

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD



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SONGS AND POEMS OF THE
ETTRICK SHEPHERD

THE SONGS OF
THE
ETTRICK SHEPHERD



W. & A. G. BELL
EDINBURGH
& LONDON

ILLUSTRATIONS

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SOUND ASLEEP near Woss

13 ANE WITH THE CROSS FLOWER
ROUND THE SPRING . . .

14 BUT LANG MAY HER
MINNIE LOOK OVER THE WALL
DIT THEY SCAPED HER HIGH
ON A PURPLE SWARD

OF THE BOOKS

T. N. COVILS LONDON



AND EDINBURGH

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SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the
Whigamore!

Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them
rarely!

Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad
claymore,

Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie!
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow
thee?

Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly:
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince
Charlie?

M'LEANS WELCOME

COME o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie;
And dine with 'MLean;
And though you be weary,
We'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie,
And his loyal train.

M'LEAN'S WELCOME

We'll bring down the track deer,
We'll bring down the black steer,
The lamb from the bracken,
 And doe from the glen;
The salt sea we'll harry,
And bring to our Charlie
The cream from the bothy,
 And curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the sea, Charlie,
 And dine with M'Lean;
And you shall drink freely
The dews of Glen-sheerly,
That stream in the starlight
 When kings do not ken.
And deep be your meed
Of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire,
 And his friend the M'Lean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come e'er the stream, Charlie,
 And dine with M'Lean;

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

If aught will invite you,
Or more will delight you,
 'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highland
 men,
All ranged on the heather,
With bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores,
 Three hundred and ten!

FLORA MACDONALD'S FAREWELL

FAR over yon hills of the heather sae green,
 An' down by the correi that sings to the
 sea,
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that
 . swung
 Away, on the wave, like a bird of the main,
An' aye as it lessen'd, she sighed an' she sung,
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant an' young,
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again.

FLORA MACDONALD

The muircock that craws on the brows of
Ben-Connal,

He kens of his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-
Ronald,

Unawed and unhunted, his eyrie can claim;
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the
shore,

The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But ah! there is one whose sad fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in this country
has he—

The conflict is past, and our name is no more—
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland
and me!

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the
brave,

The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and
slave;

The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the
proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet
of blue :

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good;
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy
brow!

FAREWELL TO GLEN- SHALLOCH

FAREWELL to Glen-Shalloch,
A farewell for ever ;
Farewell to my wee cot
That stands by the river !
The fall is loud sounding
In voices that vary,
And the echoes surrounding
Lament with my Mary.

I saw her last night,
'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
With a child at her knee,
And a child at her bosom :
I heard her sweet voice
'Mid the depth of my slumber,
And the song that she sung
Was of sorrow and cumber.

FAREWELL, GLEN - SHALLOCH

“ Sleep sound, my sweet babe !
There is nought to alarm thee ;
The sons of the valley
No power have to harm thee.
I'll sing thee to rest
In the balloch untrodden,
With a coronach sad
For the slain of Culloden.

“ The brave were betray'd,
And the tyrant is daring
To trample and waste us,
Unpitying, unsparing.
Thy mother no voice has,
No feeling that changes,
No word, sign, or song,
But the lesson of vengeance !

“ I'll tell thee, my son,
How our laurels are withering ;
I'll bind on thy sword
When the clansmen are gathering ;
I'll bid thee go forth
In the cause of true honour,
And never return
Till thy country hath won her !

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

“ Our tower of devotion
Is the house of the reaver ;
The pride of the ocean
Is fallen for ever ;
The pride of the forest,
That time could not weaken,
Is trod in the dust,
And its honours are shaken.

“ Rise, spirits of yore,
Ever dauntless in danger !
For the land that was yours
Is the land of the stranger.
Oh come from your caverns,
All bloodless and hoary,
And these fiends of the valley
Shall tremble before ye !”

THE STUARTS OF APPIN

I SING of a land that was famous of yore,
The land of green Appin, the ward of the
flood,
Where every grey cairn that broods o'er the
shore,
Marksgrove of the royal, the valiant, or good :







THE STUARTS OF APPIN

The land where the strains of grey Ossian were
framed—

The land of fair Selma, and reign of Fin-
gal—

And late of a race, that with tears must be
named,

The noble Clan Stuart, the bravest of all.

Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of
Appin!

The gallant, devoted, old Stuarts of
Appin!

Their glory is o'er,

For the clan is no more,

And the Sassenach sings on the hills of green
Appin.

In spite of the Campbells, their might and
renown,

And all the proud files of Glenorchy and
Lorn,

While one of the Stuarts held claim on the
crown,

His banner full boldly by Appin was borne.
And ne'er fell the Campbells in check or
trepan,

In all their Whig efforts their power to renew,

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

But still on the Stuarts of Appin they ran,
To wreak their proud wrath on the brave
and the few.

Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of
Appin, etc.

In the year of the Graham, while in oceans of
blood

The fields of the Campbells were gallantly
flowing,

It was then that the Stuarts the foremost still
stood,

And paid back a share of the debt they were
owing.

O proud Inverlochy! O day of renown!

Since first the sun rose o'er the peaks of
Cruachan,

Was ne'er such an host by such valour o'er-
thrown,

Was ne'er such a day for the Stuarts of
Appin!

Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of
Appin, etc.

And ne'er for the crown of the Stuarts was fought

One battle on vale, or on mountain deer-
trodden,

THE STUARTS OF APPIN

But dearly to Appin the glory was bought,
And dearest of all on the field of Cul-
loden!

Lament, O Glen Creran, Glen Duror, Ard-
shiel,

High offspring of heroes, who conquer'd
were never;

For the deeds of your fathers no bard shall
reveal,

And the bold clan of Stuart must perish for
ever!

Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of
Appin, etc.

Clan Chattan is broken, the Seaforth bends
low,

The sun of Clan Ranald is sinking in
labour;

Glencoe and Clan Donnachie, where are they
now?

And where is bold Keppoch, the lord of
Lochaber?

All gone with the house they supported!—laid
low,

While dogs of the south their bold life-blood
were lapping,

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

Trod down by a proud and a merciless foe—
The brave are all gone with the Stuarts of
Appin!
Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of
Appin, etc.

They are gone, they are gone, the redoubted,
the brave!

The sea-breezes lone o'er their relics are
sighing;

Dark weeds of oblivion shroud many a grave
Where the unconquered foes of the Camp-
bell are lying.

But long as the grey hairs wave over this brow,
And earthly emotions my spirit are wrap-
ping,

My old heart with tides of regret shall o'erflow,
And bleed for the fall of the Stuarts of Appin!

Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of
Appin!

The gallant, devoted, old Stuarts of
Appin!

Their glory is o'er,

For their star is no more,

And the green grass waves over the heroes of
Appin!

M'KIMMAN

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever, M'Kim-
man?

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever?
Shall the pibroch that welcomed the foe to Ben-
Aer

Behushed when we seek the red wolf in his lair,
To give back our wrongs to the giver?
To the raid and the onslaught our chieftains
have gone—

Like the course of the fire-flaught their clans-
men pass'd on;

With the lance and the shield 'gainst the foe
they have bound them,

And have taken the field with their vassals a-
round them.

Then raise the wild slogan-cry, On to the
foray!

Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and
glen;

Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the
Moray,

Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge
again.

Youth of the daring heart, bright be thy doom
As the bodings which light up thy bold spirit
now;

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

But the fate of M'Kimman is closing in
gloom,

And the breath of the grey wraith hath pass'd
o'er his brow.

Victorious in joy thou'lt return to Ben-Aer,
And be clasp'd to the hearts of thy best beloved
there;

But M'Kimman, M'Kimman, M'Kimman
shall never—

O never—never—never—never!

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou can shun
not, M'Kimman?

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou can
shun not?

If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon
know

That the soul of M'Kimman ne'er quail'd when
a foe

Bared his blade in a land he had won not.

Where the light-footed roe leaves the wild
breeze behind,

And the red heather-bloom gives its sweets to
the wind—

There our broad pennon flies, and our keen
steeds are prancing

DONALD M'DONALD

'Mid the startling war-cries, and the bright
weapons glancing!

Then raise the wild slogan-cry, On to the
foray!

Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and
glen;

Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the
Moray,

Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge
again!

DONALD M'DONALD

My name it is Donald M'Donald,

I live in the Hielands sae grand;

I hae follow'd our banner, and will do,

Wherever may Maker has land.

Whan rankit amang the blue bonnets,

Nae danger can fear me ava;

I ken that my brethren around me

Are either to conquer or fa'.

Brogues an' brochen an' a',

Brochen an' brogues an' a';

An' is nae her very weel aff,

Wi' her brogues an' brochen an' a'?

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

What though we befriendit young Charlie?

To tell it I didna think shame;

Poor lad! he came to us but barely,

An' reckoned our mountains his hame.

'Twas true that our reason forbade us,

But tenderness carried the day;

Had Geordie come friendless amang us,

Wi' him we had a' gane away,

Sword an' buckler an' a',

Buckler an' sword and a';

Now for George we'll encounter the
devil,

Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'!

An' oh, I wad eagerly press him

The keys o' the East to retain;

For should he gie up the possession,

We'll soon hae to force them again.

Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,

Though it were my finishing blow,

He aye may depend on M'Donald,

Wi' his Hielanders a' in a row;

Knees an' elbows an' a',

Elbows an' knees an' a';

Depend upon Donald M'Donald,

His knees an' elbows an' a'!

DONALD M'DONALD

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort William,
Auld Europe nae langer should grane;
I laugh when I think how we'd gall him,
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairy
We'd rattle him off frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairny,
An' sing him—"Lochaber no more!"
Stanes an' bullets an' a';
Bullets an' stanes an' a';
We'll finish the Corsican callant
Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'!

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,
An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
An' Grant, an' M'Kenzie, an' Murray,
An' Cameron will hurkle to nane;
The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal,
An' sae is M'Leod and M'Kay;
An' I, their gude brither, M'Donald,
Shall ne'er be the last in the fray!
Brogues an' brochen an' a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a';
An' up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
The kilt an' the feather an' a'!

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

COME, all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken :
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name ?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, etc.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loe's to see,
And on the topmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he ;

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

Where he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, etc.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her e'e,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Drops down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame, etc.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, etc.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame !
When the kye comes hame, etc.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad chose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And *miss* his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame !

I HAE NAEBDOY NOW

I HAE naebody now, I hae naebody now,
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep blue een ;

I HAE NAEBODY NOW

Wi' the raptured kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while,
That had happen'd when I was away.

I hae naebody now, I hae naebody now,
To clasp to my bosom at even,
O'er her calm sleep to breath the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven.
An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met my eye,
Where are they now, where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens, there's naebody kens,
An' oh may they never prove,
That sharpest degree of agony,
For the child o' their earthly love—
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay,
Then calmly aneath the hand o' death
Breathe its sweet soul away!

O dinna break, my poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine,
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent frae her Father and thine;

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

Yet I maun mourn, an' I *will* mourn,
Even till my latest day,
For though my darling can never return,
I can follow the sooner away.

THE BONNIE LASS OF DELORAINE

STILL must my pipe lie idle by,
And worldly cares my mind annoy ?
Again its softest notes I'll try,
So dear a theme can never cloy.
Last time my mountain harp I strung,
'Twas she inspired the simple strain—
That lovely flower so sweet and young,
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

How blest the breeze's balmy sighs
Around her ruddy lips that blow :
The flower that in her bosom dies,
Or grass that bends beneath her toe.
Her cheek's endowed with power at will
The rose's richest shade to drain ;
Her eyes, what soft enchantments fill !
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

BONNIE LASS OF DELORAINE

Let Athol boast her birchen bowers,
And Lomond of her isles so green ;
And Windermere her woodland shores ;
Our Ettrick boasts a sweeter scene :
For there the evening twilight swells,
With many a wild and melting strain ;
And there the pride of beauty dwells,
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

If Heaven shall keep her aye as good
And bonnie as she wont to be,
The world may into Ettrick crowd,
And nature's first perfection see.
Glencoe has drawn the wanderer's eye,
And Staffa in the western main ;
These natural wonders ne'er can vie
Wi' the bonnie lass of Deloraine.

May health still cheer her beauteous face,
And round her brow may honour twine ;
And Heaven preserve that breast in peace,
Where meekness, love, and duty join !
But all her joys shall cheer my heart,
And all her griefs shall give me pain ;
For never from my soul shall part
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

LOOSE THE YETT

Loose the yett, an' let me in,
Lady wi' the glistening e'e,
Dinna let your menial train
Drive an auld man out to dee.
Cauldrife is the winter even,
See the rime hangs at my chin;
Lady, for the sake of heaven,
Loose the yett, an' let me in!

Ye shall gain a virgin hue,
Lady for your courtesye,
Ever beaming, ever new,
Aye to bloom an' ne'er to dee.
Lady, there's a lovely plain
Lies beyond yon setting sun,
There we soon may meet again—
Short the race we hae to run.

'Tis a land of love an' light,
Rank or title is not there ;
High an' low maun there unite,
Poor man, prince, an' lady fair.
There, what thou on earth hast given,
Doubly shall be paid again ;
Lady, for the sake of heaven
Loose the yett, an' let me in !

