting heart had won.

I asked her to become my bride,
 I told her how I loved,
 How months and years of ardent hope
 My constancy had proved ;

And though but poor in worldly wealth,
 Her heart was still the shrine,
 Where all my wealth of love I'd lay,
 If she would still be mine.

I knew that some had sought her as
 The partner of their joys,
 While all the love that I had shown
 Was from the tell-tale eyes.
 But they a deeper love had told
 Than tongue could have revealed,
 For soon I found her heart was mine,
 Her vow to me was sealed.

Through all the years of youth's bright joys,
 I never knew such bliss,
 As when in fond embrace we took
 Love's first sweet mutual kiss.
 And, oh ! may heaven protect and guide
 Where'er our paths may be,
 Until I claim her for my own,
 As all in all to me.

—o—

ITHER FOLK'S BAIRNS.

In my batchelor's ha', I can whustle at a'
 The cares whilk the married folks hae ;
 My spirits are licht, an' my skies are aye
 bricht,
 Let storms rave withoot as they may.
 I ne'er fash my heid aboot statecraft or
 creed,
 Or the worry o' hoosehold concerns ;
 Wi' nae wife nor wean, yet I'm bound tae
 compleen,
 I'm plaguit wi' ither folk's bairns.

It's no' that I hae-na, a love for the weanies,
 I like the wee tottums fu' weel,
 But when mithers insist, that the younkers
 be kissed,
 I'm tempted tae say what I feel ;
 It's no' me they care for,—the why and the
 wherefore,
 They'd twine me as easy's their pirns,
 They ken I've the cash, syne that's hoo they
 fash,
 An' plague me wi' ither folk's bairns.

If there's ae-thing I hate, it's when sittin'
 up late,
 Tae gie the last touch tae a sang,
 Tae hear frae neist door, an infantile roar,
 Frae lungs that are sturdy an' strang.
 When the days darg is dune, I sit an' I croon,
 While my thochts are awa' 'mang the
 starns,
 But I'm fain tae gie in, for the whingin' an'
 din,—
 I'm' doited wi' ither folk's bairns.

I'm no' sae auld yet but a wife I can get,
 Wi' a cosie bit-hoose o' my ain,
 An' gin weanies appear, oorauld age tae cheer,
 Then maybe they'll lea' me alane ;
 But I've set doon my fit, that a wife I will
 get,
 Gin I seek thro' the Merse and the
 Mearns,
 For nae langer I'll thole, that the peace o'
 my soul
 Should be blighted wi' ither folk's bairns.

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE FOR ME.

Here's a health to the land of the forest and
flood,

And the Queen who rules over the free ;
While united we stand as our forefathers
stood,

In liberty's van we will be ;
Though our hearts fondly cherish the me-
mories of old,

And the homes we have left o'er the sea,
Our love for old Canada ne'er shall grow
cold—

Oh ! the land of the maple for me.

If invasion should threaten our lake-
sheltered land,

And the war-cloud be thundering near,
We will stand a true-hearted and vigorous
band,

To strike for our country so dear ;
While the memories of those who fought not
in vain,

To bequeath us the rights of the free,
Shall nerve us to deeds of true valour
again,—

Oh ! the land of the maple for me.

Then hurrah ! for old Canada, home of the
free,

May heaven still over her smile,
And may plenty and peace the true blessings
still be,

Of our hard-handed heroes of toil.

From her ocean-girt coast, to her wild forest
 shades,
 Where the hall or the homestead may be,
 Ever brave be her sons, and devoted her
 maids—
 Oh ! the land of the maple for me.

—o—

UNDER THE ORCHARD TREES.

— — —

As amid the silent sadness,
 Of winter's gloomy days ;
 We dwell on bygone pleasures,
 Of the Summer's golden haze ;
 So in my heart's lone sadness,
 Comes memory's passing breeze,
 To tell the hours of gladness,
 Under the orchard trees.

'Twas in the days of summer,
 When first we wandered there :
 When the blossoms lent their fragrance
 To the balmy twilight air :
 And my hopes were young and blooming,
 As when fancy only sees
 The future bright with sunshine,
 Under the orchard trees.

My heart went out in rapture,
 To the song birds in their glee—
 The flowers bedecked my pathway,—
 My sky from clouds was free :
 The hours brought only sweetness,
 As the flowers repaid the bees ;
 And we reckoned not their fleetness,
 Under the orchard trees.

Each look, each word, and promise,
 I stored within my heart,
 'Till her image there engraven
 Became of me a part ;
 Wherever fortune called me,
 O'er foreign lands or seas,
 I fed on dreams of wooing,
 Under the orchard trees.

The orchard trees are leafless,
 Their branches gaunt and bare,
 Keep time to the winds of winter,
 In a low funereal air,—
 The leaves are lowly lying,
 Where the biting wintry breeze,
 Has left them sear and mouldering
 Under the orchard trees.

So are my life's hopes faded,
 And mingle with the dust,—
 So has my dream departed
 Of a life of love and trust :
 And all that's left to cheer me,
 This sad heart only sees,
 That summer gleam of wooing,
 Under the orchard trees.

HEAVEN IS WHERE OUR FATHER IS.

(Music by G. E. KEMP.)

— — —
 Little hearts which throb with pain —
 Little eyes which swim in tears,
 Let me take you to my heart,
 Let me quiet all your fears.
 I will teach you of that home
 Where our loved ones rest in bliss ;
 All our troubled hearts need know —
 Heaven is where our Father is.

Yes, there is heaven, calm, peaceful heaven,
 There are the dear ones happy and blest,
 There with the Father they loved while
 on earth—
 There, in His presence only, is heaven :
 Yes, there is heaven.

Hearts may cling to earthly ties :
 These, alas ! will pass away ;
 Idols that we worship now,
 We will find are only clay.
 All is fleeting here below—
 One by one our friends we miss,
 But this truth should calm our woe.
 Heaven is where our Father is.

Yes, there is heaven, &c.

Sweet the thought that those we miss
 Sympathise with all our care,
 And rejoice to know, we seek
 After life to join them there ;

And though doubts and fears assail,
 We will cling in faith to this,
 That at last we may unite
 In that heaven where Father is.

Yes, there is heaven, &c.

—o—

LEEZIE TROTTER.

When Langton woods were smilin' fair,
 In a' their simmer bloom,
 An' breezes bore frae Harden Shaw,
 The wild-flowers sweet perfume,
 I wandered by the wimplin' burn,
 An' by the redden sought her,
 Wha lo'es me better than the lave,
 My winsome Leezie Trotter.

I see the leddies frae the ha',
 A' decked in silk array,
 Yet envy not their feckless lives,
 That aimless pass away.
 My Leezie's but a kintry lass,
 The dochter o' a cottar,—
 But far aboon the lave I lo'e
 My gentle Leezie Trotter.

The lads come far an' near to woe,
 An' jouk an' dance aboot her,
 But faith she's naething blate tae tell
 That nane amang then suit her.

Yestreen, beneath the hazel's shade,
 Where wimples Langton water,
 Her hand in mine, I vowed my love,
 And won my Leezie Trotter.

—o—

JOHNNY'S GRAVE.

When last I wandered here,
 And rested on this graveyard stone,
 A little brother, loved and dear,
 Culled the flow'rets growing near,
 And now I'm all alone.
 He rests beneath that sod ;
 No power his life could save,—
 His spirit's with his God,
 And here is Johnny's grave.

And now I sit and gaze
 Upon the well known scenes around,
 And list' the warblers hymn their praise,—
 The cattle lowing where they graze,
 Or streamlet's rippling sound ;
 But not as sounds of joy,
 Which oft my soul did crave,
 I mourn a gentle boy,—
 I weep by Johnny's grave.

