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ROUND BURNS' GRAVE.



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ROUND BURNS' GRAVE:

THE

Paeans and Dirges of Many Bards,

GATHERED TOGETHER BY

JOHN D. ROSS,

EDITOR OF "CELEBRATED SONGS OF SCOTLAND," AND AUTHOR OF
"SCOTTISH POETS IN AMERICA."



PAISLEY: ALEXANDER GARDNER,
Publisher to Her Majesty the Queen.

1891.

ROUND BURNS' GRAVE, a poet band—
Singers, not of his native land
Alone—but bards of every clime,
Salute the Poet of all time.

And each his loving tribute lays—
A wreath of cypress twin'd with bays ;
As they approach the tomb by turns
That holds the sacred dust of BURNS—

Feeble they feel their tongues to sing
The praises of their Poet King ;
But in each heart a quenchless flame
Leaps up to greet the Poet's name !

Perchance his spirit hovering near
May stoop these lays of love to hear,
And breathe once more its magic spell
O'er brother bards who love him well.

—JAMES D. CRICHTON.

PR
4335
R 732

DEDICATED TO

Thomas C. Latto, F.R.G.S.,

*(Author of "The Kiss ahint the Door," "When we were at the
chule," and various other well-known Scottish Songs and Poems),*

IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF MANY FAVOURS
RECEIVED AT HIS HANDS.

J. D. R.

941997

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
BURNS,	9
ODE ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS, ...	16
ON THE DEATH OF BURNS,	21
ROBERT BURNS,	26
ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS,	29
THE GIFT OF BURNS,	33
FOR THE BURNS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, JAN. 25, 1859,	37
BURNS,	40
AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR,	46
THOUGHTS,	50
TO THE SONS OF BURNS,	53
MOSSGIEL,	56
BURNS AT MOSSGIEL,	57
ROBERT BURNS,	61
FOR THE CENTENARY OF ROBERT BURNS, ...	64
ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF BURNS, ...	67
ROBERT BURNS,	71
RANTIN' ROBIN, RHYMIN' ROBIN,	76
ELLISLAND,	78
BURNS' BIRTHDAY,	81
LINES,	86
BURNS,	88

ROBIN'S AWA'!	91
ODE.	93
ROBERT BURNS,	97
THE BARD OF SONG,	105
ODE,	108
VERSES,	111
COILA'S BARD,	113
ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS,					116
WHAT IS SUCCESS?	125
BURNS,	131
THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS,	132
A' POET KING,	133
RANTIN' ROBIN,	135
TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS,	137
ADDRESS TO BURNS,	139
TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS,	145
ROBERT BURNS,	149
ON THE DEATH OF BURNS,	151
STANZAS,	155
WRITTEN FOR BURNS' ANNIVERSARY,	157
THOUGHTS,	159
SONG,	162
ROBERT BURNS,	164
BIRTH-PLACE OF ROBERT BURNS,	165
TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS,	167
YE MAY TALK O' YOUR LEARNING,	170
THE NIGHT YOU QUOTED BURNS TO ME,	172
BIRTH OF BURNS,	174
AN EVENING WITH BURNS,	180

ROUND BURNS' GRAVE.



BURNS.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

*To a Rose, brought from near Alloway Kirk, in Ayrshire,
in the Autumn of 1822.*

WILD Rose of Alloway ! my thanks :
Thou 'mindst me of that autumn noon
When first we met upon " the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief ;
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou
Art withered—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—
The doom of all things wrought of clay—
And withered my life's leaf like thine,
Wild Rose of Alloway ?

Not so his memory, for whose sake
 My bosom bore thee far and long ;
 His— who a humbler flower could make
 Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns !—a name
 That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
 A nation's glory and her shame,
 In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory !—be the rest
 Forgot—she's canonized his mind ;
 And it is joy to speak the best
 We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed
 Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath ;
 A straw-thatched roof above his head,
 A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
 His monument—that tells to Heaven
 The homage of earth's proudest isle
 To that Bard-peasant given !

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
 Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour ;
 And know, however low his lot,
 A Poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,—
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong ;

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires :

Yet read the names that know not death ;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there ;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,—
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek ;

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
 Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
 The Poet's mastery.

O'er the Mind's sea, in calm or storm,
 O'er the Heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
 O'er Reason's dark, cold hours ;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
 In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
 From throne to cottage hearth ?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
 What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
 Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung !

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
 Come with his Cottar's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
 With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
 Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
 Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod—
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,—
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal ;
Tortures—the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel ;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave ;
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave ;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard ! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far wind sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man ! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,—
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,—
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,—
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour ;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far ;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,—
My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries !
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns ?
Were they not graven on the heart—
The name of Robert Burns !

Ode on the Centenary of Burns.

ISABELLA CRAIG KNOX.

WE hail this morn,
A century's noblest birth ;
A poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings
Than all her kings !

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence ;
And to the gazer brighter thence
Than the sphere lights they flout—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star waneth yet ;
So through the past's far-reaching night
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy,
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy,
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares ;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark, searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathise,
His mother's heart she bears.

At early morn
 His father calls him to the field ;
 Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
 Chill rain, and harvest heat
 He plods all day ; returns at eve outworn,
 To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield—
 To what else was he born ?

The God-made king
 Of every living thing ;
 (For his great heart in love could hold them all) ;
 The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall—
 Gifted to understand !—
 Knew it and sought his hand ;
 And the most timorous creature had not fled
 Could she his heart have read,
 Which fain all feeble things had blessed and sheltered.

To Nature's feast,
 Who knew her noblest guest
 And entertained him best,
 Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
 She draped with crimson and with gold,
 And poured her pure joy wines
 For him the poet-souled ;
 For him her anthem rolled
 From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
 Down to the slenderest note
 Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
 The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,

A king must leave the feast and lead the fight ;
 And with its mortal foes,
 Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins,
 Each human soul must close ;
 And Fame her trumpet blew
 Before him, wrapped him in her purple state,
 And made him mark for all the shafts of Fate
 That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield,
 Hard-pressed, and wounded fall
 Forsaken on the field ;
 His regal vestments soiled ;
 His crown of half its jewels spoiled ;
 He is a king for all.
 Had he but stood aloof !
 Had he arrayed himself in armour proof
 Against temptation's darts !
 So yearn the good—so those the world calls wise,
 With vain, presumptuous hearts,
 Triumphant moralise.

Of martyr-woe
 A sacred shadow on his memory rests—
 Tears have not ceased to flow—
 Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
 To think—above that noble soul brought low,
 That wise and soaring spirit fooled, enslaved—
 Thus, thus he had been saved !

It might not be !
 That heart of harmony
 Had been too rudely rent ;

Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
 By no hand could be tuned,
 Save by the Maker of the instrument,
 Its every string who knew,
 And from profaning touch His heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
 His country fain would prove,
 By grateful honours lavished on his grave ;
 Would fain redeem her blame
 That he so little at her hands can claim,
 Who unrewarded gave
 To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
 Hath now become a place of pilgrimage ;
 Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
 That could his song engage.
 The hoary hawthorn, wreathed
 Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
 While some sweet plaint he breathed ;
 The streams he wandered near ;
 The maidens whom he loved ; the songs he sung—
 All—all are dear !

The arch blue eyes—
 Arch but for love's disguise—
 Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain ;
 Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
 To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,
 Lighten with it their toils ;
 And sister-lands have learn'd to love the tongue
 In which such songs are sung.

For doth not song
To the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow.
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

On the Death of Burns.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread,
And, SCOTIA, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red.
But ah ! what poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breath'd the soothing strain !

As green thy towering pines may grow,
As clear thy streams may speed along,
As bright thy summer suns may glow,
As gaily charm thy feathery throng ;
But now, unheeded is the song,
And dull and lifeless all around,
For his wild harp lies all unstrung,
And cold the hand that waked its sound.

What tho' thy vigorous offspring rise
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel ;
Tho' beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
And health in every feature dwell ;

Vet who shall now their praises tell,
 In strains impassion'd, fond and free,
 Since he no more the song shall swell
 To love, and liberty, and thee.

With step-dame eye and frown severe
 His hapless youth why didst thou view?
 For all thy joys to him were dear,
 And all his vows to thee were due ;
 Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
 In opening youth's delightful prime,
 Than when thy favouring ear he drew
 To listen to his chanted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
 To him where all with rapture fraught ;
 He heard with joy the tempest rise
 That waked him to sublimer thought ;
 And oft thy winding dells he sought,
 Where wild flow'rs pour'd their rich perfume,
 And with sincere devotion brought
 To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But ah ! no fond maternal smile
 His unprotected youth enjoy'd,
 His limbs inur'd to early toil,
 His days with early hardships tried :
 And more to mark the gloomy void,
 And bid him feel his misery,
 Before his infant eyes would glide
 Day dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depress'd,
 With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,
 Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
 And met at morn his earliest smile.
 Waked by his rustic pipe, meanwhile
 The powers of fancy came along,
 And sooth'd his lengthen'd hours of toil,
 With native wit and sprightly song.

—Ah ! days of bliss, too swiftly fled,
 When vigorous health from labour springs,
 And bland contentment smoothes the bed,
 And sleep his ready opiate brings ;
 And hovering round on airy wings
 Float the light forms of young desire,
 That of unutterable things
 The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare,
 Bid brighter phantoms round him dance ;
 Let Flattery spread her viewless snare,
 And Fame attract his vagrant glance ;
 Let sprightly Pleasure too advance,
 Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone,
 Till, lost in love's delirious trance,
 He scorns the joys his youth has known.

Let Friendship pour her brightest blaze,
 Expanding all the bloom of soul ;
 And Mirth concentre all her rays,
 And point them from the sparkling bowl ;

And let the careless moments roll
 In social pleasure unconfined,
 And confidence that spurns control
 Unlock the inmost springs of mind :

And lead his steps those bowers among,
 Where elegance with splendour vies,
 Or Science bids her favour'd throng,
 To more refined sensations rise :
 Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
 And freed from each laborious strife,
 There let him learn the bliss to prize
 That waits the sons of polish'd life.

Then whilst his throbbing veins beat high
 With every impulse of delight,
 Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
 And shroud the scene in shades of night ;
 And let Despair, with wizard light,
 Disclose the yawning gulf below,
 And pour incessant on his sight
 Her spectred ills and shapes of woe :

And show beneath a cheerless shed,
 With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
 In silent grief where droops her head,
 The partner of his early joys ;
 And let his infants' tender cries
 His fond parental succour claim,
 And bid him hear in agonies
 A husband's and a father's name.

'Tis done, the powerful charm succeeds ;
His high reluctant spirit bends ;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends.
An idiot laugh the welkin rends
As genius thus degraded lies ;
Till pitying Heaven the veil extends
That shrouds the Poet's ardent eyes.

—Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread,
And SCOTIA, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red :
But never more shall poet tread
Thy airy height, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breath'd the soothing strain.

Robert Burns.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr
 A ploughman, who, in foul and fair,
 Sings at his task
 So clear, we know not if it is
 The laverock's song we hear, or his,
 Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields
 A more ethereal harvest yields
 Than sheaves of grain ;
 Songs flush with purple bloom the rye,
 The plover's call, the curlew's cry
 Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
 Becomes a flower ; the lowliest reed
 Beside the stream
 Is clothed in beauty ; gorse and grass
 And heather, where his footsteps pass,
 The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines
The darkness of lone cottage rooms ;
 He feels the force,
The treacherous undertow and stress
Of wayward passions, and no less
 The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate ;
 The brushwood, hung
Above the tavern door, lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall
 Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song
Rises o'er all elate and strong ;
 Its master-chords
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood ;
Its discords but an interlude
 Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve !
 Yet better sure
Is this, than wandering up and down
An old man in a country town,
 Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth ; his hand
 Guides every plough ;

He sits beside each ingle-nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine !
Welcome ! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost !

Ode to the Memory of Burns.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SOUL of the Poet ! wheresoe'er
 Reclaim'd from earth, thy genius plume
 Her wings of immortality !
 Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
 And with thy influence illumine
 The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
 Discord and strife, at BURNS'S name,
 Exorcised by his memory ?
 For he was chief of bards that swell
 The heart with songs of social flame,
 And high delicious revelry.

And Love's own strain to him was given,
 To warble all its ecstasies
 With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd,—
 Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
 The choicest sweet of Paradise,
 In life's else bitter cup distill'd.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love ?
Who that has felt forgets the song ?

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan ;
His country's high soul'd peasantry
What patriot pride he taught !—how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man !
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot, the Muse
Entranced, and showed him all the forms
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom,
(That only gifted poet views)
The Genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from Glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field, what thoughts arouse
The swain whom BURNS'S song inspires ;
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains ?

And see the Scottish exile, tann'd
By many a far and foreign clime,

Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamp'd by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In BURNS'S carol sweet recalls
The scenes that bless'd him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, 'midst the worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings :
Let high Philosophy control,
And sages calm, the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,—
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the Muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling, at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, thistle, harp ; 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,—
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is cross'd with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade ?

Such was the soldier—BURNS, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due,
In verse like thine, oh ! could he live,
The friend I mourn'd—the brave—the good—
Edward that died at Waterloo ! *

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song !
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong ;
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart—
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell ! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust :
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

* Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

The Gift of Burns.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Addressed to the Boston Caledonian Club on the one hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the Birth of the National Poet.

I.

THAT speech the English Pilgrims spoke
 Fills the great plains afar,
 And branches of the British vale
 Wave 'neath the Western star ;
 " Be free ! " men cried, in Shakespeare's tongue,
 When striking for the slave—
 Thus Hampden's cry for Freedom rung
 As far as Lincoln's grave !

II.

But when new vales of England rise,
 The thistle freelier blows ;
 Across the seas 'neath alien skies
 Another Scotland grows ;
 Here Independence, mountain maid,
 Reaps her full birthright now,

And BURNS's shade, in trews and plaid,
Still whistles at the plough.

III.

Scots, gather'd now in phalanx bright,
Here in this distant land,
To greet you, this immortal night,
I reach the loving hand ;
My soul is with you, one and all,
Who pledge our poet's fame,
And echoing your toast, I call
A blessing on his name !

IV.

The heritage he left behind
Has spread from sea to sea—
The liberal heart, the fearless mind,
The undaunted soul and free ;
The radiant humour that redeem'd
A world of commonplace ;
The wit that like a sword-flash gleam'd
In Fashion's painted face ;

V.

The brotherhood where smiles and tears,
Too deep for thought to scan,
Have made of all us mountaineers
One world-compelling clan !
Hand join with hand. Soul links with soul
Where'er we sit and sing,
Flashing, from utmost pole to pole,
Love's bright electric ring !

VI.

The songs he sang were sown as seeds
Sown in the furrow'd earth—
They ripen into dauntless deeds,
And flowers of gentle mirth ;
They brighten every path we tread,
They conquer time and place ;
While blue skies, opening overhead,
Reveals—the singer's face !

VII.

He struggled, agonized, and fell
As all who live have thriven,
But with his wit he conquer'd Hell,
And with his love show'd Heaven !
He was the noblest of us all,
Yet of us all a part,
For every Scot, howe'er so small,
Is high as BURNS's heart !

VIII.

Immortal is the night, indeed,
When he this life began—
The open-handed, stubborn-kne'd,
Type of the mountain clan !
The shape erect that never knelt
To Kings of earth or air,
But at a maiden's touch would melt,
And tremble into prayer !

IX.

His soul pursues us where we roam,
Beyond the furthest waves,
He sheds the light of love and home
Upon our loneliest graves !
Poor is the slave that honours not
The flag *he* first unfurl'd—
Our singer, who has made the Scot
The freeman of the world !

For the Burns Centennial Celebration,
January 25, 1859.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HIS birthday.—Nay, we need not speak
The name each heart is beating,—
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek
In light and flame repeating !

We come in our tumultuous tide,—
One surge of wild emotion,—
As crowding through the Frith of Clyde
Rolls in the Western Ocean ;

As when yon cloudless, quartered moon
Hangs o'er each storied river,
The swelling breasts of Ayr and Doon
With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll,—
The past becomes the present,—
And face to face, and soul to soul,
We greet the monarch-peasant.

While Shenstone strained in feeble flights
 With Corydon and Phyllis,—
 While Wolfe was climbing Abraham's heights
 To snatch the Bourbon lilies,—

Who heard the wailing infant's cry,
 The babe beneath the sheiling,
 Whose song to-night in every sky
 Will shake earth's starry ceiling,—

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends
 And floats like incense o'er us,
 Whose ringing lay of friendship blends
 With labour's anvil chorus ?

We love him, not for sweetest song,
 Though never tone so tender ;
 We love him, even in his wrong,—
 His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him, not for gifts divine,—
 His Muse was born of woman,—
 His manhood breathes in every line,—
 Was ever heart more human ?