BY A BUSH

Blessings rest upon thy head,
Lady of this lordly ha' !
That bright tear that thou didst shed
Fell na down amang the snaw !
It is gane to heaven aboon,
To the fount of charity ;
When thy days on earth are done,
That blest drop shall plead for thee.

BY A BUSH

By a bush on yonder brae,
Where the airy Benger rises,
Sandy tun'd his artless lay ;
Thus he sung the lee-lang day,
"Thou shalt ever be my theme,
Yarrow, winding down the hollow,
With thy bonny sister stream,
Sweeping through the broom so yellow.
On these banks thy waters lave,
Oft the warrior found a grave.
"Oft on thee the silent wain
Saw the Douglas' banners streaming ;
Oft on thee the hunter train,
Sought the shelter'd deer in vain ;

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

Oft, in thy green dells and bowers,
Swains have seen the fairies riding;
Oft the snell and sleety showers,
Found in thee the warrior hiding.
Many a wild and bloody scene
On thy bonny banks have been.

.
“Wind, my Yarrow, down the howe,
Forming bows o’ dazzling siller,
Meet thy titty yont the knowe:
Wi’ my love I’ll join like you.
Flow, my Ettrick, it was thee
Into life wha first did drap me:
Thee I’ve sung, an’ when I dee
Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me:
Passing swains shall say, and weep,
Here our Shepherd lies asleep.”

A BOY’S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o’er the lea,
That’s the way for Billy and me.

A BOY'S SONG

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell,

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me,

THE MOON WAS A-WANING

THE moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over,
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover ;
But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover ;
White were the sheets,
And embroidered the cover,
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill-foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you !
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window :
But long you may wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom.

THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR

How painful the task,
The sad tidings to tell you !—
An orphan you were
Ere this misery befell you.
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead tapers hover,
So cold, cold, and wan,
Lies the corse of your lover.

O, JEANIE, THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR

OH, my lassie, our joy to complete again,
Meet me again i' the gloaming, my dearie ;
Low down in the dell let us meet again—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !
Come, when the wee bat flits silent and eerie,
Come, when the pale face o' Nature looks
weary ;
Love be thy sure defence,
Beauty and innocence—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !
Sweetly blows the haw an' the rowan-tree,
Wild roses speck our thicket sae briery ;

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

Still, still will our walk in the greenwood be—

Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !

List when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,

List when the beetle-bee's bugle comes near ye,

Then come with fairy haste,

Light foot, an' beating breast—

Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !

Far, far will the bogle an' brownie be,

Beauty an' truth they daurna come near it ;

Kind love is the tie of our unity,

A' maun love it, an' a maun revere it.

'Tis love makes the song o' the woodland sae

cheery,

Love gars a' nature look bonnie that's near

ye ;

That makes the rose sae sweet,

Cowslip and violet—

Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !

THE BROOM SAE GREEN

LANG I sat by the broom sae green,

An' oh, my heart was eerie,

For aye this strain was breathed within,

Your laddie will no come near ye !

THE BROOM SAE GREEN

Lie still, thou wee bit fluttering thing,
What means this weary wavering?
Nae heart returns thy raptured spring,
Your laddie will no come near ye!

His leifu' sang the robin sung
On the bough that hung sae near me;
Wi' tender grief my heart was wrung,
For oh, the strain was dreary!
The robin's sang it couldna be
That gart the tear-drap blind my e'e;
How ken'd the wee bird on the tree
That my laddie wad no come near me?

The new-wean'd lamb on yonder lea
It bleats out through the bracken,
The herried bird upon the tree
Mourns o'er its nest forsaken;
If they are wae, how weel may I?
Nae grief like mine aneath the sky;
The lad I lo'e he cares nae by,
Though my fond heart is breaking!

THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Loves gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

MOGGY AND ME

OH wha are sae happy as me an' my Moggy?

Oh wha are sae happy as Moggy an' me?

We're baith turnin' auld, an' our walth is soon
tauld,

But contentment bides aye in our cottage
sae wee.

She toils a' the day when I'm out wi' the hirsel,
An' chants to the bairns while I sing on the
brae;

An' aye her blithe smile welcomes me frae my
toil,

When down the glen I come weary an' wae.

Aboon our auld heads we've a nice little biggin,
That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's
awa;

We've twa wabs o' linen o' Moggy's ain
spinnin',

As thick as silk velvet and white as the
snaw;

We've kye in the byre, an' yauds in the stable,
A grumhie sae fat that she hardly can
stand;

An' something, I guess, in yon auld painted
press

To cheer up the speerits an' steady the hand.

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

'Tistrue we hae had mony sorrows an' crosses,
Our pouches oft toom, an' our hearts fu' o'
care;
But wi' a' our crosses, our sorrows an' losses,
Contentment, thank heaven! has aye been
our share.
I've an auld rustit sword that was left by my
father,
Whilk aye has been drawn when myking had
a fae;
We hae friends ane or twa that aft gie us a ca',
To laugh when we're happy or grieve when
we're wae.

Our duke may hae gowd mair than schoolmen
can reckon,
An' flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his e'e,
His lady aye braw sittin' prim in the l.a';
But are they sae happy as Moggy an' me?
A' ye wha ne'er fand the straight road to be
happy,
Wha are nae content wi' the lot that ye
dree,
Come down to the dwellin' o' whilk I've been
tellin',
You'll learn it by looking at Moggy an' me.

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON

“ Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale ;

Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on ;
 The Armstrongs are flying,
 The widows are crying,
The Castletown’s burning, and Oliver’s gone !

“ Lock the door, Lariston—high on the weather-gleam

See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky—
 Yeomen and carbineer,
 Billman and halberdier,
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry !

“ Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar ;
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey ;
 Hidley and Howard there,
 Wandale and Windermere ;

Lock the door, Lariston ; hold them at bay.

“ Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston ?

Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye ?
 Thou bold Border ranger,
 Beware of thy danger ;

Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.”

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

Jack Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasp'd the sword with a nervous
embrace ;

“ Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
On earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase !

“ Little know you of the hearts I have hidden
here ;

Little know you of our moss-troopers' might—
Linhope and Sorbie true,
Sundhope and Milburn too,
Gentle in manner, but lions in fight !

“ I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and
Netherbie,
Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array ;
Come all Northumberland,
Teesdale and Cumberland,
Here at the Breaken tower end shall the fray !”

Scowled the broad sun o'er the links of green
Liddesdale,

Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold
Many a bold martial eye
Mirror'd that morning sky,
Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

POOR LITTLE JESSIE

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the
warrior's shout,
Lances and halberds in splinters were borne ;
 Helmet and hauberk then
 Braved the claymore in vain,
Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.
See how they wane—the proud files of the
 Windermere !
Howard ! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day !
 Hear the wide welkin rend,
 While the Scots' shouts ascend—
“ Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye !”

POOR LITTLE JESSIE

OH, what gart me greet when I parted wi' Willie,
 While at his guid fortune ilkane was so fain ?
The neighbours upbraidit an' said it was silly,
 When I was sae soon to see Willie again.
He gae me his hand as we gaed to the river,
 For oh, he was aye a kind brother to me ;
Rightsair was my heart from my Willie to sever,
 And saut was the dew-drop that smartit my
 e'e.

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

It wasna the kiss that he gae me at parting,
Nor yet the kind squeeze that he gae to my
hand ;

It wasna the tear frae his blue eye was starting,
As slow they war shoving the boat frae the
land :

The tear that I saw owre his bonnie cheek stray-
ing,

It pleased me indeed, but it doubled my pain;
For something within me was constantly saying,
“Ah, Jessie, ye’ll never see Willie again!”

The bairn’s unco wae to be taen frae its mother,
The wee bird is wae when bereaved o’ its
young,

But oh, to be reft of a dear only brother—
That feeling can neither be paintit nor sung.

I dreamed a’ the night that my Willie was wi’ me,
Sae kind to his Jessie, at meeting sae fain,
An’ just at the dawning a friend came to see
me,

An’ taul me I never wad see him again.

I hae naebody now to look kind an’ caress me ;
I look for a friend, but nae friend can I see;
I dinna ken what’s to become o’ poor Jessie,
The warld has little mair pleasure for me.

THE LAIRD O' LAMINGTON

It's lang sin' I lost baith my father and mother,
I'm simple, an' poor, an' forlorn on the way;
I had ane that I likit, an only dear brother,
My Willie—but he's lying cauld i' the clay.

THE LAIRD O' LAMINGTON

CAN I bear to part wi' thee,
Never mair your face to see?
Can I bear to part wi' thee,
Drunken Laird o' Lamington?
Canty war ye o'er your kale,
Toddy jugs an' caups o' ale,
Heart aye kind, an' leal, an' hale,
Honest Laird o' Lamington.

I like a man to tak' his glass,
Toast a friend or bonnie lass;
He that winna is an ass—
Deil send him ane to gallop on!
I like a man that's frank an' kind,
Meets me when I have a mind,
Sings his sang, an' drinks me blind,
Like the Laird o' Lamington.

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY

OH, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day:
Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
A waefu' wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
An' laid him down to dee;
An' Sandy's gane into the kirk,
An' learnin' fast to pray;
And oh, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said—in confidence—
The lassie was divine,
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say:
But oh, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

THERE'S GOWD IN THE BREAST

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high ;
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky ;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise an' join the lay :
An' hey ! what a day will be
When Maggy gangs away !

THERE'S GOWD IN THE BREAST

THERE'S gowd in the breast of the primrose
pale,
An' siller in every blossom ;
There's riches galore in the breeze of the
vale,
And health in the wild wood's bosom.
Then come, my love, at the hour of joy,
When warbling birds sing o'er us ;
Sweet nature for us has no alloy,
And the world is all before us.

The courtier joys in bustle and power,
The soldier in war-steeds bounding,

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

The miser in hoards of treasured ore,
The proud in their pomp surrounding :
But we hae yon heaven sae bonnie and blue,
And laverocks skimming o'er us ;
The breezes of health and the valleys of dew—
Oh, the world is all before us !

CAMERON'S WELCOME HAME

OH strike your harp, my Mary,
Its loudest, liveliest key,
An' join the sounding correi
In its wild melody ;
For burn, an' breeze, an' billow,
Their sangs are a' the same,
And every waving willow
Sougs "Cameron's welcome hame."

Oh list yon thrush, my Mary,
That warbles on the pine,
His strain, sae light an' airy,
Accords in joy wi' thine ;
The lark that soars to heaven,
The sea-bird on the faem,
Are singing, frae morn till even,
Brave "Cameron's welcome hame."

CAMERON'S WELCOME HAME

D'ye mind, my ain dear Mary,
When we hid in the tree,
An' saw our Auchnacarry
All flaming fearfully?
The fire was red, red glaring,
An' ruefu' was the scene,
An' aye you cried, despairing,
My father's ha's are gane !

I said, my ain dear Mary,
D'ye see yon cloud sae dun,
That sails aboon the carry,
An' hides the weary sun?
Behind yon curtain dreary,
Beyond, and far within,
There's Ane, my dear wee Mary,
Wha views this deadly sin.

He sees this waefu' reaving,
The rage o' dastard knave,
He saw our deeds of bravery,
And he'll reward the brave.
Though all we had was given
For loyalty an' faith,
I still had hopes that Heaven
Would right the hero's skaith

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

The day is dawn'd in heaven
For which we a' thought lang ;
The good, the just, is given
To right our nation's wrang.
My ain dear Auchnacarry,
I hae thought lang for thee ;
Oh sing to your harp, my Mary,
An' sound its bonniest key !

SING ON, SING ON, MY BONNIE BIRD

SING on, sing on, my bonnie bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen, O,
When here, aneath the hawthorn wild,
I met my bonnie Jean, O!
My blude ran prinklin' through my veins,
My hair begoud to steer, O ;
My heart played deep against my breast,
When I beheld my dear, O!
O weel's me on my happy lot,
O weel's me o' my dearie,
O weel's me o' the charming spot
Where a' combined to cheer me!

SING ON, MY BONNIE BIRD

The mavis liltit on the bush,
The laverock o'er the green, O,
The lily bloom'd, the daisy blush'd,
But a' war nought to Jean, O!

Sing on, sing on, my bonnie thrush,
Be neither fley'd nor eerie;
I'll wad your love sits on the bush,
That gars ye sing sae cheerie.
She may be kind, she may be sweet,
She may be neat an' clean, O,
But oh, she's but a drysome mate
Compared wi' bonnie Jean, O!

If love wad open a' her stores,
An' a' her blooming treasures,
An' bid me rise, an' turn, an' choose,
An' taste her chiefest pleasures,
My choice wad be the rosy cheek,
The modest beaming eye, O,
The auburn hair, the bosom fair,
The lips o' coral dye, O!

.
Hear me, thou bonnie modest moon,
Ye sternies, twinklin' high, O,
An' a' ye gentle powers aboon,
That roam athwart the sky, O!

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

Ye see me gratefu' for the past,
Ye saw me blest yestreen, O,
An' ever till I breathe my last,
Ye'll see me true to Jean, O!

LOVE LETTER

AH, Maggy, thou art gane away,
And left me here to languish;
To dander on frae day to day,
Swathed in a sort o' anguish.
My mind's the aspen o' the vale,
In ceaseless waving motion;
'Tis like a ship without a sail,
On life's unstable ocean.