And sacred are the tears
 That moisten his last resting place ;
 This spot my soul reveres,
 Here all earth's pains and fears
 Calm solitude shall chase.
 And in their stead bring peace,
 To nerve my soul, to brave
 Earth's sorrows, till they cease,—
 'Till here I find a grave.

THE LOVE O' MY SCHULE-BOY DAYS.

— —

There's a langsyne fancy comes back tae
me,

When I think o' my Scottish hame ;
There's a lowe o' love that rekindles again,
That brings back a dear ane's name ;
An' ance mair I wander the bonny glen
Where the clear wimplin' burnie plays,
An' the primrose blooms on the banks I
roamed,

Wi' the love o' my schule-boy days.

The flowers were gay in their brichtest
hues,

And the woods in their freshest green ;
An' there was-na a clud tae darken the
sky,

Or a sorrow tae mar the scene ;
Oor voices rang wi' as merry a lilt,
As the birds that sang on the sprays,
As I daidled aboot in the simmer hours
Wi' the love o' my schule-boy days.

The burnie murmurs the same auld sang,
By the banks where the hazels grow ;
But it has nae langer the cheerie soun',
That it had in the lang ago :
For it tells o' my schule-mates scattered
wide,

Far awa' frae its banks an' braes,—
An' it tells o' a mound near by, where sleeps
The love o' my schule-boy days.

It canna be sinfu' tae cherish the thocht,
 That whan dune wi' this warl' o' toil,
 We'll meet in that bonny land aboon,
 As if pairted a little while ;
 That the years gane by will seem as a day,
 Whan free'd frae earth's dreary haze ;
 An' in happier scenes ance mair I'll renew
 The love o' my schule-boy days.

THE BAIRNIE TAK'S AFTER HIS
 FAITHER.

We hae a bit laddie doonbye at the hoose,
 An' the mither about him is cantie and
 crouse,
 As for me, wha am generally sober an'
 douse,
 They say I am prood o' him raither ;—
 Wi' his carroty pow he is unco like me ;
 He's a kip tae his nose, an' a cast i' his e'e,
 An' a' the auld wives i' the clachan agree,
 That the bairnie tak's after his faither.

O' the wee ane's complaints he has had his
 full share,—
 The chin-hoast an' measles,—an' twenty
 things mair,
 Yet he's stoot an' weel-faured a' the howdies
 declare,
 Whilk comforts the heart o' his mither,
 Yet 'mang a' the troubles, an' drawbacks
 sae rife,
 He tak's tae the bottle as nat'ral as life,
 An' aften I smile as I tell the guidwife,
 That the bairnie tak's after his faither.

Whan the lassies drap in hoo he coo's an'
 he craws,
 An' glams at their ribbons, their gum-
 flowers an' brows,
 Or expresses his joy wi' goo-goos and da-das,
 While the lassie's guffaw tae ilk-ither,
 As for me—when I see a' the cuddlin'
 gaun on,
 I think o' the days afore Kirstie was won,
 For in a' this curdooin' sae early begun,
 The bairnie tak's after his faither.

Yere rattles an' toys he no cares for a preen,
 Nor dolls—whilk the lassocks are fond o', I
 ween,
 But see hoo he'll warstle an' cock up his
 e'en,
 Whan I jingle the siller taegither ;
 An' should I a bawbee an' saxpence haud
 oot,
 He'll grab at the wee-ane withoot ony doot,
 This auld-farrant weanie ken's what he's
 about,
 For the bairnie tak's after his faither.

There's ae thing peculiar tae Scotchmen a'
 ower,
 They'll unco strong-wulled, an' inclined tae
 be dour,—
 They winna be driven, dae a' i' yere poo'er,
 Tho' they'll follow withouten a swither,
 An' young as he is I can see i' the wean,
 He'll stan' tae his point just as steeve as a
 stane,
 An' he'll try a' he can tae toddle his lane ;
 For the bairnie tak's after his faither.

Let us houp as the years come an' gang, he
 will be,
 Aye lovin' and kind tae his mither an' me ;
 Nor frae the straight road gangin' meikle
 aglee,
 Nor wi' dootfu' companions forgather ;
 Aye firmly the wiles o' the warl' tae with-
 stand,—
 As saft as the doon, yet as gritty as sand,
 An' haud up his heid wi' the best i' the
 land,
 For the bairnie tak's after his faither.

— — —

AN AULD SETTLER.

— — —

She left her hame in youth's fair morn,
 An' crossed the boundin' main ;
 But aft' her heart wad yearn tae roam,
 Her native hills again ;
 Tae wander wi' her playmates dear,
 Atoon the bosky dells,
 Where 'mang the nooks the violets
 bloomed—
 The primrose, an' blue-bells.

As age crept on, her memory seemed
 Tae cling tae langsyne days,
 An' she wad tell o' pranks an' ploys,
 Amang the gowany braes :
 Hoo aft' she climbed the Harden's hill,
 Or roamed thro' Langton wood,
 An' waded bare-fit i' the burn
 That thro' the meadow flowed.

She talked wi' pride o' famed Dunse Law,
 Where stood the Covenant Stane,—
 Where heroes vowed to do or die
 Their freedom tae maintain :
 She aft' described the Castle woods,
 The Hen-poo's placid lake ;
 The spots where geens an' brambles grew
 By glen or tangled brake.

Hoo aft' tae me she has recalled
 The quiet sylvan scene,
 By Marchmont's bonny woods an' braes,
 Or Polwarth-on-the-green :
 The auld kirk-yard by Lounsdale's haughs,
 The bonny wimplin' burn ;
 The hills an' howes, the glens an' knowes,
 Tae which her heart wad turn.

Hoo mony times she wished, ance mair
 Tae tread the heath-clad braes,—
 Ance mair tae hae a glint o' hame,
 An' there tae end her days ;
 An' while her heart wad dwell on this,
 An' saut tears dim her e'e,
 She'd say—"I'm ower auld noo for that,
 Na ! na, it canna be."

Yet while the lamp held on tae burn,
 An' memory held its sway,
 Wi' fondest love she aft' recalled
 The auld hame far away ;
 She gloried in its spotless fame,
 Its fights in freedom's cause,—
 Its martyr heroes wha laid doon
 Their lives for righteous laws.

Alas ! that wish was ne'er attained—
 Death cut the vital thread ;
 An' noo beneath the maple boughs
 She rests amang the dead ;

But while oor memory aft' recalls
 That humble, honoured name,
 We'll think o' her in youth renewed,
 In a brighter, fairer hame.

—o—

ON THE DEATH OF DAVID KENNEDY, THE SCOTTISH VOCALIST.

—
 Farewell, sweet singer of our Scottish songs,
 No more thy lilting will our spirits
 cheer,—
 Nor tell of Scotia's triumphs and her
 wrongs,
 To wake the smile or tear.

To those in exile, far in other lands,
 In cold or sunny climes, thy tender
 lay,
 Felt like the clasp of warm embracing
 hands,
 Of loved ones far away.

How oft' in listening to some matchless
 strain,
 Has fancy round us wove her magic
 spells,
 And wafted us to childhood's scenes again,
 'Mid cowslips and blue-bells.

Thy martial lays have nerved us for the
 fight,
 And made the Scotch blood leap in every
 vein,
 Inspiring in the cause of freedom's right,
 Our birthright to maintain.

And then thy melting strains so soft and
 sweet,
 That told of love in many a humble
 cot,—
 Of trysting hours when faithful lovers meet,
 Or vows too soon forgot.

Again, with laughter have our hearts been
 stirred,
 And slumbering echoes of the past
 awoke,—
 As mimicked action, or some quaint old word,
 Pointed the quip or joke.

How have we hung upon thy varying
 tones,
 And seen new beauties in the poet's
 song,
 Which told the doughty deeds of Scotia's
 sons,—
 Their struggles against wrong.

