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FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING  
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN  
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing  
when a man is to be so soon forgotten  
And the shining in his soul  
gone from the earth  
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing  
when a man shall die  
And forget love  
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing  
that a man shall forget love  
And he not dead but walking in the field  
of a May morning  
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of  
Stanford Writing*, 1931

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P O E M S

BY

MATTHIAS BARR

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1865

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NEW-STREET SQUARE

TO  
M Y W I F E

I DEDICATE

THIS BOOK





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## POEMS.



### A PAINTER'S LOVE.

You see that picture upon the wall :  
Come hither, my boy, and mark it well,  
And listen a tale that I will tell  
Of something that once a man befell.  
God knows there is little of what we call  
The cunning of art in that semblance rude ;  
'Twas done one day in a careless mood  
By a heart that was little understood.  
I little thought then, when she smiled to see  
The work I had made in my childish glee,  
That silver and gold  
And wealth untold  
Would never be half so dear to me.  
If every curl on that brow could turn  
To a cluster of gold, I would loathe and spurn

The dross, and would double its worth to bid  
    Them be as they are ;  
    For the curse would mar  
The truth of her face, as her soul it did.

'Tis better than thirty years ago  
    Since I went from the home where I was born—  
    I remember it well—on a summer's morn,  
When the earth and the heavens were all aglow.  
But the earth and the heavens were nothing to me ;  
Her eyes were all that my soul could see ;  
Her words were all that my ears could hear—  
Were all they had heeded for many a year.  
Ah ! we were a dainty simple pair,  
    In our little home by the sounding sea ;—  
I wot there was many a lover there  
    Who envied my darling girl and me.  
And you would have done the same, my lad,  
Had you known the winning ways she had,  
Had you felt the thrill of her hazel eye,  
    Or basked in her smile but a golden hour,—  
The airy form of the butterfly  
    Went never so light from flower to flower  
    As my Gertrude did.  
There was never a valley or mountain or dell  
But knew the ring of her laughter well.  
The goats of our rugged coast would bleat,  
And crouch of their will at my Gertrude's feet,  
As something they wished for and longed to meet.

I had a way, when my work was done,  
 Of catching a thought from the setting sun,  
 Or reading a book, or sketching a plan,  
 Or drawing the head of a woman or man ;  
 And she at my elbow would sit the while,  
     With tongue ever ready to praise or blame,  
 And I would work for a look or a smile,  
     For that to me was a world of fame.

    That picture you see  
     Was done by me.  
 The neighbours said 't was a tidy thing,  
     For one who never had studied the art ;  
 But little they knew, what a man can do  
     If the impulse spring from a loving heart.

But I grew sick of our little home,  
     And I grew sick of the buds and flowers—  
 Grew sick of feasting my soul and sight  
     On the self-same food for hours on hours.  
     The truth to tell,  
     Tho' I lov'd them well,  
 A secret thought in my brain would stir,  
 Gold I would win for *her*, for *her* :  
 I never was fond of the paltry pelf,  
     Unless, to be sure,  
     'T was to give to the poor,  
 Or some one who needed it more than myself.



Well, we parted one morn, as I said before,  
Just a little way out from our cottage door ;  
And the love and the troth that she plighted to me  
I locked in my heart, and I gave her the key.

Long, long did I battle in hope and fear;—  
    As the dawn with the night,  
    Did I struggle for light ;  
But it came not for many a weary year.  
At length, O God ! I remember it still,  
How the blood in my every vein did thrill,  
When out of the canvas's dusky shade,  
    On which I had wrought with jealous care,  
    Came a face and a figure so heavenly fair  
That I gazed half in awe on the thing I had made,  
    And low and high  
    Came far and nigh  
To look on the wondrous thing I had done,  
    While I inwardly laugh'd  
    At my secret craft ;  
For the fight was over, and I had won !

The face and the figure so dimpled and fine  
Were only *hers*, tho' not half so divine ;  
And the eye that they praised for its wondrous light  
Was only hers ! ay ! but never so bright.

So I, like the famous master of old,  
Must needs have each picture or scrap that I sold  
Hid 'neath a coat of the buyer's gold.

Gold! I had gold to my heart's content,  
And the prayers of the needy where'er I went;  
For God had not fashioned me sordid and blind:  
My heart was a well for all human kind.