I downa bide to see the moon
Blink o'er the hill sae dearly,
Late on a bonnie face she shone,
A face that I lo'e dearly.
An' when down by the water clear
At e'en I'm lonely roaming,
I sigh an' think if ane were here
How sweet wad fa' the gloaming!

Ah, Maggy, thou art gane away,
An' I nae mair shall see thee;

LOVE LETTER

Now a' the lee-lang simmer day
An' a' the night I weary;
For thou wert aye sae sweet, sae gay,
Sae teasing an' sae canty,
I dinna blush to swear an' say,
In faith I canna want thee!

Oh, in the slippery paths o' love
Let prudence aye direct thee;
Let virtue every step approve,
And virtue will respect thee.
To ilka pleasure, ilka pang,
Alack! I am nae stranger,
An' he wha aince has wander'd wrang,
Is best aware of danger.

May still thy heart be kind an' true,
A' ither maids excelling,
An' heaven shall shed its purest dew
Around thy rural dwelling.
May flow'rets spring, an' wild birds sing
Around thee late and early,
An' oft to thy remembrance bring
The lad that loves thee dearly!

THE WITCH O' FIFE

HURRAY, hurray, the jade's away,
Like a rocket of air with her bandalet!
I'm up in the air on my bonnie grey mare,
But I see her yet, I see her yet.
I'll ring the skirts o' the gowden wain
Wi' curb an' bit, wi' curb an' bit:
An' catch the Bear by the frozen mane—
An' I see her yet, I see her yet.
Away, away, o'er mountain an' main,
To sing at the morning's rosy yett;
An' water my mare at its fountain clear—
But I see her yet, I see her yet.
Away, thou bonnie witch o' Fife,
On foam of the air to heave an' flit,
An' little reck thou of a poet's life,
For he sees thee yet, he sees thee yet!

I'M A' GANE WRANG

I'm a' gane wrang! I'm a' gane wrang!
I canna close my wakerife e'e;
What can it be has sent this pang
To my young heart unken'd to me?
I'm feared, I'm feared that it may prove
An ailment which I daurna name;

I'M A' GANE WRANG

What shall I do?—If it be love,
I'll dee outright wi' burning shame!
I hae a dream baith night and day,
Of ane that's aye afore my e'e;
An' aye he looks as he wad say
Something that's unco kind to me.
Yet love's a word my youthfu' tongue
Has ne'er durst utter to mysel;
I'm a' gane wrang, an' me sae young.
What shame for maiden's tongue to tell!
I find an aching at my heart,
An' dizziness that ill portends;
A kind o' sweet an' thrilling smart
Gangs prinkling to my fingers' ends,
Then through me wi' a stoundin' pain;
But yet I like that pain to dree;
Then burnin' tears will drap like rain—
'Tis love, as sure as love can be!
I dinna ken what I'm to do,
The end o' this I canna see;
I am sae young an' bonnie too,
'Tis a great pity I should dee.
Yet dee I maun—I canna prove—
This tide o' pleasure an' o' pain;
There's nought sae sweet as virgin's love,
But, oh, to be beloved again!

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY

THE year is wearing to the wane,
An' day is fading west awa';
Loud raves the torrent an' the rain,
And dark the cloud comes down the shaw;
But let the tempest tout an' blaw
Upon his loudest winter horn,
Good night, an' joy be wi' you a';
We'll maybe meet again the morn!

Oh, we have wander'd far an' wide
O'er Scotia's hills, o'er firth an' fell,
An' mony a simple flower we've culled,
An' trimm'd them wi' the heather-bell!
We've ranged the dingle an' the dell,
The hamlet an' the baron's ha';
Now let us take a kind farewell—
Good night, an' joy be wi' you a'!

Though I was wayward, you were kind,
And sorrow'd when I went astray;
For oh, my strains were often wild
As winds upon a winter day.
If e'er I led you from the way,
Forgie your Minstrel aince for a';
A tear fa's wi' his parting lay—
Good night, an' joy be wi' you a'!

MARY IS MY ONLY JOY

MARY is my only joy,
Mary is blithe and Mary is coy,
Mary's the gowd where there's nae alloy;
 Though black—yet O she's bonnie,
Her breath is the birken bower o' spring,
Her lips the young rose opening,
And her hair is the hue of the raven's wing;
 She's black, but O she's bonnie.

The star that gilds the evening sky,
Though bright, its ray may never vie
Wi' Mary's dark and liquid eye ;
 Though black, yet O she's bonnie.
In yon green wood there is a bower,
Where lies a bed of witching power,
Under that bed there blooms a flower,
 That steals the heart unwary!

O there is a charm, and there is a spell,
That, O and alack! I know too well,—
A pang that the tongue may hardly tell,
 Though felt both late and early!
The beauteous flower beneath the tree,
The spell of the wildest witchery,
The gowd and the gear, and all to me,
 Is my black but my bonnie Mary.

THE GLOAMING FRAE THE WELKIN HIGH

Air—“*Mary, weep no more for me*”

THE gloaming frae the welkin high
Had chased the bonnie gowden gleam;
The curtained east, in crimson dye,
Hung heavy o'er the tinted stream;
The wild rose, blushing on the brier,
Was set wi' draps o' shining dew,—
As big an' clear the bursting tear
That rowed i' Betty's een sae blue.

She saw the dear, the little cot,
Where fifteen years flew swiftly by,
An' mourned her shame an' hapless lot
That forced her frae that hame to lie.
Though sweet an' mild the e'ening smiled,
Her heart was rent wi' anguish keen,
The mavis ceased his music wild,
An' wondered what her sobs could mean.

“It wasna kind to rob my mind
Of a' its peace for evermair;
To blot my name wi' burning shame,
An' mak my parents' hearts sae sair.
That hame how dare I enter now,
Ilk honoured face in tears to see,
Where oft I kneeled to hear the vow
Was offered frae the heart for me!

THE BITTERN ON HIGH

“An’ can I lo’e the treacherous man
Wha wrought this dear an’ deadly ill,—
Wha marred sae fair an early dawn?
Ah, wae’s my heart! I lo’e him still:
My heart abused, my love misused,
My wretched fate wi’ tears I see;
But maist I fear, my parents dear
Gae mourning to the grave for me!”

THE BITTERN’S QUAVERING TRUMP ON HIGH

THE bittern’s quavering trump on high,—
The beetle’s drowsy distant hum,—
Have sung the day’s wild lullaby,
And yet my Peggie is not come.

The golden primrose from the wood,
The scented hawthorn’s snowy flower,
Mixed with the laurel buds, I’ve strewed
Deep in my Peggie’s woodland bower.

O come, my love! the branches link
Above our bed of blossoms new;
The stars behind their curtains wink
To spare thine eyes so soft and blue.

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

No human eye, nor heavenly gem,
 With envious smile our bliss shall see,
The mountain ash his diadem
 Shall spread to shield the dews from thee.

O let me hear thy fairy tread
 Come gliding through the broomwood still;
Then on my bosom lean thy head,
 Till dawning crown the distant hill.

And I will watch thy witching smile,
 List what has caused thy long delay,
And kiss thy melting lips the while,
 Till die the sweet reproof away.

THE LASSIE OF YARROW

“WHAT makes my heart beat high,
 What makes me heave the sigh,
When yon green den I spy,
 Lonely and narrow?
Sure on yon bracken lea
 Under the hawthorn tree,
Thou hast bewitched me,
 Lassie of Yarrow!”

THE LASSIE OF YARROW

“Yon bracken den so lone
Rueful I ponder on ;
Lad, though my vow ye won,
 ’Twas to deceive thee.
Sore, sore I rue the day
When in your arms I lay,
And swore by the hawthorn grey,
 Never to leave thee.”

“Mary, thy will is free ;
All my fond vows to thee
Were but in jest and glee ;
 Could’st thou believe me ?
I have another love
Kind as the woodland dove ;
False to that maid to prove,
 O, it would grieve me !”

Mary’s full eye so blue,
Mild as the evening dew,
Quick from his glance withdrew,
 Soft was her sighing ;
Keen he the jest renewed,
Hard for his freedom sued ;
When her sweet face he viewed,
 Mary was crying.

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

“Cheer thee,” the lover said,
“Now thy sharp scorn repaid,
Never shall other maid
 Call me her marrow.
Far sweeter than sun or sea,
Or aught in this world I see,
Is thy love-smile to me,
 Lassie of Yarrow!”

THE FLOWER

O SOFTLY blow, thou biting blast,
 O'er Yarrow's lonely dale ;
And spare yon bonny tender bud,
 Exposed to every gale.

Long has she hung her drooping head,
 Despairing to survive,
But transient sunbeams through the cloud
 Still kept my flower alive.

One sweetly scented summer eve
 To yonder bower I strayed,
While little birds from every bough
 Their music wild conveyed.

THE FLOWER

The sunbeam leaned across the shower ;
The rainbow girt the sky ;
'Twas then I saw this lovely flower,
And wonder filled mine eye.

Her border was the purple tint
Stolen from the rising sun ;
The whitest feather from the swan
Upon her breast was dun.

The dew-drops glistening on her face
Showed all was pure within ;
Her placid smile of love and grace
Must every bosom win.

But frost, on cold misfortune's wing,
Hath crushed her in the clay,
And ruthless fate hath rudely torn
Each kindred branch away.

That wounded bark will never close,
But bleeding still remain :
How can ye blow, relentless winds,
And nip my flower again?

BONNIE MARY

WHERE Scaur rins wimpling 'mang the rocks,
An' wheels an' boils in mony a linn,
A blithe young shepherd fed his flocks,
Unused to guile, to strife, or din.
But love its silken net had thrown
Around his breast so brisk an' airy ;
An' his blue eyes wi' moisture shone,
As thus he sung of bonnie Mary.—

“ When owre the Lowther's haughty head
The morning breaks in streaks sae bonnie,
I climb the lonely mountain's side,
For quiet rest I getna ony.
How sweet the brow on yon hill cheek,
Where mony a weary hour I tarry ;
For there I see the twisted reek
Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary.

“ When Phoebus mounts frae Crawford-muir,
His gowden locks a' streaming gaily ;
When morn has breathed its fragrance pure,
An' life an' joy ring through the valley ;
I drive my flocks to yonder brook,
The feeble in my arms I carry,
An' every lammie's harmless look
Brings to my mind my bonnie Mary.

BONNIE MARY

“ Oft has the lark sung owre my head,
An’ shook the dew-draps frae her wing ;
Oft hae my flocks forgot to feed,
An’ round their shepherd formed a ring !
Their looks condole the lee-lang day,
While mine are fixed an’ canna vary,
Aye turning down the westlin brae
Where dwells my loved, my bonnie Mary.

“ When gloaming owre the welkin steals,
An’ haps the hills in solemn grey,
An’ bitterns in their airy wheels
Amuse the wanderer on his way ;
Regardless of the wind and rain,
With cautious step an’ prospect wary,
I often trace the lonely glen,
To steal a sight o’ bonnie Mary.

“ When midnight draws her curtain deep,
An’ lays the breeze amang the bushes,
An’ Scaur wi’ mony a winding sweep
Owre rocks of reddle raves an’ rushes ;
Though sunk in short an’ restless sleep,
My fancy wings her flight so airy,
To where sweet guardian spirits keep
Their watch around the couch of Mary.

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

“ The exile may forget his home,
 Where blooming youth to manhood grew ;
The bee forget the honey-comb,
 Nor with the spring his toil renew :
The sun may lose his light an' heat ;
 The planets in their rounds miscarry ;
But my fond heart shall cease to beat
 When I forget my bonnie Mary.”



KILMENEY

LIVESTRAY
ED. BY

BY JAMES HOGG

KILMENEY
HOGG



KILMENY

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring ;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree ;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seeki' the green-wood shaw ;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame !

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the
 dead bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane ;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

“Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean ;
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o’ the lily schene ?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green ?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen ?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ? ”

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny’s face ;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not
declare ;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never
blew ;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her
tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had
seen,
And a land where sin had never been ;

KILMENY

A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night ;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam :
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane ;
And down in yon green-wood he walks his
lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay ;
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
She kenn'd nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

Shewakened on a couch of the silksae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim ;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life ;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
"Wha'spirit has brought this mortal here?" —

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

“Lang have I journeyed the world wide,”
A meek and reverend fere replied;
“Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o’er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw
As spotless as the morning snaw:
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn this countrie:
I have brought her away frae the snares of
men,
That sin or death she never may ken.”—

They clasped her waist and her hands sae
fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kem’d her
hair,
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, “Bonny Kilmeny, ye’re welcome here!
Women are freed of the littand scorn:
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!

KILMENEY

Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Manya lang year through the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning
 shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily bower and silken bed,
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time must
 come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

“O, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,
And grieve for the guilt of humanity!
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that kyth as the body fair!

“O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,
O, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that
shall be.”—

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day:
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might
fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her
lie
In the stream of life that wandered bye.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kenn'd not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn:
“O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!

KILMENY

Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the
air.