Here, where we met and clasped thy kindly
 hand,
 We gave thee hearty welcome as a
 friend,—
 A messenger from that dear distant land,
 Which we have left behind.

Now, still the manly heart, and cold the
 hand,
 Hushed is the voice of sweet melodious
 tone ;
 And Scotia's sons afar in many a land,
 Will mourn a brother gone.

Fitting the end,—when death had dealt the
 wound,
 Not darkling through the valley didst
 thou grope ;
 Thy weary spirit passed away, attuned
 To songs of faith and hope.

—o—

MY FAITHER'S FIRESIDE.

Oh ! the hame of my childhood, hoo can I
 forget
 The bright scenes that cling to my memory
 yet,
 Thro' lang years o' absence frae that
 cherished scene,
 Wi' ocean's wide billows careering between ;
 My heart never yet has forgot the bright
 days
 When as younkers we speiled up the heather-
 clad braes—
 Or the sweet hallowed spot where true love
 did preside,
 In the auld cosy neuk at my faither's
 fire-side.

Nae distance or time can ever erase
 Frae my heart the gay scenes o' my dear
 native place,—

The auld thacket cot, wi' the stile in the
 yaird,
 The byre an' the barn where the poultry
 were reared ;
 The bonny thorn trees that grew on the
 green,
 An' the burnie meandering sae crystal an'
 sheen ;
 But the scene aboon a' that has stood time
 an' tide,
 Is the auld cosy neuk o' my faither's fire-
 side.

Hoo often in dreams o' the nicht I am there,
 An' mingle wi' lang-parted cronies ance
 mair,
 As there in his auld elbow chair in the neuk,
 My faither sits readin' some paper or buik ;
 My mither is mendin' my corduroy breeks,
 I had torn in some o' my mad spielin'
 freaks,
 While my ae sister, Aggie, oor suppers pro-
 vide,
 Ere sleep reigns ower a' at my faither's fire-
 side,

Or again, amid innocent laughter an' din,
 We callants wad gather oor peeries tae spin,
 On the muckle hearth-stane, where the
 dancin' glint,
 O' the big peat fire, shone on faces content ;
 Faces frae cares an' griefs mair free,
 I never hae seen 'mang the prood an' hie,
 Nor hearts as free frae a' envy an' pride,
 As gathered langsyne roun' my faither's
 fireside.

On cauld winter nichts, when the wind an'
 rain,
 Patterin' fell on the window pane,
 We hae danced for hours tae the fiddle's
 strains,
 Or got in a corner a' oor lanes,
 Tae tell ower stories, aft' tauld before,
 O' ghaist an' bogles, an' warlock lore,
 Or sung the sangs that are Scotia's pride,
 That sounded sae sweet at my faither's fire-
 side.

My faither's auld neebours wad aften pap
 in,
 Just tae hae a bit crack ower what was gaun
 on,
 The news or the gossip frae steadin' or
 toun,
 Gin the craps were thrivin' or markets were
 down,
 An' listenin' tae a' as they cracked sae
 crouse,
 I sat in my corner as quiet's a mouse,
 'Till my e'en nae langer open wad bide,
 An' I dosed sae snug by my faither's fire-
 side.

There's no' a scene o' those days o' yore,
 I'll e'er forget while I'm tae the fore—
 The dance an' fun at the harvest kirns,
 The fishin' splores in the muirland burns,
 Climbin' for scroggs in the auld kirk park,
 Or playin' at bogley whan nicht grew dark,
 Or spaein' fortunes as we sat side by side,
 On oor cutty stools by my faither's fireside.

Nor hae I ever the lessons forgot,
 The Bible lessons my faither taught,
 Or the solemn stillness reigning there,
 When we read the buik, or we knelt in
 prayer ;
 E'en noo I remember his solemn words,
 An' my mither's counsels my heart still
 hoards,
 As she sought in prayers my young heart tae
 guide
 An' I knelt at her knee by my faither's
 fireside.

But those days are gane, an' will ne'er re-
 turn,
 Yet oft' wi' sic thochts my heart does burn,
 As my youthfu' days I live ower again,
 Forgettin' my manhood's sorrows an'
 pain,—
 An' oh ! gin I could my wish but hae
 Tae visit that spot noo far away,
 I'd joyfully cross ower the foaming tide,
 Tae spend my last days by my faither's fire-
 side.

— o —

JEANIE RAY.

Sweet glides the stream by Fogo braes,
 Where fairest flow'rets bloom,
 That in the sunny simmer days,
 The breezes sweet perfume.

Nae flow'ret there does bloom sae fair,
 Nae rose sae fresh and gay
 As she that blooms by Fogo muir ;
 My bonnie Jeanie Ray.

Sweet is her smile an' witching grace,
 Her e'en o' bonny blue,
 The crimson o' her glowing face
 Outvies the rose's hue.

Her neck is like the driven snaw,
 Her locks are like the slae,
 That doon the snaw-white bosom fa'
 O' bonny Jeanie Ray.

Oft' by the trysting tree we meet,
 Doon in the flowery vale,
 I listen oft' in rapture sweet
 Tae Jeanie's tender tale.

The scented roses frae the brier,
 The primrose frae the brae
 I pu'd, to deck the flowing hair
 O' bonnie Jeanie Rae.

She's gien tae me her youthfu' heart
 An' vowed she'll aye be true ;
 An' should it be our lot tae part,
 Nae other will I lo'e.

But till this throbbing heart shall cease,
 Till life's declinin' day,
 I'll live in happiness and peace
 Wi' bonnie Jeanie Rae.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

When the village bells are chiming
 The approach of twilight's gloom,
 And the labourer is returning
 To the comforts of his home ;
 Then, alone, I love to wander,
 Or recline beneath the bower,
 Pondering on the scenes around me,
 At the balmy sunset hour.

I have wandered at the day-dawn,
 When Aurora's golden beams—
 Glowing o'er the eastern hill-tops—
 Pearced the mist in fitful gleams.
 But I feel a happier pleasure,
 Yea ! I love that soothing power,
 Breathed o'er nature's scenes enchanting
 At the balmy sunset hour.

I have wandered at the noon-tide,
 When the sun in all its might,
 Lighted up with fairy grandeur,
 Scenes of charming rich delight.
 But far fairer were the valleys,
 Sweeter fragrance filled the bower,
 Gentler bléw the genial zephyrs
 At the balmy sunset hour.

At that hour how fair the dew-drops
 Sparkle o'er the forest glade,
 Sweetly sings the mellow blackbird,
 Welcoming the twilight's shade ;

Merry laugh the village children,
 As they cull the wildwood flower,
 Sweetest even is echo's answer
 At the balmy sunset hour.

'Tis the hour when faithful lovers
 Seek the fairy-haunted dell ;
 There, where all is calm and silent,
 Each their joys and sorrows tell.
 But no cares can there disturb them,
 Grief nor sorrow's withering power ;
 All is happiness and pleasure
 At the balmy sunset hour.

Thus I love alone, at even,
 O'er these woodland scenes to rove,
 When my heart is sad and down-cast,
 Far away from her I love.
 O'er my grief my spirit rises,
 And tho' sorrows clouds may lower,
 They like morning vapours vanish
 At the balmy sunset hour.

—o—

KATIE O' THE MILL.

Again the sun has sunk to rest,
 Behind the western plain,
 When now from weary labour free,
 I wander to the glen ;
 For there I often pensive rove,
 By Virtue's murmuring rill,
 To wait the hour when I shall meet
 Sweet Katie o' the Mill.

But no glad trysting will this be,
 But sadly we shall meet,
 Tho' oft in happy mood we've roamed
 That lovely, calm retreat ;
 For I must sigh the word "Farewell !"
 Tho' sad my heart does thrill,
 Must leave those scenes I loved so well,
 And Katie o' the Mill.