We love him, praise him, just for this :
 In every form and feature,
 Through wealth and want, through woe and bliss,
 He saw his fellow-creature !

No soul could sink beneath his love,—
Not even angel blasted ;
No mortal power could soar above
The pride that all outlasted !

Ay ! Heaven had set one living man
Beyond the pedant's tether,—
His virtues, frailties, HE may scan,
Who weighs them all together !

I fling my pebble on the cairn
Of him, though dead, undying ;
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn
Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe,
Shall spare the minstrel's story,—
The centuries weave his purple robe,
The mountain-mist of glory !

Burns.

On receiving a sprig of heather in blossom.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

No more these simple flowers belong
 To Scottish maid and lover ;
 Sown in the common soil of song,
 They bloom the wide world over.

In smile and tears, in sun and showers,
 The minstrel and the heather,
 The deathless singer and the flowers
 He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and ROBERT BURNS !
 The moorland flower and peasant !
 How, at their mention, memory turns
 Her pages old and pleasant !

The gray sky wears again its gold
 And purple of adorning,
 And manhood's noonday shadows hold
 The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and soil
From off the wings of pleasure,
The sky, that flecked the ground of toil
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day,
The early harvest mowing,
The sky with sun and clouds at play,
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying ;
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with BURNS the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow !

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead
I heard the squirrels leaping,
The good dog listened while I read,
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood,
I read "The Twa Dogs'" story,
And half believed he understood
The poet's allegory.

Sweet days, sweet songs!—The golden hours
Grew brighter for that singing,
From brook and bird and meadow flowers
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen nature beamed,
New glory over Woman ;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth
Of fact and feeling better
Than all the dreams that held my youth
A still repining debtor :

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,
The theme of sweet discoursing ;
The tender idylls of the heart
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already ?

I saw through all familiar things
The romance underlying ;
The joys and griefs that plume the wings
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,
The same sweet fall of even,
That rose 'on wooded Craigie-burn,
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
The sweet-brier and the clover ;
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
I saw the Man uprising ;
No longer common or unclean,
The child of God's baptizing !

With clearer eyes I saw the worth
Of life among the lowly ;
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth
Had made my own more holy.

And, if at times an evil strain,
To lawless love appealing,
Broke in upon the sweet refrain
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,
No inward answer gaining ;
No heart had I to see or hear
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget
His worth, in vain bewailings ;
Sweet Soul of Song !—I own my debt
Uncancelled by his failings !

Lament who will the ribald line
Which tells his lapse from duty,
How kissed the maddening lips of wine
Or wanton ones of beauty ;

But think, while falls that shade between
The erring one and Heaven,
That he who loved like Magdalen,
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous chime
Eternal echoes render—
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendour !

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer ?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer ?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes !
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes !

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry ;
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary !

An Incident in a Railroad Car.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HE spoke of BURNS : men rude and rough
 Pressed round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
 As homespun as their own.

And when he read, they forward leaned,
 Drinking with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
 From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
 Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
 Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
 And slavish tyranny to see,—
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
 In high humanity.

I thought these men will carry hence
 Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
 For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
 Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
 Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
 Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked-for, into high-souled deeds,
 With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
 Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
 Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
 These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
 In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic
 In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,—
 The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor,
 Great deeds and feelings find a home,
 That cast in shadow all the golden lore
 Of classic Greece and Rome.

O, mighty brother-soul of man,
 Where'er thou art, in low or high,
 Thy skiey arches with exulting span
 O'er—roof infinity !

All thoughts that mould the age begin
 Deep down within the primitive soul,
 And from the many slowly upward win
 To one who grasps the whole :

In his wide brain the feeling deep
 That struggled on the many's tongue
 Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
 O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
 In the great mass its base is hid,
 And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
 A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems
 That every hope, which rises and grows broad
 In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
 From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes : in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century ;—

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men ;

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

Thoughts

*Suggested the day after seeing the Grave of Burns on the
Banks of Nith, near the Poet's residence.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Too frail to keep the lofty vow
That must have followed when his brow
Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us how—
 With holly spray,
He faltered, drifted to and fro,
 And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear sister, throng
Our minds when lingering, all too long
Over the grave of Burns we hung,
 In social grief—
Indulged as if it were a wrong
 To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,

And prompt to welcome every gleam
Of good and fair,
Let us beside this limpid stream
Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight ;
Think rather of those moments bright
When to the unconsciousness of right
His course was true,
When Wisdom prospered in his sight
And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hands expand,
Freely as in youth's season bland,
When side by side, his Book in hand,
We wont to stray,
Our pleasure varying at command
Of each sweet Lay.

How oft inspired must he have trode
These pathways, yon far-stretching road !
There lurks his home ; in that Abode,
With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly pensive mood,
The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,
Before it humbly let us pause,
And ask of Nature, from which cause
And by what rules
She trained her BURNS to win applause
That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen :
He rules, mid winter snows, and when
 Bees fill their hives :
Deep in the general heart of men
 His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
 From genuine springs,
Shall dwell together till old Time
 Folds up his wings ?

Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of Heaven
The minstrel lead, his sins forgiven ;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
 With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
 Effaced for ever.

But why to him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
 With all that live ?—
The best of what we do and are,
 Just God forgive !

To the Sons of Burns

After Visiting the Grave of their Father.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

'MID crowded obelisks and urns
 I sought the untimely grave of BURNS ;
 Sons of the bard, my heart still mourns
 With sorrow true :
 And more would grieve, but that it turns
 Trembling to you.

Through twilight shades of good and ill
 Ye now are panting up life's hill,
 And more than common strength and skill
 Must ye display
 If ye would give the better will
 Its lawful sway.

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear
 Intemperance with less harm, beware !
 But if the poet's wit ye share,
 Like him can speed

The social hour—for tenfold care
 There will be need.

Even honest men delight will take
 To spare your failings for his sake,
 Will flatter you,—and fool and rake,
 Your steps pursue :
 And of your father's name will make
 A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
 And add your voices to the quire
 That sanctify the cottage fire
 With service meet ;
 There seek the genius of your sire,—
 His spirit greet :

Or where, 'mid "lonely heights and hows"
 He paid to Nature tuneful vows ;
 Or wiped his honourable brows
 Bedewed with toil,
 While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
 Upturned the soil ;

His judgment with benignant ray
 Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way ;
 But ne'er to a seductive lay
 Let faith be given ;
 Nor deem that "light which leads astray,
 Is light from heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave ;
Be independent, generous, brave ;
Your father such example gave,
 And such revere ;
But be admonished by his grave,
 And think and fear !

Mossgiel.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

"THERE," said a stripling, pointing with meet pride
 Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
 "Is Mossgiel farm ; and that's the very field
 Where BURNS ploughed up the daisy." Far and wide
 A plain below stretched sea-ward, while descried
 Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose ;
 And by that simple notice the repose
 Of earth, sky, sea, and air was vivified
 Beneath "the random *bield* of cloud or stone"
 Myriads of daisies have strove forth in flower
 Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
 Have passed away, less happy than the one
 That by the unwilling ploughshare died to prove
 The tender charm of poetry and love.

Burns at Mossiel.*

CHARLES KENT.

BRIGHT dews of labour on his brow,
 Warm passion in the ruddy glow,
 Deep-flushing lustrous eyes below—
 What love flames back
 Where thro' green leaves the white gleams flow
 That mark *her* track !

Sweet glimpse but of a rustic girl
 With tartan veiled, whence streams one curl,
 Where fluttering witcheries unfurl
 Love's springs of hair—
 Of ringlets, yea ! the pink, the pearl,
 His heart to snare !

Among the rippling wheat he stands,
 A tawny reaper with brown hands,
 That swathe ripe sheaves with crackling bands,
 Or with keen blade

* From "Dreamland, and other Poems." By Charles Kent. Longmans, 1862.

Sweep gold waves back from stubble-strands
With shocks arrayed.

Rough, sunburnt, stalwart son of toil,
To till, to sow, to glean the soil,
How fair to thee that ringlet's coil
That lures thy gaze !
Not rudest lot thy fame shall foil
To chant her praise !

One moment there, one moment gone,
Quenched seems the arrowy beam that shone
That twinkling golden tress upon
In trills of light—
Hope's shadowy mist of dreamings drawn
Before thy sight !

Seen thro' which tremulous haze of hope,
Spread wide before thy fancy's scope—
As when o'er midnight's mystic cope
God's gems are seen—
Strange visionary splendours ope
And shine serene.

A young athletic peasant, thou !
Full soon Fame's crown shall gird thy brow
Thick gemmed with scarlet berries' glow,
'Mid bristling leaves,
Thy sceptre, but a sickle now,
Sway souls for sheaves.

That wondrous sceptre of thy song
Shall ever to thy land belong,
While évery rapture, every wrong,
 That thrills thy breast,
By sympathy shall thrill the throng
 Thy woes have blest.

Then million millions yet unborn
Will hail with joy this autumn morn,
When loitering 'mid the ripened corn,
 Thy glorious eyes
Watched thro' yon maze of leaf and thorn
 Thy life's best prize.

Thy bonnie Jean, thy winsome wife,
Sweet blossom of that rugged life—
Rough rind with tenderest fibre rife,
 Whence bloomed yon flower,
Rich guerdon of thy manhood's strife,
 With healing power.

Was not her type that gowan fair,
When, toiling down the glebe of Ayr,
Thy footstep tracked the hissing share
 That turned the mould,
And pity yearned that jewel rare
 With love t' enfold?

The bonniest lass of blithest charms
Thou e'er didst win with wooing arms,

To soothe thee 'midst the world's alarms
 In home's dear rest,
 With looks whose merest memory warms
 Thy manly breast.

The fairest of them all was she—
Yon "lass that made the bed for thee!"
 To whom thy trust in grief may flee,
 By anguish riven—
 When Highland Mary e'en shall be
 Still loved in heaven!

Unheard as yet Fame's trumpet-call
 From yonder lowly labours' thrall
 To grand Walhalla's deathless hall,
 Where waits his throne—
Yon Peasant-Poet counts worth all
 Her love alone!

Around him thus the day-beams shine
 O'er locks more black than raven's crine,
 O'er glittering orbs of light divine,
 And radiant face,
 Where sentience thrills each lordly line
 With nerves of grace.

Ah! better, ROBIN, thus to stand
 With sickle aye in healthful hand
 Than leader of a brawling band
 With gauge or bowl,
 When bowed to sordid craft thy grand
 Heroic soul!

Robert Burns.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHAT bird, in beauty, flight, or song,
 Can with the Bard compare,
 Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,
 As every child of air ?

His plume, his note, his form, could BURNS
 For whim or pleasure change ;
 He was not one, but all by turns,
 With transmigration strange.

The Blackbird, oracle of spring,
 When flow'd his moral lay ;
 The Swallow wheeling on the wing,
 Capriciously at play ;

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
 Inhaling heavenly balm ;
 The Raven in the tempest's gloom ;
 The Halycon, in the calm ;

In "Auld Kirk Alloway," the Owl,
At witching time of night ;
By "Bonnie Doon" the earliest Fowl
That caroll'd to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein ;
At Bannockburn the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train ;

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours ;
The Goldfinch, in his mirth ;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth ;

The Swan in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still ;
But roused,—no Falcon in the chase,
Could like his satire kill.

The Linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness the Dove ;
But more than all beside was he—
The Nightingale in love.

Oh ! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had Devotion loved to name
That Bird of Paradise !

Peace to the dead !—In Scotia's choir
Of minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The Phoenix of them all.

For the Centenary of Robert Burns.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

THE world is old ! States, Empires, Kings
 Have risen, ruled, and pass'd away ;
 Yet David harps, and Homer sings,
 And he of Avon speaks to-day.

The living song will still abide ;
 And when our age is dust in urns
 The world, as now, will own with pride
 Its life long debt to ROBERT BURNS.

His touch was universal birth ;
 He set his native streams to tune ;
 And every corner of the earth
 Knows Nith and Lugar, Ayr and Doon.

His homes we seek, his haunts we trace
 Wherever thought of him is found,
 We follow him from place to place
 And all is consecrated ground.

On things that disregarded lie
His look bequeath'd a priceless dower,
The trodden daisy caught his eye
And blossom'd an immortal flower.

Love's tender throes with him became
A sweet religion ; and he poured
Such floods of beauty round a name
That all men love whom he adored.

The patriot-hero's brows he bound
With wreaths, eternal as the sun :
Tho' lowly honest man he crown'd ;
He made the king and beggar one.

For well he knew that *lord*, or *king*,
Was but a word. With deeper scan
He made both peer and peasant sing
Their highest title still was—*man*.

In "shooting folly as it flew"
There never was a deadlier aim ;
And even those his satire slew
Are joint partakers of his fame.

He lashed the bigot ; his the creed
Embracing all humanity ;
A conscience clear in word and deed—
One Father, God ; and brethren, we.

And if we blame the sparkling rhymes
That made the maddening cup sublime,
Think only of the alter'd times,
And give the censure to the time.

In humour, friendship, pity, worth—
In themes that change not with the day—
Broad Nature, felt o'er all the earth—
His genius holds unmeasured sway.

Great Prince of Song ! to mark thy fame,
O for a moment of thy pen !
'Twere needless pains—thy living name
Is written on the hearts of men.

Our gilt makes not thy gold more bright ;
But hearts enrich'd would yield returns ;
A world of homage meets to-night,
And every thought breathes ROBERT BURNS.

Address to the Shade of Burns.

*Written for the Third Anniversary of the Irvine
Burns Club, 1829.*

CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY.

HAIL BURNS ! my native Bard, sublime ;
Great master of our Doric rhyme !
Thy name shall last to latest time,
 And unborn ages
Shall listen to the magic chime
 Of thy enchanting pages !

Scarce had kind Nature given thee birth,
When from his caverns of the North,
Wild Winter sent his tempests forth,
 The winds propelling—
To level with its native earth,
 The clay-built lowly dwelling.

Too well such storm did indicate
The gloom that hung upon thy fate ;—
Arrived at manhood's wished estate,
 When ills were rife,

Thy heart would dance with joy elate
At elemental strife !

Lone-seated by the roaring flood,
Or walking by the sheltered wood,
Rapt in devotion's solemn mood,
Thy ardent mind
Left, whilst with generous thoughts it glowed,
This sordid world behind !

Thou found man's sentence was to moil,
In turning o'er the stubborn soil ;
But ne'er was learning's midnight oil
By thee consumed ;
Yet humour, fancy, cheered thy toil
Whilst Nature round thee bloomed.

Though nurtured in the lowly shed—
A peasant born—with rustics bred—
Bright genius round thy head display'd
Her beams intense—
Where Coila formed thee—loveliest maid !
Ben i' the smeekey spence !

Mute is the voice of Coila now,
Who once with laurels decked thy brow ;—
Still let us ne'er forget that thou
Taught learned men :
The hand that held the pond'rous plough
Could wield the Poets' pen !

Upon thine eagle-course I gaze,
 And weep o'er all thy devious ways ;
 Tho' peer and peasant prized thy lays
 What did it serve ?
 Grim av'rice said, " Give lasting bays,
 But let the Poet starve ! "

The heartless mandate was obeyed ;—
 Although the holly crowned thy head,
 Yet wealth and power withheld their aid,
 And hugg'd their gain ;
 While thy loved babes may cry for bread,
 And cry alas ! in vain !

But now *thy* column seeks the skies,
 And draws the inquiring stranger's eyes ;—
 Art's mimic boast for thee may rise
 Magnificent ;—
 Yet thou hast reared, 'midst bitter sighs,
 A prouder monument !

Thy songs " untaught by rules of art,"
 Came gushing from thy manly heart,
 And claim for thee a high desert ;—
 In them we find
 What genius only can impart—
 A mood for every mind !

The milkmaid at calm evening's close—
 The ploughman starting from repose—
 The lover weeping o'er his woes—
 The worst of pains !

The soldier as to fight he goes—
 All chaunt thy varied strains !

Sweet minstrel, “ of the lowly train,”
 We ne'er shall see thy like again !
 May no rude hand thy laurels stain ;
 But o'er thy bier
 Let poets breathe the soothing strain
 Through each revolving year !

Yes ! future bards shall pour the lay
 To hail with joy thy natal day ;
 And round thy head the verdant bay,
 Shall firm remain
 Till Nature's handiworks decay,
 And chaos come again !

Robert Burns.

DR. JOHN M. HARPER.