But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"—

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought,
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes:
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light:
And radiant beings went and came
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun in a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing bye;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains grey;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas, and a thousand isles;

KILMENY

Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray;
Which heaved and trembled, and gently
 swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward
 plain
A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth,
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did
 cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale,
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom
 bore;
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on!
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leisch of silk;

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting e'e;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedes-man came,
And hundert the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain:
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
And weening his head was danger-preef,
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain grey.
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at
Heaven,
But his mark was set, and his arles given.

KILMENY

Kilmeny a while her een withdrew ;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell ;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and
the seas.

The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man :
She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till claught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh ! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife ;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again ;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrysie,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood
wene.

When seven lang years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;

KILMENY

When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's
name,

Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

And O, her beauty was fair to see,

But still and steadfast was her e'e!

Such beauty bard may never declare,

For there was no pride nor passion there;

And the soft desire of maiden's een

In that mild face could never be seen.

Her seymar was the lily flower,

And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;

And her voice like the distant melody,

That floats along the twilight sea.

But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,

And kepted afar frae the haunts of men;

Her holy hymns unheard to sing,

To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.

But wherever her peaceful form appeared,

The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;

The wolf played blythly round the field,

The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;

The dun deer wooed with manner bland,

And cowered aneath her lily hand.

And when at even the woodlands rung,

When hymns of other worlds she sung

In ecstasy of sweet devotion,

SONGS OF ETTRICK SHEPHERD

O, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raik began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveretran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merle and the mavis forhooyed their
 young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

 When a month and a day had come and
 gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!

KILMENY

But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kenn'dna whether she was living or
dead.

It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

PILGRIMS OF THE SUN
MARY LEE

OF all the lasses in fair Scotland,
That lightly bound o'er muir and lee,
There's nane like the maids of Yarrowdale,
Wi' their green coats kilted to the knee.

O! there shines mony a winsom face,
And mony a bright and beaming ee ;
For rosy health blooms on the cheek,
And the blink of love plays o'er the bree.

But ne'er by Yarrow's sunny braes,
Nor Ettrick's green and wizard shaw,
Did ever maid so lovely won
As Mary Lee of Carelha'.*

O! round her fair and sightly form
The light hill-breeze was blithe to blow,
For the virgin hue her bosom wore
Was whiter than the drifted snow.

The dogs that wont to growl and bark,
Whene'er a stranger they could see,
Would cower, and creep along the sward,
And lick the hand of Mary Lee.

* Now vulgarly called Caterhaugh.

MARY LEE

On form so fair, or face so mild,
The rising sun did never gleam;
On such a pure untainted mind
The dawn of truth did never beam.

She never had felt the stounds of love,
Nor the waefu' qualms that breed o' sin;
But ah! she showed an absent look,
And a deep and thoughtfu' heart within.

She looked with joy on a young man's face,
The downy chin, and the burning eye,
Without desire, without a blush,
She loved them, but she knew not why.

She learned to read, when she was young,
The books of deep divinity;
And she thought by night, and she read by day,
Of the life that is, and the life to be.

And the more she thought, and the more she
read
Of the ways of Heaven and Nature's plan,
She feared the half that the bedesmen said
Was neither true nor plain to man.

Yet she was meek, and bowed to Heaven
Each morn beneath the shady yew,
Before the laverock left the cloud,
Or the sun began his draught of dew:

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN

And when the gloaming's gouden veil
Was o'er Blackandro's summit flung,
Among the bowers of green Bowhill
Her hymn she to the Virgin sung.

And aye she thought, and aye she read,
Till mystic wildness marked her air ;
For the doubts that on her bosom preyed
Weremore than maiden's mind could bear.

And she grew weary of this world,
And yearned and pined the next to see ;
Till Heaven in pity earnest sent,
And from that thraldom set her free.

One eve when she had prayed and wept
Till daylight faded on the wold—
The third night of the waning moon!
Well known to hind and matron old ;

For then the fairies boun' to ride,
And the elves of Etrick's greenwood shaw ;
And aye their favourite rendezvous
Was green Bowhill and Carelha'—

There came a wight to Mary's knee,
With face, like angel's, mild and sweet ;
His robe was like the lily's bloom,
And graceful flowed upon his feet.

MARY LEE

He did not clasp her in his arms,
Nor showed he cumbrous courtesy ;
But took her gently by the hand,
Saying, " Maiden, rise and go with me.

" Cast off, cast off these earthly weeds,
They ill befit thy destiny ;
I come from a far distant land
To take thee where thou long'st to be."

She only felt a shivering throb,
A pang defined that may not be ;
And up she rose, a naked form,
More lightsome, pure, and fair than he.

He held a robe in his right hand,
Pure as the white rose in the bloom ;
That robe was not of earthly make,
Nor sewed by hand, nor wove in loom.

When she had donned that light seymar,
Upward her being seemed to bound ;
Like one that wades in waters deep,
And scarce can keep him to the ground.

Tho' rapt and transient was the pause,
She scarce could keep to ground the while ;
She felt like heaving thistle-down,
Hung to the earth by viewless pile.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN

The beauteous stranger turned his face
 Unto the eastern streamers sheen,
He seemed to eye the ruby star
 That rose above the Eildon green.

He spread his right hand to the heaven,
 And he bade the maid not look behind,
But keep her face to the dark blue even ;
 And away they bore upon the wind.

She did not linger, she did not look,
 For in a moment they were gone ;
But she thought she saw her very form
 Stretched on the greenwood's lap alone.

As ever you saw the meteor speed,
 Or the arrow cleave the yielding wind,
Away they sprung, and the breezes sung,
 And they left the gloaming star behind ;

And eastward, eastward still they bore,
 Along the night's grey canopy ;
And the din of the world died away,
 And the landscape faded on the ee.

They had marked the dark blue waters lie
 Like curved lines on many a vale ;
And they hung on the shelve of a saffron cloud,
 That scarcely moved in the slumbering gale.

MARY LEE

They turned their eyes to the heaven above,
And the stars blazed bright as they drew nigh;
And they looked to the darksome world below,
But all was grey obscurity.

They could not trace the hill nor dale,
Nor could they ken where the greenwood
lay;
But they saw a thousand shadowy stars,
In many a winding watery way ;
And they better knew where the rivers ran
Than if it had been the open day.

They looked to the western shores afar,
But the light of day they could not see ;
And the halo of the evening star
Sank like a crescent on the sea.

Then onward, onward fast they bore
On the yielding winds so light and boon,
To meet the climes that bred the day,
And gave the glow to the gilded moon.

Long had she chambered in the deep,
To spite the maidens of the main,
But now frae the merman's couch she sprung,
And blushed upon her still domain.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN

When first from out the sea she peeped,
She kythed like maiden's gouden kemb,
And the sleepy waves washed o'er her brow,
And belled her cheek wi' the briny faem.

But the yellow leme spread up the lift,
And the stars grew dim before her ee,
And up arose the Queen of Night
In all her solemn majesty.

O! Mary's heart was blithe to lie
Above the ocean wastes reclined,
Beside her lovely guide so high,
On the downy bosom of the wind.

She saw the shades and gleams so bright
Play o'er the deep incessantly,
Like streamers of the norland way,
The lights that danced on the quaking sea.

She saw the wraith of the waning moon,
Trembling and pale it seemed to lie ;
It was not round like golden shield,
Nor like her moulded orb on high.

Her image cradled on the wave,
Scarce bore similitude the while ;
It was a line of silver light,
Stretched on the deep for many a mile.

MARY LEE

The lovely youth beheld with joy
That Mary loved such scenes to view ;
And away, and away they journeyed on
Faster than wild bird ever flew.

Before the tide, before the wind,
The ship speeds swiftly o'er the faem ;
And the sailor sees the shores fly back,
And weens his station still the same :

Beyond that speed ten thousand times,
By the marled streak and the cloudlet brown,
Past our aerial travellers on
In the wan light of the waning moon.

They kept aloof as they passed her bye,
For their views of the world were not yet done ;
But they saw her mighty mountain form
Like Cheviot in the setting sun.

And the stars and the moon fled west away,
So swift o'er the vaulted sky they shone ;
They seemed like fiery rainbows reared,
In a moment seen, in a moment gone.

Yet Mary Lee as easy felt
As if on silken couch she lay ;
And soon on a rosy film they hung,
Above the beams of the breaking day.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN

And they saw the chambers of the sun,
And the angels of the dawning ray,
Draw the red curtains from the dome,
The glorious dome of the God of Day.

And the youth a slight obeisance made,
And seemed to bend upon his knee:
The holy vow he whispering said
Sunk deep in the heart of Mary Lee.

I may not say the prayer he prayed,
Nor of its wondrous tendency;
But it proved that the half the bedesmen said
Was neither true nor ever could be.

Sweet breaks the day o'er Harlaw cairn,
On many an ancient peel and barrow,
On braken hill, and lonely tarn,
Along the greenwood glen of Yarrow.

Oft there had Mary viewed with joy
The rosy streaks of light unfurled:
O! think how glowed the virgin's breast
Hung o'er the profile of the world;

On battlement of storied cloud
That floated o'er the dawn serene,
To pace along with angel tread,
And on the rainbow's arch to lean.

MARY LEE

Her cheek lay on its rosy rim,
Her bosom pressed the yielding blue,
And her fair robes of heavenly make
Were sweetly tinged with every hue.

And there they lay, and there beheld
The glories of the opening morn
Spread o'er the eastern world afar,
Where winter wreath was never borne.

And they saw the blossom-loaded trees,
And gardens of perennial blow
Spread their fair bosoms to the day,
In dappled pride, and endless glow.

These came and passed, for the earth rolled on,
But still on the brows of the air they hung;
The scenes of glory they now beheld
May scarce by mortal bard be sung.

It was not the hues of the marbled sky,
Nor the gorgeous kingdoms of the East,
Nor the thousand blooming isles that lie
Like specks on the mighty ocean's breast:

It was the dwelling of that God
Who oped the welling springs of time;
Seraph and cherubim's abode;
The Eternal's throne of light sublime.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN

The virgin saw her radiant guide
On nature look with kindred eye ;
But whenever he turned him to the sun,
He bowed with deep solemnity.

And ah! she deemed him heathen born,
Far from her own nativity,
In lands beneath the southern star,
Beyond the sun, beyond the sea.

And aye she watched with wistful eye,
But durst not question put the while ;
He marked her mute anxiety,
And o'er his features beamed the smile.

He took her slender hand in his,
And swift as fleets the stayless mind,
They scaled the glowing fields of day,
And left the elements behind.

When past the firmament of air,
Where no attractive influence came ;
There was no up, there was no down,
But all was space, and all the same.

The first green world that they passed by
Had 'habitants of mortal mould ;
For they saw the rich men, and the poor,
And they saw the young, and they saw the old.

MARY LEE

But the next green world the twain past bye
They seemed of some superior frame ;
For all were in the bloom of youth,
And all their radiant robes the same.

And Mary saw the groves and trees,
And she saw the blossoms thereupon ;
But she saw no grave in all the land,
Nor church, nor yet a church-yard stone.

That pleasant land is lost in light,
To every searching mortal eye ;
So nigh the sun its orbit sails,
That on his breast its seems to lie.

And, though its light be dazzling bright,
The warmth was gentle, mild, and bland,
Such as on summer days may be
Far up the hills of Scottish land.

And Mary Lee longed much to stay
In that blest land of love and truth,
So nigh the fount of life and day ;
That land of beauty, and of youth.

“O maiden of the wistful mind,
Here it behoves not to remain ;
But Mary, yet the time will come
When thou shalt see this land again.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN

“Thou art a visitant beloved
Of God, and every holy one ;
And thou shalt travel on with me,
Around the spheres, around the sun,
To see what maid hath never seen,
And do what maid hath never done.”

Thus spoke her fair and comely guide,
And took as erst her lily hand ;
And soon in holy ecstasy
On mountains of the sun they stand.

Here I must leave the beauteous twain,
Casting their raptured eyes abroad,
Around the valleys of the sun,
And all the universe of God :

And I will bear my hill-harp hence,
And hang it on its ancient tree ;
For its wild warblings ill become
The scenes that oped to Mary Lee.

Thou holy harp of Judah's land,
That hung the willow boughs upon,
O leave the bowers on Jordan's strand,
And cedar groves of Lebanon ;

That I may sound thy sacred string,
Those chords of mystery sublime,





EVY LANG MAY HER MINNY LOOK OER THE WAY

THE COMET

That chimed the songs of Israel's King,
Songs that shall triumph over time.

Pour forth the trancing notes again,
That wont of yore the soul to thrill,
In tabernacles of the plain,
Or heights of Zion's holy hill.

O come, ethereal timbrel meet,
In Shepherd's hand thou dost delight ;
On Kedar hills thy strain was sweet,
And sweet on Bethlehem's plain by night ;

And when thy tones the land shall hear,
And every heart conjoins with thee,
The mountain lyre that lingers near
Will lend a wandering melody.

THE COMET

BACK near the borders of that sacred vale
Cautious they journeyed ; and at distance
heard

The closing anthem of that great assembly
Of saints and angels.—First the harps awoke
A murmuring tremulous melody, that rose
Now high—now seemed to roll in waves away.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN

And aye between this choral hymn was sung,
"O! holy! holy! holy! just, and true,
Art thou, Lord God Almighty! thou art he
Who was, and is, and evermore shall be!"
Then every harp, and every voice, at once
Resounded *Haleluiah!* so sublime,
That all the mountains of the northern heaven,
And they are many, sounded back the strain.

