

A BIT BOOKIE OF VERSE



DANIEL McINTYRE HENDERSON



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A BIT BOOKIE
OF VERSE

IN THE
ENGLISH AND SCOTS TONGUES

BY
DANIEL MCINTYRE HENDERSON
AUTHOR OF "POEMS, SCOTTISH AND AMERICAN"



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Dedication.

I HAD WRITTEN,

TO

My Father,

TRUEST OF MEN AND KINDEST OF CRITICS.

I WRITE INSTEAD,

TO

HIS MEMORY.

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A BIT BOOKIE OF VERSE.

PROEM.

*I've read this little volume through;
I wonder, did I write the book?
Its verses sound so strange and new—
It has an unfamiliar look!*

*Bookie, the secret's yours and mine;
If any question, "is it his?"
You saw me pen it, every line,
And stoutly you'll maintain "it is!"*

*But if they say "'tis so he sings"
Say naught—why tell them they are wrong?
They need not know these are the things
That came between me and my song.*

'Tis the celestial body, in which bideth
The risen truth—the form most fair and fit
That doth reveal the soul, and nothing hideth,
And the pure spirit doth illumine it!

IF LOVE BE ONE.

The skies are black, the winds are bold,
The road is rough and long,
But what are clouds and stony ways
When hearts are full of song?

And two there be who walk Life's path
Unheeding wind or weather,
And minding but yon merry sprite
Who holds their hearts in tether.

All ways are smooth, all days are bright
With him for guide and sun—
And three are always company
If Love be one!

The road is smooth, the wind is soft,
The sky is clear o'erhead,
But what are pleasant ways and days
To those whose hearts are dead?

And what is song that fills the ear
But can no further go?
And what is light that eyes can see
But souls can never know?

Ah, two there be who walk Life's path
As though they walked alone—
For two are never company
When Love is gone!

H. H.

(Helen Hunt Jackson was buried on a spur of Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado, at a spot which was her favorite resort. Her grave is marked by a cairn, composed of the white rocks abounding in the neighborhood. The remains have since been removed to the public cemetery.)

Her grave is on the mountain side
Midway between the plain and sky—
It looketh to the heavens high,
It looketh o'er the prairie wide!

Here would she climb in other days
To feel the bending sky's caress,
And see the green sea, limitless,
But for yon shifting shore of haze!

'Tis well—she rests where oft she trod—
And well, because this soul was one
That loved the pure air and the sun
And walked the mountain heights with God!

Yet she in lowly life had part—
Such was her nature—fine and strong,
That earth's low sob and heaven's high song
Had equal echo in her heart!

A fitting grave—and fitting too
The cairn that white, and broad and high,
Grows with her fame as years go by,
And love brings ever tribute new!

'Twas so in simpler days of old
Love for the hero dead was shown—
No sculptured shaft, no graven stone
His virtues and his valor told;

But how men loved him all might learn
Who marked how each who passed that way
Would stop, and turn aside to lay
A wayside stone upon his cairn.

And she was hero-hearted, strong,
With words to soothe or melt or stir,
And so we pile white stones for her,
And thank God for her life and song.

And so, a grateful offering,
I to her cairn this stone have brought,
This wayside pebble of my thought,
Ashamed it is no richer thing.

“ GREEN FIELDS AND RUNNING BROOKS ”

(On receiving James Whitcomb Riley's book with the above title.)

What are the poet's books?
Green fields and running brooks,
And man's unfathomed heart.
This is the sum of Art—
To hear what these may tell;
Hear and repeat it well.

Old ocean's ceaseless flow,
Breezes that come and go,
Clouds and the cloudless sky,
Valleys and mountains high,
Meadows and shady nooks—
These are the poet's books!

These, but not these alone—
 Creation maketh moan,
Travailing in unrest
 Till he be manifest
Who all her being stirs—
 The man, God's son and hers.

The poet, he who reads
 The heart and all its needs,
Fashions a song whose rhyme
 With Nature's pulse beats time,
And men who hear rejoice,
 Saying "our Mother's voice"!

Praise him who, when he sings,
 Touches the living strings
That vibrate through the earth
 With tenderness and mirth—
Who gives us in his books
 Green fields and running brooks!

THE BURNS STATUE AT ALBANY, NEW
YORK.

'Tis he, our Burns, in bronze made manifest!
The subtlest ken, the inmost secret caught,
Expressed of Art, by cunning fingers wrought—
The heart's ideal, ne'er till now confessed!

'Tis he in truth—the years that try and test,
The cruel, kind years, that winnow work and
thought
Bequeath us this—the weak is all forgot,
This is our Burns, our strongest, tenderest!

No more to bonnie Doon and flowing Ayr,
And thy kirkyard, Dumfries, the pilgrim turns—
No more to these alone—the *past* is there,
The sacred dust, the memory of Burns—
Here too, a shrine is hallowed, and men pay
Their tribute to the bard alive for aye.

SING A SANG O' ROBIN.

Sing a sang in Robin's praise!

Sing his bonnie lilt and lays—
Wale o' singers, king o' hearts,
Blaw his name to a' the airts,
Sing a sang o' Robin!

Scotland's love and joy and pride—
Hers and a' the world's beside!
Scotland's bairn, but a' men's brither,
A' hands joined, and a' thegither
Sing a sang o' Robin!

Lads and lassies cooin' fain
By yon trystin' tree or stane,

SING A SANG O' ROBIN.

Love's ain tongue he taught ye weel—
 Stop and thank this rhymin' chiel,
 Sing a sang o' Robin!

Heedless loons that whustlin' gang—
 That's a stave o' Robin's sang;
 Auld folks, toddlin' doon the hill,
 Robin's rhymes ye're croonin' still—
 Sing a sang o' Robin!

Freeman, list to Robin's strain—
 Firmer grasp your sword again!
 Worker, thro' Life's toil and din
 Robin's lilts blaw blithely in,—
 Sing a sang o' Robin!

Lambkin, maukin, mousie sma',
 Cheep his praise that lo'ed ye a'—
 Birdies, a' his sangs repeat;
 Sweet your ain, but no *sae* sweet!
 Sing a sang o' Robin.

Nature's sel' maun join oor sang—
Waft it, winds, whaure'er ye gang,
Burnies croon it, hare-bells ring it,
Listenin' tree-tops catch it, sing it,
Sing a sang o' Robin!

Years hae come and years hae gane—
A' the years are Robin's ain,
Blaw his name to a' the airts,
Wale o' singers, king o' hearts!
Sing a sang o' Robin!

WALLACE.

(A bronze statue of Sir William Wallace was unveiled in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore 30, 1893.)

Hero of Scotland, Wallace wight,
Grasp with thy strong right hand again
The sword that flashed in Freedom's fight
And woke the hero heart in men!
Ay, lift it high, but not to smite—
Rather to summon and command:
See, at thy side bare-browed we stand,
And here swear fealty to the right!

O brave, true heart that needs must breathe
The breath of Liberty, or die,
We glory that thou didst bequeath
Thy spirit and thy purpose high
To the dear land that gave thee birth,
Land by our fathers' swords made free,
That bears the torch of Liberty
To lighten all the lands of earth!

Great champion, how sore the strife—
A hard, rough way, a bitter end—
How fierce the foe who sought thy life,
And false who should have been thy friend!
They put thee to the death of shame—
The shame was theirs—O hero, thou
Didst pay fair Freedom's price, and now
She crowns thee with a deathless name!