Ah! little I knew

That the prize I had toil'd for, the long years thro',  
Was my bitterest foe. You will hear, my boy,  
How the heart of a man is a woman's toy,  
To be played with and broken and cast aside,  
To sink to the devil or swim with the tide.  
I had built up a plan in my own conceit;—  
'Fulfilled now,' said I, 'be the dream of my life;  
My gold I will lay at my Gertrude's feet,  
And the village maiden shall be my wife.'  
Tho' twenty long years had rolled between,  
And we never a glimpse of each other had seen,  
What matter, thought I, for my wrinkled brow?  
She loved me then, she will love me now.  
We are pledged to each other by Him on the Cross.  
Vain fool that I was! My son, to be brief,  
To that village home came a titled thief—  
A devil dressed out in the finest of gloss.  
I know not what plots or what snares he laid;  
I know not what promises either he made;

All that I know is, one evil day  
The fiend had stolen my flower away.  
I knew it not then, so I hummed afar,  
    Like a busy bee, over my golden gain—  
Bright day with never a 'cloud to mar  
    The depth of my joy with a thought of pain.  
And I said to myself, 'I have wrought enough,  
    I will home to the flowers and my true love now.'  
I dreamt not, God's truth, for such paltry stuff  
    That a Christian woman would break her vow.

That night, be you sure, was not one of rest ;  
    I thought that the morrow would never come ;  
A thousand wild fancies awoke in my breast ;  
    And voices were speaking that would not be dumb.  
The moonlight crept in at my window pane,  
    And fell on the face of that picture there—  
    On those earnest eyes, with the rueful stare,  
    That so strangely will follow me everywhere.  
A drowsy forgetfulness stole on my brain ;  
I was back in my far-off home again ;  
And I heard the roar of the distant sea,  
    And the bleating of goats among the hills,  
And the glory of childhood came back to me,  
    And my blood ran wild as the mountain rills.  
When my joy was the greatest there suddenly came  
The face of a man with a tongue of flame.

I awoke with a cry and a feverish start,  
With a tremulous pulsing around my heart,  
And a dim sense of somebody calling my name;  
'T is fancy,' I said, and I turned my gaze  
    On the city so peacefully sleeping below—  
    On the tall spires lit with a silvery glow,  
And the river wrapped up in its mantle of haze.

As I could not sleep, and I needs must think,  
I said, 'I will walk by the river's brink  
Till the dawn of the day;' for my mind was sore  
With a weight that I never had known before.

    I had scarcely gone  
    Six yards from my door  
    When I heard a groan;

And full in the face of the pale moonlight  
A woman I saw in a doleful plight:  
Shoeless her feet, and tatter'd her dress,  
And bow'd was her head in her great distress.  
'A creature of God's shall not perish,' I said,  
'At our very doors for the lack of bread.'  
So my hand on the desolate being I laid,  
While words to the shape of some comfort I made.  
Rigid and cold was the object I touched,  
    And her dark hair fell on her neck of white,  
    Like the shadows of trees on a snowy night,  
While something her fingers convulsively clutched

With a miser hold,  
 Like a precious gem clasp'd in a frame of gold.  
 'Twas a little child. Now I never could stand  
 The sight of a life fresh out of God's hand.  
 So I weigh'd not the thought, be this virtue or sin ;  
 I looked on the woman so wasted and thin.  
     I had food, and to spare,  
     For the helpless pair ;  
 So I gently and thoughtfully carried them in.  
 ' Light ! light ! ' I cried. Far better had been  
 Eternal darkness to me, I ween ;  
 Far better I never the day had seen.

    A restless fire,  
 Like a flickering taper about to expire,  
     Flash'd out of her eyes ;  
     Yet no signs of surprise  
 She gave, tho' her manner was strange and wild.  
 Her thin lips mov'd, but she did not speak,  
 And a hot tear fell on her hollow cheek,  
     As, with fading look,  
     My hand she took  
 And placed on the head of the little child.

I had stood as one in a fearful dream.  
     My whole life seem'd in a glance to come  
     With a speed and a force that struck me dumb.  
 This was the end of my high-wrought scheme,

This was the end for which I had toiled,  
This was the flower I had left on the tree,  
Leafless and broken and bruised and soiled,  
Like a bird o'er the waters come back to me.  
I remember no more : it was long I own  
Ere my mind recovered its wonted tone,  
For my wits had in truth gone all abroad :  
But I know that she died with a happy smile,  
Blessing the hand that had saved her the while  
Forgiven of man, and I hope of God.