*Written on the occasion of the poet's anniversary, and read
before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec,
of which the author is Vice-President.*

SWEET in the ear of fame of yore a bard,
With lips a lover's, wooed the heart of time ;
To him his love alone was meet reward,
Ere fame awoke to find his song sublime :
Within his heart the sheen of nature glowed ;
A patriot's fire his noble soul endowed,
And heart and soul found ecstasy in rhyme
That stirred the heart of time and soul of fame
To garland with the loves of men the Poet's name.

'Twas where the landscape sighs, when *Bonnie Doon*
Sings mournfully as winter stays its glee,
The cottar's hearth, in light of Januar's moon,
First heard the cry disguised of heaven's decree—
A Scottish poet born ; the north-wind blew
A trumpet-blast, but none the omen knew,
Though drear the willows sighed across the lea,

And every sombre pine and bearded oak
Sustained the solemn strain till day awoke.

And day by day awoke till summer came,
And year by year the rills renewed their song,
And year by year amid the sweet acclaim
Of rural joys, the Poet's soul grew strong :
For him ran clear the rhythm of the Doon :
For him its banks and braes were heaven's boon ;
When rang the glades with summer's warbling throng,
When blushing Nature laughed in every glen
To find her child, a poet, sing his sweet amen.

The poor maun thole what heroes whiles endure,
Their night brings cheer through little hope of day ;
And ROBIN's portion, not of shame, though poor,
Distraint his thrift, the debt of fate to pay :
Yet while the glebe his labouring ploughshare gripped,
The cowering *Mouse* and *Daisy*, crimson-tipped,
Less toilsome made for him life's weary way,
When love lit up the vista of its joys
With light, that from our soul's *Despondency* decoys.

To him was precious as the sweetest flower
The incense of the *Cottar's* evening care—
A savour sweeter far than scented bower
Of sanctity adorned at *Holy Fair* :
The altar of his father's faith was truth—
Truth born within, no outer silvered sooth
Of *Unco Guid* or *Holy Willie's Prayer* ;
And if from pleasure ROBIN stole a kiss,
The truth *A Man's a Man—for a'* was surely his.

The scenes in amber gold of *Auld Langsyne*,
 The symphonies around our childhood's home,
 The jewelled sword where browsed the sober kine,
 The hawthorn groves where love was wont to roam—
 Of these he sang, and still his music thrills
 The hearts of men to wile away their ills.
 Even from his sadness sunbeams often come,
 To foster in us wish to live again,
 Where youth and mirth of yore began their wistful reign.

If reason frolics in the *Twa Dog's* name,
 And mense falls out near by the *Brigs of Ayr*,
 If friendship's tryst neglects domestic claim,
 To jeopard prudence and the *Shanter's* mare ;
 On other chords *John Anderson my Jo*
 Plays sweet to soothe life's weary steps of woe,
 While *Man was made to mourn* makes men repair
 The breach of fate, and through their grief hath raised
 The test, that finds the good's in good and ill appraised.

If satire romps with *Hornbook* and his kind
 To tear the tinsel veil from falsehood's face,
 If frailty dares the *De'il* and every hind
 Who seeks to drag the human through disgrace,
 Love's sadness hath to joy a sweetness given
 In *Highland Mary* and the hope that's heaven,
 While *Mailie Dead* finds elegy a place
 Between our smiles and tears, as *Hallowe'en*,
 With fun that fears, crowns sacred things with evergreen.

And when his wooing took heroic flight,
 His fervent spirit revelled in the past,

To sing the deeds of men who knew the right,
 And, knowing, dared maintain it to the last :
 The thrilling, throbbing strains of *Scots Wha Hae*
 Reverberate down the aisles of liberty :
 In them the pœan-peals of war outlast,
 Though hushed, the torture of the patriot's task,
 Though Scotia's glens, in sunshine born of peace, now bask.

'Twas thus the heart of time the Poet fanned,
 Thus won he claim to wear the *Vision's* wreath ;
 Bred to the plough, his fame in every land
 Is scented with the fragrance of the heath :
 The meadows fling his praises to the breeze,
 The storm-winds echo them beyond the seas,
 And with them other bards bedew their faith,
 Till every isle that loves the Saxon tongue
 Hath with his lowland melody the welkin rung.

And Scotia's sons with patriotic cheer
 Join festival to celebrate his birth ;
 The spirit of his song still hovers near,
 To lustre friendship and its well-timed mirth.
 His song was Nature's—incense of the heart,
 With naught to hide, because it knew no art,—
 The song of life as life is found on earth—
 Sweetness in sorrow, evil out of good,
 The only song man sings and yet hath understood.

How oft his minstrelsy entints our joys !
 How oft his genius bindeth friends sincere !
 If life and joy we know he but alloys,
 'Tis these his love and poesy endear :

Hail to the land whose poet son he was !
Hail to the land that fought in freedom's cause !
Hail to its love of song that runneth clear ;
With hand in hand as brethren let us seek
The virtue void of art, the patriot-pride that's meek.

Rantin' Robin, Rhymin' Robin.

DAVID SEDDES.

WHEN Januar' winds were ravin' wil'
 O'er a' the districts o' our isle,
 There was a callant born in Kyle,
 And he was christen'd ROBIN.
 Oh ROBIN was a dainty lad,
 Rantin' ROBIN, rhymin' ROBIN ;
 It made the gossips unco glad
 To hear the cheep o' ROBIN.

That ne'er to be forgotten morn,
 When Coila's darling son was born,
 Auld Scotland on his stock—an' horn,
 Play'd "Welcome Hame" to ROBIN.
 And ROBIN was the blithest loon,
 Rantin' ROBIN, rhymin' ROBIN,
 That ever sung beneath the moon—
 We'll a' be proud o' ROBIN.

Fame stappin' in ayont the hearth—
 Cried "I forsee your matchless worth,

And to the utmost ends o' earth
 I'll be your herald, ROBIN !”
 And well she did emblaze his name,
 Rantin' ROBIN, rhymin' ROBIN,
 In characters o' livin' flame,—
 We'll a' be proud o' ROBIN.

The Muses round his cradle hung,
 The Graces wat his infant tongue,
 And Independence wi' a rung,
 Cried—“ Redd the gate for ROBIN !”
 For ROBIN's soul-arousing tones,
 Rantin' ROBIN, rhymin' ROBIN,
 Gar'd tyrants tremble on their thrones,—
 We'll a' be proud o' ROBIN.

Then let's devote this night to mirth,
 And celebrate our Poet's birth ;
 While Freedom preaches i' the earth,
 She'll tak' her text frae ROBIN.
 Oh ! ROBIN's magic notes shall ring,
 Rantin' ROBIN, rhymin' ROBIN,
 While rivers run and flowerets spring,
 Huzza ! huzza for ROBIN !!

Ellisland.

PROF. JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

FAIR Ellisland, thou dearest spot
 On Scottish soil to each true Scot,
 With wood and stream, and shining cot,
 Thy beauty sways me,
 And love is rash—O blame me not
 If I shall praise thee !

Wide waves the leafy June around,
 The banks with blossomy curls are crowned,
 Sweet flows with mild and murmurous sound
 The clear Nith River,
 And peace holds all the grassy ground
 Now sacred ever.

The Poet's farm ! a fairer sight
 Ne'er filled my view with calm delight ;
 Full fitly here our minstrel wight
 Did pitch his dwelling,
 With Beauty's green and gentle might
 Around him swelling !

Here stands the house, the very wall
Stout labour raised at ROBIN'S call,
A farmer's beild, which, low and small,
 No envy breedeth,
Enough for comfort and for all
 A poet needeth.

And there the stack-yard where he lay
And gazed upon the starry ray,
When pensive Memory's tender sway,
 With fingers fairy,
Struck from his heart the sad sweet lay
 Of Highland Mary !

And here the bank where he did sit,
When once his quick and glancing wit
Off-started on a racing fit
 With glorious canter,
And forth with flashing hit on hit
 Flew Tam O'Shanter !

And oft, I ween, to that green bower
He walked, in placid evening hour,
With bonnie Jean, whose smile had power
 To soothe his spirit
When fitful thoughts, and fancies sour,
 Might rudely stir it !

Fair Ellisland ! thou dearest spot
To each true-hearted stalwart Scot,

When I forget thy small white cot
And winding river,
Sheer from my thought may Memory blot
All trace for ever.

Burns' Birthday.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

My friends, the grape that charms the cup to-night,
 Should be the noblest ever grown in cluster ;
 Our flowers of wit and song should be so bright,
 That all the place should wear a noon-tide lustre.

For he whose mortal day, and marvellous worth,
 We strive to honour with our yearly presence,
 Was of that clay so seldom found on earth,
 On which the gods bestow their purest essence.

Ay, doubly bright should this ovation be ;
 For we are honoured far beyond your dreaming ;
 The inward spirit bids me look and see,
 Where comes the bard with light and music teeming.

He comes, but not like Hamlet's sire, to wing
 The soul with fear, and urge to painful duty ;
 He comes ; let us behold the phantom king—
 The king of song, and marvel at his beauty.

I see his presence in the luminous air,
And feel no thrill to make my blood run colder ;
He stands beside our presidential chair,
With loving arm upon a Scotchman's shoulder.

Upon his brow a crown of glory beams ;
His robe of splendour makes the lamplight hazy ;
In his right hand a pledging goblet gleams,
The other holds a "crimson tipped daisy."

Of deathless rainbows is his tartan plaid ;
His bonnet now is the celestial laurel ;
And on his face the light of song betrayed,
Makes all the room with poesy grow choral.

With eye of inspiration stands the bard ;
His lips are moving, though no sound can follow.
Let me translate,—although the task is hard,—
To justly render Scotland's sweet Apollo.

"Dear friends, and brother Scotsmen, doubly dear,"
'Tis thus the poet looks his kind oration,
"The day is come, which once in every year
Calls me to make my wonted visitation.

"I glide through Caledonian halls of mirth,
Where votive feast and song together mingle ;
I seek the cot,—the sweetest place on earth
Is just the simple peasant's glowing ingle.

“ The haughty Briton lights his dusk saloon,
Forgetting all his rancour for Prince Charlie,
And to the ploughman bard of Ayr and Doon,
Pledges the smoking bree of Scottish barley.

“ Where'er a ship upon the ocean swings,
To-night, before the mariners seek their pillows,
My songs shall sail on their melodious wings,
Like sea-birds o'er the phosphorescent billows.

“ By Indian river, and Australian mine,
And by the wall of China's old dominions,
My verse above their cups of mellow wine,
Shall fan the air to music with its pinions.

“ The far Canadian winter hears my name,
E'en where the trapper's northern home is chosen,
The songs of Scotland, mingling with the flame,
Warm all within, though all without be frozen.

“ By Californian shores and forests old,
Where, like a mighty bard new realms discerning,
The gray Pacific, over sands of gold,
Chants his great song, the glittering metal spurning.

“ In new-built towns, and round the miner's lamp,
Or on the plains, or by the Colorado ;
Where'er the far adventurous train may camp,
My song to-night shall cheer the deepest shadow.

“Or in the snow beleagured tents of strife,
By jocund fires, or beds of painful story,
Health shall take courage, and the sick new life,
To hear of Wallace, and of Bruce's glory.

“Oh, that my song may be as bolts of fire,
Within the grasp of soldiers and of seamen !
The bard profanely wakes the sacred lyre,
Who chants no strain to nerve the hearts of freemen.

“From town to town, obedient to the call,
I pass in haste, for envious Time is fleeting,
As oft before, within this noble hall,
I greet the friends who cheer me with their greeting.

“Here in your midst, my brothers, once again,
I stand to-night a saddened guest and speaker ;
I miss among you certain noble men,
Who erewhile pledged me in a brimming beaker.

“For your sakes saddened,— not, my friends, for mine,—
You mourn their music, and their pleasant sallies ;
But we together pledge nectarean wine,
And join our song in amaranthine valleys.

“I see the forms your sight cannot discern—
I see the smile across their happy faces ;
With eye of loving faith look round and learn
Your friends are here,—there are no empty places.

“From shadowy goblets held in fingers dim,
We drain the glass that keeps the memory vernal,
Our cups with yours are clinking brim to brim,
And thus we pledge you in a draught fraternal.

“Adieu, adieu ! across the eternal sea
Still let us hear your pleasant song and laughter,
And let the love you bear me, warrant be,
Of love as deep for all true bards hereafter.”

Lines

*Written on the Anniversary of Burns' Birth-Day, when
wandering belated in the mountain passes on the
frontier of Vermont.*

HUGH AINSLIE.

WHEN last my feeble voice I raised
To thy immortal dwelling,
The flame of friendship round me blazed,
On breath of rapture swelling !

Now far into a foreign land,
The heav'ns above me scowling,
The big bough waving like the wand,
The forest caverns howling ;

No kindred voice is in mine ear,
No heart with mine is beating ;
No tender eye of blue is near,
My glance of kindness meeting ;

But woody mountains, towering rude,
Dare heaven with their statures !
'Tis Nature in her roughest mood,
Amidst her roughest features !

Yet thou, who sang'st of Nature's charms,
In barrenness and blossom,
Thy strain of love and freedom warms
The chill that's in my bosom.

And here, where tyranny is mute,
And right hath the ascendance,
O ! where's the soil could better suit
Thy hymn of independence ?

Thou giant 'mong the mighty dead !
Full bowls to thee are flowing ;
High souls of Scotia's noble breed
With pride his might are glowing !

Burns.

 JOHN IMLAH.

PRAISE to the poet's name who breathed
 On Scotia's ear the sweetest lays !
 Hail to his natal day who wreathed
 The harp with greenest bays !
 Was ever name so loved as his
 That o'er the Scottish heart so yearns ?
 Was ever day so dear as this
 That bore us ROBERT BURNS ?

Yes ! men and minstrels first among
 Is he whose name we honour now,—
 Old Coila's son—the chief of song,
 The poet of the plough !
 From castle hall to cottage hearth,
 Shall Scotia,—while this day returns
 That gave her master minstrel birth,—
 Remember ROBERT BURNS !

Who breathed like him the burning strain
 Of lovers' fervour, hopes, and fears ?

So knew the Muse's varied vein
 Of transport and of tears ?
 Or, if to rouse the patriot's soul,—
 The spirit that oppression spurns,—
 Even to the death to glory's goal,—
 Who woke the lay like BURNS ?

The wood-lark warbling on the spray,
 The daisy flowering at his feet,
 Gave inspiration to his lay,
 Solemn and sad, yet sweet ;
 The homely feast of Hallowe'en—
 The ancient rites that science scorns—
 The pastimes of old days have been
 Embalm'd by ROBERT BURNS !

“ The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew,”
 He twined with beauteous thought and theme,
 The humblest bud the green earth grew
 His song has made supreme :
 Ayr, Irvine, Lugar, Doon, and Nith,
 Through hazels, birks, or broom, or ferns,
 Gleam in hallow'd glory with
 The deathless songs of BURNS !

The shepherd in his lonely shiel,
 The ploughman o'er the furrow'd field,
 The maiden at her busy wheel,
 The cotter in his bield,
 Have found a language in his lay
 Affection loves and memory learns—
 The thoughts and feelings, grave or gay,
 Of Nature and of BURNS !

'Mid Western forests wide and drear,
 On lands beneath the burning line,
 Sweet come upon the exile's ear
 The songs of "auld langsyne" ;
 How fancy to the "banks and braes"
 Of early youth enrapt returns,
 And lives o'er long departed days,
 Charm'd by the songs of BURNS !

Not narrow'd to his native spot,
 His soul embraced all Nature's plan,
 He that knits Scot with brother Scot
 Binds man with fellow-man ;
 His harp the heart-strings of mankind,
 Each feeling knew his touch by turns,
 And own'd the master hand and mind
 Of genius and of BURNS !

Wreath laurels round the warrior's name,
 With thousands' tears and blood imbued,
 Rear trophies to the monarch's fame
 For whom the sword subdued ;
 But time will hush the hireling's praise,
 The pile where marbled sorrow mourns—
 The pyramid of future days
 Is raised to ROBERT BURNS !

For ever cherish'd be his name
 To whom the priceless gift was given,
 High inspiration's holiest flame,—
 The light that comes from heaven !
 Praise to the child—the chief of song,
 And may, as monumental urns,
 All hearts bear on them deep and strong
 The memory of BURNS !

Robin's Awa!

JAMES HOGG.

AE night i' the gloaming, as late I pass'd by,
 A lassie sang sweet as she milkit her kye,
 An' this was her sang, while her tears down did fa'—
 O there's nae bard o' Nature sin' ROBIN'S awa !
 The bards o' our country, now sing as they may,
 The best o' their ditties but maks my heart wae ;
 For at the blithe strain there was ane beat them a'—
 O there's nae bard o' Nature sin' ROBIN'S awa !