Oh ! sad tae think we'll roam nae mair
 The fragrant, flowery dell,
 Nor list the warblers o' the woods
 Their little love-tales tell :
 For, ere another sun shall set
 Behind fair Eildon's hill,
 I'll wander far frae her I love—
 Sweet Katie o' the Mill.

—o—

WELLAND STREAM.

On Welland banks I loved to stray,
 When closed the summer's sultry day ;
 When twilight over vale and plain
 Her sombre curtain drew again ;
 When by the grove, the glade and hill,
 The warbler's song was hushed and still ;
 Where bending flow'rets kissed thy wave,
 I loved to list thy limpid lave,
 Sweet Welland Stream.

There, many hours of sweet delight
 I've passed, when first the shades of night
 Came spreading o'er the verdant vale,
 When balmy winds waft on thy tale ;

There, 'neath an ancient elm, I'd lie,
 And list thy murmurings bubbling by,
 Or, slowly, wending by thy side,
 Where, o'er the vale, thou flowest wide,
 Sweet Welland Stream.

But, sweeter far, the hours I strayed,
 With Mary, lovely, peerless maid ;
 I thought not then of streams and tides,
 Nor culled the flow'rets by thy sides ;
 By mossy bank, where oft' we'd rest,
 My Mary to my heart I pressed,
 While all her charms I praised in song,
 Sweet echo sighed thy groves among,
 Sweet Welland Stream.

Glide on, sweet stream, glide on, and tell,
 Where Mary sleeps in yonder dell ;
 Tell how she faded in her bloom,
 Like flower to spring-tide's early tomb :
 Tell how I wandered lonely here,
 My clouded heart and spirits drear ;
 Tell how my sigh and grieving wail
 Thou wafted on thy twilight gale,
 Sweet Welland Stream.

Where willows to the night-winds wave,
 I often muse by Mary's grave,
 And, often, as the tell-tale breeze,
 Whispers amid the clustering trees,
 It bears my joyful message on ;
 When, with this path of tears, I'm done,
 Beside thee laid, I'll peaceful dream,
 While thou shalt sing my requiem,
 Sweet Welland Stream.

ELLEN O' THE HA'.

This warld 'mid a' its fairest scenes,
 Has mony a cloud o' care,
 Tae cast its shadow o'er the heart,
 An' leave a sadness there.
 But what care I whate'er may come,—
 What troubles me befa',
 'Tis sunshine aye, while in this heart
 Reigns Ellen o' the Ha'.

Noo winter cleads the hills wi' snaw,
 An' bares the forest trees,
 While dreary whistles doon the glen
 The cauld cauld norlan' breeze.
 But safe frae a' she blossoms fair,
 Whatever storms may blaw,
 'Tis simmer aye, where'er she be,
 Sweet Ellen o' the ha'.

An' when auld age comes creepin' on,
 Like e'enin's twilight grey,
 An' steals the blossom frae her cheek,
 As doon life's hill we gae.
 Still life will hae its charms for me,
 An' till death's certain ca'
 I still will share youth's brightest joys
 Wi' Ellen o' the Ha'.

THE FLOWER O' THE DYE.

Flow on, lovely Dye, thro' the heather-clad
 mountain,
 The wild rocky gorge an' the soft braken
 glen,
 Thro' the wide spreading hazels that shadow
 thy fountain,
 Then out on the meadow meandering
 again.
 For round this fair spot linger fond recol-
 lections
 That now bring the tear drop o' joy to
 my eye.
 As ance mair by the scenes o' my youthful
 affections
 I roam wi' my Jeanie, the Flower o' the
 Dye.

Oh ! well I remember the spots now around
 me
 Where oft' I hae sported in innocent
 glee,—
 No scenes o' the land where maturer years
 found me
 Can ever compare, home o' childhood, with
 thee.
 Nor can e'en the fairest o' these southern
 bowers,
 Tho' blooming in peace 'neath a fair
 cloudless sky,
 Compare wi' my ain country's mountain-
 reared flowers,
 Far less wi' my ain peerless Flower o' the
 Dye.

Oh! my Jeanie is fair as the sun in his
 glory,
 As rising he smiles o'er the Dew-sprinkled
 scene,—
 As the primrose that blooms 'neath the
 birch spreading hoary,
 Sae modestly blooming's my ain lovely
 Jean.
 Then how could my heart but be dowie an'
 drearie,
 As here we last wandered tae weep our
 good-bye,
 It seemed as if never again wi' my dearie
 I'd visit these scenes on the banks o' the
 Dye.

Now happy am I in thy bosom, my dearie,
 Nae visions o' grandeur shall wile me frae
 thee,
 Thro' sunshine and shade thy sweet pre-
 sence shall cheer me,
 Tho' rough the life-path o' oor pilgrimage
 be.
 When the twilight o' life sees thy locks get-
 ting hoary,
 Steals the rose frae thy cheek, and the
 fire frae thine eye;
 Still, memory, delighted, shall cherish the
 story
 O' our youth's cludless hours on the banks
 o' the Dye.

LANGTON WATER.

Green are thy banks, thou bonny stream,
 That windest sweet by wood and field,
 Where summer's flow'rets blooming sweet,
 Their fragrance to the zephyrs yield.
 Thy scenes are ever fair and bright,
 'Neath springtide's smile, or summer's
 glow,
 When with rich autumn's bounty crowned,
 Or winter's snow.

Far up amid the heathery hills,
 There, murmur first thy tiny rills ;
 Then, flowing on through mead and dell,
 The burnies meet,
 With many a gurgling rippling swell,
 In a calm and fair retreat.

Now thro' the deep and craggy glen ;
 Now sleeping 'neath the hazel's
 shade,—

Now rushing on thy course again
 Making the valleys echoes roar
 As o'er the lynn thy waters pour ;
 Now calm and peaceful as before
 On thro' the silent glade.

Thy course is marked by many a scene,
 Rugged, yet fair and bright,
 Where fitfu' thro' thy leafy screen,
 The sun's refreshing rays are seen
 Or Luna's silvery light.

Where hanging in thy rugged steeps,
 The honeysuckle blooms,
 And the trailing ivy creeps
 Where the sunshine never comes.

Where the cowslip and the fair primrose
 Lift up their modest heads,
 And fling their fragrance all around,
 When hushed is every sound,
 As they catch the dewdrops' pearly beads
 When day draws to its close.

When first Aurora's golden beams ;
 O'er the eastern hilltops stream ;
 Then sweet the forest warblers sing
 Their happy songs of love
 Which echo thro' the grove,
 Till woods and valleys ring.

Oh ! how I love to roam along
 By many a sylvan scene,
 And listen to thy song,—
 As oft in days of yore,
 I wandered on thy pebbled shore,
 And happy was I ween,
 But now sad are the thoughts that rise
 And oft the tear drops fill my eyes,
 As thou recalst the days gone by
 When gayest of the gay was I.

Of't with the loved of childhood's days,
 I've sported on thy gowany braes ;
 Thy richest spots full well we knew—
 The copse where the wild apples grew

And where the hazels hung,
 Down o'er the deep and craggy rock,
 Where oft the echoes were awoke,
 By ringing laugh of mirth and joy,
 From many a fair and happy boy,
 The clustering boughs among.

Oft' too, we've gone a nesting there,
 For we knew each shady nook
 And slaethorn bower,
 Where the linnets loved their young to
 rear,—
 Where they loved to lave in the limpid
 brook,
 At the sultry noontide hour,—
 We've watched the bee on the opening
 flower,
 And oft' in merry chase,
 We've run o'er the glade for many an hour
 Chacing the gandy butterflies,
 To us a rich and wonderous prize,
 'Till o'er each happy face
 The rosy glow of health was spread,
 And home again we sped.

There, too, I've often happy been,
 When, with the maid I loved,
 By thy sweet banks we roved
 In some sequestered scene,
 Away from all the vexing cares
 Which marked my growing years.