In the little churchyard there, over the way,  
You know, where I oftentimes kneel and pray,  
Under the flowers she lies in quiet,  
While I am here in this world of riot.  
Well, well ; no matter ; my tale is done.  
Boy, that is your mother — be you my son !

## LOOKING BACK.

COME, sit by my side, sweet love of mine. Ah, me ! it  
is many a year  
Since our hands were clasp'd and our lives were knit  
together, my Mary dear.  
And yet, through the sorrows and joys that fill our years  
as they ebb and flow,  
My thoughts, like the birds, will wander back to the  
summers of long ago.  
I can see in my heart, Oh ! golden time, each spot where  
we lov'd to play,  
With the sunshine looking so kindly down as it looked  
on us many a day.  
I can see your face, your little sweet face—ah ! not as it  
looks on me now,  
With the sober eyes, and the earnest eyes, and the  
wrinkles upon the brow ;  
But a little round face with a roguish smile, and merry  
eyes blue and bright,  
That never would leave my heart alone—no, never, by  
day or night.  
Ah ! many a taste of the birchen rod I had, for my eyes  
would look  
More often in thine, my little love, than ever they would  
on a book.

And I can remember full well, full well, all my little  
griefs for your sake,  
And the truant hours we pass'd, we two, in the woods  
or the bramble brake.  
I can hear the shouts of our playmates now, and your  
voice the loudest of all,  
And I catch the sound of the old mill-wheel, and the  
noisy waterfall ;  
I can see the far-off hills, as they rise and gleam in the  
morning showers,  
And the golden grain in the harvest fields, and the birds,  
and the buds, and flowers.  
Ah ! love, ah ! wife, 'twas a joyous time that spring-  
time of ours, I ween ;  
Then you were the sprightliest, fairest lass, my Mary,  
that ever was seen ;  
And I was the wildest, merriest dog our village could  
boast or show,—  
Yet never a man or a woman but loved the sight of our  
faces, I know.  
My love, you remember our bridal day, 'twas a glorious  
summer's morn,  
The brightest and dearest, we thought in our joy, that  
ever to earth was born.  
The sun looked love on the flowers beneath, and a  
holier beauty wore,  
And the woods rang out with a merrier shout than ever  
they had before.



Oh ! my heart was proud as I gazed that morn on the  
trembling one at my side,

Was proud as our neighbours hailed us, lass, with a  
happy ' God speed the bride !'

The old folks gave us their blessing, too, and thy little  
hand to me ;

God knows have I kept my promise, wife, to love and  
to cherish thee.

Ah ! well I remember that morning now, and well, too,  
each word you said ;

Each hope that you breath'd, and each whisperèd joy  
that flush'd your fair cheeks with red ;

Each look that said all it would say, and yet left, ah !  
Mary, how much untold.

Thank Heaven, tho' white are our locks, our hearts are  
fresh as they were of old.

How sweet are these dreams of old, how dear, what  
mem'ries our bosoms fill

Of sorrows we've met unchanged, my wife, of blessings  
remember'd still.

And, Mary, what fulness of bliss is yours, what gladness,  
what joy is mine,

As I gaze on the faces and sparkling eyes that look up  
so fondly in thine ;

As I list to the tread of a manly step, or the sound of a  
silvery voice—

What else, O wife of my youth and age ! what else can  
I do but rejoice ?

What else but rejoice on my bended knees?—for Oh!  
dearer than aught on earth,  
Ay, dearer than life, to our yearning hearts, are the loved  
ones beside our hearth.  
God grant that their lives be unsullied here by a deed or  
a thought of shame,  
That they earn for themselves, as the noblest dower, the  
wealth of an honest name !  
God grant that the lessons we teach them now bring  
a blessing on you and me,  
That the prayers be remembered in after years they  
lisp'd at a mother's knee !  
Nay, never look sad while a hope is ours ; though the  
past may come never again,  
Days tender and true we may know, dear love, un-  
shadow'd by aught of pain.  
Then still all unchanged let us live and love ; may years  
only wed us more ;  
O wife, may the future be never less sweet than the  
days that have gone before.