Auld Wat he is wily and pleases us fine,
 Wi' his lang-nebbit tales an' his ferlies lang-syne ;
 Young Jack is a dreamer, Will sings like a crow,
 An' Davie an' Delta, are dowie an' slaw ;
 Trig Tam frae the Heelands was ance a brow man ;
 Poor Jamie he blunders an' sings as he can ;
 There's the Clerk an' the Sodger, the News-man an' a',
 But they gar me greet sairer for him that's awa !

'Twas he that could charm wi' the wauff o' his tongue,
 Could rouse up the auld an' enliven the young,
 An' cheer the blithe hearts in the cot an' the ha',
 O there's nae bard o' Nature sin' ROBIN'S awa !

Nae sangster amang us has half o' his art,
There was nae fonder lover, an' nae kinder heart ;
Then wae to the wight wha wad wince at a flaw,
To tarnish the honours of him that's awa !

If he had some fauts I could never them see,
They're nae to be sung by sic gilpies as me,
He likit us weel, an' we likit him a',—
O there's nae sican callan sin' ROBIN's awa !
Whene'er I sing late at the milkin my kye,
I look up to heaven an' say with a sigh,
Although he's now gane, he was king o' them a',—
Ah ! there's nae bard o' Nature sin' ROBIN's awa !

Ode.

Written for, and read at the Celebration of Robert Burns' Birth-day, Paisley, 29th January, 1805.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

ONCE on a time, almighty Jove
 Invited all the minor gods above,
 To spend one day in social festive pleasure ;
 His regal robes were laid aside,
 His crown, his sceptre, and his pride :
 And wing'd with joy,
 The hours did fly,
 The happiest ever time did measure.

Of love and social harmony they sung,
 Till heav'n's high golden arches echoing rung ;
 And as they quaff'd the nectar-flowing can,
 Their toast was,
 " Universal peace 'twixt man and man."
 Their godship's eyes beam'd gladness with the wish,
 And Mars half-redden'd with a guilty blush ;
 Jove swore he'd hurl each rascal to perdition,
 Who'd dare deface his works with wild ambition ;
 But poured encomiums on each patriot band,
 Who hating conquest guard their native land.

Loud thund'ring plaudits shook the bright abodes,
 Till Mercury, solemn-voic'd, assail'd their ears,
 Informing, that a stranger, all in tears,
 Weeping, implor'd an audience of the gods.

Jove, ever-prone to succour the distrest,
 A swell redressive glow'd within his breast,
 He pitied much the stranger's sad condition,
 And order'd his immediate admission.

The stranger enter'd, bowed respect to all,
 Respectful silence reign'd throughout the hall.
 His chequer'd robes excited their surprise,
 Richly transvers'd with various glowing dyes :
 A target on his strong left arm he bore,
 Broad as the shield the mighty Fingal wore,
 The glowing landscape on it's centre shin'd,
 And massy thistles round the borders twin'd ;
 His brows were bound with yellow-blossom'd broom,
 Green birch and roses blending in perfume ;
 His eyes beam'd honour, tho' all red with grief,
 And thus heaven's King spake comfort to the Chief.
 " My son, let speech unfold thy cause of woe,
 Say, why does melancholy cloud thy brow ?
 'Tis mine the wrongs of virtue to redress ;
 Speak, for 'tis mine to succour deep distress."
 Then thus he spake : " O king ! by thy command,
 I am the guardian of that far-fam'd land
 Nam'd Caledonia, great in art and arms,
 And every worth that social fondness charms,
 With every virtue that the heart approve,
 Warm in their friendships, rapt'rous in their loves,
 Profusely generous, obstinately just,
 Inflexible as death their vows of trust :

For independence fires their noble minds,
Scorning deceit, as gods do scorn the fiends.
But what avail the virtues of the North,
No Patriot Bard to celebrate their worth,
No heav'n-taught Minstrel, with the voice of song,
To hymn their deeds, and make their names live long ?
And, ah! should luxury, with soft winning wiles,
Spread her contagion o'er my subject-isles,
My hardy sons, no longer valour's boast,
Would sink, despis'd, their wonted greatness lost.
Forgive my wish, O king ! I speak with awe,
Thy will is fate, thy word is sovereign law !
O, wouldst thou deign thy suppliant to regard,
And grant my country one true Patriot Bard,
My sons would glory in the blessing given,
And virtuous deeds spring from the gift of heaven ! ”
To which the god— “ My son, cease to deplore,
Thy name in song shall sound the world all o'er ;
Thy Bard shall rise full-fraught with all the fire,
That heav'n and free-born nature can inspire :
Ye sacred Nine, your golden harps prepare,
T' instruct the fav'rite of my special care,
That whether the song be rais'd to war or love,
His soul-wing'd strains may equal those above.
Now faithful to thy trust, from sorrow free,
Go wait the issue of our high decree.”
Speechless the Genius stood, in glad surprise,
Adoring gratitude beam'd in his eyes ;
The promis'd Bard, his soul with transport fills,
And light with joy he sought his native hills.

'Twas in regard of Wallace and his worth,
Jove honour'd Coila with his birth,

And on that morn,
When BURNS was born,
Each Muse with joy,
Did hail the boy ;

And fame on tip-toe, fain would blow her horn,
But Fate forbade the blast, too premature,
Till worth should sanction it beyond the critic's pow'r.

His merits proven—fame her blast hath blown,
Now Scotia's Bard o'er all the world is known—
But trembling doubts, here check my unpolished lays,
What can they add to a whole world's praise ;
Yet, while revolving time this day returns,
Let Scotchmen glory in the name of BURNS.

Robert Burns.

THOMAS FRASER.

KYLE claims his birth ;—wide earth, his name,
 Where climes scarce kenn'd yet, peal his fame,
 An' gaun time gayly chimes the same
 Where'er he turns,
 Now, every true warm heart's the hame
 O' Minstrel BURNS !

Where Boreas brawls o'er blind'rin' snaw ;
 Where simmer jinks through scented shaw ;
 Where westlin' zephyrs saftly blaw,
 There ROBIN reigns ;
 An' even the thowless Esquimaux
 Hae heard his strains !

Dear Bonnie Doon, clear gurglin' Ayr,
 Pure Afton an' the Lugar fair,
 Can claim his sangs, their ain nae mair,
 Sin' lang years syne,
 Braw Hudson an' thrang Delaware
 Kenn'd every line !

Frae zone to zone !—where'er we trace
 The clearin' o' the pale-faced race ;—
 Where still the red man trains the chase
 Through prairie brake,
 E'en there his sang wi' sweet wild grace
 Rings round the lake !

The lone backwoodsman, as he seems
 To ponder o'er his forest schemes,
 Hums auld lang syne among his dreams
 O' far-aff hame,
 An' thinks, God bless him ! that the strains
 Croon ROBIN'S name !

Mothers wha skirled his sangs when bairns
 In Carrick, Lothian, Merse or Mearns,
 Are listenin' now by Indian cairns
 Wi' hearts half sobbin',
 While some wee dawty blythely learns
 A verse frae ROBIN !

Sound though he sleeps in death's cauld bower,—
 O ! what o' hearts this chosen hour,
 Far as fleet fancy's wing can scower,
 In raptured thrangs,
 Are thirling wi' the warlock power
 O' ROBIN'S sangs.

Frae Alloway's auld hunted aisle
 To far Australia's gowd-strewn soil ;
 And e'en where India's ruthless guile
 Mak's mercy quake,
 Soul-minglin' there, worth, wealth and toil
 Meet for his sake.

True hearts at hame—true to the core,
 To auld Scots bards an' auld warld lore,
 Are blandin'—as in scenes o' yore,
 Wi' BURNS the van—
 Love for braw Clydesdale's wild woods hoar,
 An' love for man.

Staid Arthur's Seat's grim grey man's head
 Bows to Auld Reekie's requiem reed ;
 While Soutra lifts the wailin' screed,
 An' Tweed returns
 His plaintive praises o'er the dead,
 The darlin' BURNS.

Poor dowie Mauchline dights her e'e ;
 Nith maunders to the sabbin' sea ;
 An' high on Bannock's far-famed lea
 The stalwart thistle
 Droops as the winds in mournfu' key
 Around him rustle.

Dark glooms Dumfries, as slowly past
 Saunt Michael's growls the gruesome blast,
 Where Scotia, pale an' sair down-cast,
 Clasps the sad grun'
 That haps her loved. and to the last
 Immortal Son !

While backward frae the grave-yard drear,
 Thought, tremblin' through a hundred year,
 Sees Doon's clay cot, where weel hained cheer,
 Shows poortith's joy
 When Nature's sel' brought hame her dear,
 Choice, noble boy.

But soon blythe hope fu' kindly keek
 Within her wae-sunk heart, an' seeks
 To tint her trickling snaw-white cheeks
 Wi' words that burn,—
 Why ! when a world her Bard's fame speaks !
 Why should she mourn !

Wide though the great Atlantic rows
 His huge waves, wi' their wild white pows,
 To part our auld an' new warld knowes,
 Weel pleased, she turns
 A westward look, where lustrous grows
 The name o' BURNS !

Pride, too, though tear-dimmed for a wee,
 May lively light her heart wi' glee,
 For where, sin' winged earth first flew free,
 E'er lived the lan'
 That bore so true a Bard as he—
 So true a Man ?

In him poor human nature's heart
 Had ae firm friend to take its part,
 So weel kenn'd he wi' what fell art
 Our passions goad
 Frail man to slight fair virtue's chart,
 An' lose his road.

An' we, whose lot's to toil, an' thole,
 Though cross an' care harass the soul,
 Can cheer the weary wark-day's dole
 Wi' strains heart-wrung,
 Brave strains ! our BURNS, worn but heart-whole,
 Alone has sung.

His words hae gi'en truth wings, to bear
 Round earth the poor man's faith, that here
 Vain pride can ne'er wi' plain worth peer,
 Nor lift aught livin'
 Ae foot, though tip-tae raxed on gear,
 The nearer heaven.

Fearless for right, wi' nerve to dare,
 Seer-like he laid his sage soul bare,
 To show what life had graven there,
 That earth might learn ;—
 Yet, though a' earth in BURN'S may share,
 He's *Scotia's* bairn !

An' O ! how dearly has he row'd
 Her round wi' glory, like the gowd
 Her ain braw sunset pours on cloud,
 Crag, strath an' river,
 Till queen o' sang she stands, uncowed,
 An' crowned forever !

Whilst we within our heart's-heart shrine
 The man—"The brither man!"—entwine
 Wi' a' the loves o' auld lang syne !
 An' young to-day,
Scotland an' BURNS!—twa names to shine,
 While Time grows grey !

Scotland hersel' !—wi' a her glories,
 Her daurin' deeds an' dear auld stories ;
 The great an' guid wha've gane before us ;
 Her martyr host ;
 E'en wi' the graves o' them that bore us,
 The loved an' lost.

Her sword, that aye flashed first for right ;
 Her word, that never craved to might ;
 Her sang, brought down like gleams o' light
 On music's wings,
 To nerve her in the lang fierce fight
 Wi' hostile kings.

Her laverock, in the dawnin' clouds ;
 Her merle, amang the evenin' woods ;
 Her mavis, 'mang the birk's young buds ;
 The blythe wee wren,
 An' ROBIN's namesake, as he scuds
 Through drift-white glen.

Her snawdrap, warslin' wi' the sleet ;
 Her primrose, pearled wi' dewy weat ;
 Her bluebell, frae its mountain seat
 Beckin' an' bowin',
 Her wee gem, sweetest o' the sweet,
 The peerless gowan.

Her waters, in their sangsome glee,
 Gurglin' through cleuch and clover-lea,
 Soughin' aneath the saughen tree
 Where fishers hide,
 An' driftin' outward to the sea
 Wi' buirdly pride.

The catkins, that her hazels hing
 In clusters round the nooks o' spring ;
 Her rowan, an' her haws, that swing
 O'er wadeless streams,
 An' bless the school-boy hearts, that bring
 Them hame in dreams.

Her muirlan's, in their heather bloom ;
 Her deep glens, in their silent gloom ;
 Her gray crags, where their torrents fume
 Wi' downward shiver ;
 Her braesides, wi' their thistle plume,
 Free, an' forever !

Scotland hersel'—Heaven bless her name !
 Wi' a' her kith an' kin the same —
 Yes ! Scotland's sel', wi' a' her fame,
 Weel's we revere her,
 Than him, her Bard o' heart an' hame,
 Is scarcely dearer !

So rare the sway, his heart-strains wield,
 In lordly ha' an' low thack bield,
 Wi' manhood, youth an' hoar-crowned eild,
 O'er Scotland wild,
 BURNS an' The Word, frae Heaven revealed,
 Lie side by side.

Earth owned ! his genius in its prime,
 Now towers in mind's fair green-hilled clime,
 Where, mist-robed, Ossian out-sings time,
 An' Shakspeare smiles,
 As Milton, murmurin' dreams sublime,
 Looks earthward whiles !

O ! hear then, Scot !—though yet you toil
 To fill some lordlin's loof wi' spoil,
 Or thriving on Columbian soil,
 Yoursel' your lord,
 Ne'er dim his now bright fame wi' guile
 In thought or word !

Spurn a' that's wrang, an' mak' the right
 Your haudfast sure, stieve strong an' tight,
 Cling there, an' ne'er let out of sight

The wants o' man,
 But, BURNS-like, strive his lot to light
 As weel's you can.

Ne'er let vile self get grip, to twist
 What heart or conscience dictates just ;
 Straightforward aye act, though fate's gust

May take your breath ;—
 The man wha fears nae face o' dust,
 Needs scarce fear-death.

Proud, stern, though gentle as the tone
 Breathed through a mother's prayerfu' moan,
 BURNS scorned to snool round rank or throne,

Fause-tongued an' tame ;—
 Till death, his heart was freedom's own ;
 Be ours the same !

The Bard of Song.

Written for Burns' Anniversary, 1834.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

THE bard of song rose in the west,
 And gladdened Coila's land,
 The badge of fame was on his brow,
 Her sceptre in his hand.

The minstrel Muse beheld her son,
 While glory round him shone,
 Walk forth to kindle with his glance
 Whate'er he looked upon !

She saw the green earth where he strayed
 Acquire a greener hue,
 And sunny skies high o'er his head
 Assume a brighter blue.

She saw him strike his rustic harp,
 In cadence wild and strong :
 His song was of bold freedom's land—
 Of Scotland was his song !

He soared not 'mong aerial clouds,
Beyond the mortal ken ;
His song was of the moorland wild,
The happy homes of men.

Or of our battle chiefs, who rose
To his enraptured view—
He knelt before the Bruce's crown,
And sword that Wallace drew !

Their deeds inspired his martial strains,
He marked the patriot band
Who stood, 'mid dark and stormy days,
The guardians of our land.

“ All hail ! my son,” the Muse she cried,
“ Thy star shall ne'er decline ;
A deathless name, and lasting fame,
Shall evermore be thine ! ”

Fain had she said, “ and length of days,”
But thus she boding sung—
“ Away, away, nor longer stay,
Thy parting knell hath rung ! ”

The Minstrel sighed, and from his harp
A few sad tones here fell ;
They told of honours—all too late,
And of his last farewell !

They told of fame, when he no more
Would need a cold world's fame—
Of proud memorials to his name,
When he was but a name !—

Of pride, of contumely, and scorn—

The proud man's passing by—

The Minstrel left to die on earth,

Yet lauded to the sky !

'Tis past !—and yet there lives a voice

That thrills the chords among :

'Tis—Scotland's song shall be of BURNS,

Who gave to Scotland song.

Ode.

The Anniversary of Robert Burns, January 1815.

WILLIAM GLEN.

COME, my sweet harp, come murmur on,
 Sing of my home in glorious glee ;
 A fairer land than Caledon,
 Ne'er started from a stormy sea,
 And fling thy numbers bold and free,
 To him whose notes roll'd sweet along,
 For dear as life, as Heaven, will be
 The land of freedom and of song.

Let Haffiz live in Persian strains,
 Let Italy her Tasso claim,
 Let Homer charm the Grecian plains,
 His country's boast, his country's shame ;
 Let Milton raise fair England's name,
 And genius consecrate their urns ;
 But where's the Bard can cloud the fame
 Of Scotland's pride, her darling BURNS ?

Ye masters of the ancient school,
 Ye moderns wooing genius mild,

Know that a Bard's not form'd by rule,
 Bright-polish'd till the fabric's spoil'd.
 O ! give me Nature's artless child,
 Who spurns all gaudy tinsel glare,
 Like him who sung his " wood-notes wild "
 Upon the bonnie banks of Ayr.

" O ! thou pale orb," thou'st seen him stray,
 By Nith's sweet winding lovely stream,
 Giving bright fancy all its play,
 Whilst gazing on thy wandering beam :
 Thou'st mark'd with sweet diffusing gleam,
 Him mourning by Lincluden towers,
 " How life and love were all a dream,"
 And he confess'd their bitter powers.