But, ah! where is that maiden now?
 By thee, sweet stream,
 She lieth low,

No more her smiles, like sunshine's glow
 Shall play around her brow ;
 No more her dazzling eyes shall beam,
 Or evening's balmy air
 Dance 'mid her golden hair.

She sleeps, and on thou murmurest still ;
 And thus I love to wander here,
 To listen to thy purling rill,
 As if her voice still met my ear,
 And bade my drooping spirits cheer
 With visions of a coming joy ;
 When all my wanderings o'er,
 I'll fly to yon bright peaceful shore
 Where to the loved ones gone before,
 Sorrow and sighing come no more,
 And tears no more shall dim the eye,
 For there at last
 All griefs of earth are past.

But, lovely stream, still here I'll rove,
 And list the songsters of the grove ;
 Here at the opening dawn I'll come,
 Here at the eventide I'll roam,
 While sweetly thou shalt gurgle on ;
 And tho' thou dost remind me still
 Of joys for ever gone,
 Yet will
 I love thee, peaceful murmuring rill.

—o—

THE WANING YEAR.

Swiftly to its close,
 The old year goes,
 And nought that we can do its step retard,

Still it, with many a groan,
 With struggle, sigh and moan,
 'Mid life's last ebbing throes,
 Dies hard.

Oh ! it hath seen sad sights,
 This fading year,—
 Brought many woeful plights
 To nations and to men,
 Bloodshed and war to some,
 And blackest gloom :
 To others woe and fear,
 A prospect drear
 Of want and misery,
 Sad heart and tearful eye
 That we
 Hope ne'er to see
 Again.

And it hath had bright days,
 And sunny skies o'erhead ;
 Full many a mother gave to heaven
 Her heartfelt praise ;
 While on her lowly bed,—
 When, pain and travail past
 She gazed with joy at last
 Upon the lovely child kind Providence had
 given.

And marriage bells have pealed
 A merry peal,
 As in the solemn church
 The holy man of God,
 Spoke of the pledges sealed
 In Heaven—exhorts them to fulfil

Each unto each the vows they take ;
 Then to their new abode,
 The prancing steeds soon whirl them away,
 And anxious crowds around the porch
 Wish life and love for the young couple's
 sake,
 And all seems glad and gay.

But let the curtain fall
 Upon the woes of war,
 And awful waste of life that did appal
 The world both near and far,
 And let us pray that, in the coming year,
 No tear
 May fall upon a murdered victim's bier,
 But over all the earth
 Peace and good will to man will reign ;
 As from out the ark of hope goes forth,
 With olive branch, the peaceful dove,
 Proclaiming heaven's love
 To fallen man ;
 Pointing to gloomy wrecks of days gone
 by,—
 Warning of guilt's undying misery,
 And leading to the cross of Calvary
 All nations, slave and free,
 A Saviour's all atoning death to see.

Thus would the coming year,
 Witness alone, contrition's hopeful tear,
 And the "good time" by sages often
 sung
 With poesy's sweet tongue,
 Come with the infant year's bright smile,
 When all our flickering hopes and fears,

And anxious toil,
 Would dissipate before the genial ray,
 Of a millennial day.

Alone I sit and dream
 Upon this solemn theme ;
 The passing moments, with a sigh,
 Rush swiftly by ;
 Around me all is darkness and repose,
 As to the year's sad close,
 The clock with warning finger points,
 And wisely hints
 Of that time when my little year shall
 cease
 Exhorting me to make with heaven my
 peace,
 That so,
 When parting from this weary world below,
 Hope's bright illumined star,
 May lead my thoughts from Time's sad
 scenes of woe
 And through the valley's gather-
 ing gloom
 Guide on and up afar
 To an unfading home.

— o —

NAE MAIR.

Slowly and sadly the muffled bell,
 Rings oot a solemn funeral knell,
 On the bitin' winter air,
 A mournfu' dirge for the loved and gane,
 While the funeral march, wi' its sad refrain,
 Tells o' ane wha will march again
 Nae mair.

Slowly the crowd o' mourners go,
 Thro' the eager air and the drivin' snow,
 Tae the kirk-yaird bleak an' bare,
 Where the elm tree points wi' boney arms,
 Tae the joyless river an' dreary farms,
 Ower ane wha'll hail spring's buddin' charms
 Nae mair.

He is laid tae rest, the salute is fired,
 The train o' mourners hae a' retired,
 While the band, wi' lively air,
 Wakens the echoes frae grove an' plain,
 Whilk silently listened the funeral strain ;
 But, gay or sad, he will listen again
 Nae mair.

Cauld in death is his kindly heart,
 Silent his tongue ; frae street an' mart,
 His frien's will miss him sair,
 But as the years roll swiftly by,
 We'll lo'e the spot where his ashes lie,
 While his name shall fade frae oor memory,
 Nae mair.

The nicht is sad wi' the widow's wail,
 An' infant fears are soothed wi' the tale—
 (A light 'mid the dark despair ;)
 If faither comes not, they'll go tae him,
 Where their cup o' joy will be fu' to the
 brim—
 Where hearts are sad, and eyes grow dim
 Nae mair.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Under the snow, the stainless snow,
 Which falls so lightly o'er hill and glade,
 Calmly at rest,
 In the earth's cold breast,
 A darling brother's laid.
 Just as the flowers
 In the autumn bowers,
 Fell neath the winter's blasting breath,
 He passed away
 Into glorious day
 Which knows no night, no death.

Under the snow, the spotless snow,
 From the loved who mourn his early fate,
 Yet calm in the joy
 That their darling boy,
 Has passed the pearly gate.
 Amid the gloom
 Which wreaths his tomb
 The star of faith shines bright and clear,
 And beckons us on
 To the loved ones gone;
 From the grief which rankles here.

Under the snow, the winter's snow,
 With the flowers that decked the verdant
 plain
 To rest awhile
 Till the summer's smile,
 Calls them to life again,
 Culled from earth's scene
 To the fadeless green
 Where the river of life flows ever on,

To bask for aye
 In the cloudless day,
 Our darling one has gone.

Under the snow, the beautiful snow,
 Which beams in the sun like a thousand
 gems,
 But gone to the fold
 'Mid the streets of gold,
 And the crown of diadems.
 Oh ! happy the thought
 Of his soul blood bought
 Into the fold of the King of Kings,
 Joining the song
 Of the ransomed throng,
 As he mounts on angel wings.

—o—

PENNY'S BRAE.

'Mang a' the scenes where in my youth,
 I wandered free o' care,
 At morning's dawn, or sunset hour,
 Tae snuff the cauler air ;
 There's ae scene o' the langsyne days,
 Still ower my hearts hauds sway—
 The shady paths, an' quiet neuks
 Alang by Penny's Brae.

'Twas there my young friend, Rab an' I,
 First sang oor sangs taegither,
 Or lay beneath some spreadin' tree
 In sultry simmer weather ;

We little thocht that frae such scenes
 We'd wander far away,
 Tae cherish but the memories o'
 Oor nichts by Penny's Brae.

There aft' when wandering alane ;
 When simmer days were fair,
 I used tae meet my shopmate Bob,
 An' kenn'd what brocht him there ;
 For in some quiet gloaming hour,
 He'd meet sweet Betty Gray—
 Their favourite trysts on Sunday nichts
 Was doon by Penny's Brae.

Still as my memory wanders back,
 I seek that scene again,
 Tae meet beneath the trysting tree
 My first fond sweetheart, Jane ;
 I seem tae press her hand again,
 An' vow I'll ne'er betray,
 The trustin' heart she plighted me
 Lanysyne by Penny's Brae.