Oh! when the voices and the lyres were
strained

To the rapt height, the full delirious swell,
Then did the pure elastic mounds of heaven
Quiver and stream with flickering radiance,
Like gossamers along the morning dew.
Still paused the choir, till the last echo crept
Into the distant hill—O it was sweet!
Beyond definement sweet! and never more
May ear of mortal list such heavenly strains,
While linked to erring frail humanity.

.

At length upon the brink of heaven they
stood;
There lingering, forward on the air they leaned
Wit hearts elate, to take one parting look
Of nature from its source, and converse hold

THE COMET

Of all its wonders. Not upon the sun,
But on the halo of bright golden air
That fringes it, they leaned, and talked so long,
That from contiguous worlds they were beheld
And wondered at as beams of living light.

There all the motions of the ambient spheres
Were well observed, explained, and understood.
All save the mould of that mysterious chain
Which bound them to the sun—that God him-
self,
And He alone, could comprehend or wield.

While thus they stood or lay (for to the eyes
Of all, their posture seemed these two between,
Bent forward on the wind, in graceful guise,
On which they seemed to press, for their fair
robes
Were streaming far behind them) there passed
bye
A most erratic wandering globe, that seemed
To run with troubled aimless fury on.
The virgin, wondering, inquired the cause
And nature of that roaming meteor world.

When Cela thus:—"I can remember well
When yon was such a world as that you left;
A nursery of intellect, for those

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN
Where matter lives not.—Like these other
 worlds,
It wheeled upon its axle, and it swung
With wide and rapid motion. But the time
That God ordained for its existence run.
Its uses in that beautiful creation,
Where nought subsists in vain, remained no
 more !
The saints and angels knew of it, and came
In radiant files, with awful reverence,
Unto the verge of heaven where we now stand,
To see the downfall of a sentenced world.
Think of the impetus that urges on
These ponderous spheres, and judge of the
 event.
Just in the middle of its swift career,
The Almighty snapt the golden cord in twain
That hung it to the heaven—Creation sobbed!
And a spontaneous shriek rang on the hills
Of these celestial regions. Down amain
Into the void the outcast world descended,
Wheeling and thundering on! Its troubled
 seas
Were churned into a spray, and, whizzing,
 flurred
Around it like a dew.—The mountain tops,

THE COMET

And ponderous rocks, were off impetuous
flung,
And clattered down the steeps of night for ever.

“Away into the sunless starless void
Rushed the abandoned world; and through its
caves,
And rifted channels, airs of chaos sung.
The realms of night were troubled—for the
stillness

Which there from all eternity had reigned
Was rudely discomposed; and moaning sounds,
Mixed with a whistling howl, were heard afar
By darkling spirits:—Still with stayless force,
For years and ages, down the wastes of night
Rolled the impetuous mass!—of all its seas
And superficies disencumbered,
It boomed along, till by the gathering speed,
Its furnaced mines and hills of walled sulphur
Were blown into a flame—When meteor-like,
Bursting away upon an arching track,
Wide as the universe, again it scaled
The dusky regions.—Long the heavenly hosts
Had deemed the globe extinct—nor thought
of it,

Save as an instance of Almighty power:

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN

Judge of their wonder and astonishment,
When far as heavenly eyes can see, they saw,
In yon blue void, that hideous world appear,
Showering thin flame, and shining vapour forth,
O'er half the breadth of heaven!—The angels
 paused!

And all the nations trembled at the view.

“But great is he who rules them!—He can
 turn

And lead it all unhurtful through the spheres,
Signal of pestilence, or wasting sword,
That ravage and deface humanity.

“The time will come, when, in like wise, the
 earth

Shall be cut off from God's fair universe;
Its end fulfilled.—But when that time shall be,
From man, from saint, and angel, is concealed.”

Here ceased the converse.—To a tale like
 this

What converse could succeed?—They turned
 around,

And kneeling on the brow of heaven, there paid
Due adoration to that holy One
Who framed and rules the elements of nature.

THE COMET

'Then like two swans that far on wing have scaled
The Alpine heights to gain their native lake,
At length, perceiving far below their eye
The beautiful silvery speck—they slack their
 wings,
And softly sink adown the incumbent air:
So sank our lovely pilgrims, from the verge
Of the fair heaven, down the streamered sky;
Far other scenes, and other worlds to view.

HOGG'S BALLADS & POEMS

GILMANS

CLEUCH

“WHAR hae ye laid the gowd, Peggy,
Ye gat on New Year's day?

I lookit ilka day to see
Ye drest in fine array;

“But neither kirtle, cap, nor gown
To Peggy has come hame:

Whar hae ye stowd the gowd, dochter?
I fear ye hae been to blame.”

“My gowd it was my ain, father;
A gift is ever free;

And when I need my gowd again,
It winna be tint to me.”

“Oh, hae ye sent it to a friend,
Or lent it to a fae?

Or gi'en it to some fause leman,
To breed ye mickle wae?”

“I hae na sent it to a friend,
Nor lent it to a fae;

And never man without your ken
Sal cause me joy or wae.

“I gae it to a poor auld man,
Cam' shivering to the door;

And when I heard his waesome tale
I wish'd my treasure more.”

GILMANSCLEUCH

“What was the beggar’s tale, Peggy?
I fain wad hear it o’er;
I fain wad hear that wylie tale
That drained thy little store.”

“His hair was like the thistle-down,
His cheeks were furred wi’ time,
His beard was like a bush o’ lyng,
When silvered o’er wi’ rime.

“He lifted up his languid eye,
Which better days had seen;
And aye he heaved the mournfu’ sigh,
And the saut tears fell atween.

“He took me by the hands, and said,
While pleasantly he smiled,
‘Oh, weel to you, my little flower,
That blooms in desert wild.

““And may you never feel the waes
That lang hae follow’d me,
Bereav’d o’ a’ my gudes and gear,
My friends and family!

““In Gilmanscleuch, beneath the heugh,
My fathers long did dwell,
Aye foremost, under bold Buccleuch,
A foreign foe to quell.

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

“Ilk petty robber through the land
They taught to stand in awe,
And often checked the plundering bands
Of their kinsman, 'Tushilaw.

“But when the bush was in the flush,
And fairer there was nane,
A blast did all its honours crush,
And Gilmanscleuch is gane!

“I had a brother, lithe and strong,
But froward, fierce, and keen;
One only sister, sweet and young,
Her name was lovely Jean.

“Her hair was like the threads o' gowd,
Her cheeks of rosy hue,
Her e'en were like the hunting hawk's,
That ower the castle flew.

“Of fairest fashion was her form,
Her skin the driven snaw
That's drifted by the wintry storm
On lofty Gilmans-law;

“Her brow nae blink of scorning wore,
Her teeth were ivory,
Her lips the little purple flower
That blooms on Bailey-lee.

GILMANSCLEUCH

“Oh true, true was the reade that said
That beauty's but a snare:
Young Jock o' Harden her betrayed,
Which grieved us wonder sair.

“My brother Adam stormed in wrath,
And swore in angry mood
Either to right his dear sister,
Or shed the traitor's blood.

“When June had decked the braes in green,
And flush'd the forest tree;
When young deers ran on ilka hill,
And lambs on ilka lee;

“A shepherd frae our mountains hied,
An ill death mot he die!

“O master, master, haste!” he cried,
O haste along wi' me!

“Our ewes are banished frae the glen,
Our lambs are driven away,
The fairest ewes on Eldin braes
Are Jock o' Harden's prey.

“His hounds are ringing through your woods,
And many deer are slain;
Ane herd is fled to Douglas Burn,
And ne'er will turn again.

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

“Your brother Adam, stalwort still,
I warned on yon hill-side;
And he's awa to Yarrow's banks
As fast as he can ride.”

“Oh ill betide thy haste, young man!
Thou micht hae tauld it me;
Thou kenned to hunt on all my lands
The Harden lads were free.

“Gae saddle me my milk-white steed,
Gae saddle him suddenly;
To Yarrow banks I'll hie wi' speed,
This bauld hunter to see!

“But low, low doon, on Sundhope broom,
My brother Harden spied,
And with a stern and furious look
He up to him did ride.

“Wast not enough, thou traitor strong,
My sister to betray?
That thou shouldst scare my feeble ewes,
And chase their lambs away?

“Thy hounds are ringing through our woods,
Our choicest deer are slain,
And hundreds fled to Stuart's hills
Will ne'er return again.’

GILMANSCLEUCH

“It sets thee weel, thou haughty youth,
To bend such taunts on me;
Oft here you hunted Harden’s woods,
And nae man hindered thee.’

“But wilt thou wed my dear sister?
Now tell me—ay or nay.’

‘Nae question will I answer thee,
That’s speer’t in sic a way.

“Tak’ this for truth, I ne’er meant ill
To neither thee nor thine,’
Then spurred his steed against the hill,
Was fleeter than the hynd.

“He’s set a buglet to his mouth,
And blew baith loud and clear
A sign to all his merry men,
Their huntin’ to forbear.

“O turn thee, turn thee, traitor strong,’
Cried Adam bitterly;

‘Nae haughty Scott, of Harden’s kin,
Sal proudly scowl on me.

“Now draw thy sword, or gi’e thy word,
For ane of them I’ll have,
Or to thy face I’ll thee disgrace
And ca’ thee coward knave.’

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

““He sprang frae aff his coal-black steed
And tied him to a wand;
Then drew his bonnet off his head,
And drew his deadly brand.

““And lang they fought, and sair they fought,
Wi' swords of metal keen,
Till clotted bluid on many a spot
Was sprinkled on the green.

““And lang they fought, and sair they fought,
For braver there were nane;
Brave Adam's thigh was bath'd in bluid,
And Harden's collar-bane.

““Though Adam was baith stark and gude,
Nae langer could he stand;
His hands clave to his heavy sword,
His knees plait like the wand.

““He lean'd himsel' against an aik,
Nae mair could act his part:
A woodman then sprang frae the broom
And pierced young Harden's heart.

““But word or groan he wheel'd him round
And clave his head in twain,
Then calmly laid him on the grass,
Never to rise again.

GILMANSCLEUCH

“I rode o’er height, I rode through howe,
And far outstript the wind,
And sent my voice the forest through,
But naething could I find.

“When I came there, the dismal sight
Might melt a heart of stane:
My brother faint and bleeding lay,
Young Harden nearly gane.

“And art thou there, O Gilmanscleuch?’
Wi’ faltering tongue he cried;
‘Hadst thou arrivèd time enough,
Thy kinsman had not died.

“Be kind unto thy sister Jean
Whatever may betide:
This night I meant at Gilmanscleuch
To make of her my bride.

“But this sad fray, this fatal day,
May breed baith dule and pain;
My freckle brethren ne’er will stay
Till they’re aveng’d or slain.’

“The woodman sleeps in Sundhope broom
Into a lowly grave;
Young Jock they bare to Harden’s tomb,
And laid him wi’ the lave.

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

“It's now full three and thretty years
Sin' that unhappy day,
And late I saw his comely corpse
Without the least decay.

“The garland cross his breast abune
Still held its varied hue;
The roses bloomed upon his shoon
As fair as if they grew.

“I raised our vassals ane an' a'
Wi' mickle care and pain,
Expecting Harden's furious sons
Wi' a' their father's train.

“But Harden was a weirdly man,
A cunning tod was he:
He locked his sons in prison strong,
And wi' him bore the key.

“And he's awa to Holyrood,
Among our nobles a',
With bonnet like a girdle braid,
And hair like Craighope snaw.

“His coat was of the forest green,
Wi' buttons like the moon;
His breeks were of the gude buckskin,
Wi' a' the hair aboon;

GILMANSCLEUCH

“His twa-hand sword hung round his neck,
And rattled at his heel;
The rowels of his silver spurs
Were of the Ripon steel.

“His hose were braced wi' chains o' iron,
And round wi' tassels hung;
At ilka tramp o' Harden's heel
The royal arches rung.

“Sae breid and buirdly was his bouk,
His glance sae gruff to bide,
Whene'er his braid bonnet appear'd
The menials stepp'd aside.

“The courtly nobles of the north,
The chief with favour eye'd,
For Harden's form and Harden's look.
Were hard to be denied.

“He made his plaint unto our king,
And magnified the deed;
And high Buccleuch, with scarce fair play,
Made Harden better speed.

“A grant of all our lands sae fair
The king to him has gi'en,
And a' the Scotts o' Gilmanscleuch,
Were outlawed ilka ane.

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

“The time I miss'd, and never wist
Of siccan a weird for me
Till I got word frae kind Traquair,
The country soon to flee;

“Else me and mine nae friend wad find,
But fa' an easy prey,
While yet my brother weakly was,
And scarce could bruik the way.

“Now, I hae fought on foreign fields,
In many a bluidy fray,
But langed to see my native hills
Before my dying day.

“My brother fell in Hungary,
When fighting by my side;
My luckless sister bore a son,
But broke her heart and died.

“That son, now a' my earthly care,
Of port and stature fine,
He has thine eye, and is thy blude,
As well as he is mine,

“For me, I'm but a puir auld man,
Whom nane regards ava';
The peaceful grave will end my care,
Where I maun shortly fa.'