Yet oft in merriment and glee,
 He " set the table in a roar,"
 Wild as the wildest could he be,
 And ablest wits confess'd his powers ;
 Yet all at once could he restore
 The woe-tear to the eye again,
 Bid mirth's mad witchery charm no more,
 And call to life sad sorrow's train.

Coila ! thy vales are silent now,
 He's gone who all thy beauties drew,
 Go bind on thy majestic brow,
 The weeping rosemary and rue ;
 And let the sorrow-shading yew,
 Hang o'er the grave where Nature mourns,
 And weep, sweet Coila, for I trow
 You lost your brightest gem in BURNS.

"While ruin's ploughshare drives elate,"
 While men their fellow-mortals spurn,
 And weeping pleasure's transient date,
 Exclaims that "Man was made to mourn."
 Or if from every rapture torn,
 We sadly wail a darling maid,
 We'll know his wae who called forlorn
 On "Mary's dear departed shade."

Or when our fathers' deeds he grac'd,
 Raising their deathless fame on high,
 Bade us while every wae be trac'd,
 Wail Scotland's fallen majesty ;
 Or brought the tear-drop in our eye,
 When resting on her lowly tomb,
 And bade us heave the unconscious sigh,
 When mourning hapless Mary's doom.

Whether he struck the notes of woe,
 Or bade them with wild joy expand,—
 In pleasure's tide, or sorrow's flow—
 His lyre was sweet, majestic, grand :
 He touch'd it with a master's hand,
 Its heavenly tone will never die,
 And many, many a distant land
 Was charmed with his minstrelsy.

We'll lay the lyre upon his urn,
 And while the moon-beams deck the plain,
 Mayhap his spirit may return,
 And sweep the trembling chords again,
 And we may hear the fairy strain,
 Float on the night-breeze down the dell—
 Delusion all, it is in vain—
 And now, sweet Bard, again farewell.

Verses

*Written on Visiting the House in which Robert Burns was
Born, and the surrounding Scenery, in Autumn, 1799.*

RICHARD GALL.

O BUT it makes my heart fu' sair,
The lowly blast-worn bower to see,
Whare infant Genius wont to smile,
Whare brightened first the Poet's e'e !

BURNS, heavenly Bard ! 'twas here thy mind
Traced ilka object wildly grand ;
Here first thou caught dame Nature's fire,
An' snatched the pencil from her hand.

Bleak Autumn now reigns o'er these scenes,
The yellow leaves fa' aff the tree ;
But never shall the laurel fade,
That Scotia's Muse has twined for thee.

O Doon ! aft wad he tent thy stream,
Whan roaming near the flowery thorn,
An' sweetly sing " departed joys,
Departed never to return ! "

An' near thy bonny crystal wave,
Reft o' its rose we find the brier,
Beneath whase shade he wont to lean,
An' press the cheek o' Jeanie dear.

O'er yonder heights, in simmer tide,
His canty whistle aften rang ;
An' this the bank, an' this the brae,
That echoed back the Ploughman's sang.

But whare is now his wonted glee,
That sic enchanting pleasure gave ?
Ah me ! cauld lies the Poet's head ;
The wintry blast howls o'er his grave !

To ither lands the Poet's gane,
Frae which the traveller ne'er returns ;
While Nature lilts a waefu' sang,
And o'er her Shakspeare Scotia mourns.

Coila's Bard.

JAMES STIRRAT.

THERE'S nae bard to charm us now,
 Nae bard ava
 Can sing a sang to Nature true,
 Since Coila's bard's awa'.

The simple harp o' earlier days
 In silence slumber's now,
 And modern art, wi' tuneless lays
 Presumes the Nine to woo.
 But nae bard in a' our isle
 Nae bard ava
 Frae pawky Coila wins a smile
 Since ROBIN gaed awa'.

His hamely style let Fashion spurn—
 She wants baith taste and skill ;
 And wiser should she ever turn,
 She'll sing his sangs hersel'.
 For nae sang sic pathos speaks
 Nae sang ava ;
 And Fashion's foreign rants and squeaks
 Should a' be drumm'd awa'.

Her far-fetch'd figures aye maun fail
 To touch the feeling heart ;
 Simplicity's direct appeal
 Excels sic learned art.
 And nae modern minstrel's lay
 Nae lay ava,
 Sae powerfully the heart can sway,
 As ROBIN's thats awa'.

For o'er his numbers Coila's muse
 A magic influence breathéd,
 And roun' her darling poet's brows
 A peerless crown had wreathed,
 And nae wreath that e'er was seen,
 Nae wreath ava,
 Will bloom sae lang's the holly green
 O' ROBIN that's awa'.

Let Erin's minstrel, Tommy Moore,
 His lyrics sweetly sing,
 'Twad lend his harp a higher power
 Would Coila add a string.
 For nae harp has yet been kent,
 Nae harp ava,
 To match the harp by Coila lent
 To ROBIN that's awa'.

And though our shepherd, Jamie Hogg,
 His pipe far sweetly plays,
 It ne'er will charm auld Scotland's lug
 Like ploughman ROBIN's lays.
 For nae pipe will Jamie tune,
 Nae pipe ava,
 Like that which breathed by "bonnie Doon"
 Ere ROBIN gaed awa'.

Even Scotland's pride, Sir Walter Scott,
 Wha boldly strikes the lyre,
 Maun yield to ROBIN's sweet-love note,
 His native wit and fire.

For nae bard hath ever sung
 Nae bard ava,
 In hamely or in foreign tongue,
 Like ROBIN that's awa'.

Frae feeling heart Tom Campbell's lays
 In classic beauty flow,
 But ROBIN's artless sangs displays
 The saul's impassioned glow.

For nae bard by classic lore,
 Nae bard ava,
 Has thrill'd the bosom's utmost core
 Like ROBIN that's awa'.

A powerfu' harp did Byron sweep,
 But not wi' happy glee ;
 And though his tones were strong and deep,
 He ne'er could change the key.

For nae bard beneath the lift,
 Nae bard ava,
 Wi' master skill the keys could shift
 Like ROBIN that's awa'.

He needs nae monumental stones
 To keep alive his fame,
 Auld Granny Scotland and her weans
 Will ever sing his name.

For nae name does fame record,
 Nae name ava,
 By Caledonia mair ador'd
 Than ROBIN's that's awa'.

Elegy to the Memory of Robert
Burns.

ALEXANDER BALFOUR.

THE lingering sun's last parting beam
On mountain tops had died away,
And night, the friend of Fancy's dream,
Stole o'er the fields in dusky grey ;

Tired of the busy, bustling throng,
I wandered forth along the vale ;
To list the widowed blackbird's song,
And breathe the balmy evening gale.

I leaned by Brothock's limpid tide,
The green birch waving o'er my head ;
While night winds through the willows sighed,
That wept above their watery bed ;

'Twas there the Muse without control,
Essayed on fluttering wings to rise ;
When listless languor seized my soul,
And drowsy slumbers sealed my eyes ;

In Morpheus' arms supinely laid,
My vagrant Fancy roved astray,
When lo ! in radiant robes arrayed,
A spirit winged its airy way.

In dumb surprise, and solemn awe,
I wondering gazed, when by my side
A maid of matchless grace I saw,
Arrayed in more than mortal pride ;

Her eye was like the light'ning's gleam,
That can through boundless space pervade,
But sorrow seemed to shade its beam,
And pallid grief her cheeks o'erspread ;

A flowery wreath, with bays entwined,
Fresh blooming from her girdle hung ;
And on the daisied bank reclined,
She touched a Harp for sadness strung :

The trembling strings—the murmuring rill—
The hollow breeze that breathed between—
Responsive echo from the hill—
All joined to swell the solemn scene !

The maid, in accents sadly sweet,
To sorrow gave unbounded sway ;
My fluttering heart forgot to beat,
While thus she poured the plaintive lay.

“ I am the Muse of Caledon,
From earliest ages aye admired ;
Through her most distant corners known,
Oft has my voice her sons inspired.

- “ My charms have fired a royal breast—
A King who Scotia’s sceptre bore—
I soothed his soul, with trouble pressed,
When captive on a hostile shore :
- “ My bays have on a Soldier’s brow,
Amidst his verdant laurels twined ;
Inspired his soul with martial glow,
And called his country’s wrongs to mind.
- “ The warblings of my Harp have won
A mitred Son from Holy See ;
Who oft from morn to setting sun,
Would hold a Carnival with me :
- “ But chief of all the tuneful train,
Was BURNS—my latest—fondest care !
I nursed him on his native plain ;
And now, his absence is—despair !
- “ I hailed his happy natal hour,
And o’er his infant cradle hung ;
O’er Fancy’s wild, unbounded power,
Or Reason’s earliest bud was sprung.
- “ I saw the young ideas rise
Successive in his youthful mind ;
Nor could the peasant’s garb disguise
The kindling flame, that lay confined.
- “ Oft have I met him on the dale,
Companion of the thoughtless throng ;
And led him down the dewy vale,
To carol o’er some artless song.

- “ Unseen by all, but him alone
I cheered his labours through the day ;
And when the rural task was done,
We sought some wild sequestered way ;
- “ Midst Coila’s hills, or woodland’s wild,
By Stinchar’s banks, or Lugar’s stream,
There would I place my darling child,
And soothe him with some pleasing dream.
- “ These haunts, to him were blissful bowers,
Where all the soul was unconfined ;
And Fancy called her choicest flowers,
To warm her youthful poet’s mind.
- “ Nursed on the healthful happy plains,
Where Love’s first blush from Virtue springs,
'Twas Nature taught the heartfelt strains,
That o’er the vassaled Cot he sings.
- “ Keen Poverty with withered arms,
Compressed him in her cold embrace ;
And mental griefs, ungracious harms
Had furrowed o’er his youthful face.
- “ Yet there, the dear delightful flame
Which rules the breast with boundless sway :
Resistless fired his melting frame,
And taught the love-lamenting lay.
- “ A friend to Mirth, and foe to Care,
Yet formed to feel for worth oppressed ;
His sympathetic soul could share
The woes that wring a brother’s breast.

“ Ah ! gentle Bard ! thy tenderest tear,
Was o'er a hapless orphan shed !
But who shall thy sweet prattlers cheer,
Now that a green-turf wraps thy head ?

“ He who can still the raven's voice,
And deck the lily's breast like snow,
Can make thy orphan train rejoice,
And soothe thy widow's song of woe.

“ Ye souls of sympathetic mind,
When smiling Plenty deigns to crown,
Yours be the task their wounds to bind,
And make their happiness your own.

“ To banish Want, and pale faced Care,
To wipe the tear from Misery's eye,
To such a bliss as Angels share,
And tell with joy above the sky !

“ Where are the thrilling strains of woe
That echoed o'er Glencairn's sad urn ?
And where is now oppression's foe
Who taught, that ' Man was made to mourn ?'

“ Why when his morning calmly smiled,
Did Hope forebode a lengthened day ?
My promised joys are now beguiled,
Since darkness hides my darling's clay !

“ Yet rest in peace, thou gentle shade !
Although the ' narrow house ' be thine ;
No pious rite shall pass unpaid,
No hands unhallowed stain thy shrine.

“ The blighting breath of venom'd Scorn
 Shall harmless round thy mansion rave ;
Though Envy plan her poignant thorn,
 It ne'er shall bud above thy grave.

“ The stagnant soul, unmoved, may hear
 Of worth, if ne'er was formed to feel ;
The selfish heart, with haughty sneer,
 Unblushing, boast a breast of steel :

“ Yet Sympathy, that loves to sigh,
 And Pity, sweet celestial maid,
And Genius, with her eagle eye,
 Shall hover round thy hallowed shade.

“ The torrent dashing down the steep,
 The wild wave foaming far below,
In Nature's notes for thee shall weep,
 With all the majesty of woe !

“ When Winter howls across the plain,
 And spreads a thick obscuring gloom,
His winds on Coila shall complain,
 And hoarsely murmur o'er thy tomb !

“ There, virgin Spring shall first be seen,
 To deck with flowers thy dewy bed ;
And Summer, robed in richest green,
 Shall hang her roses o'er thy head.

“ When Autumn calls thy fellow swains
 (Companions now, alas ! no more !)
To 'reap the plenty of their plains,'
 Their mingling sighs shall thee deplore.

- “ O pour a tear of tenderest woe,
Ye bards who boast congenial fire ;
Let sympathetic wailings flow,
And Sorrow’s song attune the lyre.
- “ Ye warblers, flitting on the wind,
Chaunt forth your saddest plaintive strain ;
And weep—(for ye have lost a friend),
Ye little wanderers of the plain !
- “ This garland, for my bard entwined,
No brow but his shall ever wear ;
Around his turf these flowers I’ll bind,
And wet them nightly with a tear !
- “ While dews descend upon his tomb,
So long the Muse shall love his name ;
Nor shall this wreath forget to bloom,
Till latest ages sing his fame.
- “ But still, officious friends, beware !
Nor rashly wound my favourite’s fame ;
O watch it with parental care !
Stain not the hapless Minstrel’s name.
- “ Seek not, amidst his wreath to twine
One verse that he himself suppressed ;
His offerings made at folly’s shrine,
Let them in dark oblivion rest !
- “ Ye wanderers in the wilds of song,
On whom I have not smiled in vain,
Would you the blissful hours prolong,
O shun seductive Pleasure’s train !

- “ The bays that flourish round her bowers,
Are venom'd o'er with noxious dews ;
The thorns that lurk amidst her flowers,
A rankling poison oft infuse.
- “ Though Luxury's lap seem softly spread,
The couch of joy, and sweet repose,
Yet hissing furies, haunt her bed,
And rack the mind with keenest woes.
- “ The hedge-row'd plain, the flowery vale,
Where rosy Health delighted roves,
Where Labour tells his jocund tale,
And village maidens sing their loves,—
- “ 'Tis there the Muse unfolds her charms ;
From thence her sons should never stray ;
Ye souls whom boundless fancy warms,
Still keep this calm sequestered way ;
- “ So may such never-dying praise,
As echoes o'er my darling's tomb,
Congenial bloom amidst your bays,
And Heaven bestow a happier doom !”

She ceased her song of sorrow deep,
Her warbling harp was heard no more ;
I waked—and wished again to sleep—
But ah ! the pleasing dream was o'er.

The rustic Muse, untaught to sing,
Has marred the Vision's solemn strain ;
Too harshly touched the pensive string,
To soothe thy shade, lamented swain !

Unskilled to frame the venal lay
That flows not from a heart sincere,
'Tis mine this artless need to pay—
The heart-felt sigh—and silent tear.

What is Success ?

OR

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PLOUGHMAN.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

'MONG the pleasant shades of Catrine,
 Calm, dignified and cool,
 In his metaphysics buried,
 Sat a sage of the old school.
 Out roll'd long, ponderous periods,
 That fair hand scorn'd to write,
 Which a deft amanuensis *
 Sat down in black and white.

Aristotelian systems,
 Vast speculations deep,
 Despair of learnèd pundits,
 Traversed his mental sweep ;
 Condorcet's fine-spun theories,
 Be sure he did not spare ;
 Descartes' soap-bubble vortices
 He blew into the air.

Hew Ainslie, author of "The Ingle Side," "The Rover of Loch Ryan," etc.

All passions and emotions—
 Hate, joy, revenge and love—
 He counts their pulse-beats coolly,
 Through the fingers of his glove ;
 Of “ Free Will ” and “ Necessity,”
 “ No ” and “ Eternal Yea,”
 Like Solomon he reasons
 Through the long summer day.

Perchance to find the siftings
 Through shadowy hopper pass'd,
 Like the fine dust of “ Willie’s Mill,”*
 But vanity at last.
 Nay ! no such doubts disturb’d him,
 In his complacent ease ;
 His gnats were stately elephants ;
 Fat lobsters were his fleas.

Leibnitz’ “ monads,” quite adroitly,
 He turns upon his fork ;
 Hartley’s “ vibrationcles ”
 Dissects like tender pork ;
 Voltaire is sharply riddled ;
 E’en Mallebranche gets a hoist,
 And grim old Hobbes of Malmesbury
 Hangs dangling from a joist.

For him Encyclopædias
 Their tentacles stretch’d out,
 To feel what feat in Ethics
 Was *Atticus* about.

* See “ Tam o’ Shanter.”

While thro' the press no Dominic
His last grand sermon ran,
Without the *Imprimatur*
Of our august *savan*.

He dreamt of an inheritance
Held by a tenure sure,
Among the Oracles of Eld
For ever to endure.
While flourished High Philosophy
And Plato's lore the theme,
The far-famed Catrine groves would bloom,
A second Academe.