An' now while I, a stranger, roam,
 O'er many a foreign part,
 Some ither may have woo'd an' won
 Her young an' trustin' heart ;
 Tho' such may be, I'll ne'er forget
 Until my dying day,
 The memories o' the happy hours,
 I spent by Penny's Brae.

“SHOUTHER TAE SHOUTHER.”

(Addressed to the St. Andrew's Society of Memphis,
Tenn., during the yellow-fever scourge.)

When oor forefaithers foucht by land or by
 sea,
Prepared for their richtsaye tae do or tae dee,
'Twas then that they made their prood foe-
 men to feel,
In vain was their charge 'gainst a phalanx
 o' steel;
Or as forward they sprang at their chief-
 tain's word,
Dealing death at each blow wi' the bayonet
 an' sword,
As they fell dead or wounded, an' front
 ranks were thinned,
Still closer pressed forward the heroes behind,
 “Shouter tae Shouter.”

When the enemy force's came sweeping
 along,
Wi' the wail an' the dirge, for the lauch an'
 the sang;
When thousands were fa'ing like leaves in
 the blast
Leavingsair desolation wherever they passed,
A brave band o' Scots like their faither's o'
 yore,
Stood firm tae their posts for the nameless
 an' poor,
They flinched nae tho' ithers were weak wi'
 despair;
Tho' death's shafts might reach them, their
 duty was there,
 “Shouter tae Shouter.”

Where'er in the land o' the stranger are
 met,
 The sons o' auld Scotia—they're brithren
 yet ;
 They're prood o' the fact that they're clan-
 nich an' leal,
 An' hae aye a true heart for poortith tae
 feel—
 Their love hasna dimmed for their hame
 o'er the sea,
 The land o' the heather, the land o' the
 free,
 That the honour o' Scotland may ne'er bear
 a blot,
 Is the heart-wish o' every true loyal brither
 Scot.
 "Shouther tae Shouther."

This life's a sair fecht 'mid its poortith an'
 pain,
 But the wail o' the sad, Scotchmen hear nae
 in vain,
 An' they wha wi' plenty or little are blessed,
 Are ready, aye ready, tae help the dis-
 tressed.
 Go bravely on, brithers, the scourge now
 has passed,
 An' the prayer o' the stricken is answered
 at last,
 An' should in the future new troubles ap-
 pear,
 Ye can aye count on help frae yere brithren
 here.
 "Shouther tae Shouther."

ALL FOR HER !

(A Scene from "A Tale of Two Cities.")

He sat alone and listened within the prison
cell,

But only sounds of clashing doors or
footsteps passing on
Fell on his ear, until the clock rung out its
dismal knell :

Then sounds of opening doors were
heard, and finally his own.

A gaoler with a list in hand looked in, and
merely said,

"Follow me, Evremonde." He went,
and, through the shadows dim,
He saw men standing there erect, and some
with drooping head,

Silent or mourning for the fate they were
to meet with him.

And as he stood among the throng, a girlish
form drew near

And, touching him, said, "Citizen, from
guilt, my soul is free ;

Heaven bear me witness to the truth.—
From me, what could they fear ?

For who would think of plotting with a
poor weak thing like me !

I'm not unwilling nor afraid to meet this
awful death,

If the Republic and the poor will profit
by my blood.

Let your brave hand sustain me until my latest breath."

"Yes, my dear sister," he replied ;" and, hand in hand, they stood.

As through the streets the tumbrils go,
with guards on every side,
Holding her hand and comforting this
child of tender years ;

While surging crowds along the streets the
prisoners deride,

Deaf to their cries, he kindly speaks to
calm her anxious fears.

Upon the church-steps, waiting the coming
of the carts,

The spy appears, and, vulture-like, he
gloats upon his prey.

"Down, Evremonde !" the cry is raised ;
the pris'ner faintly starts ;

But, at the cry, he only looks, and passes
on his way.

All robed, and ready for their work, beside
the guillotine,

The ministers of blood appear—when,
crash ! the deed is done ;

And knitting women, where they sit, scarce
heed the ghastly scene ;

But, for a moment, lift their eyes, and
carelessly count "one."

The empty tumbrils move away ; again that
dreadful crash !

And, never pausing in their work, the
knitters count out "two."

While swift descends that murderous knife,
 with ever gleaming flash,
 And bloody heads are held aloft, the jest-
 ing crowd to view.

Amid the waiting victims there, this man
 and maiden stand,
 And from her sight he seeks to hide the
 instrument of blood ;

With words of comfort, still he cheers, and
 holds her patient hand

Until her beating heart is stilled—her
 trembling fears subdued.

Unselfishly she speaks to him, “ Ah ! it is
 better so ?

The only friends I leave behind should
 never know my fate ; ”

And asks him if in that bright land to
 which she now must go,

Before she meets those cherished ones,
 she will have long to wait ?

One kiss,—the words “ You comfort me, ”—
 the moment now has come,

With sweet bright smile of constancy
 upon her patient face ;

One moment, and those trembling lips are
 now for ever dumb,

And with the whispered words of faith,
 he calmly takes her place.

The knitting women, counting still, have
 muttered “ twenty-three, ”

And then the murmur of the crowd in
 silence dies away,

Like one great heave of water upon a
 stormy sea,
 The bloody festival is o'er which marked
 that fatal day.

—o—

MEET ME IN THE BOWER.

O'er Eildon's hill the setting sun
 Pours forth its dying ray,
 And paints each scene in golden hues,
 By mead and flowery brae.
 And in the vale the fragrant dew
 Perfumes each blooming flower ;
 Then haste to me, Eliza, dear,
 And meet me in the bower.

I've twined for thee a shady bower
 Where yonder streamlet flows,
 And decked it with the ivy green
 And many a blooming rose.
 I'll twine for thee a garland fair,
 And cull each fragrant flower ;
 Then haste to me, Eliza, dear,
 And meet me in the bower.

O'er hill and dale, by stream and grove,
 All nature's gone to rest ;
 Then, come ! I wait for thee, my love,
 To fold thee to my breast.
 I long to see thy loving smile,
 And feel its charming power ;
 Then haste to me, Eliza, dear,
 And meet me in the bower.

Oh ! happy are we when we meet,
 No tears, no heaving sigh,
 But round our path 'tis joy and love,
 Above, a radiant sky.
 Should, o'er our youthful, loving hearts,
 Distress and sorrow lower,
 It cheers our hearts whene'er we meet,
 By Lounsdale's fragrant bower.

—o—

THE MAID O' COTHILL.

Oh ! far frae my hame and my country I
 wander,
 Frae the wild heathy valleys and moss
 covered rill,
 Where oft I delighted tae gaze on their
 grandeur,
 Or roam wi' my lover, the maid o' Cothill.

But tho' from my dearly loved land I did
 sever,
 These scenes of my childhood are dear tae
 me still ;
 But dearer tae me is my true-hearted lover,
 My sweet smiling dearie, the maid o'
 Cothill.

For now though I see nae the smiles o' my
 dearie,
 The thought o' that loved one my bosom
 does thrill,
 And cheers my sad heart, when a' lonely
 and weary,
 I long tae be back tae the maid o' Cothill.

But I soon will return tae thy bosom, my
 lover,
 The vows which I pledged thee, I'll truly
 fulfil,
 Nae mair frae my hame and my country tae
 sever,
 But love and protect the fair maid o' Cot-
 hill.

—o—

WHEN THE SUMMER BUDS UN- FOLD.

Music by G. E. KEMP.

—

When the summer buds unfold,
 To the wooing summer sun,
 And the charm of wood and wold,
 Tells that winter's course is run ;
 When a gladsome smile is spread,
 Over nature's beaming face ;
 Shall the hopes we deemed as fled
 Bloom again with sweeter grace.

When the doves are gently cooing,
 When the birds begin their wooing,
 What should we, my love, be doing ?
 When the summer buds unfold.