GILMANSCLEUGH

“I gae him a’ my gowd, father,
I got on New Year’s day,
And welcomed him to Harden Ha’,
With us a while to stay.”

“My sweet Peggy, my kind Peggy,
Ye aye were dear to me;
For ilka bonnet-piece ye ga’e,
My love, ye sall hae three.

“Auld Gilmanscleuch shall share wi’ me
The table and the ha’;
We’ll tell of a’ our doughty deeds,
At hame and far awa’.

“That youth, my hapless brother’s son,
Who bears our eye and name.
Shall farm the lands of Gilmanscleuch,
While Harden holds the same.

“Nae rent, nor kaine, nor service mean
I’ll ask of him at a’,
Only to stand at my right hand
When Branxholm gi’es the ca’.

“A Scott must aye support a Scott,
When as he sinketh low;
But he that proudly lifts his head,
Must learn his place to know.”

JOCK JOHNSTONE, TINKLER

“ OH, came ye ower by the Yoke-burn Ford,
Or down the King's Road of the cleuch ?
Or saw ye a Knight and a lady bright,
Wha haegane the gate they baith shall rue ? ”

“ I saw a knight and a lady bright
Ride up the cleuch at the break of day ;
The knight upon a coal-back steed,
And the dame on one of the silver grey.

“ And the lady's palfrey flew the first,
With many a clang of silver bell :
Swift as the raven's morning flight.
The two went scouring ower the fell.

“ By this time they are man and wife,
And standing in St Mary's fane ;
And the lady in the grass-green silk
A maid you will never see again.”

“ But I can tell thee, saucy wight—
And that the runaways shall prove—
Revenge to a Douglas is as sweet
As maiden charms or maiden's love.”

“ Since thou say'st that, my Lord Douglas,
Good faith some clinking there will be ;
Beshrew my heart, but and my sword,
If I winna turn and ride with thee ! ”

JOCK JOHNSTONE, TINKLER

They whipp'd out ower the shepherd cleuch ;
And down the links o' the Corse cleuch burn,
And aye the Douglas swore by his sword
To win his love or ne'er return.

“ Fight first your rival, Lord Douglas,
And then brag after, if you may ;
For the Earl of Ross is as brave a lord
As ever gave good weapon sway.

“ But for ae poor siller merk,
Or thirteen pennies an' a bawbee,
Will tak in hand to fight you baith,
Or beat the winner, whiche'er it be.”

The Douglas turned on his steed,
And I wat a loud laughter leuch he:—

“ Of all the fools I have ever met,
“ Man, I hae never met ane like thee.

“ Art thou akin to lord or knight,
Or courtly squire or warrior leal ? ”

“ I am a tinkler,” quo the wight,
“ But I like crown-cracking unco weel.”

When they came to St Mary's kirk,
The chaplain shook for very fear ;
And aye he kiss'd the cross, and said,
“ What deevil has sent that Douglas here !

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

“ He neither values book nor ban,
But curses all without demur ;
And cares nae mair for a holy man
Than I do for a worthless cur.”

“ Come here, thou bland and brittle priest,
And tell to me without delay,
Where you have hid the Lord of Ross,
And the lady that came at the break of day?”

“ No knight or lady, good Lord Douglas,
Have I beheld since break of morn ;
And I never saw the Lord of Ross
Since the woeful day that I was born.”

Lord Douglas turn'd him round about,
And look'd the tinkler in the face ;
Where he beheld a lurking smile,
And a deevil of a dour grimace.

“ How's this, how's this, thou tinkler loun ?
Hast thou presumed to lie to me ? ”

“ Faith, that I have ! ” the tinkler said,
“ And a right good turn I have done to thee ;

“ For the Lord of Ross, and thy own true love,
The beauteous Harriet of Thirlestane,
Rade west away, ere the break of day ;
And you'll never see that maid again :

JOCK JOHNSTONE, TINKLER

“ So I thought it best to bring you here,
On a wrang scent, of my own accord ;
For had you met the Johnstone clan,
They wad hae made mince-meat of a lord.”

At this the Douglas was so wroth,
He wist not what to say or do ;
But he strak the tinkler e'er the croun,
Till the blood came dreeping ower his brow.

“ Beshrew thy heart,” quo the tinkler lad,
“ Thou bear'st thee most ungallantlye !
If these are the manners of a lord,
They are manners that winnagang down wi'
me.”

“ Hold up thy hand,” the Douglas cried,
“ And keep thy distance, tinkler loun !
“ That will I not,” the tinkler said,
“ Though I and my mare should both go
down !”

“ I have armour on,” cried the Lord Douglas,
“ Cuirass and helm, as you may see.”

“ The deil may care !” quo the tinkler lad ;
“ I shall have a skelp at them and thee.”

“ You are not horsed,” quo the Lord Douglas,
“ And no remorse this weapon brooks.”

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

“ Mine’s a right good yaud,” quo the tinker
lad ;

“ And a great deal better nor she looks.

“ So stand to thy weapons, thou haughty lord ;
What I have taken I needs must give ;
Thou shalt never strike a tinkler again,
For the langest day thou hast to live.”

Then to it they fell, both sharp and snell,
Till the fire from both their weapons flew ;
But the very first shock that they met with,
The Douglas his rashness ’gan to rue.

For though he had on a sark of mail,
And a cuirass on his breast wore he,
With a good steel bonnet on his head,
Yet the blood ran trinkling to his knee.

The Douglas sat upright and firm,
Aye as together their horses ran ;
But the tinkler laid on like a very deil—
Siccan strokes were never laid on by man.

“ Hold up thy hand, thou tinkler loun ?”
Cried the poor priest, with whining din ;
“ If you hurt the brave Lord James Douglas,
A curse be on thee and all thy kin !”

JOCK JOHNSTONE, TINKLER

“I care no more for Lord James Douglas,
Than Lord James Douglas cares for me;
But I want to let his proud heart know,
That a tinkler’s a man as well as he.”

So they fought on, and they fought on,
Till good Lord Douglas’ breath was gone;
And the tinkler bore him to the ground,
With rush, with rattle, and with groan.

“Oc hon! Oc hon! cried the proud Douglas,
“That I this day should have lived to see!
For sure my honour I have lost,
And a leader again I can never be!

“But tell me of thy kith and kin,
And where was bred thy weapon hand?
For thou art the wale of tinkler louns
That ever was born in fair Scotland.”

“Myname’s Jock Johnstone,” quothe wight,—
“I winna keep in my name frae thee;
And here, take thou thy sword again,
And better friends we two shall be.”

But the Douglas swore a solemn oath,
That was a debt he could never owe;
He would rather die at the back of the dike,
Than owe his sword to a man so low.

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

“ But if thou wilt ride under my banner,
And bear my livery and my name,
My right-hand warrior thou shalt be,
And I'll knight thee on the field of fame.”

“ Woe worth thy wit, good Lord Douglas,
To think I'd change my trade for thine;
Far better and wiser would you be,
To live as a journeyman of mine.

“ To mend a kettle or a casque,
Or clout a goodwife's yettlin pan—
Upon my life, good Lord Douglas,
You'd make a noble tinkler man!

“ I would give you a drammock twice-a-day,
And sunkets on a Sunday morn;
And you should be a rare adept
In steel and copper, brass and horn.

“ I'll fight you every day you rise,
Till you can act the hero's part;
Therefore I pray you, think of this,
And lay it seriously to heart.”

The Douglas writhed beneath the lash,
Answering with an inward curse—
Like salmon wriggling on a spear,
That makes his deadly wound the worse.

JOCK JOHNSTONE, TINKLER

But up there came two squires renown'd;
In search of Lord Douglas they came;
And when they saw their master down,
Their spirits mounted in a flame.

And they flew upon the tinkler wight,
Like perfect tigers on their prey;
But the tinkler heaved his trusty sword,
And made him ready for the fray.

“Come one to one, ye coward knaves—
Come hand to hand, and steed to steed,
I would that ye were better men,
For this is glorious work indeed!”

Before you could have counted twelve,
The tinkler's wondrous chivalry
Had both the squires upon the sward,
And their horses galloping o'er the lea.

The tinkler tied them neck and heel,
And many a biting jest gave he;
“O fie, for shame!” said the tinkler lad,
“Siccan fighters I did never see!”

He slit one of their bridal reins—
Oh what disgrace the conquer'd feels!
And heskelpitthesquireswiththatgoodtawse,
Till the blood ran off at baith their heels.

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

The Douglas he was forced to laugh,
Till down his cheek the salt tears ran:
"I think the deevil be come here
In the likeness of a tinkler man!"

Then he is to Lord Douglas gone,
And he raised him kindly by the hand,
And he set him on his gallant steed,
And bore him away to Henderland:

"Be not cast down, my Lord Douglas,
Nor writhe beneath a broken bane,
For the leech's art will mend the part,
And your honour lost will spring again.

"'Tis true, Jock Johnstone is my name,
I'm a right good tinkler as you see;
For I can crack a casque betimes,
Or clout one, as my need may be.

"Jock Johnstone is my name, 'tis true—
But noble hearts are allied to me,
For I am the Lord of Annandale,
And a knight and earl as well as thee."

Then Douglas strained the hero's hand,
And took from it his sword again;
"Since thou art the Lord of Annandale,
Thou has eased my heart of meikle pain.

JOCK JOHNSTONE, TINKLER

“I might have known thy noble form,
In that disguise thou’rt pleased to wear;
All Scotland knows thy matchless arm,
And England by experience dear.

“We have been foes as well as friends,
And jealous of each other’s sway;
But little can I comprehend
Thy motive for these pranks to-day?”

“Sooth, my good lord, the truth to tell,
’Twas I that stole your love away,
And gave her to the Lord of Ross
An hour before the break of day:

“For the Lord of Ross is my brother,
By all the laws of chivalrye;
And I brought with we a thousand men
To guard him to my own countrye.

“But I thought meet to stay behind,
And try your lordship to waylay;
Resolved to breed some noble sport,
By leading you so far astray;

“Judging it better some lives to spare—
Which fancy takes me now and then—
And settle our quarrel hand to hand,
Than each with our ten thousand men

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

“God send you soon, my Lord Douglas,
To Border foray sound and hail!
But never strike a tinkler again,
If he be a Johnstone of Annandale.”

SIR DAVID GRAEME

THE dow * flew east, the dow flew west,
The dow flew far ayont the fell;
An' sair at e'en she seemed distrest,
But what perplexed her could not tell.

But aye she coo'd wi' mournfu' croon,
An' ruffled a' her feathers fair;
And lookit sad as she war boun'
To leave the land for evermair.

The lady wept, and some did blame,—
She didna blame the bonnie dow,
But sair she blamed Sir David Graeme,
Because the knight had broke his vow.

For he had sworn by the stars sae bright,
And by their bed on the dewy green,
To meet her there on St Lambert's night,
Whatever dangers lay between;

* Dove.

SIR DAVID GRAEME

To risk his fortune an' his life
 In bearing her frae her father's towers;
To gi'e her o' the lands of Dryfe,
 An' the Enzie-holm wi' its bonnie bowers.

The day arrived, the evening came,
 The lady look'd wi' wistfu' e'e;
But, O, alas! her noble Graeme
 Frae e'en to morn she didna see.

The sun had drunk frae Keilder fell
 His beverage o' the mornin' dew;
The deer had crouched her in the dell,
 The heather ope'd its bells o' blue.

.

“Where hae ye been, my bonnie dow,
 That I hae fed wi' the bread an' wine?
As roving a' the country through,
 O, saw ye this fause knight o' mine?”

The dow sat doon on the window tree,
 An' she carried a lock o' gowden hair;
And she perched upon the lady's knee,
 An' carefully she placed it there.

“What can this be? This lock's the same
 That aince was mine. Whate'er betide,

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

This lock I gae to Sir David Graeme,
The flower o' a' the Border side."

The dow flew east, the dow flew west,
The dow flew far ayont the fell,
An' back she came, wi' panting breast,
Ere the ringing o' the castle bell.