Ah, hadst thou seen, thou warrior grim,
One corner of Time's scroll unfurled!
If e'er in dream or vision dim
Some promise of a glad new world,
Where God's peace-angel broods alway,
And Freedom sings in every breeze,
Had come thy great soul's pain to ease
And cheer thee in thy darkened day!

Thou didst not see, thou couldst not know—
The New World was not—and thy hand

Struck in the dark the ringing blow
That broke the chain that bound thy land.
Who have not seen and yet believed,
Blessed are they, and blessed thou!
Our grateful laurels wreath thy brow
For all thy life and death achieved!

'Tis ours, with valiant word and deed
To fight the subtle foes unseen;
The tyrant vice, the traitor greed,
Ambitions selfish, sordid, mean.
O hero, help us war to wage
With every foe of Liberty—
Help us to hold our heritage
In trust for ages yet to be!

TENNYSON.

(On his death.)

When the lark has dropped from the summer sky,
When the one, clear, masterful note of song
That fell to us out of the heavens high
Is stilled—ah well, we may hear the throng
Of fledglings chirping in wood and lea
Their rondeaus, triolets and the rest—
But after the skylark's melody
Silence awhile methinks were best.

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

(For one shut in.)

To her these flowers I bear;
A lily queenly, fair,
And a red rose rare.

No breath of summer blew,
Nor sun nor cooling dew
Kissed them where they grew.

When forth from Winter's sky
Frost's stinging arrows fly
Summer's children die;

But these (ah, happy case)
Shut in from Winter's face
Keep June's bloom and grace.

Like one a worshiper
I bring them now to her
Hid from all Life's stir.

These at her feet I lay
But bear fresh flowers away
Fairer far than they.

'Tis summer in this room
Where Hope in perfect bloom
Sheddeth sweet perfume!

The flower of Patience fair
Hath here that gracious air
Lilies may not wear.

Here too, Affection grows,
And with a radiance glows
Richer than the rose.

From her shut in I bear
These to the outer air—
Lord, that they flourish there!

A CHARITY SERMON.

“ Lord, what to do?
The poor are so many,
Our loaves are so few!

“ Send them away—
It were better ” The Master,
For our sakes says “ Nay ” .

“ Think of old days
And the loaves that were leavened
With love,” this He says.

“ Five loaves of bread—
With these and a blessing
The thousands were fed.

“ Said I to you
That miracles greater
Than mine ye might do?

“ Try me and prove:
Let dough now be kneaded
And leavened with love!

“ Lo, what was small,
Increased by my spirit
Sufficeth for all!

“ Loaves? Nay more love—
'Tis that only filleth—
'Tis bread from above!”

FOREFATHERS' DAY.

Southward the Mayflower's keel we steer,
Through smoother seas, to sunnier shore
Than our stern fathers braved of yore
When, fearing God and void of fear,
They faced the wild and wintry sea,
The savage foe, the sterile sod,
For the dear right to worship God
And walk His way with conscience free!

Southward we shape the Mayflower's prow.
Bid her Godspeed, with richer store
Than ever Spanish galleon bore,
Our little bark is freighted now!
With light, the darkness to dispel,
With law and liberty and love,
With faith in man and God above—
With all good gifts—God speed her well!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(" Weep sore for him that goeth away ; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.")

Jer. 22 : 10

A noble grave is yon upon the hill-top high,
Before him but the sea, abune him but the sky—
But oh, in bonnie Scotland how fain was he to lie,
The green grass ower him, and the daisies!

In the land that bore him, there he could na' dwell,
For the frosts and the mists and the winds that
were sae snell,
But aye his heart was wi' her, he lo'ed her like him-
sel'
Her green, green grass, and the daisies.

The unco folk were kind on yon foreign isle—
And balmy winds and sunshine nicht a' his pains
beguile—
A' but the heartache for Scotland a' the while—
Her green, green grass and the daisies.

It's oh to lie in Scotland, down in yon lown glen,
Or on the moor or brae, or on the purple ben;
Wi' kith and kin, the leal anes, the wale of manly
men,
The green grass ower us and the daisies!

THE PIPER'S AWA'

Oh the days o' langsyne when Saint Andrew wad
ca'

And the "saints" wad foregather frae near and
frae far,

And we'd march to the board, while the piper wad
blaw,

As brave as our sires when they marched to the
war!

But noo' a' is changed, for the piper's awa',

And the skirl o' the pibroch inspires us nae mair,

Oor step has nae spring as we march to the ha'

And ilka man, dowie, draps into his chair.

Oh the piper in glory o' scarlet and green,

Nae peacock sae gay, nane sae proodly could
stalk;

His braw siller buckles wad dazzle your e'en,

His feathers proclaimed him the cock o' the walk!

Oh the tunes that he played, oh the noises he made!
They wad drive ony Sassenach loon to despair,
But they carried us back ower the big sea's rough
track
To Scotia's wild hills—hoo' we wished *he* was
there!

Ye mind hoo the haggis was brocht to the board,
The honors we paid it, o' dishes the first,
The guard in the front wi' his muckle sharp sword,
And the piper ablawin' as gin he wad burst!
Hoo they marched thro' the ha' in majestic parade,
The steam, like sweet incense, ascendin' abune,
Then oor bard said the grace in the Doric sae braid,
And the haggis, sae hallowed, was handed aroun'!

But sma' is the honor we pay to it noo—
The piper is gane and the bag is unfilled,
And even a haggis is wersh in the mou'
When silent's the drone and the chanter is stilled!

Let us pray like guid Scots for a blessin' complete,
 (While we tak' what is gaun' and are thankful'
 for a'),
May the Powers that ordain that we haggis maun
 eat
Gie wi' it a piper its praises to blaw!

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

And what though a year be gane by!
Anither is oors'—let it gang!
We part frae the auld wi' a sigh—
Let us welcome the new wi' a sang!

Ay, a sang for the blithe New Year,
E'en though, could we forecast it a',
We micht gie to the new ane the tear,
The sang to the year that's awa'!

But the years, as they come and gang,
Are His, wha is loving and true—
Sae nae sigh, but a sang, a sang,
For baith the auld year and the new!

1901.

New Year, ere I welcome thee,
Say what bringest thou to me?
Health hast thou and wealth and fame,
Or sickness, poverty and shame?
Shall we march to merry song
Or dirges make the way seem long?
Shall I taste Life's ripened fruit,
Or, famished, gnaw its bitter root?
Will the old friends still be true?
Shall we change old loves for new?
Ope thy store—if all be ill
Wherefore should I show goodwill?
If thou bringest all good cheer
Welcome thou shalt be, New Year!

(New Year speaks.)

Naked as a babe at birth
I am come from Heaven, to Earth,

In my hand no gift, nor fee—
Only Opportunity.

Neither purse nor pouch have I—
Only childhood's helpless cry,
"Clothe me, feed me, give me care!"
Here a little while I fare,
Then with what this world has given
Hie me to the throne of Heaven.
And the Maker of the years,
By my smiles and by my tears,
By the gems of love I wear,
By the wounds of hate I bear,
Judges men and judges Man—
Here I stand, bless thou or ban!

AEROPLANE.