## SONG OF THE SUMMER.

WINTER may reign with a tyrant's chain,  
But Queen of the Earth am I,  
With my starry crown and my breath of down,  
And my robes of emerald dye.  
Wherever I tread my wealth I spread  
With a boundless love for all.  
And where is he that's not bettered by me,  
Be he ever so great or small?

To the Poet I fling the flowers that spring  
On my lap, and for him I roll  
My thunders grand o'er the trembling land—  
A feast for his hungry soul.  
To his glowing eyes I give the skies  
Wrapt up in a robe of gold,  
And the mountains kist by the morning mist,  
And the glory the stars unfold.

To the Painter I sit with a landscape lit  
With the spotless beauty of May,  
And I fill his brain again and again  
With the dream of a deathless day.

But a greater dow'r I give to the Poor  
Than the poet or painter hath ;  
And well they know what I deign to bestow  
Whenever they cross my path.

To the pallid cheek and the faint and weak  
I give a rich store of health ;  
To the sapless arm a might and a charm  
That is better than countless wealth.  
I tell them of God where the lilies nod  
When the day breaks over the hills ;  
And their blood is stirred when they hear His word  
In the voice of the shouting rills.

I seek them afar, 'mid the noise and the jar  
Of the busy and whirling street,  
And smile in my glee on all I see,  
And bless them whenever we meet.  
To lighten their hours I send them the flowers,  
And the birds, and the glorious sun ;  
And I sing them a song the whole day long,  
And thus doth the burden run :

' Come out, come out, with a laugh and a shout,  
From your dens in the sickly towns ;  
The spade and the file fling aside for awhile  
For a taste of the breezy downs.

A welcome I'll give, that I trow shall live  
In your hearts for many a day :  
Not a brow shall wear e'en a thought of care  
While my breath can blow it away.'

But wherever I roam, I am least at home  
'Mid the roar and the clash of strife,  
Where a strong right hand is a surer demand  
Than the worth of a spotless life—  
Where self is the god to which men nod,  
And the heart in its lust grows cold—  
Where the freshness of youth, with its love and  
its truth,  
Is bartered away for gold.

Where the murmuring bee hath a hymn for me,  
And the heather is bloom arrayed ;  
Where the primrose springs and the blackbird sings,  
Deep, deep in the forest glade ;  
Oh! there love I in a dream to lie  
Through the flush of my rosy prime,  
While the weary sigh, with a tear-dimm'd eye,  
'Oh! the beautiful summer-time !'

Then hie ye away from the streets to-day,  
And taste what my bounty yields ;  
From your dungeon caves, O ye toiling slaves,  
While I laugh in the woods and fields.

Come out, come out, with a song and a shout,  
Ere my rosy face is gone :  
I will send ye back with life on your track  
To hope and to struggle on.

Winter may reign with a tyrant's chain,  
But Queen of the Earth am I,  
With my starry crown and my breath of down,  
And my robes of emerald dye.  
And wherever I tread my wealth I spread  
With a boundless love for all :  
Oh ! where is he that's not bettered by me,  
Be he ever so great or small ?



## I WONDER AFTEN, JEANNIE.

I WONDER aften, Jeannie,  
Gin ye're thinkin' o' me noo,  
An' gin the thoughts o' ither years  
Creep ever back on you ;  
An' gin thy heart's the same leal heart  
I kenn'd when ye were wee,  
An' gin thy look's the same saft look  
That spak' o' love to me.

## I WONDER AFTEN, JEANNIE.

Tho' years on years hae sped awa'  
 Sin' I hae seen thee last,  
 Sin' we were merry thoughtless things,  
 An' love atween us passed;  
 Tho' I hae dreed the warld's look,  
 An' mony a change sin' syne,  
 Oh! ye were never frae my thoughts,  
 Nor frae this heart o' mine.

An' need I say how sair I grat,  
 That morn ye gaed awa',  
 An' thought the warld a wilderness,  
 Cauld looks in a' I saw;  
 How auld folks wonder'd in their love  
 What ailed the laddie sae,  
 Or what could ding his merry heart,  
 Or gar him dream o' wae.

But, ah! they little kenn'd that love  
 Was twinin' roun' my heart;  
 Love that wad flourish fresh an' green  
 When simmer leaves depart.  
 O memory! O memory!  
 Thy page is ever green,  
 Why haunt me to the weed-grown paths  
 Where love and youth hae been?