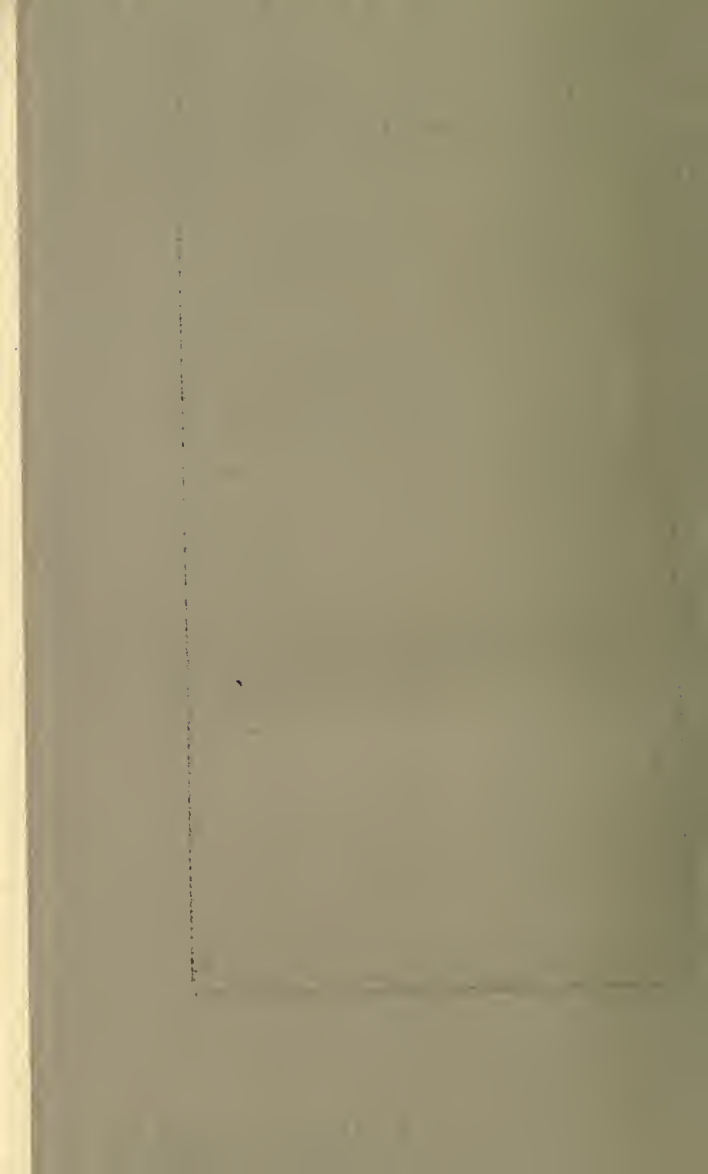
She lighted on the holly-tap,
An' she cried "cur-doo," and flutter'd her
wing;
Then flew into that lady's lap,
An' there she placed a diamond ring.

"What can this mean? This ring's the same
That aince was mine. Whate'er betide,
This ring I gae to Sir David Graeme,
The flower o' a' the Border side.

"He sends me back the love-tokens true!
Was ever poor maiden perplexed like me?
'Twould seem he's reclaimed his faith an' his
vow,
But all is fauldit in mystery."

An' she has sat her down an' grat,
The world to her a desert seemed;
An' she wyted this an' she wyted that,
But o' the real cause never dreamed.





SIR DAVID GRAEME

When lo! Sir David's trusty hound,
Wi' humpling back, an' a waefu' e e,
Came cringing in an' lookit around,
But his look was hopeless as could be.

He laid his head on that lady's knee,
An' he lookit as somebody he wad name,
An' there was a language in his *howe* e'e,
That was stronger than a tongue could frame.

She fed him wi' the milk an' the bread,
An' ilka thing that he wad hae;
He lickit her hand, he coured his head,
Then slowly, slowly he slunkered away.

But she has ey'd her fause knight's hound,
An' a' to see where he wad gae:
He whined, an' he howl'd, an' lookit around,
Then slowly, slowly he trudged away.

She followed the hound owre muirs an' rocks,
Through mony a dell an' dowie glen,
Till frae her brow and bonnie gowd locks
The dew dreepit down like the draps o' rain

An' aye she said, "My love may be hid,
An' darena come to the castle to me;
But him I will find an' dearly I'll chide,
For lack o' stout heart an' courtesye."

.

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

An' aye she ey'd the grey sleuth-hound
As he windit owre Deadwater fell,
Till he came to the den wi' the moss inbound,
An' O, but it kythed a lonesome dell!

An' he waggit his tail, an' he fawned about,
Then he cowered him down sae wearily;
"Ah! yon's my love, I hae found him out,
He's lying waiting in the dell for me.

"What ails my love, that he looks nae roun',
A lady's stately step to view?
Ah me! I have neither stockings nor shoon,
An' my feet are wet wi' the moorland dew.

"Sae sound as he sleeps in his hunting gear,
To waken him great pity would be;
Deaf is the man that caresna to hear,
An' blind is he wha wantsna to see."

She gae ae look, she needit but ane,
For it left nae sweet uncertainty;
She saw a wound through his shoulder bane,
An' in his brave breast two or three.

There wasna sic een on the border green
As the piercing een o' Sir David Graeme;
Shegliskit wi' her e'ewhere these een should be,
But theraven had been there afore shecame.

SIR DAVID GRAEME

There's a cloud fa's darker than the night,
An' darkly on that lady it came;
There's a sleep as deep as the sleep outright—
'Tis without a feeling or a name.

.
O shepherd, lift that comely corpse,
Well may you see no wound is there;
There's a faint rose 'mid the bright dew drops.
And they have not wet her glossy hair.

There's a lady has lived in Hoswood tower,
'Tis seven years past on St Lambert's day,
An' aye when comes the vesper hour,
These words an' no more can she say:—

“They slew my love on the wild Swaird green,
As he was on his way to me;
An' the ravens picked his bonny blue een,
An' the tongue that was formed for courtesy.

“My brothers they slew my comely knight,
An' his grave is red blood to the brim:
I thought to have slept out the lang, lang night,
But they've waken'd me, an' waken'd not
him!”

LITTLE PYNKIE

LITTLE PYNKIE came to Kilbogie yett,
It was on a hallow-day;
And the lady babies with her met,
To hear what she would say.

For Pynkie was the littlest bairn.
That ever danced on the green;
And Pynkie was the bonniest thing
That ever on earth was seen.

Her face was cast in beauty's mould,
And o'er her brow aboon
Her hair was like the streams of gold
That tinsel from the moon.

Three spans from heel to head she stood,
But all so meet to see,
No maiden in the mildest mood
A lovelier form could be.

Whoever looked at her a space,
Could never call to mind
That she possessed not frame and grace
Of stateliest womankind.

The baron came forth to the green,
And he took her by the hand;
"Little Pynkie, you are welcome here,
The flower of fair Scotland.

LITTLE PYNKIE

“You are welcome to my bowers, Pynkie,
And to my halls so gay;
And you shall be my bonnie dear,
And I’ll fondle you night and day.”

“Oh, no! oh no, my own good lord,
For that would be a sin;
For if you toy or *melle* with me,
To heaven you’ll never win.”

“But I will take my chance, Pynkie,
For love is sore to thole;
The joy of maiden’s leifu’ charms
Can never stain the soul.”

“But I will sing a sang to you,
And dance a fairy wheel,
Till you and all your bonny may bairns
Can dance it wonder weel.”

Were I to tell Little Pynkie’s sang,
It might do muckle ill,
For it was not framed of earthly words,
Though it sounded sweet and shrill.

But aye the o’erword of the sang
Which ladies learned to sing,
Was—“ Round and round, and seven times
round
The elfin fairy ring!”

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

The first round that little Pynkie made

Was gentle, soft, and sweet;

But the second round Little Pynkie made,

They could not ken her feet,

The third round that little Pynkie made,

She shimmered as light and gay

As dancing of the wiry lights

On warm and sunny day.

And aye she sang, with twirle and spang,

Around them on the plain,

Till her feet they shimmered abune their heads,

Then kissed the sward again.

Then the baron he began to bob,

No longer could he stand,

And his little maidens in a ring,

They joined him hand-in-hand.

And round and round, and faster round,

The fairy ring they flew;

And aye the longer that they danc'd,

The madder on fun they grew.

And Little Pynkie in the midst

Bobbed like a flee in May,

And every spring Little Pynkie gave

The baron he cried "Hurraye!"

.

LITTLE PYNKIE

But aye when Pynkie made a spring
Between him and the day,
He made a paille with hands and feet,
And gave a faint "Hurrae!"

He *streikit* out his limbs in death,
Unpitied and unblest;
But "Hurrae!" it was the ae last word
That gurgled in his breast.

The chaplain came into the ring
To lift his master's head,
And called on six young boardly *wichts*
To bear away the dead;

When Little Pynkie in the midst
Stood lovely as the sun;
She sang a stave, and danced it round,
And all their grief was done.

But aye when Pynkie made a rise
With fitful, fairy fling,
"Again, again!" the chaplain cried,
"Well proven, my bonny thing!

"Again, again! Again, again!"
In maddening scream cried he,
"Oh, let me see that spring again
That I of love may die!"

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

He *streichit* out his laithly limbs,
His een set in his head,
"But, "Again, again! came ever again
Till after he was dead.

Then all the land together came
To priest and holy friar,
And there were prayers in every kirk,
And hymns in every choir:

For Little Pynkie held her place,
At lordly Kilbogie,
And of every chamber in the house
Little Pynkie keepit the key.

So word's gone east, and word's gone west,
From Solway to the Clyde,
And word's gone to the great Mass John
That lived on Cluden side.

So he is come to Kilbogie's hall
These lordly maids to save,
And conjure that wild thing away
Into the deep sea's wave.

When he came to Kilbogie's yett
He tirlèd at the pin,
And wha sae ready as Little Pynkie
To rise and let him in.

LITTLE PYNKIE

“Bairn, I have words to say to you
On matter most sincere;
Where is the country you came from,
And wha was it sent you here?”

“I came from a country far away,
A region fair and sweet,
For all the sterms of the milky way
Were far beneath our feet.

“But I have roamed this earthly sphere
Some virgin souls to win,
Since maids were born the slaves of love,
Of sorrow and of sin;

“By night and day, and gloaming grey,
By grove and greenwood tree;
Oh, if you kenned what I have done
To keep them fair and free!

“I have sat upon their waving locks,
As dancing on the green,
And watched the blushes of the cheek,
And glances of the een.

“I have whispered dreams into their ears
Of all the snares of love;
And cooled their young and hoping breasts
With dews distilled above.”

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

“But oh, thou wild and wicked thing,
Think of this virgin band;
Thou'st taken their father from their head,
Their pastor from their hand.”

“Before one of those maids had bloomed
In lovely ladyhood,
Each would have lost her white clothing
But and her silken snood.

“But now, Mass John, I know you are
A good man and a true;
Therefore I yield my virgin charge
With pleasure up to you.

“For oh! there is much for me to do,
'Mong maidens mild and meek;
For men are so wicked here below
And women are so weak.

“But I will bathe your een, Mass John,
With unguent of the sky;
And you shall hear with other ears,
And see with other eye.

“And you shall see the right and wrong,
With soul of dread within,
What habitants you dwell among,
What world you sojourn in.”

LITTLE PYNKIE

She touched his eye, she touched his ear,
With unguent of the sky,
Distilled from flowers of heavenly bowers
That never, never die.

.
But little Pynkie she was gone
Away by dale and glen,
To guard the virgins of the land
From wiles of wicked men.

.
There was no thought within the heart
-Though secret and untold,
But they were acted in his sight
By spirits manifold.

He wished for death, and could not lie
Such strange enchantment under,
Thus wandering with a spirit's eye
Amid a world of wonder.

For man must be a mortal thing
With an immortal mind,
Or pass the door of death, and leave
Mortality behind.

So good Mass John long'd fervently
-That life with him were done,

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

To mix with spirits or with men,
But only with the one.

.
Mass John went home and laid him doon
And soon was with the dead,
And the bonnie maids of Kilbogie
Are left without a head.

When seven lang years had come and gane
With blynk and shower away,
Then Little Pynkie she came back
Upon a hallow-day.

But the strains that Little Pynkie sung
At setting of the sun,
Were never forgot by old or young,
Till life with them was done.

What then was said, or what was done,
No minstrel ever knew,
But the bonnie maids of Kilbogie
With beauty bloomed anew.

Some deemed that they would pass away,
To other land than this;
But they lived the life that women live,
Of social earthly bliss.

THE MERMAID

But many a tale in Westland dale,
Quaint rhyme, and fairy lay,
There yet remains of Pynkie's strains
Upon the hallow-day.

THE MERMAID

"O WHERE won ye, my bonnie lass,
Wi' look sae wild an' cheery?
There's something in that witching face
That I lo'e wonder dearly."

"I live where the hare-bell never grew,
Where the streamlet never ran,
Where the winds o' heaven never blew;
Now find me gin you can."

"'Tis but your wild an' wily way,
The gloaming maks you eerie,
For ye are the lass o' the Braken-Brae,
An' nae lad maun come near ye:

"But I am sick, an' very sick
Wi' a passion strange and new,
For ae kiss o' thy rosy cheek
An' lips o' the coral hue."

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

“O laith, laith wad a wanderer be
To do your youth sic wrang,
Were you to reave a kiss from me
Your life would not be lang.

“Go, hie you from this lonely brake,
Nor dare your walk renew;
For I'm the Maid of the Mountain Lake;
An' I come wi' the falling dew.”

“Be you the Maid of the Crystal Wave,
Or she of the Braken-Brae,
One tender kiss I mean to have;
You shall not say me nay.

“For beauty's like the daisy's vest
That shrinks from the early dew,
But soon it opes its bonnie breast,
An' sae may it fare wi' you.”

“Kiss but this hand, I humbly sue,
Even there I'll rue the stain;
O the breath of man will dim its hue,
It will ne'er be pure again.

“For passion's like the burning beal
Upon the mountain's brow,
That wastes itself to ashes pale;
An' sae will it fare with you.”

.

THE MERMAID

“O mother, mother, make my bed,
An’ make it soft and easy;
An’ with the cold dew bathe my head,
For pains of anguish seize me:

“Or stretch me in the chill blue lake,
To quench this bosom’s burning;
An’ lay me by yon lonely brake,
For hope there’s none returning.

“I’ve been where man should not have been
Oft in my lonely roaming,
And seen what man should not have seen
By greenwood in the gloaming.