Light souls may lightly rise
And float in placid skies;
Powerless to push or steer,
With every wind they veer—
But thou, would'st thou aspire?
Forward, with heart afire—

Dost seek a heavenly dower?
Be it not grace but power—
Who drives and will not drift
Shall feel divine uplift;
The soul is skyward drawn
That cries not "up" but "on"!

NEW MOON.

Again the moon, the fair new moon!
It lieth on the hem of night
A gleaming thread, so silver-white—
As Heaven's own boon
My glad heart hails the crescent moon.

A bow of pure, celestial light!
A bended bow—from it do fly
Arrows of hope across the sky—
God wings their flight—
Slain are the evil things of night.

How body-worn, how full of fret
And care was I, when for my eyes

This bow of promise in the skies
Once more was set—
Now, what is pain, for I forget?

Strange, I have seen this thing so oft,
Yet seems it still a miracle—
Still she doth weave for me her spell
So sweet, so soft,
And bears my soul with her aloft!

A maiden queen, so soft, so shy—
Timid to launch her little boat
Into the vast of night and float
So far, so high,
Across her own great realm of sky!

So shy, ah yes, but she shall ride
The full round moon in majesty—
Thro' highest heaven her path shall be,
In grace and pride—
Attendant planets at her side!

The round full moon, her charms beguile
All men and spirits, the great sea
A follower in her train would be—
She doth but smile,
And earth is fairyland the while!

And, yet, this slender thread of light,
This curve of silver in the sky—
The fair new moon, so soft, so shy,
Gives me delight,
More than the full-orbed queen of night.

BEN JONSON.

Oh "rare" Ben Jonson—happy epithet,
That with thy name through all the years shall
run!
Few win such praise—nay, most are pleased to get
That tribute opposite to "rare," "well done."

A DEAD LION.

“ Better a living dog,” he said—
Nay, be a lion, alive or dead!
Life, to be life, must worthy be;
There are dogs enough—no need for thee!

SCOTLAND—A TOAST.

Here's to Scotland ance again!
Land o' lands, our loved, our ain!
Cradle o' the leal and brave,
Heroes' hame and martyrs' grave!
Scotland, every thocht o' her
Gars the sluggish pulses stir,
Gars the dull heart loup fu' fain—
Here's to her, and here again,
Scotland!

Land o' bracken and o' broom,
O' the heather's breath and bloom,
O' the shy and sweet blue-bell,
O' the foxglove in the dell,
O' the gowan on the lea,
O' the bonnie hawthorn tree,

O' the thistle, sturdy flower,
Emblem o' her grace and power,
Scotland!

Land o' bens that bide in mist,
Smiling straths the sun has kissed,
Gloomy tarns and burnies bricht—
Checkered plaid o' shade and licht!
Land o' story and o' song,
A' o' tender and o' strong,
A' o' savage and o' sweet
Join to make her charms complete!
Scotland!

Land where Freedom's throne is set!
Harried oft, unconquered yet!
Sword o' English, Roman, Dane
Beat her bossy targe in vain—
Priest and prelate wrocht their worst—
Socht her skaith wi' wiles accurst—

Still she triumphed, still she stands,
Freedom's ain, the wale o' lands,
Scotland!

Here's to Scotland, first and last—
Fair her future as her past—
Worthy are her livin' bairns
As they that sleep aneath her cairns.
Where the world has need o' men,
Need o' hammer, sword or pen,
Scotland's sons are to the fore
As in glorious days o' yore!
Scotland!

Here's to Scotland ance again!
Land o' lands, our loved, our ain!
Cradle o' the leal and brave,
Heroes' hame and martyrs' grave!
Scotland, every thocht o' her
Gars the sluggish pulses stir,
Gars the dull heart loup fu' fain—
Here's to her, and here again,
Scotland!

DAISIES IN BALTIMORE.

A daisy—let me rub my e'en!
Some fairy glamor's here, I ween,
That mak's them hazy—
Or else, frae yonder sward sae green
There peeps a daisy!

A daisy, na, it canna be—
Nae daisies grow this side the sea—
Horse gowans plenty,
But no oor daisy,—modest, wee,
Red-lipped, dainty.

Ay fact, its sae—oor ain sweet flow'r,
The Scottish daisy—oh! what power
Is in this seeing
That gars auld memories in a shower
Flood a' my being!

Auld times, young frien's, their pranks and plays,
The white-flecked fields, the bloom-lit braes
Are here again—
We weave, as in thae happy days,
Oor daisy chain!

The lassies seek their fate to ken;
They pu' the petals ane by ane,
And name their love,
And be he fickle, be he fain,
The count'll prove!

And by the bracken, thro' the whin
We hear the wimplin' burnie rin
Sae cheerily;
It seems, wi' merry lauch and din
To share oor glee.

Far in the lift the laverock hings,
And a' his walth o' music flings
Sae heedless roun',
And sings, and sings, and better sings,
A' lilt abune.

He learned that bonnie sang nae doot,
And crooned it ower, and thocht it oot,
The words, the phrases,
Low in yon nestie ringed about
Wi' kindly daisies.

Oh, daisy, Burns's flower thou art!
He took thee to his poet heart,
And aye sin' syne
His sang has made thee seem a part
O' human kind!

Puir flower, say what mischancey breeze
Has blawn ye ower the tumblin' seas
To this far neuk,
Where a' things wear frae folk to trees
An unco look?

This iron man—they ca' him Taney,¹
Had brains eneuch to be a Sawney—
Ye'd like to see him
Turn this way roun', but then he canna'—
Ye maun forgie him!

And yon stane man, high on his column,
That's George ² himself', the fearfu' solemn—
Ye fain wad win him
To smile just aince—ye'll hae to thole him—
Lod, it's no in him!

¹ Roger B. Taney.

² George Washington.

Thae heedless folk that past ye hie
Ne'er ken ye're here—ye're far too shy
 To catch their e'e;
Thae gaudy tulip things o'er by
 Is a' they see!

But me, I bare my head and kneel,
 And ca' this holy grun', and feel
 That Ane abune
Winna condemn a pair Scotch chiel
 If this *be* sin.

He'll maybe hear my wee bit prayer,
 And haud ye in His special care,
 That Simmer's heat
And Winter's killing breath may spare
 A thing sae sweet!

And ilka day I'll meet ye here,
And whisper braid Scots in your ear—
Ye'll ken it fine—
And sae we'll gie ilk ither cheer
For auld lang syne.

SANCT ANDRO, PITY ME.

If e'er to bonnie France you gang,
And pass thro' Arras toun,
You'll turn in by yon auld kirkyard
And search its gravestones roun',
And there, 'mang many unco ñames
This a'e kened name you'll see,
"John Chisholm," and these words beside,
"Sanct Andro, pity me."

John Chisholm, sturdy man-at-arms,
And bold, perfervid Scot,
His wanderings and his doughty deeds
Are dune—and clean forgot.

But weel ken we, true Scot was he,
 And when he came to dee
He breathed this prayer in alien air,
 “ Sanct Andro, pity me.”

His cry was heard, leal-hearted Scots
 Stood by their brither there,
And pity moved their hands to help,
 Their hearts his pangs to share.
Wi' their ain hands they made his grave,
 And set, so fair to see
This stane that bears “ John Chisholm's ” name
 “ Sanct Andro, pity me.”

Oh, strange strong spell thats on us a',
 And winna let us be
Content wi' gear or power or fame,
 Or ocht that earth can gie—
But drives us back, frae East, frae West,
 To oor auld Mither's knee,

And wrings frae a' oor hearts the cry,
" Sanct Andro, pity me."