There, in luxurious library,
Curtain'd with rich brocade,
His traps for immortality,
The bland Professor laid.
'Twere heartless to estop what some
A wild-goose chase might deem ;
Still, let the venerable sage
Indulge his waking dream.

O Dignity ! what splendours
Wait thy supreme behest !
Why roll'd not *I* in purple
With swelling, princely crest ?
Wealth, honours, in the vestibule,
Obsequious, bow the knee ;
What more needs man that's mortal
Than genial smile from thee ?

WITHIN a hovel, far away,
 In a cramp'd attic loft,
 A swarthy lad, with great black eyes
 Imperiously soft ;
 With horny hands, as daily used
 To cleave the stubborn soil,
 Scribbled in moments snatch'd by stealth
 From his accustomed toil.

No stenographic aide-de-camp
 Looked up to him as lord,
 With sharpen'd quill to get his cue
 Or prompt the lacking word.
 No desk—that were appliance strange
 In a bare, dingy nook—
 No roll of crabbed manuscript,
 Not e'en a tatter'd book.

Stern, sometimes savage, was his glance,
 As if he satire penn'd ;
 Anon his dark eye beam'd with love
 That few could comprehend.
 This, too, would pass and in its place
 Resolve and dauntless grit,
 Stalks of the "carle hemp" in man
 Upon his brow were writ.

Deep glow'd in those great wondrous orbs
 The fire of genius true,
 As lines that ages yet would prize
 From broad-nibb'd "stumpie" flew.
 O'er the rude table of fir deal,
 He lean'd and wrote a while,
 Then in the drawer the scrolls were flung
 With half sarcastic smile.

Up with his gad and off to work ;
 His “ fittie-lan ” * that shared
 The forenoon’s darg, her oats well munched,
 Is for fresh stent prepared.
 But hark ! a light foot on the trap
 Springs eager as a bird ;
 A young lass, drawing forth the script,
 Devours it every word.

His only sister ! who but she
 Who knows she there will find
 The graphic pictures, genius-born,
 Sparks of a noble mind.
 Entranced, an hour she whiles away ;
 With pride her heart rebounds,
 Till summon’d by the mother’s voice
 To her domestic rounds.

There is a debt that presses sore,
 Enquire not of the cause,
 And debts have never yet been paid
 By country-folks’ applause.
 The songs appear in “ gude black prent,”
 “ Wee Johnnie ” † waves his wand ;
 Within a month that ploughman lad
 Towers foremost of the land.

To fair Edina’s shrine he wends
 Odd mart to earn his meal ;—
 And—as is meet—the letter’d sage
 Must see the “ ploughman chiel.”

The nearer horse of the hendmost pair at the plough—the leader.

† John Wilson, Printer, Kilmarnock.

The "braid claith" meets the "hodden gray"
 And, not incurious, views
 The hob-nailed *lion* of the day—
 Last item of the "News."

With glance at the bucolic youth,
 Brimful of cautions wise,
 As Zeus might on a linnet look,
 With calm majestic eyes.
 The Doctor condescends advise,
 With mild Mecenas air,
 To him of whom the peopled globe
 Has now assumed the care.

Then creeps the Bard back to his den,
 To feel and know, in sooth,
 What bitterness 'tis to bemoan
 A sad unfriended youth ;—
 The cup dashed from his longing lips,
 That, in rare hours of glee,
 When "rantin' round in Pleasure's ring"
 He never thought to "pree."

Now, where the sage? the rustic, where?
 Strangely their lot has changed,
 Since by the furzy braes of Braid
 At morning hour they ranged.
 For recognition only marks
 The philosophic name,
 Because it chanced to cross the disk
 Of BURNS' immortal fame.

Burns.

 WILLIAM MURRAY.

ILLUSTRIOUS poets lived and sang before
 King Robin warbles. Stirring strains in streams,
 From his own land alone, subdued the roar
 Of bigot's ban and sacerdotal screams.
 Before and after him, old Scotland's glens
 Have echoed with successions of sweet song,
 Which Scotland's rocks and rivers, braes and bens,
 In grateful sympathy and love prolong.
 But BURNS, ablaze in wide Creation's eye,
 Outshines all rivals, Jove-like in his mould,
 He glows with equal splendour far or nigh,
 And still will radiate when Creation's cold.
 The more the marvel of his Muse we measure,
 The more he fills us with perpetual pleasure.

The Birthplace of Robert Burns.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THOUGH Scotland boasts a thousand names
 Of patriot, king, and peer,
 The noblest, grandest of them all
 Was loved and cradled here.
 Here lived the gentle peasant prince,
 The loving cotter-king,
 Compared with whom the greatest lord
 Is but a titled thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
 A hovel made of clay ;
 One door shuts out the snow and storm,
 One window greets the day ;
 And yet I stand within this room
 And hold all thrones in scorn,
 For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
 Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel
 Like one who clasps a shrine,
 When the glad lips, at last, have touched
 The something deemed divine !
 And here the world, through all the years,
 As long as day returns,
 The tribute of its love and tears
 Will pay to ROBERT BURNS !

A Poet King.

*Written for the Inauguration of the Glasgow Burns' Statue,
which was unveiled by Lord Houghton on the 25th of
January, 1877.*

JOHN MACFARLANE.

WHAT meaneth this wild commotion ?

Why surgeth the crowd along ?

'Tis the natal day of a poet king,

The chief of Scottish song ;

And lo ! they come in thousands

From mountain and strath and glen,

As free in soul as the air they breathe,

To honour a Saul of men.

And grandly, hark ! is ringing

On the silv'ry streams of day,

“ The rank is but of the coin the stamp,

The man's the gold for aye.”

No lyric dream is this,

To thrill with its magic thrall,

No fancy caught from the wilds of thought,

But a cry from the hearts of all.

The soul of manhood leaps

In the toil-encircled throng,

They shake the earth with their bounding tread,
 For he hath made them strong ;
 For wreathed with the light of genius,
 The labour-warrior stands,
 And the bulwarks e'en of a throne might fall
 If smote by his horny hands.

And the blinded god of Mammon,
 Hath paled at the minstrel's name,
 And a shiver hath passed to his crusted soul
 'Neath the blaze of the heavenly flame ;
 The tyrant with gloom in his heart,
 And the brand of Cain on his brow,
 Like a craven quakes in his white-lipp'd fear,
 At the gleaming of Freedom now.

.

The shroud of the past hath vanished,
 And the mighty-given-of-God,
 Looms forth entranced with the meanest flower,
 That springs from the verdant sod ;
 Oh ! wildly impassioned spirit !
 In the throes of thy great unrest,
 Thou gavest the golden chalice of Thought,
 But we called for the ribald jest.

The stamp of the mind unfettered,
 The smile and the orbèd fire,
 No magic touch to the image brings,
 We garnish a broken lyre :
 But scarr'd with the fight of ages,
 Triumphantly Scotia turns,
 With a queenly glance of pride in her eyes,
 To gaze on her laureate BURNS.

Rantin' Robin.

A Song for Burns's Anniversary.

A. H. WINGFIELD.

WE'VE met this nicht in honour o' Auld Scotia's peasant
 bard,
 Tho' mony years has past since he has gone to his reward.
 Ilk twenty-fifth o' Jan'wary we roose the "thackit cot,"
 An' drink to ROBIN'S mem'ry in a wee drappie o't.

The saintly cynic whiles may sneer at ROBERT BURNS'S
 name,
 The cantin' hypocrite may jeer an' cry out "fie for shame,"
 But let them jeer, an' let them sneer, there's no ae honest
 Scot
 But pledges Rantin' ROBIN in a wee drappie o't.

His "lilts upon the doric lyre" has pleased baith great an'
 sma',
 His "Cotter's Saturday at e'en" has often charm'd us a';
 The "Daisy" crush'd amang the stoor, the "thistle's"
 jaggie coat,
 An' "peck o' maut" frae whilk he preed, the wee drappie o't.

'Twas he wha said—wi' reason for't—that "man was made
 to mourn,"

'Twas he wha sang sae nobly o' the Bruce o' Bannockburn,

'Twas he wha proved "a man's a man," tho' poortith be
his lot,
If honest, tho' he whiles may tak' a wee drappie o't.

O sweet he sang o' "Bonnie Doon" an' witchin' "Hallow-
e'en,"
O "Corn rigs, an' shorn rigs," o' "Mary" an' o' "Jean";
The "Limpin' hare," the "Haggis" rare an' "Jenny's"
luckless lot,
The reamin' horn on New-Year's morn, an' wee drappie o't.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" ah no, we'll never
tine,
Our love for BURNS it's woven in our hearts wi' "Auld
Langsyne."
The ae best fellow e'er was born, the independent Scot,
Wha sang auld Scotia's howes an' knowes, an' wee drappie
o't.

On "a' the airts the win' can blaw" will ROBIN's fame be
borne,
In spite o' they who try to haud his mem'ry up to scorn,
While surges roar o'er Berwick-law he ne'er will he forgot,
Or Tintock's cap contains a drap—a wee drappie o't.

To the Memory of Burns.

*Read at a Meeting held in Commemoration of the
Poet's Birth.*

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

IMMORTAL Bard!—immortal BURNS!
 The patriot and the prince of song,
 When friends are met shall they forget
 The honours which to thee belong?
 Immortal BURNS!

In every land where truth is known,
 The music of thy god-like mind
 In strains of melting love hath flown
 To fraternize the human kind,
 Immortal BURNS!

Thy lays have sear'd the tyrant's heart
 Like flaming bars of hottest steel,
 But raised the poor to know their right
 To think as men,—as men to feel,—
 Immortal BURNS!

When light and hope, and reason die,
 And darkness shrouds the face of day,

And all things fade,—O, only then
Shall Scotland's Bard in fame decay.
Immortal BURNS !

With reverent silence we will fill
A cup whene'er this day returns,
And pledge the memory of the Bard,
The Bard of Nature—ROBERT BURNS.
Immortal BURNS !

Address to Burns.

JAMES D. CRICHTON.

THE circling wheels of Time have roll'd,
 And brings the fatal day again,
 When Death's dark wings swoop'd to enfold
 Thy spirit—king of men !
 No idle pomp thy kingdom mock'd—
 A peasant father's hope and joy ;
 A peasant dame the cradle rock'd
 That held her black-eyed boy.

Storm mark'd thy entrance into life,
 Wild blew the blast that Januar' morn,
 Symbolic of turmoil and strife
 To which the babe was born.
 Grim poverty and sad-eyed care,
 Twin sisters, stood beside thy cot ;
 They look'd on their unconscious heir,
 And dowered him with their lot.

It was not in baronial hall
 Or mansion proud that thou was't bred,
 A cottar's shieling poor and small
 Sheltered thy infant head.

But there were virtues 'neath that roof
 Gracing but rarely loftier rank,
 There evil met with stern reproof,
 Good, recognition frank.

There when the toilsome day was sped
 The family cluster'd round the board,
 The Holy Book by turns they read
 With Wisdom's teachings stor'd ;
 And when the evening psalm was sung
 The peasant father, old and gray,
 Surrounded by his children young
 Knelt humbly down to pray.

The lessons that he taught thee then
 Were not forgot in manhood's prime,
 Though happily he might not ken
 Grave errors of that time ;
 But when that father was no more,
 Thou shouldering brave the heavy load,
 Toil'd to augment the children's store,
 And with them worshipp'd God !

Hard task to cleave the stubborn soil
 That barely might a pittance yield,
 And make a golden harvest smile
 Above a barren field.
 Lochlea thy patient struggles saw,
 Tasking thy strength both late and air,
 And Mossgiel's wind-swept upland raw
 Thy hour of dark despair !

Yet there were raptures known to thee
 When friends were powerless to condole,

That cheer'd thy breast in penury
 And charm'd thy poet-soul.
 For while thy ploughshare turn'd the sod
 The hovering Muse benignly smil'd,
 And with the best gift sent from God
 Dower'd her wayward child.

'Twas *her* word oped that inner eye,
 And visions fill'd thy teeming brain,
 Thrilling thy soul with ecstasy
 Almost akin to pain.
 'Twas *her* touch loos'd thy tongue to sing,
 While grandeur look'd askance with scorn,
 Till all who heard its accents ring
 Hail'd a new poet born !

Well didst thou love fair Nature's face
 (For everything to thee was good),
 And in thy verse rejoice to trace
 Her every changing mood.
 Nothing was common in thy sight,
 And nought escap'd thy eagle ken
 That rang'd from red-tipp'd daisies bright
 To dogs and mice and men.

Hast thou not painted for all time
 The lovely scenes where thou didst dwell,
 Till natives of a tropic clime
 Know BURNS' haunts so well—
 The "banks and braes" of winding Doon,
 Whose waters glass the drooping birk,
 Auld Ayr's "twa brigs" and ancient "toon,"
 And Alloway's haunted kirk ?

How warmly glow'd the sacred fire
 Of patriot fervour in thy breast,
 Dear Scotland's praises to inspire
 And give them added zest.
 Lo ! Freedom there her altar rear'd—
 Where could she find a nobler shrine ?
 And lit her torch by despots fear'd
 At that pure flame divine !

Deep is the debt we owe of praise
 To thee, who with enchanter's wand
 Reviv'd in purer form the lays
 Of thy dear native land.
 When Scotia takes her place beside
 The cultur'd nations of to-day,
 She points to thee, with grateful pride,
 The bard of " Scots wha hae ! "

O sorcerer of mighty skill
 What glamour was it thine to cast,
 To waken love's delirious thrill,
 And hold it firm and fast ?
 For while thy genius kept spell-bound
 The sober, philosophic mind,
 Thy lighter hours with love were crown'd,
 And woman aye was kind.

As butterfly from flower to flower,
 So thou from love to love didst flit,
 Each fancy had its passing hour,
 Each hour its fever-fit.
 Yet amid recklessness and sin,
 How much surviv'd of pure and good,
 That promis'd higher meed to win
 By nobler paths pursued ?

O bright was that brief day of love
 When Highland Mary cross'd thy way,
 And wander'd with thee through the grove
 The "lee-lang simmer-day."
 True was the mutual love ye swore,
 Dipping your hands into the stream :
 Raptures alas ! too quickly o'er,
 Sad waking from thy dream !

But first and last and nobly best,
 Of all the flames thy bosom knew,
 Was Jean's affection pure and blest,
 Thy wife, so meek and true.
 Constant and calm its ray would burn
 While thou wert heedless straying far,
 She knew thy wandering heart would turn
 Back to its guiding star !

'Twas "thoughtless follies" laid thee low,
 Thine own apology is best ;
 And we who read thy verse may know
 These follies self-confess'd.
 Then let us gently o'er them pass,
 For who of erring mortals can
 The first stone cast at one who was
 Not more, nor less, than man ?

Thou needst not fear thy fame will die !
 While blood in Scottish veins runs hot
 Thy verse we'll hold in memory,
 Thy faults alone forgot.
 For nobler name was ne'er inscrib'd
 On Roman cinerary urns
 Of king or bard—a nation's pride—
 Than thy name—ROBERT BURNS !

The century has well nigh flown,
And finds us honouring now as then,
And thou hast only dearer grown
To thy fond countrymen.
Still king of men and bards thou art,
O BURNS ! thou needst not fear eclipse,
True poesy rooted in thy heart
And blossom'd on thy lips !

To the Memory of Robert Burns.

EDWARD RUSHTON.

POOR, wildly sweet uncultur'd flower,
 Thou lowliest of the Muse's bow'r,
 "Stern ruin's ploughshare, 'mang the stowre,
 Has crushed thy stem,"
 And sorrowing verse shall mark the hour,
 "Thou bonnie gem."

'Neath the green turf, dear Nature's child,
 Sublime, pathetic, artless, wild,
 Of all thy quips and cranks despoil'd,
 Cold dost thou lie ;
 And many a youth and maiden mild
 Shall o'er thee sigh.

Those pow'rs that eagle-wing'd could soar,
 That heart which ne'er was cold before,
 That tongue which caus'd the table roar,
 Are now laid low,
 And Scotia's sons shall hear no more
 Thy rapt'rous flow.

Warm'd with "a spark o' Nature's fire,"
 From the rough plough thou didst aspire
 To make a sordid world admire ;
 And few like thee,
 Oh, BURNS ! have swept the minstrel's lyre
 With ecstasy.

Ere winter's icy vapours fail,
The violet in the uncultur'd dale,
So sweetly scents the passing gale,
 That shepherd boys,
Led by the fragrance they inhale,
 Soon find their prize.

So when to life's chill glens confin'd,
Thy rich, tho' rough untutor'd mind,
Pour'd on the sense of each rude hind
 Such sonsie lays,
That to thy brow was soon assign'd
 The wreath of praise.