When the summer buds unfold,
 And the flow'rets deck the vale,
 We will whisper as of old,
 Love's enchanting oft' told tale ;

And our hearts will feel the glow,
 Of our childhood's sunny hours,
 As when balmy zephyrs blow,
 'Mid the fragrant blooming flowers.

When the doves are gently cooing, &c.

When the summer buds unfold,
 'Neath the sunshine and the rain,
 All our hopes, once seared and cold,
 Will revive to bloom again ;
 And tho' winter's blight may come,
 And the flowers may droop and die,
 Love's bright beams will light our home,
 With a pure and lasting joy.

When the doves are gently cooing, &c.

—o—

GAVINTON GREEN.

How pleasant tae wander by Langton's fair
 woods,
 By the green birken bowers, and their pure
 rippling floods,
 When the dew o' the mornin' on each flow'-
 ret hings,
 When hill-top and valley wi' melody rings.
 Oh ! then wi' my Jeanie sae gaily I stray,
 And pluck her the wild flowers that bloom
 o'er the brae,
 Or blythesomely meet in the gloamin' at
 e'en,
 When lightly she trips o'er frae Gavinton
 Green.

In the calm summer e'enings before the
 sunset,
 Before e'en the flowers with the night-dews
 are wet,
 Away then I haste tae the auld birken tree
 Where Jeanie sae faithfu' is waiting for
 me;
 While there we together will wander the
 glen
 Till Phœbus has sunk in the westward, and
 then
 I'll row in my plaidie my ain bonnie Jean,
 And hie wi' my lover tae Gavinton Green.

Oh ! my Jeanie is handsome, she's modest
 and meek,
 Like the fair blushing rose is the glow on
 her cheek,
 And doon o'er her breast like the snaw-drap
 sae fair,
 Hangs in loose flowing ringlets her bright
 auburn hair.
 Her sweet smile enchants me whenever she's
 near,
 And her voice like sweet music sounds soft
 on my ear;
 Oh ! there's nane can compare wi' my ain
 bonnie Jean,
 She's the pride o' the village on Gavinton
 Green.

And oh ! 'tis a treasure my Jeanie's true
 heart,
 For she's vowed she'll be mine, and will
 ne'er frae me part ;

And dearest ! when wedded, oh ! happy we'll
 be,
 For my hopes and my joys are a' centred in
 thee.
 We carena for wealth, and tho' poor be our
 lot,
 Yet love's cheering rays shall aye shine in
 our cot,
 Where blythe and contented frae morning
 till e'en
 I will love thee, fair Jeanie, on Gavinton
 Green.



WAIT A-WEE, AN' DINNA WEARY.

Wait a-wee, an' dinna weary,
 Tho' your heart be sad an' sair,
 An' your youthfu' dreams hae vanished,
 Leavin' nocht but grief an' care ;
 Tho' the cluds be dark an' lowerin'—
 Faded flowers lie 'neath the snaw,
 Simmer suns wi' bricht hopes laden,
 Sune the mists will clear awa'.

Wait a-wee, an' dinna weary,
 Tho' the winter's lang and dreary,
 Simmer days will come tae cheer ye,
 Gin ye'll only wait a-wee.

Wait a-wee, an' dinna weary,
 Tho' ye're maybe crossed in love,
 An' your springhood's hopes lie withered,
 Time will yet your cares remove ;

Tho' the joys that langsyne perished,
 Left a wound baith deep and sair.
 Maybe some true heart has cherished,
 Love for you, deep an' sincere.

Wait a-wee, an' dinna weary, &c.

Wait a-wee, an' dinna weary,
 There are ithers sad an' wae ;—
 Sufferin' puir wi' heavy burthens,
 Strugglin' 'gainst adversity :
 For awhile forget your sorrows,
 Sune a' cankerin' cares will flee,
 Gin ye'll sooth the broken hearted—
 Wipe the tear frae purtith's e'e.

Wait a-wee, an' dinna weary, &c.

—o—

“ FASTERN'S E'EN.”

'Mang the memories o' the langsyne days,
 O'er which my fancy aften strays ;
 That waft me back to the gowany braes,
 An ilka lang-left scene,
 I fondly lo'e that scene o' a',
 When lads frae cottage an' frae ha'
 Met ilka year tae play the ba',
 An' haud their Fastern's E'en.

My puir auld heart will aften thrill,
 Wi' youth's bricht recollections still ;
 O' hoo we played 'tween kirk and mill
 Till the last prize was gi'en :—

Hoo lads wi' neebour lads wad meet,
 'Tae spier for news, tae crack, an' treat ;
 An' hoo blythe lassies tae wad greet,
 The sports o' Fastern's E'en.

Even noo, my fancy still can trace,
 'The crowd that thranged the market place,
 Where joy was seen in ilka face—
 Baith auld and young, I ween,
 For frail auld bodies then wad meet,
 'Tae crack at corners o' the street,—
 An' drouthy cronies tae, wad weet
 Their gabs at Fastern's E'en.

The ba'-men, an' the fiddler loon,
 Play "Never let the Gregor doon,"
 'Till ilk shopkeeper in the toon
 His croon or shillin's gien ;
 An' ere the sport at noon's begun,
 The prentice lads close up like fun,
 Prepared tae scramble, jouk, an' run,
 For the sports o' Fastern's E'en.

The laird comes doon frae his castle ha',
 Wi' leddies tae sae busk an' braw,
 For he's aye the first tae toss the ba',
 An' mak' the sport begin ;
 The fiddler then, an' ba'-men chiels,
 Play round the toun-house, lightsome reels,
 Wi' callants shoutin' at their heels,
 For the fun o' Fastern's E'en.

Then frae before the toun-house staps,
 'Mid shouts, an' tossing up o' caps,
 The gowden ba' first upward pops
 An' ower their heads does spin ;

In earnest then begins the play,
While back and fore they stragglin' sway,
An' lasses cheer and shout hooray !

For the sports o' Fastern's E'en.

Then comes the wrestling an' the sport,
'Mid yells an' cries o' every sort,—
The race pell-mell up lane and court,
The like was never seen ;
They toss an' tumble, squeeze an' tear,
While hats and bonnets skim the air,—
Nae fun at country hiring fair
Beats this at Fastern's E'en.

The married men, the ba' maun hail,
By ringin' wi't the auld kirk bell,
While single chaps rin for the mill
Tae thraw't the happer in,
Sae there the wily lads keep guard
By yett an' dyke o' the auld kirk-yaird,
To win the laurels there prepared,
For the fun o' Fastern's E'en.

Then here a squad of country lads,
Hae cast awa' their cumbrous duds,
Ready for ditches, slaps or wuds
An' for the mill tae rin,
They stick at neither burns nor stiles,
Sae lang's they win the lassies' smiles,—
Nae money's prize for them has wiles,
Like this at Fastern's E'en.

An' sae the fun's kept up until,
The last ba's hailed at kirk or mill,
An' ilka ane has got his fill,
O' that day's sport, I ween ;

Then tae their hames at toun or stead,
 The lads an' lassies hameward speed,
 Ilk' Jock an' Jeanie as agreed
 Lang ere this Fastern's E'en.

An' then the ba'men wi' their frien's,
 Adjourn tae some ane o' the inns,—
 Where langsyne yarns the landlord spins
 O' what he's dune an' seen ;
 An' when the noise and din hae ceased,
 Then pork an' dumplin's crown the feast,
 Washed doon wi' toddy o' the best,
 To wind up Fastern's E'en.

—o—

FIRST LOVE.

How can I but be sad at times
 When all around is happiness,
 While listening to the village chimes
 Reminding me of bygone bliss ;
 As often, at the twilight hour,
 It called me to the silent dell
 To meet beneath the trysting bower
 My own, my lovely Isabel.