Ah, some there be that leave their hame
And wander weary miles,
And toil dreich days but never win
A'e glint o' Fortune's smiles.
A hard, yet noble fecht they mak'
While ills their pathway hem—
Poortith and loss and sickness sair—
Sanct Andro, pity them!

Ay, pity them, and gie us grace
To stretch the willing hand,
To soothe and share a brither's pain,
And help the weak to stand!
The saint that guards auld Scotia's shore
To us his spirit gie,
And mak' us quick to hear the prayer
" Sanct Andro, pity me!"

And if their be a'e misnamed Scot,
Wha hears but doesna' heed
The widow's wail, the orphan's tale,
The brither's cry o' need;
Wha hugs his wallet to his breast
Wi' visage sour and grim—
Oh, mair than a' the puir and weak,
" Sanct Andro, pity him!"

THE RALLY.

They said, " She is old, this Britain—
Old and her children few,
And scattered far at the ends of earth
Each with his work to do.
Each thinking only of self and pelf,
And no one thinking of her—
Shall we call the pack—her hands are full—
Shall we bite—she cannot stir!"

Did she cry for help, our Mother?
What need had she to call—
The yell of snarling hounds went forth,
And was heard by her children all—
Sons and their sons and their children's sons,
From the white to the torrid zone;

Britannia's brood, blood of her blood
And bone of her very bone!

See, from the fields of old England,
The children about her knee,
And see from Scotland's heather hills,
The free sons of the free,
And see from Ireland's huts and halls
Bravest they of the brave—
The empire that their hands have built,
Her loyal sons shall save!

Canadians, straight as the pine trees
That pierce the New World's sky—
They dream of an isle they have not seen,
And proudly for it would die!
And see how under the Southern Cross
Australia's sons stand forth—
Yea, mark how the needle of loyalty
Points steadfast to the North!

From the East and the West, the Indies
And isles of the farthest sea,
No son of the blood but hears and asks
“Has the mother need of me?”
And the yelpings cease, the cringing hounds
Show now neither fang nor tongue—
They said, “This Britain is old and weak,”
And lo, she is strong, she is young!

We of the selfsame birthright,
One blood, one spirit, one speech—
This to our brothers who fight today
For the rights of all and each—
From the Cape whose name is prophecy,
Northward your feet are bent,
And above your banners we read, “Good Hope”
For a darkened continent.

PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Peace—and the cooing of the dove
For the foul vulture's croak—
Peace and the living breath of heaven
Where hung the battle smoke!

Peace on the veldt—for War's rude share
And rain of blood and tears,
A harvest of Earth's noblest things
For all the coming years!

Lay healing hands upon her wounds—
Hope and new courage give—
And brave as were her sons to die
May she be brave to live!

Show her a people great and strong,
In love and purpose one,
Briton and Boer traditions dear,
But each her loyal son!

Show her herself—not isolate
In Earth's lone corner curled,
But one in the fair sisterhood
Whose handtouch rings the world!

And for her tribal god, whose arm
Is shortened, may she find,
The Father-love that broods o'er her
And all of human kind!

Peace, peace for her and all the world,
Shall hatred, greed and wrong,
And cruel ignorance bear rule?
How long, O Lord, how long!

SONNET.

(A New York newspaper offered a prize of two thousand dollars for a short story and one half the amount for an Epic Poem.)

The priceless thing—the nation's story told
In measures such as Milton's pen impelled
Or from the lips of mighty Homer rolled
Is gauged—the oak of Magna Charta, felled
Is so much timber—and an epic sold
In new world marts is merchandise, and, held
Against our great all-measuring wand of gold,
Is by a half-hour's idle tale excelled.

So long Calliope in sleep hath lain,
Welcome even insult if its sting can break
The death-like spell and bid her pulses stir!
But petty passions move her not, nor pain,
Nor even prizes—she will not awake—
Thalia smiles and so avenges her.

JOHN WATSON'S CREED.

" I believe in the Fatherhood of God. I believe in the words of Jesus. I believe in the clean heart. I believe in the service of love. I believe in the unworldly life. I believe in the Beatitudes. I promise to trust God and follow Christ, to forgive my enemies and to seek after the righteousness of God.)

" Christians all should be agreed!

Get together on Watson's creed—
Short and simple, clear and sound,

Here's a common standing-ground!

" Amen," says many a yearning heart,

" Why should we ever be apart?

" Nay, but nay," say one or two,

" Such a creed will never do—

" Look at all the things left out—

Nothing there to quarrel about—

All of us couldn't stand on that,

It isn't narrow enough—that's flat!"

Alas, and alas, howe'er we plan,
If the creed be broader than the man
He won't go on, or he'll tumble off,
And angels grieve, and the creedless scoff.

AFTER BROWNING.

God's in the world

For all its bustle and din—

God's in the world

For all its sorrow and sin—

God's in the world

Shaping a world to be—

Come ye apart a while

Out of the world and see.

SHIPWRECKED.

From Memory's book let that last leaf be torn,
Blot out the horror of those twenty years,
The tragedy of unavailing tears,
And hopeless battlings of a will o'erborne!
No more sad broodings; we were brothers sworn
In faith and friendship, in all things but fears—
Why should I judge what is by what appears?
For love's sake I remember not, nor mourn.

He is to me as in the early days,
Alert to honor, open to all truth,
Buoyant with hope and eager for Life's fight;
With strength of manhood, playfulness of youth,
His wit sword-tempered, keen and flashing bright—
Let others blame, be mine the word of praise!

GOD'S THOUGHTS.

God has a thought for the maple,
You may read that thought in the tree:—
Would you know his thought for the granite?
Look at the granite and see!

His thought for the springing grass
Is told by the cool, green sod—
The rose, unfolding its petals,
Discloses the mind of God.

His thought for the butterfly's life
Is writ on the insect's wings—
The word He spake to the skylark
You hear when it soars and sings.

We think we are more than the bird,
More than the tree and sod,
Yet say, are we living our lives
As true to the thought of God?

QUO VADIS?

One there was who hitched
His wagon to a star ;
Out of the ruts of life,
Above its stour and strife
It bore him far.

And one there was, a star
Would to his wagon hitch—
He too has left the road,
His wagon and its load
Are in yon ditch.

MAN AND SPHINX.

The vision of a man to whom all life

Was as a troubled dream—who saw the world

In twilight darkening to deepest gloom.

* Two giant forms he saw, one the great Sphinx
Gazing straight on with calm, unseeing eyes,

And, fronting it, an angel, tall, alert,

Grasping a two-edged sword as if to smite!

But Time wore on, and when again he looked

The placid Sphinx gazed with unheeding eyes,

But from the angel figure the huge wings

Had dropped, and shattered, lay upon the ground—

A warrior faced the Sphinx with naked sword!

And Time wore on, and when again he looked,

The sword had crumbled into dust—a man,

A fenceless man, with empty, outstretched hands

Fronted the brooding, silent, awful Sphinx!

* Thomson—City of Dreadful Night.

Again he looked,—the man had fallen prone
Worn out of Time—and still the Sphinx remained
And saw, and saw not—“ this,” he said, “ is Life”—
And others, dozing, murmur “ this is Life!”

The nightmare dream is false—look o’er the years—
Look out upon your struggling fellow men—
Read your own heart, and know the converse true.