Anon, with nobler daring blest,
The wild notes throbbing in thy breast,
Of friends, wealth, learning unpossess'd,
 Thy fervid mind
Tow'rds Fame's proud turrets boldly press'd,
 And pleased mankind.

But what avail'd thy pow'rs to please,
When want approach'd, and pale disease ;
Could these thy infant brood appease
 That wail'd for bread ?
Or could they, for a moment, ease
 Thy woe-worn head ?

Applause, poor child of minstrelsy,
Was all the world e'er gave to thee ;
Unmov'd, by pinching penury
 They saw thee torn,
And now, kind souls ! with sympathy,
 Thy loss they mourn.

Oh ! how I loathe the bloated train,
Who oft had heard thy dulcet strain ;
Yet, when thy frame was rack'd with pain,
 Could keep aloof,
And eye with opulent disdain
 Thy lowly roof.

Yes, proud Dumfries, oh ! would to heaven
Thou hadst from that cold spot been driven,
Thou might'st have found some shelt'ring haven
 On this side Tweed :—
Yet, ah ! e'en here, poor bards have striven,
 And died in need.

True genius scorns to flatter knaves,
Or crouch amidst a race of slaves ;
His soul, while fierce the tempest raves,
 No tremour knows,
And with unshaken nerve he braves
 Life's pelting woes.

No wonder, then, that thou should'st find
Th' averted glance of half mankind ;
Should'st see the sly, slow, supple mind
 To wealth aspire,
While scorn, neglect, and want combin'd
 To quench thy fire.

While wintry winds pipe loud and strong,
The high-perch'd storm-cock pours his song ;
So thy Æolian lyre was strung
 'Midst chilling times ;
Yet clearly didst thou roll along
 Thy "routh of rhymes."

And oh ! that routh of rhymes shall raise
For thee a lasting pile of praise.
Haply some wing, in these our days,
 Has loftier soar'd :
But from the heart more melting lays
 Were never pour'd.

Where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,
Where blest Columbus' waters glide,
Old Scotia's sons, spread far and wide,
 Shall oft rehearse,
With sorrow some, but all with pride,
 Thy 'witching verse.

In early spring, thy earthly bed
Shall be with many a wild flow'r spread ;
The violet there her sweets shall shed,
 In humble guise,
And there the mountain-daisy's head
 Shall duly rise.

While darkness reigns, should bigotry,
With boiling blood, and bended knee,
Scatter the weeds of infamy
 O'er thy cold clay,
Those weeds, at light's first blush, shall be
 Soon swept away.

And when thy scorers are no more,
The lonely glens, and sea-beat shore,
Where thou hast croon'd thy fancies o'er
 With soul elate,
Oft shall the bard at eve explore,
 And mourn thy fate.

Robert Burns.

(Written for the Centennial Celebration of 1859.)

EVAN MACCOLL.

So many minstrels known to fame
 Have made sweet Coila's bard their theme,
 That like an oft-told tale may seem
 All *I* can sing of ROBIN.
 Yet be his cairn however high,
 No Scot can mutely pass it by ;
 The tribute of a song and sigh
 Let's therefore give to ROBIN.

His was the true poetic art
 To sing directly from the heart :
 To waken mirth, or tears to start,
 No mortal matches ROBIN !
 Now gently flow his thoughts along,
 Now, like a rushing river strong,
 A very cataract of song
 Resistless is our ROBIN !

The sun not aye unclouded shines ;
 There's dross within earth's richest mines ;—
 ROB had his faults, and grave divines
 Oft shook their heads at ROBIN.

A lassie “coming through the rye”
 Unkissed, he never could pass by ;
 Nor can I blame him much, for why,
 The lasses all loved ROBIN !

ROB loved to speak the truth right down,
 No matter who might smile or frown ;
 A rascal, be he king or clown,
 No mercy had from ROBIN.
 His sympathies—how dread to tell !
 Embraced all being—Nick himsel’—
 Yes, pity for the very de’il,
 No sin or shame thought ROBIN.

I see him with scorn-flashing eyes
 Detect “a cuif” in lordly guise ;
 To see was to denounce—despise :
 “A man’s a man,” quoth ROBIN !
 Hold, honest Labour, up thy head,
 And point with pride to ROBIN dead ;
 The halo round thy path he shed
 Immortal is as ROBIN.

Alas, that not till they are lost
 The gifts that we should value most
 Are rightly prized ! To Scotland’s cost,
 Thus fared it with her ROBIN.
 Yet may she glory loud and long
 To know, of all earth’s sons of song,
 The most world-honoured of the throng
 Is Coila’s matchless ROBIN !

On the Death of Burns.

MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN.

WHAT adverse fate awaits the tuneful train?
 Has Otway died and Spencer liv'd in vain?
 In vain has Collins, Fancy's pensive child,
 Pour'd his lone plaints by Avon's windings wild?
 And Savage, on Misfortune's bosom bred,
 Bar'd to the howling storm his houseless head?
 Who gentle Shenstone's fate can hear unmoved,
 By virtue, elegance, and genius lov'd?
 Yet, pensive wand'ring o'er his native plain,
 His plaints confess'd he lov'd the Muse in vain.
 Chill penury invades his favourite bower,
 Blasts every scene, and withers every flower;
 His warning Muse to Prudence turn'd her strain,
 But Prudence sings to thoughtless bards in vain;
 Still restless fancy drives them headlong on
 With dreams of wealth, and friends, and laurels won—
 On ruin's brink they sleep, and wake undone!
 And see where Caledonia's genius mourns,
 And plants the holly round the grave of BURNS!
 But late "its polished leaves and berries red
 Play'd graceful round the rural Poet's head;"
 And while with manly force and native fire
 He wak'd the genuine Caledonian lyre,
 Tweed's severing flood exulting heard her tell,

Not Roman wreaths the holly could excel ;
Not Tiber's stream, along Campania's plain,
More pleas'd, convey'd the gay Horatian strain,
Than bonnie Doon, or fairy-haunted Ayr,
That wont his rustic melody to share,
Resound along their banks the pleasing theme,
Sweet as their murmurs, copious as their stream :
And Ramsay, once the Horace of the North,
Who charm'd with varied strains the listening Forth,
Bequeath'd to him the shrewd peculiar art
To satire nameless graces to impart,
To wield her weapons with such sportive ease,
That, while they wound, they dazzle and they please :
But when he sung to the attentive plain
The humble virtues of the patriarch swain,
His evening worship, and his social meal,
And all a parent's pious heart can feel ;
To genuine worth we bow submissive down,
And wish the Cottar's lowly shed our own :
With fond regard our native land we view,
Its cluster'd hamlets, and its mountains blue,
Our " virtuous populace," a nobler boast
Than all the wealth of either India's coast.
Yet while our hearts with admiration burn,
Too soon we learn that " man was made to mourn."
The independent wish, the taste refin'd,
Bright energies of the superior mind,
And feeling's generous pangs, and fancy's glow,
And all that liberal nature could bestow,
To him profusely given, yet given in vain ;
Misfortune aids and points the stings of pain.
How blest, when wand'ring by his native Ayr,
He woo'd " the willing Muse," unknown to care !
But when fond admiration spread his name,

A candidate for fortune and for fame,
In evil hour he left the tranquil shade
Where youth and love with hope and fancy play'd ;
Yet rainbow colours gild the novel scene,
Deceitful fortune sweetly smil'd like Jean ;
Now courted oft by the licentious gay,
With them through devious paths behold him stray ;
The opening rose conceals the latent thorn,
Convivial hours prolong'd awake the morn,
Even reason's sacred pow'r is drown'd in wine,
And genius lays her wreath on folly's shrine ;
Too sure, alas ! the world's unfeeling train
Corrupt the simple manners of the swain ;
The blushing muse indignant scorns his lays,
And fortune frowns, and honest fame decays,
Till low on earth he lays his sorrowing head,
And sinks untimely 'midst the vulgar dead !
Yet while for him, belov'd, admir'd in vain,
Thus fond regret pours forth her plaintive strain,
While fancy, feeling, taste, their griefs rehearse,
And deck with artless tears his mournful hearse,
See cunning, dulness, ignorance, and pride,
Exulting o'er his grave in triumph ride,
And boast, " tho' genius, humour, wit agree,"
Cold selfish prudence far excels the three ;
Nor think, while groveling on the earth they go,
How few can mount so high to fall so low.
Thus Vandals, Goths, and Huns, exulting come,
T' insult the ruins of majestic Rome.
But ye who honour genius—sacred beam !
From holy light a bright ethereal gleam,
Ye whom his happier verse has taught to glow,
Now to his ashes pay the debt you owe,
Draw pity's veil o'er his concluding scene,
And let the stream of bounty flow for Jean !

The mourning matron and her infant train,
Will own you did not love the muse in vain,
While sympathy with liberal hand appears,
To aid the orphan's wants, and dry the widow's tears !

Stanzas

*Written on a Copy of the Engraving of Robert Burns
from Taylor's lately recovered Picture.*

THOMAS ATKINSON.

AND this was Scotland's noblest son of song !
 How calm his mien—how sadly still his look !
 Where be the flashes, bright and brief, yet strong,
 Of mirth that revels, though the wise rebuke ?
 Tell me, thou limner, in what sacred nook
 Of this expanse of chasten'd countenance,
 There lurk'd the gibe and jest which often shook
 The stolid crowd—in wit's omnipotence ?
 Why live not these in this—and where their recompense ?

Lurks the rich treasure in that placid gaze—
 In the deep meaning of those full-orb'd eyes—
 In the veil'd lustre which, as through a haze
 Of mellowing beauty, meekly lifts the guise
 Of mere humanity, and shows what lies
 In the far chambers of the soul still kept ?
 It does !—it does !—and O ! more dear I prize
 The soft, yet manly sadness that hath crept
 O'er this, than would I all the heights by art o'erleapt.

Look ! what a brow soars o'er these arched spells,
That fix my gaze, they look so sad on me !
See ! where hid meaning into language swells
Upon these lips, that seem as tremblingly
To heave, as leaves upon a wind-woo'd tree !
Yet prophet power hath touch'd them with its fire ;
With burning balm love dew'd them thrillingly !
Have they not blazed, like lightning on a pyre,
As from them flash'd the words that speak a patriot's ire ?

O ! it is deeply true—no transient glance
Can tell the meaning of the Poet's look ;
For who will say, who on one mood may chance
To wondering gaze, that he hath not mistook
The hue the moment's inspiration took ;
For the deep shadows that from others hide
The broken hopes, the soul's self-urged rebuke,
Which in his breast for ever might abide,
Converting into gall, dear BURNS ! thy heart's warm tide !

Written for Burns' Anniversary.

ROBERT ALLAN.

WHEN Januar's winds sae fiercely blaw,
 An' drive along the drifting snaw,
 It's roun' the ingle then we ca'

The merry tales o' ROBIN.

We vow he was a man o' worth,
 The pride an' honour o' the north ;
 An' though he's cauld now i' the earth

We think aye weel o' ROBIN.

We canna turn a page or twa,
 But on a line or verse we'll fa'
 That's dear to Caledonia,

An' worthy aye o' ROBIN.

His vera name, it is a charm
 That a' our hearts at ance can warm :
 The deil be on them that wad harm

The memory o' ROBIN !

The ploughman whistling at his plough,
 The mountain daisy wat wi' dew,
 The blythe birds sporting on the bough,

Inspired the heart o' ROBIN.

Fond lovers 'neath the milk-white thorn,
 The farmer by his waving corn,
 The dewy eve, the dawning morn,
 Aye cheered the heart o' ROBIN.

Sae ready wi' his jokes an' rhymes,
 Lord help them that were read in crimes !
 The vera priests themselves betimes
 Wad stan' in awe o' ROBIN :
 An' mair for token, let me tell,
 He didna spare the deil himsel',
 But tauld him a' his fauts pell-mell,—
 He ne'er met ane like ROBIN.

What he has dune in prose an' verse
 We are na fit here to rehearse ;
 Sam Johnson wad o' words be scarce
 To sing the praise o' ROBIN.
 O' poets Scotland has her share,
 An' some o' pith and spirit rare,
 But where's the ane that can compare
 Wi' our immortal ROBIN ?

Let monuments, by men o' art,
 An' pillars up like mushrooms start,
 There's nae mausoleum like the heart
 That thinks aye weel o' ROBIN :
 Sae let us a' in merry tune,
 Wi' hearts life's ills an' cares aboon,
 Here drink ance mair, as aft we've dune,
 The memory o' ROBIN.

Thoughts

On Visiting the Grave of Burns.

ALEXANDER MACLAGGAN.

THE loud voice of a stormy e'en
 Came raving to our cottage pane ;
 The cottar bodies closed their een
 In sleep, to shun
 Dreigh sights, that they a' day had seen
 Deface the sun.

Unmindfu' o' the raging blast,—
 Though heaven to earth was fa'in' fast,—
 O'er hill, an' heath, an' field I pass'd
 By eerie turns,
 To view the dark—the lone—the last
 Abode of BURNS.

The grave of BURNS ! a throne of state !
 Revered, though mouldering desolate !
 I cursed fell poortith's hapless fate
 And quick decay,
 As musing on the " furrow's weight "
 That o'er him lay.

His morn of life in darkness rose,
 But darker still its dreary close ;
 I' the space between, unnumber'd woes
 Were on him hurled ;
 Yet, from his darkness, light arose
 That glads the world.

O, matchless BURNS ! that I'd been livin'
 When the power o' sang to thee was given,
 And seen, when misery had riven
 Thy manly form,
 Thy soul, the undying gift of Heaven,
 Defy the storm !

Or seen thee in a calmer hour,
 When o'er thee bent the blooming bower ;
 Or gazing on the crimson flower,
 The daisy fair,
 And heard thee bless the Almighty power
 Who placed it there :

Or seen thee in a lonely shade,
 Fast wrapping in the rustic plaid
 Thy Mary—dear departed maid !
 In fond embrace,
 And mark'd the game fond passion played
 Upon thy face :

Or seen thee in thy hours o' glee,
 Wild, bold, and witty, frank and free,
 Keen joining on the flowery lea
 The rustic dance,
 And watchin' frae Jean's lowing e'e
 Love's kindling glance !

Or seen thee by the ingle-nook,
When wi' thy jest the biggin' shook ;
Or stalkin' by the oaten stook,
 Frae man afar,
When heavenward went thy passionate look
 To the "lingering star."

Many are they who would aspire
To wake again thy sleeping lyre,
Wasting their breath to blow a fire,
 To burn like thine ;
But black I see them all expire
 Before thy shrine !

BURNS ! might I live again to see
A bard among us like to thee,
My heart's best thanks I glad would gie
 To God, the giver—
Then in contentment close my e'e,
 To sleep forever.

Song

For the Anniversary of the Birth-Day of Robert Burns.

ANDREW PARK.

BRAVE Scotland—Freedom's throne on earth !—
 A bumper to thy glory ;
 This day thy matchless Bard had birth,
 So famed in song and story.
 Where'er thy mountain-sons may stray,
 Thou'st thrown thy magic round them,
 And on this ever-hallow'd day,—
 In kindred love hast bound them.

He nobly walk'd behind his plough,
 And gazed entranced on Nature ;
 While genius graced his lofty brow,
 And play'd in every feature !
 For then inspired by glowing songs
 Of "Bruce,"—or "Highland Mary,"
 The minstrel-birds, in joyous throngs,
 Around their Bard would tarry !

But wae's my heart ! he sings nae mair
 In strains o' joy or sorrow,
 Though on the bonny banks o' Ayr,
 His spirit smiles each morrow !

And Scotia's muse—enthroned on high—
The great, the gentle hearted !
Sits with the tear-drop in her eye,
And mourns her Bard departed !

O sacred land of gallant men !—
Of maiden unassuming !
Who dwell obscure by loch and glen,
Where still the thistle's blooming !
How well has BURNS rehearsed your praise—
Among your cloud-crown'd mountains,
In never-dying, tuneful lays,—
Pure as your native fountains !

Then fill the sparkling goblet high,
And let no discord stain it ;—
Let joy illumine each manly eye,
While to the dregs we drain it !
To BURNS ! to BURNS !—the king of song !—
Whose lyre shall charm all ages ;
Mirth, wisdom, love, and satire strong
Adorn his deathless pages.

Robert Burns.

JOSEPH CUNNINGHAM.

HAIL, Caledonia ! land of song and story,—
 Land of the fair, the virtuous and the brave !
 The brightest star that sheds on thee its glory
 Rose from the darkness of thy BURNS'S grave :
 That star shall be a light among the nations
 When prouder orbs have faded and grown dim,
 And hailed with pride by coming generations,
 For man yet knows not all he owes to him.