But ah ! alas ! they tell me now
 That I must wander there alone—
 Beneath affliction's stroke I bow ;
 My true one to the grave has gone.
 They breathe a sadness o'er my heart—
 A cadence like departing knell,
 Still torturing the bitter smart
 That bleeds afresh for Isabel.

She was the first on whose sweet charms
 My youthful heart's fond hopes were fed,
 Her heart the shrine where zealously
 My wealth of love was offerèd,
 But 'tis in vain again to seek
 To feel once more that witching spell ;
 My faded hopes lie buried there
 Beneath the sod with Isabel.

—o—

ROBBIE BURNS.

(Written for a Caledonian Society
 Gathering.)

While gathered here frae a' the airts,
 Wi' mirth an' sang tae cheer oor hearts,
 Ae name, 'boon a, a lowe impairs
 Tae Scottish veins ;
 He wha auld Scotia's fame asserts
 In Doric strains.

Dear Ploughman Bard, wha's meteor flight
 Gleamed but a span, then sank in nicht ;
 Yet left ahint a glamour bricht,
 O' sang sublime,
 An' gilded wi' poetic licht
 The stream o' time.

Thy name an' fame become mair dear,
 As time rows roun' the circling year,—
 An' Scotia's sonsy bairns, where'er
 They may forgather,
 Delighted, list thy lilts tae hear
 Frae ane anither.

In youthfu' hearts, thy love strains sweet
 Gars the warm bluid aye faster beat,
 At gloamin' hour when lovers meet
 O' simmer days,
 An' "sighs an' vows" again repeat,
 By "banks and braes."

Still, patriot hearts are nerved for war,
 Whan lowers the thunder-clud afar,
 An' Scottish heroes dae an' daur
 As in the past;
 Nae coward hearts thy fame shall mar,
 In "war's rude blast."

Thy thunder-blasts, langsyne, sent forth
 Against the pride o' rank or birth,
 Still finds an echo o'er the earth,
 In ilka lan',
 An' proves, wi' honest, stirling worth,
 "A man's a man."

Where crawling hypocrites are rife,
 Smooth o' the tongue, yet vile o' life,
 Thy satire pierces like a knife
 In flesh an' bluid,
 An' bares the root o' cantin' strife,
 I' "the unco guid."

But piety, wharever pure,
 Ye noted 'mang the simple pair,—
 An' pictured i' the reading hour,
 In cottar's hame,
 Warm love for Him wha did endure,
 The cross an' shame.

An' sympathy thou didna lack
 Where stern oppression bowed the back ;
 For serf or slave—or white or black,
 Thy heart did yearn,
 An' curst the tyrant wha could mak',
 “A brither mourn.”

Aye, e'en thy sympathy went oot,
 Tae puir dumb creatures—bird an' brute,
 Nor heard their suffering cry withoot,
 A pang o' grief—
 An' ever watchfu' kindly thou't
 Tae gie relief.

Thou had'st thy fauts—an' wha is there,
 Wad hae his inmost thochts laid bare,
 Or show his words an' actions square,—
 Sic saint, alane,
 Daur ought against thy fame declare
 Or cast a stane.

Na, Rabbie, had ye been a saint,
 Withoot a flaw—or sin's mirk taint,
 I fear me, we'd hae looked asklent,
 Tae hear ye rave ;
 Ye're words an' guidin', baith ill-spent,
 “ Amang the lave.”

Thy very fauts are beacons bricht,
 Tae help us forward tae the licht,
 Whan thrawart hearts wad frae the right
 On ill-rades gang,
 Yet scorn tae hide if e'er sae slight,
 “A kennin' wrang.”

Still a' thy glowin' words endure,
 Bricht glints o' rare poetic power,
 Tae lichten mony a weary hour
 O' puirtith sair,
 'Till stern oppression, fell an' dour,
 Can harm nae mair.

Noo, far frae a' oor praise or blame,
 We guard wi' jealous e'e thy fame,
 While fancy haunts oor far-off hame,
 An' Ayr-ward turns,
 In gentle tones we speak the name
 O' Robbie Burns.

—o—

MY HORN-SPUNE AN' LUGGIE.

Oh ! weel I mind my boyhood's hame,
 An' a' its scenes sae cheerie ;
 An' thochts come back that pleasure gie,
 Whan life is wairsh and drearie ;—
 The humble cot, wi' but an' ben,—
 The ingle-neuk sae snug aye ;
 The weel-scoored bink whare stood my ain
 Wee horn-spune an' luggie.

My life has hain its ups an' doons,
 Wi' joys an' sorrows blended,
 An' yet these scenes come back, as gin
 My childhood ne'er had ended :
 The village green's the same as whan
 We played at ba' or muggie,
 Whilk gied a zest tae mony a feast
 Oot horn-spune an' luggie.

That horn-spune wi' whistle in't,—
 That luggie brichtly polished,
 Are just as real tae me, tho' a'
 Youth's dreams hae been demolished :
 But tho' the glamour's gane for aye,
 An' life's noo geyan ruggie,
 A glint o' joy comes back at sicht
 O' horn-spune an' luggie.

I like tae see the dear auld spot,
 The cot whare I was born in,
 Nor feel a shame in speakin' o'
 The struggles o' life's mornin' ;
 I rather pride me in the fac',
 That puirtith was nae bogie,
 An' frugal lessons were imbibed,
 Frae horn-spune an' luggie.

Sin' then, I've mixed amang the great,
 Wi' titles an' distinctions,
 An' sat at mony a festive board,
 In gay an' gilded mansions ;
 But gie tae me, 'boon a' their stews,
 Or wines that just befog ye,
 A feast o' halesome parritch oot
 O horn-spune an' luggie.

Auld Scotia's sons the warld ower
 Hae shown a sturdy valour ;
 They mak' a name whare'er they gang,
 An' lauch at thought o' failure.
 Tho' hard the struggles o' their youth,
 Wi' whiles a scrimpit coggie,
 They've speiled the brae tae walth an'
 poo'er
 Frae horn-spune an' luggie.

The sturdy chieles frae Scotland's hills,
 Hae shared war's strife an' glory,
 An' left a record o' their deeds,
 Embalmed in sang an' story :
 An' whare ower distant lands they range
 Tae share life's stern tug aye,
 May they look back wi' honest pride,
 On horn-spune and luggie.



OVER THE CREEK.

Over the creek, in a snug little cottage,
 Lives little Madeline, pride of my heart,
 With light waving hair o'er her lily neck
 streaming,
 And eyes that first snared me with love's
 piercing dart,
 Fair is her bosom as snow on the mountain,
 Like day's rosy dawn is the blush on her
 cheek,—
 Lips like the cherry their sweetness dis-
 closing
 Has sweet little Madeline, over the creek.

Soft as the murmur of Summer's light
 zephyrs,
 Sweet as the thrill of the mocking bird's
 song,
 Is the voice of my darling to me gaily singing,
 As over the meadows we trip it along.
 Nature's gay treasures of sunshine and
 flowers,
 Fair tho' they be in the bright lands you
 seek,

Wield not such power o'er the spirit en-
trancing,
As the charms of my Madeline over the
creek.

In far distant lands of the East I have wan-
dered,
But not their fair daughters in rural attire,
Nor the gay city belles amid fashion and
splendour,
Could wake in this bosom affection's true
fire.
'Twas the fair Madeline, the beloved of my
boyhood,
First taught me the language of lovers to
speak,
And still, though long years from my home
I have wandered,
I love only Madeline, over the creek.

And since this fair treasure's restored to my
bosom,
My cup of delight is now full to the brim,
Again throbs my heart with the feeling of
boyhood,
While tears of true joy will my eyes often
dim.
Soon will our hearts be in wedlock united,
And then home's endearments I'll faith-
fully seek,
No more till the sunset of life to be parted,
I'll cherish my Madeline, over the creek.