We walk in twilight, but we face the morn—
Even now the hilltops catch its early beams.

Evening and morning was the world’s first day,
And ever the strong sun consumes the night.

The wrecks are not of men who faced the Sphinx,
Only of those who flinched and slunk aside.

Men we have known, and Man the years have seen
Emerge from dust and rise and face the Sphinx
Unarmed and helpless and but half erect,

But unabashed,—and Time passed and they saw
The self-same man fronting the self-same form,
But straighter, stronger grown, and unafraid,

And wielding now the Heaven-gifted sword.

And Time goes by, and lo, where once the man,
Where once the warrior, a winged one stands,

God's armed angel, with the smile that comes
Of strength and peace, viewing the sad-eyed Sphinx.

And what shall be we know not, but are sure
No single life that out of weakness grows

To strength, and wins swift pinions and the sword
Shall ever lose them, or return to dust—

The soul of man outlives the Eternal Sphinx.

PETER'S FAITH.

The disciples saw their Master
Walking on the sea—
Cried the bold, impetuous Peter
“ Bid me come to Thee! ”

“ Come, ” and on the instant Peter
From the boat did bound ;
Walked, ay, walked the sliding billows
As on solid ground !

* * * * *

No, it isn't all the story—
They who choose may tell
How, as waves grew big and bigger
Peter's courage fell.

How, but for the gracious Master,
Peter would have drowned—
Just such failure, just such succor,
Every life has found.

Here's the great thing—worth the telling—
Faltered, failed, did he?
For one single, splendid minute
Peter walked the sea!

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

I saw in an office a sign
On which this legend was shown
“Don't tell your troubles to me,
“I have troubles enough of my own.”
So some have not learned even yet,
It is good others' sorrows to share;
Our own burdens sink out of sight,
When the burdens of others we bear.

THE SEA COMPLAINS.

The sea,
 Although so strong and free,
Murmurs and moans continually.

What bitter trouble doth his bosom swell?
 What grief that he must tell
 Doth in his bosom well?

Far, far from shore—
 A thousand leagues or more,
I've seen the great glad smile that rippled o'er
 His face, or heard him with the tempest roar!

How great was he,
 Shouting in wrath, or laughing loud with glee—
 How limitlessly strong, and how entirely free!

So seemed it then—and yet
Not so—his mighty heart doth fret
Because a Mightier hath here his boundaries set!

The sorrow of the sea
O heart hath come to thee
That knowest thou art bound, and art so seeming
free!

Sea, would'st thou roll
Thy waters o'er the land and drown the whole
Just to be free? alas, great sea—small soul!

Hush thee, complaining heart!
Better than free, thank God, thou art,
Of His well-ordered universe a part!

VICTORIA REGINA.

(On the death of the Queen.)

Wearied with rule she lays the scepter down :
Another lifts it—may God save the King!
But none shall take from her the queenly crown
Love-jeweled, which to-day the nations bring.

GLADSTONE DEAD.

This was that Greatheart whose strong sword and
shield

Safeguarded the weak peoples and oppressed,
His brethren we, his weapons may we wield—

Honor him so, the hero laid to rest.

THE UNSAINED BAIRNS.

Ayont the kirk is the kirkyard,
Whaur sleep the streekit deid
In sodded, snod and decent raws,
Wi' gravestanes at their heid.

The hie stane wa's on ilka side
Stan' roun' to be their guard,
Till they hear that day the last loud trump
And rise to their reward.

It's lown and green in the kirkyard,
But ootowre it's cauld and bare,
And neither dyke nor kindly tree
To fend the sleepers there.

Ay, it's eerie oot in the open,
And oh but the graves are wee,

And no' a stane, nor pented brod,
To tell wha the deid may be!

“ And hoo are they no' in the kirkyard?
And hoo are the hillocks sae sma'?
Are the “ wee folk ” deid, hae they buried them,
To the win'ward o' the wa'?”

Oh wheesht wi' clash o' “ wee folk ”
I'm fleyed at sic licht speech—
Thir manes are o' unkirsened weans
That Christ's bluid couldna reach.

Their faithers lie in the kirkyard,
And for his comin' wait,
But hoo could bairns unsained be laid
In grund that is consecrate?

They sleep their sleep on the open muir,
And the curlews owre them cry;

An eerie soun' like a speerit lost
Atween the earth and sky.

“ But here is ane, a muckle grave,
Wha drees a weird sae sair? ”
Oh, that's whaur Marget Gilchrist lies;
She socht a burial there.

“ And did she nick the thread o' life?
Or did she curse her God?
Hoo lies she no' in the kirkyard
In grave weel-marked and snod? ”

Na, she was nane o' your ill anes;
Were a' like her, my feth,
The warl' wad be a cantier place,
And nane be fleyed for Death!

A guid, guid woman was Marget,
But she couldna' thole the thocht

That bairns should lie on the open muir
And their sauls be damned for nocht.

“It canna be true, gin God be God—
Luve has mair pooer than bluid!”
Ay, thae were the awsome words she spak,
Though Marget, I say, was guid.

She wadna lie in the auld kirkyard
Whaur the sanctly folk are laid;
She maun lie down wi’ the unsained bairns
“To mither them”—sae she said!

Atweel ’twas a risky thing she did,
But some folk threep, I’ve heard,
That noo the muir is holier grund
Than was e’er the auld kirkyard.

And the bairns that Christ’s bluid couldna
reach,
For a’ may win the stake,
And stan’ redeemed by Luve, in Heaven,
For his and Marget’s sake!

JOHN TAMSON'S BAIRNS.

Noo here's to you, and you, and you,
Wha speak the Doric tongue;
Frae mony airts, but ane at heart
When Scotland's praise is sung!
What's Tweed or Tay, what's Doon or Don?
What's Lothians or the Mearns?
The a'e ruiftree owerspanns them a'—
We're a' John Tamson's bairns!

Auld Scotland's worthies are her pride;
Sma' wonner gin she craw—
At wark or lear, at war or sang,
Her laddies ding them a'!
The years but brichter mak' their fame
And higher bigg their cairns;

Wallace and Burns, and a' between—
And a' John Tamson's bairns!

The Scots are scattered far and wide;
They stand in India's glare,
Canadia's snaws, Australia's sands—
A pickle here and there—
Alane in desert spots o' earth,
Or where men pack like herrins,
They dae their wark, they mak' their mark—
They're a' John Tamson's bairns!

The muckle warl' that lies ower seas
Has had oor kintra's best—
Her Moffats, Duffs and Livingstones,
Her Chalmers ¹ and the rest;
Baith hoo to mak' and hoo to gie
She frae Carnegie learns;
And what a gift was Stevenson!
They're a' John Tamson's bairns!

¹ Missionary to New Guinea.

We're brithers a'! tho' ane's on tap,
And ane speels bit by bit,
And ane has made as brave a fecht
Yet sprachles' at the fit.
What mak's the differ? Wha wad judge?
Whiles health, whiles luck, whiles harns—
But up, or down, join hands a' roun'—
We're a' John Tamson's bairns!

But wider is oor britherhood
Than race or speech can bind—
A Scot's a Scot, yet kin' is he
To a' o' humankind;
It's "man to man, the warl' ower,"
And ilka true heart learns,
That skin and tongue and creed apart,
We're a' John Tamson's bairns!