His strains have nerved the feeble 'gainst oppression,—
 Aroused in true men's hearts a scorn of wrong,—
 Pointed the hopeless to man's sure progression,
 And taught the weak to suffer and be strong.
 Lessons like these the soul of man shall cherish,
 While through his heart the ardent life-blood springs :
 One burning thought, at least, can never perish—
 An honest man's above the might of kings.

While noble souls shall glow with warm emotion,—
 While woman loves and genius pants for fame,—
 While truth and freedom claim man's deep devotion,
 True hearts shall throb responsive to his name.
 Then weep not, Scotland, though thy minstrel slumbers ;
 Still lives the spirit of his song sublime,—
 Still shall the music of his deathless numbers
 Thrill in all hearts and vibrate through all time.

Birth-Place of Robert Burns.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

A LOWLY roof of simple thatch—
 No home of pride, of pomp, and sin—
 So freely let us lift the latch,
 The willing latch that says “come in.”

Plain dwelling this ! a narrow door—
 No carpet by soft sandals trod,
 But just for peasant’s feet a floor,—
 Small kingdom for a child of God !

Yet here was Scotland’s noblest born,
 And here Apollo chose to light ;
 And here those large eyes hailed the morn
 That had for beauty such a sight !

There, as the glorious infant lay,
 Some angel fanned him with his wing,
 And whispered, “Dawn upon the day
 Like a new sun ! go forth and sing !”

He rose and sang, and Scotland heard—
The round world echoed with his song,
And hearts in every land were stirred
With love, and joy, and scorn of wrong.

Some their cold lips disdainful curled ;
Yet the sweet lays would many learn ;
But he went singing through the world,
In most melodious unconcern.

For flowers will grow, and showers will fall,
And clouds will travel o'er the sky ;
And the great God, who cares for all,
He will not let his darlings die.

But they shall sing in spite of men,
In spite of poverty and shame,
And show the world the poet's pen
May match the sword in winning fame.

To the Memory of Robert Burns.

JAMES MACFARLAN.

IN lonely hut and lordly hall a mighty voice is heard,
 And 'neath its wild bewitching spell the honest brows are
 bared ;
 From Scotland's hills and twilight glens, to far Columbian
 floods,
 It stirs the city's streets of toil, and wakes its solitudes ;
 It speaks no triumph reap'd with swords, it brings no con-
 quering cry
 Of buried honours, battle-crown'd, and veil'd with victory ;
 But hearts leap loving to its note, and kindling bosoms
 glow,
 To hail the Poet born to fame, a hundred years ago.

O, like a glorious bird of God, he leapt up from the earth !
 A lark in song's exalted heaven, a robin by the hearth ;
 O, like a peerless flower he sprang from Nature's meanest
 sod,
 Yet shedding joy on every path by human footstep trod.
 How shall we tell his wondrous power, how shall we say or
 sing
 What magic to a million hearts his deathless strains can
 bring ?

How men on murkest battle-fields have felt the potent
charm,
Till sinking valour leapt to life, and strung the nerveless
arm?

How hearts in dreariest loneliness have toil'd through
barren brine—
The only glimpse of sunshine then, *his* pictures o' langsyne ;
How far amid the western wilds, by one enchanting tune,
The wide Missouri fades away in dreams of "bonny Doon."
More hearts and hands renew the pledge—sweet pledge of
other years—
That sacred "auld acquaintance" vow, the light of parting
tears.

O ! blessed be the brawny arm that tore presumption down,
That snatch'd the robe from worthless pride, and gave to
toil a crown ;
That smote the rock of poverty with song's enchanting rod,
Till joy into a million hearts in streams of beauty flow'd ;
And while that arm could stretch to heaven, and wield the
lightning's dart,
It brought the glorious sunshine, too, to cheer the humblest
heart :
For free as Spring, his gladsome muse danc'd o'er the
daisied plain,
Or rang in organ-gusts of praise through grandeur's mightiest
fane.
Then blest for ever be the soul that link'd us man to man—
A brotherhood of beating hearts—God's own immortal
plan :
While Labour, smiling at his forge, or stalking at his plough,
Looks up with prouder soul to find God's finger on his
brow—

Feels man is man, though russet-robed, and smacking of
the soil,
And all are brothers, whether born to titles or to toil.

Then pledge his mem'ry far and near, although the hand
be dust

That oft has swept the golden lyre, that ages cannot rust :
No sun of time e'er sits upon the empire of his fame,
And still unwearied is the wing that bears abroad his name.
There may be grander bards than he, there may be loftier
songs,

But none have touch'd with nobler nerve the poor man's
rights and wrongs :

Then, while unto the hazy past the eye of fancy turns,
Raise high the fame, and bless the name of glorious ROBERT
BURNS.

Ye may talk o' your Learning.

ANDREW MERCER.

YE may talk o' your learning, and talk o' your schools,
 An' how they mak' boobies sae clever ;
 Gude sooth ! ye will never mak' wise men o' fools,
 Altho' ye should study for ever.
 If poor be the soil, ye may labour an' toil
 On a common where naething will grow man ;
 But 'gainst sic barren sods I will lay you some odds
 On the head of an Ayrshire ploughman.

Book-lear' an' the like o't, an' a' the fine things
 That ye hear an' yet get at the college,
 If there's no something *here* that school-craft quite dings,
 At best ye're a hotch-potch o' knowledge.
 But ye've heard o' a heckler wha wound i' the west,
 To whom Nature had gi'en sic a pow, man,
 The brairds o' his brain excell'd ither folks' best,
 An' mony ran after his tow, man.

What signifies polish without there be pith ?
 Mind that, a' ye gets o' Apollo ;
 A farmer ance dwelt by the banks o' the Nith,
 By my sang, he wad beat you a' hollow ;

For he sang, an' he sowed, an' he panned an' he ploughed,
An' though his barnyard was but sorry,
Frae his girnal o' brain he sowed siccan grain,
As produced him a harvest o' glory.

Ance mair, a poor fallow there dwelt in the south,
An' he to his trade was a gauger—
He excelled a' the songsters, the auld an' the young,
I'll haud you a pint for a wager.
I farther might tell, he'd a mind like a stell,
An' such was his wonderfu' merits,
That the hail country rang, an' the hail country sang,
When they tasted the strength o' his spirits.

Now wha was this ploughman and heckler sae braw,
An' wha was this farmer-exciseman?
It was just ROBIN BURNS—for he was them a'—
An' ye ken that I dinna tell lies, man.
So here's to his memory again an' again,
Tho' learning is guid, we ne'er doubt it,
But a bumper to him wha had got sic a brain
That could do just as weel maist without it!

The night you quoted Burns to me.

JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

THE winds of early autumn blew
 Across the midnight. Overhead
 A wild moon up the heavens fled,
 And cut the sable vault in two ;
 We heard the river lap and flow,
 We turned our poet fancies free ;
 My heart did all its cares forego,
 The night you quoted BURNS to me.

A gray owl from a blasted limb
 Dropped down the dark, and blundered by,
 As if a fiend with flaming eye
 Fast followed in pursuit of him ;
 Ah then you crooned beneath the moon,
 A ditty weird as weird could be ;
 And Tam O'Shanter crossed the Doon,
 The night you quoted BURNS to me.

We praised the "Lass of Ballochmyle,"
 We talked of Mary loved and lost,
 Until our spirits touched and crossed,
 And melted into tears the while.

We drank to "Nell" and "Bonnie Jean,"
 'To Chloris and "The Banks o' Cree,"
 Blest hour—I keep its mem'ry green
 The night you quoted BURNS to me.

The Wabash hills their heads low hung,
 As floating up their winding ways
 They caught the sound of "Logan Braes,"
 And heard sweet Afton's glory sung ;
 And loud the Wabash did deplore
 That no brave poet voice had she,
 To lend her fame for ever more :
 The night you quoted BURNS to me.

O dear delightful Autumn day
 For ever gone beyond recall ;
 Comrade, the clouds are over all,
 And you—you've vanished from my sight ;
 Still flows the river as of yore,
 The owl still haunts the lonely tree,
 And I'll forget—ah, never more,
 The night you quoted BURNS to me.

Birth of Burns.

THOMAS MILLER.

UPON a stormy winter night
 Scotland's bright star first rose in sight ;
 Beaming upon as wild a sky
 As ever to prophetic eye
 Proclaimed, that Nature had on hand
 Some work to glorify the land.
 Within a lonely cot of clay,
 That night her great creation lay.

Coila—the nymph who round his brow
 Twined the red-berried holly-bough—
 Her swift-winged heralds sent abroad,
 To summon to that bleak abode
 All who on genius still attend,
 For good or evil to the end.

They came obedient to her call :—
 The immortal infant knew them all.

Sorrow and Poverty—sad pair—
 Came shivering through the wintry air :
 Hope, with her calm eyes, fixed on Time,
 His crooked scythe hung with flakes of rime :

Fancy, who loves abroad to roam,
 Flew gladly to that humble home :
 Pity and Love, who, hand in hand,
 Did by the sleeping infant stand :
 Wit, with a harum-scarum grace,
 Who smiled at Laughter's dimpled face :
 Labour, who came with sturdy tread,
 By high-souled Independence led :
 Care, who sat noiseless on the floor ;
 While Wealth stood up outside the door,
 Looking with scorn on all who came,
 Until he heard the voice of Fame,
 And then he bowed down to the ground :—
 Fame looked on Wealth with eyes profound,
 Then passed in without sign or sound.

Then Coila raised her hollied brow,
 And said, " Who will this child endow ?"
 Said Love, " I'll teach him all my lore,
 As it was never taught before ;
 Its joys and doubts, its hopes and fears,
 Smiles, kisses, sighs, delights, and tears."
 Said Pity, " It shall be my part
 To gift him with a gentle heart."
 Said Independence, " Stout and strong
 I'll make it to wage war with wrong."
 Said Wit, " He shall have mirth and laughter,
 Though all the ills of life come after."
 " Warbling her native wood-notes wild,"
 Fancy but stooped and kissed the child ;
 While through her fall of golden hair
 Hope looked down with a smile on Care.

Said Labour, " I will give him bread."
 " And I a stone when he is dead,"
 Said Wealth, while Shame hung down her head.

“ He’ll need no monument,” said Fame ;
 “ I’ll give him an immortal name ;
 When obelisks in ruin fall,
 Proud shall it stand above them all ;
 The daisy on the mountain side
 Shall ever spread it far and wide ;
 Even the road-side thistle down
 Shall blow abroad his high renown.”

Said Time, “ That name, while I remain,
 Shall still increasing honour gain ;
 Till the sun sinks to rise no more,
 And my last sand falls on the shore
 Of that still, dark, and unsailed sea,
 Which opens on Eternity.”

Time ceased : no sound the silence stirr’d,
 Save the soft notes as of a bird
 Singing a low sweet plaintive song,
 Which murmuring Doon seemed to prolong,
 As if the mate it fain would find
 Had gone and “ left a thorn ” behind.

Upon the sleeping infant’s face
 Each changing note could Coila trace.

Then came a ditty, soft and slow,
 Of Love, whose locks were white as snow.

The immortal infant heard a sigh,
 As if he knew such love must die.

That ceased : then shrieks and sounds of laughter,
 That seemed to shake both roof and rafter,
 Floated from where Kirk Alloway
 Half buried in the darkness lay.

A mingled look of fun and fear
Did on the infant's face appear.

There was a hush : and then uprose
A strain, which had a holy close,
Such as with Cotter's psalm is blended
After the hard week's labour's ended,
And dawning brings the hallowed day.

In sleep the infant seemed to pray.

Then there was heard a martial tread,
As if some new-born Wallace led
Scotland's armed sons in Freedom's cause.

Stern looked the infant in repose.

The clang of warriors died away,
And then "a star with lessening ray"
Above the clay-built cottage stood ;
While Ayr poured from its rolling flood
A sad heart-rending melody,
Such as Love chants to Memory,
When of departed joys he sings,
Of "golden hours on angel wings"
Departed, to return no more.

Pity's soft tears fell on the floor,
While Hope spake low, and Love looked pale,
And Sorrow closer drew her veil.

Groans seemed to rend the infant's breast,
Till Coila whispered him to rest ;
And then, uprising, thus s^æe spake :
" This child unto myself I take.

All hail ! my own inspired Bard,
 In me thy native Muse regard !”
 Around the sleeping infant’s head
 Bright trails of golden glory spread.
 “ A love of right, a scorn of wrong,”
 She said, “ unto him shall belong ;
 A pitying eye for gentle woman,
 Knowing ‘ to step aside is human ’ ;
 While love in his great heart shall be
 A living spring of poetry.
 Failings he shall have, such as all
 Were doomed to have at Adam’s fall ;
 But there shall spring above each vice
 Some golden flower of Paradise,
 Which shall, with its immortal glow,
 Half hide the weeds that spread below ;
 So much of good, so little guile,
 As shall make angels weep and smile,
 To think how like him they might be
 If clothed in frail humanity ;
 His mirth so close allied to tears,
 That when grief saddens or joy cheers,
 Like shower and shine in April weather,
 The tears and smiles shall meet together.
 A child-like heart, a god-like mind,
 Simplicity round Genius twined :
 So much like other men appear,
 That, when he’s run his wild career,
 The world shall look with wide amaze,
 To see what lines of glory blaze
 Over the chequered course he passed—
 Glories that shall forever last.

Of Highland hut and Lowland home,

His songs shall float across the foam,
Where Scotland's music ne'er before
Rang o'er the far-off ocean shore.
To shut of eve from early morn,
They shall be carolled 'mid the corn,
While maidens hang their heads aside,
Of Hope that lived, and Love that died ;
And huntsmen on the mountain's steep,
And herdsmen in the valleys deep,
And virgins spinning by the fire,
Shall catch some fragment of his lyre.
And the whole land shall all year long
Ring back the echoes of his song.
The world shall in its choice records
Store up his common acts and words,
To be through future ages spread ;
And how he looked, and what he said,
Shall in wild wonderment be read,
When coming centuries are dead."

" And wear thou this," she solemn said,
" And bound the holy round his head ;
The polished leaves, and berries red,
 Did rustling play ;
And, like a passing thought she fled
 In light away."

An Evening with Burns.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

WITHOUT, the “blast o’ Janwar wind”
 About the building seemed to linger,
 That on a wintry night “langsyne”
 “Blew hansel in” on Scotland’s singer.

Within, we listened, soul attent
 To tones attuned by tenderest feeling ;
 The music of the Poet’s soul
 Seemed o’er our pulses softly stealing.

We saw again the ploughman lad,
 As by the banks of Ayr he wandered,
 With burning eyes and eager heart,
 And first on Song and Scotland pondered.

We saw him as from Nature’s soul
 His own drew draughts of joy o’erflowing :
 The plover’s voice, the briar-rose,
 The tiny harebell lightly growing,

The wounded hare that passed him by,
 The timorous mousie’s ruined dwelling,
 The cattle cowering from the blast,
 The dying sheep her sorrow telling—

All touched the heart that kept so strong
Its sympathy with humbler being,
And saw in simplest things of life
The poetry that waits the seeing.

We saw him 'mid the golden grain
Learning the oldest of romances ;
At first his boyish pulses stirred
“ A bonnie lassie's ” gentle glances.

We saw the birk and hawthorn shade
Droop o'er the tiny running river,
Where he and his dear Highland maid
Spoke their farewell—alas, for ever !

There be the Poet's wish fulfilled
That summer ever “ langest tarry, ”—
For all who love the singer's song
Must love his gentle Highland Mary !

Alas, that other things than these
Were written on the later pages,
That made that tortured soul of his
A by-word to the after ages.

For many see the damning sins
They lightly blame on slight acquaintance,
But *not* the agony of grief
That proved his passionate repentance.

'Twas his to feel the anguish keen
Of noblest powers to mortal given,
While tyrant passions chained to earth
The soul that might have soared to heaven.

'Twas his to feel in one poor heart
 Such war of fierce conflicting feeling,
 As makes this life of ours too sad
 A mystery for our unsealing—

The longing for the nobler course,
 The doing of the thing abhorrent—
 Because the lower impulse rose
 Resistless as a mountain torrent—

Resistless to a human will,
 But not to strength that had been given,
 Had he but grasped the anchor true
 Of “correspondence fixed wi’ heaven.”

Ah, well! he failed. Yet let us look
 Through tears upon our sinning brother,
 As thankful that we are not called
 To hold the balance for each other!

And never lips than his have pled
 More tenderly and pitifully,
 To leave the erring heart with Him
 Who made it, and will judge it truly.

Nay more, it is no idle dream
 That we have heard a voice from heaven,
 “Behold this heart hath lovéd much,
 And much to it shall be forgiven!”

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