“O, passion’s deadlier than the grave,
A’ human thing’s undoing!
The Maiden of the Mountain Wave
Has lured me to my ruin!”

.
'Tis now an hundred years an’ more,
An’ all these scenes are over,
Since rose his grave on yonder shore,
Beneath the wild wood cover;

An’ late I saw the Maiden there,
Just as the day-light faded,
Braiding her locks of gowden hair,
An’ singing as she braided:—

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,
Long is thy night of sorrow;
Thy Maiden of the Mountain deep
Shall meet thee on the morrow.

But oh, when shall that morrow be,
That my true love shall waken?
When shall we meet, refined an' free,
Amid the moorland braken?

Full low and lonely is thy bed,
The worm even flies thy pillow;
Where now the lips, so comely red,
That kissed me 'neath the willow?

O I must laugh, do as I can,
Even 'mid my song of mourning,
At all the fuming freaks of man
To which there's no returning.

Lie still, my love, lie still an' sleep—
Hope lingers o'er thy slumber;
What though thy years beneath the steep
Should all its stones outnumber?

Though moons steal o'er, an' seasons fly
On time's swift wing unstaying,
Yet there's a spirit in the sky
That lives o'er thy decaying!

THE MERMAID'S SONG

In domes beneath the water-springs

No end hath my sojourning;

An' to this land of fading things

Far hence be my returning;

For spirits now have left the deep,

Their long last farewell taking:

Lie still, my love, lie still an' sleep,

Thy day is near the breaking!

When my loved flood from fading day

No more its gleam shall borrow,

Nor heath-fowl from the moorland grey

Bid the blue dawn good-morrow;

The Mermaid o'er thy grave shall weep,

Without one breath of scorning:

Lie still, my love, lie still an' sleep!

And fare thee well till morning!

THE MERMAID'S SONG

MATILDA of Skye

Alone may lie,

And list to the wind that whistles by;

Sad may she be,

For deep in the sea,

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

Deep, deep, deep in the sea,
This night her lover shall sleep with me.
 She may turn and hide
 From the spirits that glide,
And the ghost that stands at her bedside;
But never a kiss the vow shall seal,
Nor warm embrace her bosom feel;
For far, far down in the floors below,
Moist as the rock-weed, cold as the snow,
With the eel and the clam, and the pearl of the
 deep,
On soft sea-flowers her lover shall sleep;
And long and sound shall his slumber be,
In the coral bowers of the deep with me.

 The trembling sun far, far away,
Shall pour on his couch a softened ray,
And his mantle shall wave in the flowing tide,
And the little fishes shall turn aside;
But the waves and the tides of the sea shall
 cease,
Ere wakes her love from his bed of peace.
No home!—no kiss!—No, never! never!
His couch is spread for ever and ever.

FAREWELL TO ETTRICK

FAREWELL, green Ettrick, fare-thee-weel!

I own I'm unco laith to leave thee ;
Nane kens the half o' what I feel,
Nor half the cause I hae to grieve me.

There first I saw the rising morn ;
There first my infant mind unfurled,
To ween that spot where I was born,
The very centre of the world.

I thought the hills were sharp as knives,
An' the braid lift lay whomeI'd on them,
An' glowred wi' wonder at the wives
That spak o' ither hills ayon' them.

As ilka year gae something new,
Addition to my mind or stature,
So fast my love for Ettrick grew,
Implanted in my very nature.

I've sung, in mony a rustic lay,
Her heroes, hills, and verdant groves ;
Her wilds an' valleys fresh and gay,
Her shepherds' and her maidens' loves.

I had a thought,—a poor vain thought!
That some time I might do her honour!
But a' my hopes are come to nought,
I'm forced to turn my back upon her.

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

She's thrown me out o' house an' hauld;
My heart got never sic a thrust;
An' my poor parents, frail and auld,
Are forced to leave their kindred dust.

But fare-ye-weel, my native stream,
Frae a' regret be ye preserved!
Ye'll maybe cherish some at hame,
Wha dinna jist sae weel deserve't.

There is nae man on a' your banks
Will ever say that I did wrang him;
The lassies hae my dearest thanks
For a' the joys I had amang them.

Though twined by rough an' ragin' seas,
And mountains capt wi' wreath o' snaw,
To think o' them I'll never cease,
As lang as I can think ava.

I'll make the Harris rocks to ring
Wi' ditties wild when nane shall hear;
The Lewis shores shall learn to sing
The names o' them I lo'ed sae dear;

But there is ane aboon the lave
I'll carve on ilka lonely green;
The sea-bird tossin' on the wave
Shall learn the name o' bonny Jean.

FAREWELL TO ETTRICK

Ye gods, take care o' my dear lass!

That as I leave her I may find her;
Till that blest time shall come to pass,
When we shall meet nae mare to sinder.

Fareweel, my Ettrick! fare-thee-weel!

I own I'm unco laith to leave thee;
Nane kens the half o' what I feel,
Nor half o' that I hae to grieve me.

My parents crazy grown wi' eild,
How I rejoice to stand their stay!
I thought to be their help an' shield,
And comfort till their hindmost day:

Wi' gentle hand to close their een,
An' weet the yird wi' mony a tear,
That held the dust o' ilka frien';
O' friends sae tender and sincere:

It winna do:—I maun away
To yon rough isle, sae bleak an' dun;
Lang will they mourn, baith night an' day
The absence o' their darling son.

An' my dear Will! how will I fen',
Without thy kind an' ardent care?
Without thy verse-inspirin' pen,
My muse will sleep an' sing nae mair.

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

Farewell to a' my kith an' kin!
To ilka friend I held sae dear!
How happy hae we often been,
Wi' music, mirth, an' hamely cheer!

Nae mair you gilded banks at noon
Swells to my sang in echoes glad;
Nae mair I'll screed the rantin' tune,
That hafins put the younkers mad.

Nae mair amang the hags an' rocks,
While hounds wi' music fill the air,
We'll hunt the sly an' sulky fox,
Or trace the wary circlin' hare.

My happy days wi' you are past,
An', waes my heart, will ne'er return!
The brightest day may overcast,
And man was made at times to mourn.

But if I ken my dyin' day,
Though a foreworn an' waefu' man,
I'll tak my staff, an' post away,
To yield my life where it began.

If I should sleep nae mair to wake,
In yon far isle beyond the tide,
Set up a headstane for my sake,
An' prent upon its ample side:

TO HIS AULD DOG HECTOR

“In memory of a shepherd boy,
Who left us for a distant shore;
Love was his life, and song his joy;
But now he’s dead—we add no more!”

Farewell, green Ettrick, fare-thee-weel!
I own I’m something wae to leave thee;
Nane kens the half o’ what I feel,
Nor half the cause I hae to grieve me!

TO HIS AULD DOG HECTOR

COME, my auld, towzy, trusty friend,
What gars ye look sae dung wi’ wae?
D’ye think my favour’s at an end,
Because thy head is turning grey?

Although thy strength begins to fail,
Its best was spent in serving me;
An’ can I grudge thy wee bit meal,
Some comfort in thy age to gie?

For mony a day, frae sun to sun,
We’ve toiled fu’ hard wi’ ane anither;
An’ mony a thousand mile thou’st run,
To keep my thraward flocks thegither.

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

To nae thrawn boy nor naughty wife
 Shall thy auld banes become a drudge ;
At cats an' callans a' thy life
 Thou ever bor'st a mortal grudge ;

An' whiles thy surly look declared,
 Thou lo'ed the women warst of a' ;
Because my love wi' thee they shared,
 A matter out o' right or law.

When sittin' wi' my bonnie Meg,
 Mair happy than a prince could be,
Thou placed thee by her other leg,
 An' watched her wi' a jealous e'e.

An' then, at ony start or flare,
 Thou wad'st hae worried furiously ;
While I was forced to curse an' swear,
 Afore thou wad'st forbidden be.

Yet wad she clasp thy towzy paw ;
 Thygruesome grips were never skaithly ;
An' thou than her hast been mair true,
 An' truer than the friend that gae thee.

Ah me ! o' fashion, self, an' pride,
 Mankind hae read me sic a lecture ;
But yet it's a' in part repaid
 By thee, my faithful, grateful Hector !

TO HIS AULD DOG HECTOR

O'er past imprudence, oft alane
I've shed the saut an' silent tear ;
Then sharin' a' my grief an' pain,
My poor auld friend came snoovin' near.

For a' the days we've sojourned here,
An' they've been neither fine nor few,
That thought possest thee year to year,
That a' my griefs arose frae you.

Wi' waesome face an' hingin' head,
Thou wad'st hae pressed thee to my knee ;
While I thy looks as weel could read,
As thou had'st said in words to me :

“ O my dear master, dinna greet ;
What hae I ever done to vex thee ?
See here I'm cowrin' at your feet ;
Just take my life, if I perplex thee.

“ For a' my toil, my wee drap meat
Is a' the wage I ask of thee ;
For whilk I'm oft obliged to wait
Wi' hungry wame an' patient e'e.

“ Whatever wayward course ye steer ;
Whatever sad mischance o'ertake ye ;
Man, here is ane will hald ye dear !
Man, here is ane will ne'er forsake ye ! ”

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

Yes, my puir beast, though friends me scorn,
Whom mair than life I valued dear,
An' thraw me out to fight forlorn,
Wi' ills my heart do hardly bear ;

While I hae thee to bear a part—
My health, my plaid, an' hazel rung—
I'll scorn the unfeeling, haughty heart,
The saucy look, and slanderous tongue.

Some friends, by pop'lar envy swayed,
Are ten times waur than ony fae ;
My heart was theirs, an' to them laid
As open as the light o' day.

I feared my ain, but had nae dread,
That I for loss o' theirs should mourn ;
Or that when luck an' favour fled,
Their friendship wad injurious turn.

But He who feeds the ravens young
Lets naething pass He disna see ;
He'll sometime judge o' right an' wrang,
An' aye provide for you an' me.

An', hear me, Hector, thee I'll trust,
As far as thou hast wit an' skill ;
Sae will I ae sweet lovely breast,
To me a balm for every ill.

TO HIS AULD DOG HECTOR

To these my trust shall ever turn,
While I have reason truth to scan ;
But ne'er beyond my mother's son,
To aught that bears the shape o' man.

I ne'er could thole thy cravin' face,
Nor when ye pattit on my knee ;
Though in a far an' unco place
I've whiles been forced to beg for thee.

Even now I'm in my master's power,
Where my regard may scarce be shown ;
But ere I'm forced to gie thee o'er,
When thou artauld and senselessgrown,

I'll get a cottage o' my ain,
Some wee bit cannie, lonely biel,
Where thy auld heart shall rest fu' fain,
An' share wi' me my humble meal.

Thy post shall be to guard the door
Wi' gousty bark, whate'er betides ;
Of cats an' hens to clear the floor,
An' bite the flaes that vex thy sides.

When my last bannock's on the hearth
Of that thou sanna want thy share ;
While I hae house or hauld on earth,
My Hector shall hae shelter there.

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

An' should grim death thy noddle save
Till he has made an end o' me,
Ye'll lie a wee while on the grave
O' ane wha aye was kind to thee.

There's nane alive will miss thee mair;
An' though in words thou canst not wail,
On a' the claes thy master ware,
I ken thou'lt smell and wag thy tail.

If e'er I'm forced wi' thee to part,
Which will be sair against my will,
I'll sometimes mind thy honest heart,
As lang as I can climb a hill.

Come, my auld towzy, trusty friend,
Let's speel to Queensb'ry's lofty height
All warldly cares we'll leave behind,
An' onward look to days more bright.

While gazing o'er the Lawland dales,
Despondence on the breeze shall flee,
An' muses leave their native vales
To scale the clouds wi' you an' me.

VERSES TO THE COMET OF 1811

How lovely is this wildered scene,
As twilight from her vaults so blue
Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
To sleep embalmed in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky!
And thou, mysterious guest of night,
Dread traveller of immensity!

Stranger of Heaven! I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?
Art thou the standard of his wrath
Waved o'er a sordid sinful world?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,*
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale,—

* It was reckoned by many that this was the same Comet which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of Heaven, I bid thee hail !

Where hast thou roamed these thousand
years?

Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of growing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain ?

And when thou scalest the milky way—
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue !

Oh! on thy rapid prow to glide !
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea !

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll !

Stranger of Heaven ! O let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream ;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam !

HYMN TO THE DEITY

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn ;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the grey portals of the morn !

HYMN TO THE DEITY

O FATHER Almighty, O Father of light,
I kneel and I tremble before thee,
For darkness surrounds the throne of thy
 might,
And with terror I fear and adore thee.
I have seen, I have heard, what I not com-
 prehend,
Which has caused my poor reason to
 waver.

The bodies and spirits of martyr'd men,
Who shrank from thy standard, O never,
 O never,—O never!
But bled for their God and forgiver.

But where can I turn my bewildered eye,
Or where can I fly, but to thee,
Since all the long vales of eternity lie
 Concealed in deep darkness from me?

HOGG'S BALLADS AND POEMS

Then here at thy footstool of mercy I bow,
 Imploring thy grace to deliver;
For shadows of darkness beleaguer me now,
 And I fly to my God and forgiver,
 For ever!—O ever!
I'll cling to my Saviour for ever.

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