RAINY SCOTLAND.

Yestreen I met a creatur' as thrawn as ony wuddy,
There was nae single thing that pleased the fykie
body!

E'en Scotland wasna' perfect, and what think ye
was wrang?

“Owre muckle rain, owre muckle rain”—noo wasna
that a sang?

A drap or twa o' watter—what's that to ca' a
faut?

The body maun be made, I doot, o' sugar or o'
saut!

And what was weetin' rain to him wad be to me or
you

Nae mair than just a mornin' mist or fa' o' gloamin'
dew.

We've no sae muckle rain—ou ay, some orra bits
 o' show'rs
 'Tween glints o' sun to fill the burns and freshen
 up the flow'rs,
 And, now and then, a sprinkle that's guid for neeps
 and heather—
 It wad be sinfu' maist to growl at sic grand
 growin' weather.

Ou, whiles we hae a canny seep, and whiles it's
 saft a wee
 But dounricht pour, or blash or blaud ye'll no sae
 often see—
 But, gin it's just a smurr some folk'll girn and
 grane,
 Gin it's nae mair than spittin', they'll cry “owre
 muckle rain.”

There's places that's no 'fashed wi' rain, there's
 lands awa' doun South

Where no a drap 'll fa' for months, and a' things
choke wi' drouth—
Nae caller watter loupin' frae the mountain to the
plain,
Nae peaceful' tarns, nae lauchin' burns—and a' for
want o' rain!

O Scotland's bonnie, bonnie, and gin we loe her
smiles
We ken they're a' the sweeter because it rains
there—whiles—
And if some fykie body cries out “owre muckle
rain,”
We wish nae waur than, may he gang to yon place
where there's nane!

FOR A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Here are the pictures of our friends—

 You only see the faces,

But we, who look beyond, can note

 A hundred tender graces.

You see the heads—we see besides

 The halos bright above them—

The wit and worth that we admire,

 The love for which we love them.

THE CHURCH.

Today the veil is on her face
And cold, and bold and lustful eyes
See not the glory and the grace
That walk the earth in modest guise.
But when the Lord shall claim his bride,
Fair as the sun her charms shall shine;
Men shall behold her by His side
And know the human is divine.

The Church shall be his "wedded wife"—
He finds the fittest symbol this—
Heaven has no holier, higher life,
Earth knows no higher, holier bliss.
He makes the marriage tie his sign,
And seals each household for his own,
Our human love is love divine;
Man may not part what God makes one!

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

Two letters from the ancient Greek,
Above the pulpit shine in gold,
As if the walls themselves would speak
Of One who is, and was of old—
Beginning, Ending, First and Last,
By worlds adored, Eternal Christ,
Dwelling in glory unsurpassed,
Yet deigning here to keep a tryst!

A plain man all unlearned in Greek
And strange Apocalyptic lore,
Seeking the Jesus, strong yet meek,
Who helps men as he helped of yore,
Smiled when he saw the letters fair—
“A. W., that’s good,” said he;
“*All Welcome* suits the House of Prayer;
I’m glad among Christ’s folk to be!”

I think that in men's thoughts there are
Two Christs—and one is lost to view
In distant, glorious realms, afar
From all the life he lived and knew.
But one we meet in home and street,
His love makes common life divine,
Him plain men know and gladly greet
Brother and Master—yours and mine!

“COLUMBIA, HAIL TO THEE.”

(For an occasion.)

Air—“Men of Harlech.”

Sing of her, the land that bore us!
Sing her banner floating o'er us!
Sound her name in noble chorus,
 Strong and full and free.
Sing while all her children cheer it,
Sing and shout, the world shall hear it—
Friends shall love and foemen fear it—
 Columbia, hail to thee!
 For her our sires have striven—
 For her, fair gift of heaven,
 In Freedom's fight,
 For truth and right,
 Their blood was freely given!
Children's children, tell the story,

Crown her head with wreaths of glory,
Love and honor shower upon her,
Hail, Columbia, hail!

Favored land, the earth's best treasure
Fills her lap in endless measure;
Gifts for use, and gifts for pleasure,
Lavished large and free—
Hail her plains with harvests weighted,
Waters wide with white sails freighted,
Mountain peaks with sunlight sated.
Columbia, hail to thee!

War and wrong shall never
State from State dissever—
Our Union stands, the first of lands,
Through toil and high endeavor!
Ye, her children, tell the story,
Crown her head with wreaths of glory,
Love and honor shower upon her,
Hail, Columbia, hail!

CLINTON BOWEN FISK.

(Died July, 1890—)

Soldier and citizen and patriot he!

Who loved his country—love her “right or
wrong,”

As patriot should, but with devotion strong

Give his whole life to keep her right and free!

He lived to save the Union—let this be

Carved on his monument, and told in song—

His sword, his word, his wealth did all belong

To God and country, given ungrudgingly!

Shall not the record of so brave a life

Lived nobly, simply, in the sight of men,

Be as a fire to bright, ambitious youth—

An hundred hands, made eager for the strife

Stretch out to seize that fallen blade again,

And smite the foes of Freedom and of Truth!

THE NAME.

A spark and again a spark
 Gleams and dies in the dark,
And answering sparks arise
 In my little girl's glad eyes,
As, with a rapturous glow
 Such as the poets know,
She claps her hands and cries
 " Fireflies! "

A spark and again a spark
 Flits and fades in the dark—
Quick, with a yell and shout
 My boys are up, and are out
Cap in hand to capture and slay,
 As they cry—no poets they
But unregenerate thugs,—
 " Lightning bugs! "

BEYOND.

Hath not the splendor of some sunset rare,
That touched earth, sky and sea,
Transforming them as with enchantment fair
Thrilled thee with ecstasy?

Hath not thy soul that seemed a chrysalis
And bound to clayey things,
Been lifted to new heights of light and bliss
And walked the air on wings?

Yet, hath not, thro' thy keenest rapture, risen
Some sense of good denied?
The spirit which has burst its stony prison
Is still not satisfied!

Beyond the sunset, thro' its jeweled gates
It catches gleams of day—
Some shimmer of the glory that awaits,
Bliss that abides for aye!

So may some wondrous harmony of sound,
Or sweet melodious strain,
Touch a dead soul in Earth's deep discord drowned,
Reviving it again;

And yet, thro' Music's self the soul so stirred,
Will strain with listening ear
For some diviner note—a song once heard,
It fain again would hear.

Say thou, if scenes from mortal eyes concealed
To inner sight be clear,
If music ne'er to outer sense revealed
The inner ear may hear—

If all of fairest in the teeming earth
But types of fairer be,
How may we doubt the soul's immortal birth,
Immortal destiny?

THE SYMBOL.

A gilded something on yon spire
Flames in the sun with equal fire.
Whether it be a cross or no
I scarce can tell, it blinds me so—
For rest my eyes turn otherwhere
And leave it hid in its own glare.

But when the sun's fierce glory fails
And, ere' the engulfing night prevails,
A softer splendor fills all heaven,
And peace as of a soul new-shriven
Is on the world, I look and lo,
So black against the sunset glow,
The Cross—so isolate it stands,
So strange, with stretched, appealing hands!
With wondrous hues the skies are lit—
My eyes are held—they see but IT!

BALTIMORE—1904.

Resurgam—I have lain

Three days and nights among the dead—
Men saw me stript and slain
And whispered sadly, “Life is fled!”

The flames of hell were hot

About my body and my brain—
Only the soul died not—
Resurgam—I shall rise again!

Shall I one moment grieve

For all the strength and splendor gone,
When the strong soul doth weave
For me a robe a queen might don?

See, I am young again,
And glorious in my children's eyes:
Nor smell of fire nor stain
Shall cling to me when I shall rise!

FOR AN ANNIVERSARY.

In old New England homesteads,
When winter days draw near,
And they see who sowed with weeping
How He crowns with His goodness the year—
When the plentiful fruits of the earth
Are gathered and safely stored,
And barn and bin and cellar
O'erflow with their yellow hoard—

The grateful hearts of the parents
Go out to the girls and boys
Who made of old the meadows
And woods resound with their noise—
To the scattered ones of the household
Go out with yearning strong,
That again the walls and rafters
Might shake with their laughter and song!

And lo, spirit answers to spirit,
The hearts of the children burn,
And an untold longing stirs them,
Till their faces homeward turn—
Till down drop the tools, and the textbooks
Are thrown to the winds away,
With "Ho, for home and the old folks,
And the old-time Thanksgiving day!"

This is our day of Thanksgiving,
Joyfully hither we come,
Eager and fond as the children,
Back to our dear loved home—
And for all that it has been and is
We raise now in fervent accord
Our songs of Thanksgiving and praise,
To him who is Father and Lord.

For all that it has been! how lovely
In the glow of the setting sun
Lies the valley through which we journeyed
Ere' the heights of Endeavor were won!

How cool were the waters we tasted,
How fragrant the flowers at our feet!
And what of the pain and the struggle?
Ah, Time makes the bitter things sweet!

Thank God for the strain and the striving
That tempered and tried and made strong—
The clouds as the shadows of midnight
That broke with the morn into song!
Ah, Paul, it is not so easy,
Forgetting the things behind—
For the past is part of the present,
And won't be dropped from mind.

So for all the way He has led us
We lift our hearts in praise,
As we sit at the family table,
And talk of the by-gone days!

* * * * *

But, thro' our songs in major
 There runs the minor strain—
Forever the keenest pleasure
 Is closely allied to pain—
And the faces we see about us,
 The voices that fill the ear
Recall the absent faces—
 The voices we do not hear.

We talk in sober whispers
 Of the mystery of death,
But we tell of their faith and courage,
 And we have courage and faith;
We think of that one great family,
 In heaven and earth the same
And for that unbroken circle,
 We laud our Father's name!

THE HEATHER.

Ye mind the words o' Sir Walter—
'Tis the Scottish exile's cry—
“ I must see the hills and the heather
Again or I shall die!”

It's oh the years, the weary years,
And never the hills I see—
But, thanks to a kindly heart and hand,
The heather comes aye to me!

HAUL OFF.

(To my brother, who will understand.)

Half past nine by the clock
And the keeper of the lock
Listens and looks thro' the night,
But there's neither sound nor light.
So the long dreich day is past,
It is loosing time at last,
And his cry goes down the hill
To be echoed with good will
Haul off!

Strange it should come to me then
At the laying down of my pen!
An odd and an uncouth word,
And yet, how my heart was stirred

As it sounded again in my ears,
That call from the buried years!
But I hear it echoing still
And I answer with good will
Haul off!

This is the end of the book—
I rest, but with forward look:
Will not the new day bring
Work, and its songs to sing?
Whoever the work shall be,
Sure be his stroke and free—
Whoever shall sing the song,
Blithe be his strain, and strong.
Haul off!

(FROM POEMS, SCOTCH AND AMERICAN.)

A SONG OF LOVE.

Love's season is but brief,
So they say,
It opens like a leaf,
To decay.
Ah! well, I only know
The long years come and go
But 'tis leaf time with Love always.

A silver cloud is Love,
So they say,
That floats awhile above,
Then away.
Ah! well, the years have brought
Their freight of care and thought,
Yet I build in the clouds to-day.

Uncertain as the sea,
 So they say,
Love ever will be free,
 Well-a-day!
The years have come and gone,
Life's ebb and flow go on,
But the sea is the same for aye.

If loves do fade e'er long,
 As they say,
Yet Love is true and strong,
 And will stay.
The leaf and cloud and tide
Through all the years abide—
Is not Love longer lived than they?

OH, LIPPEN AND BE LEAL.

A PARAPHRASE.

Oh, lippen and be leal!
The Faither's bairns are ye—
A' that He does is weel,
And a' that's guid He'll gie!

The birds they ken nae cark,
They fear nae cauld nor weet—
His e'es ower a' His wark,
They dinna want for meat.

Think o' the bonnie flow'rs,
Wi' slender, gracefu' stem,
Drinkin' the summer show'rs—
The Faither cares for them!

The lilies o' the field
At God's ain biddin' bloom;
His bosom is their beild,
His breath is their perfume.

And if He minds the flow'rs
And decks them oot sae braw,
He'll care for you and yours—
Then trust Him wi' your a'.

The Faither's bairns are ye—
A' that He does is weel,
And a' that's guid He'll gie—
Oh, lippen an' be leal!

BURNS.

A thousand leagues of sea,
A century of time,
Are naught to Fancy strong and free,
Naught to the living rhyme!

A soul once breathed in song
Endures a second birth—
Burns once to Scotland did belong
But now to all the earth!

He sang by flowing Ayr
Love's artless, raptured lay,
And kindred fond hearts everywhere
Repeat the strains to-day!

Here, lilts the blithe goodwife—
There, happy mothers croon

The cheery songs of humble life
He sang by bonnie Doon!

His words make cowards brave;
Hope to the bruised returns;
The tyrant trembles lest his slave
Should hear a song of Burns!

Manhood is regal now—
The bard restored its crown;
True worth dares lift its open brow
Nor bow to titles down!

Oh, why should bigots blame,
Where pity prompts to weep?
Why fools and base men laud his shame?
Peace, let his body sleep!

Bury in fair Dumfries
The fleshly stain and strife—

But give the spirit grand release
To ampler, nobler life!

His manly scorn of wrong,
His love of manly worth,
The burden of his manly song
Shall girdle yet the earth!

OUR SCOTTISH FERN.

It died, we said, at early frost—
So surely did we deem it lost
We had forgotten it almost.

So when the Spring with sun and showers
Stirred stiffened plants, woke sleeping flowers,
We did not think to look for ours.

But, tender as a babe new-born,
Curling and fresh, a slender horn
Climbed to the light one April morn.

Nor was it come to live alone:
Four sister shoots since then have grown,
And earth has rendered back our own!

It was a glad surprise to find
Dame Nature's wrinkled breast so kind
To that which we had dropped from mind.

And with the coming of our fern
What sunny memories return!
What blessed lessons we relearn!

We walk once more by fell and brake,
And hear the plashing wavelets break
Upon the shores of Lomond lake.

We seat us in the sheltered glade,
And watch the play of light and shade
Upon the falls of Inversnaid.

Through fringe of fern and fragrant heath
The waters leap, to hiss and seethe
About the sullen rocks beneath.

Far-bending o'er the rocky bed
The rowans hang their berries red,
And lock their branches overhead.

In this song-hallowed nook of earth
Our fern-plant, hailed with song-bird's mirth
And hum of waters, had its birth.

Here gentle hands and cautious blade
About its clinging roots were laid—
We bore it far from Inversnaid;

We tended it by sea and shore—
It died when summer days were o'er—
How could we hope to see it more?

But April bade the dead arise,
With all its buried memories,
To fill our souls with sweet surprise.

So sometimes, natures cold and drear,
Touched by a human smile or tear,
Have opened like the budding year.

So, e'en when Hope had ceased to be,
Strong Faith may spring, and blossom free
At the first glow of sympathy!

So does the grave its secret keep
To gladden yet the eyes that weep—
Our loved ones are not dead, but sleep!

“DECLINED WITH THANKS”

I'll fash nae mair wi' rhyming ware,
Nor rack my brain for words that clink;
I'll burn my quill, and to the Deil,
Like Luther ance I'll pitch the ink.
For wha wad be a standin' mark
For Fortune's or for printer's pranks?
Or hae his verses adverteesed
In Poet's Neuk—"declined with thanks!"

I sang in praise o' Mysie Hays,
Her cherry mou', her winnin' smile,
I gied a schedule o' her charms
Penned in a wooer's warmest style;
'Twas fu' o' rhymes o' loves and doves,
And flowers and bowers, and mossy banks—
But a' my scribbling gaed for nocht,
And waur than nocht—"declined with thanks!"

My bonnie sang, aucht verses lang,
It cost a warl' o' thocht and time,
And twenty sheets, and twa-three pens
Afore I got it a' to rhyme.
Then to the printer aff I trudged,
Sax miles—I micht hae saved my shanks—
There's a' the notice ere I got,
"To Mysie Hays—declined with thanks!"

Oh had he gied me back my screed,
Or pitched it in the Balaam box,
Then nane had waur or wiser been,
But noo I'm butt for a' their jokes!
And Mysie's waur than a' the lave—
I canna bide her quips and cranks—
She'll ne'er accept my hand or heart,
I ken my fate—"declined with thanks!"

TAM, TAMMY.

When I was but a toddlin' wean,
My faither's pet, my mither's lammie,
Sae proud were they, sae blythe and fain
When I could ca' them, *dad* and *mammie!*
My faither danced me on his knee,
My mither sang sweet lilt to me,
An' ca'd me aye her *Tammy*.

An' oh, young manhood's gleesome days,
When Kate an' I first met ilk ither!
An' oh, our rambles o'er the braes,
'Mang yellow broom and purple heather!
'Twas *Tam*, she ca'd me, an' it meant—
Altho' I kenn't na hoo I kenn't—
That I was mair than *brither*.

But years ha'e come, and years ha'e flown;
Eh me! an' could they no ha'e tarried?
My hair is gray, I'm aulder grown,
It's twa-score years sin' I was married,
An' saxteen simmers' suns ha'e gane
An' saxteen winters' snaws ha'e lain
Aboon my Katie buried.

I wad na fret for what maun be,
But say, *It's weel!* what'er befa' me;
My frien's are guid an' kind tae me,
An' *Tammas*, wi' respect they ca' me;
It's sweet—yet, aye, sae frail I am,
I min' my Katie ca'd me *Tam*,
My mither ca'd me *Tammy*.

CONVOLVULUS.

'Across the porch, and reaching toward the eaves,
Clambers a many-hued convolvulus;
My poor cot's nakedness concealing thus
Behind brave drapery of flowers and leaves!
We call it Morning Glory—ay, it grieves
The heart to find at noon the splendor gone
That flooded and illumed each cup at dawn,
And sad, we moralize—"so Love deceives!"

But ah, my friend, on some thick-clouded day,
When no sun is, and Nature seems all gloom,
And thine own weighted spirit sinks in thee,
Come hither at noontide and thou shalt see
My Morning Glory's bells in full-orbed bloom—
Then, with a lighter heart go thou thy way!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

(Buried at Ecclefechan.)

Yes, it was meet that there he should be laid;
The great and wise beside the good and just—
They were his kindréd! Nature's "dust to dust,"
The final law, had honor when they made
His bed, not with the chisel, but the spade,
Not in the Abbey, but the kirkyard lone;
His mother-mold takes tenderly her own,
And o'er him spreads her green, all-sheltering plaid.

God made from out the dust of Scottish earth
A man whose spirit was th' Almighty's breath:
The moorland breezes shouted at his birth,
And blew brave music through him till his death!

Knox, Wallace, Burns,—priest, patriot and bard,
Woke once again, sleep now in yon kirkyard.

OUR NEIGHBOR'S PITY.

That day our little one lay dead,
And we were sad and sore of heart,
And all the joy of life seemed fled,
Our neighbor sought to ease the smart.
Oh! strange, sweet power of sympathy!
That grief should find assuagement thus!
Our sorrow seemed the less to be,
The more we thought, She pities us!

And then she said, how blest was she,
Since God had still denied her prayer,
Nor set a baby on her knee,
For such a gift meant such a care!
Our pain was stilled by sad surprise,
New feelings in our hearts did stir,
We looked into our neighbor's eyes,
And pitied her—and pitied her.

REST THEE, BONNIE DOO!

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo!
In the Faither's keepin';
Nocht shall wake or fret thee noo,
In the kirkyard sleepin'!
Rest thee, bonnie bairnie, rest,
Wakin's waefu', sleep is best!

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo—
White, white is thy plaidie!
Sae He gi'eth snaw like 'oo',
Warm and lown to hide thee!
Rest thee, bonnie bairnie, rest,
Wakin's waefu', sleep is best!

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo—
Bide the simmer, bringin'

Gowans white and bells o' blue
And the birdies singin'!
Rest thee, bonnie bairnie, rest,
Wakin's waefu', sleep is best!

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo—
Aye we'll mind oor dearie—
A' the gowden Simmer through,
A' the Winter dreary!
Rest thee, bonnie bairnie, rest,
Wakin's waefu', sleep is best!

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo—
Sair has been oor sorrow!
Oh, to greet the bairn we lo'e
In Heaven's gleesome morrow!
There, my bairnie, wakin's best,
There, my bairnie, wakin's rest!

SEEKIN' SYMPATHY.

Twa een as bricht as mornin' licht,
And bluer than the lift abune,
They cuist a glamor ower my sicht,
And stole my heart ere a' was dune!
Sic havoc in my breast they wrocht,
Sic pangs o' love the garr'd me dree,
I thocht and sighed and sighed and thocht,
And then I wished that I nicht dee!

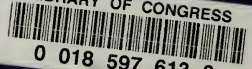
I tell't my sorrow to the breeze,
To hear it sigh in sympathy;
But ah, it whistled thro' the trees,
And listenin' birdies lauched "te—hee"!
I socht the shore at eenin'-tide
And tell't the rowin' tumblin' sea,
But "wheesht, wheesht, wheesht" was a' it cried,
And oh, I wished that I nicht dee!

I cried to a' the stars abune,
And bade them hear me mak' my maen:
There's naething new aneath the mune,
They winked, and glowered and winked again!
And Jock, my frien' langsyne at schule,
I thocht guid counsel he nicht gie;
But na, he lauched and ca'ed me fule,
And oh, I wished that I nicht dee!

Yestreen I met her at the well—
The lassie wi' the witchin' een,
And there I tell't it to hersel',
The love that racked me morn and e'en—
Oh, wind and sea and stars and men,
Ye a' may lauch or frown for me—
The lassie vowed to be my ain,
And noo I dinna wish to dee!

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