Why mind me o' the dear lo'ed past,  
When steps were licht an' free ;  
When mirth was on our rosy lips,  
And kindness in our e'e ?  
Tears trickled then for joy, love,  
But tears hae flowed sin' syne,  
An' tears shall flow ere I forget  
That wee sweet face o' thine.

Ere I forget, dear Jeannie Gray,  
When simmer in her pride  
Glower'd sweetly on us baith, love,  
An' a' the warld beside—  
Ere I forget the vows we made  
The livelang simmer day,  
That we would never, never pairt,  
But live an' love for aye.

I canna think, dear Jeannie Gray,  
Thy vows sae sweet and fair  
Were but the breathings o' a name,  
The emptiness o' air.  
I canna think thy hied sae licht,  
Thy heart sae cauld to me ;  
But yet a tear will aftimes dim  
The brichtness o' thine e'e.



A lang farewell, dear Jeannie Gray,  
 This heart can only sigh,  
 Perchance we twa may meet again  
 When ages hae gane by;  
 My blessin's on ye, Jeannie dear,  
 My blessin' nicht an' day,  
 Oh ! may ye be as fu' o' bliss  
 As I am fu' o' wae.



### BURNS.

A HUNDRED years and more have flown,  
 Since Nature bore a wayward child,  
 With feelings fashioned strong and wild,  
 And taught him lessons all her own.  
 An anxious mother, for when pain  
 And sorrow came upon her son,  
 Ere yet his day was three parts run,  
 She took him to herself again.

She took him to her heart, and hid  
 The golden lyre he loved so well ;  
 But yet around the homes of men  
 Its voice had breathed a charmed spell.

And Nature, like the passing wind,  
Left all she could not take behind :  
    The memories of his mirth and woe.  
Yes, he was hers, but they are ours—  
    They are the flowers we cherish now,  
    And we, with them, will deck his brow,  
Tho' they were gathered long ago.

There is a star that rides in heaven—  
The first to come, the last to go—  
It meets us when our souls are riven,  
    And thoughts are low.  
It hath a hope whereon to cling,  
That balm for mortal suffering.  
    Thus to the toil o'erladen one,  
    The drooping exile far away,  
Come the bright words and burning thoughts  
    Of him we celebrate this day.

The daisy is a common flower ;  
    Yes, we can find it anywhere  
    In summer when all things are fair ;  
In forest, or in lady's bower,  
    In meadow, or in brake ;  
Yet we have learned to prize its worth,  
And look with kind eyes on its birth,  
    And love it for his sake.

He hath taught Scotland's sons their creed,  
 Their eagle-daring, wild and free,  
 And that high love of liberty,  
 In grave, or charitable deed.  
 He, too, hath shown us what a man should be  
 In the quiet walks of lowly life,  
 And in the world's gigantic strife,  
 Where heart meets heart incessantly.

He hath become one living thought,  
 Which hath a being in each mind,  
 And doth beget a unity,  
 And love 'twixt human kind.  
 He hath cast up the sum of bliss :  
 Our life is not a getting up and laying down,  
 But a grand struggle for a martyr-crown,  
 And permanent abode of happiness.

We will not say that that or this  
 Was his life's course; whate'er it was,  
 Men stood apart, nor gave a cause  
 To make *him* more, or *it* the less.

Had he put on  
 The gorgeous vestments his high soul had woven,  
 The godlike acts he pictured, he had proven  
 A match for evil; nor perhaps had gone  
 From out the midst of men so soon.  
 It would have been a glorious boon.

And yet, perchance, we had not had  
Those tuneful chords that make us sad—  
Those tender griefs that wake the tear,  
And bring deep reverence far and near.

Tho' echo to his tread  
Hath long been dead,  
With us the spirit of his voice  
Hath now become a part  
Of every heart—  
Its inmost echo ; for we have no choice ;  
His rude-strung harp, by nature hid so long,  
Hath not been found by any son of song.

His was the mirth of mountain stream,  
The tenderness of flower new born ;  
His was the eye of rosy morn ;  
His was the splendour of a dream ;  
His was that all-absorbing love,  
That is not, aye, a gift when given,  
And yet, like lake in mountain vale,  
Reflects the majesty of heaven.

As tune-birds coming from far distant climes  
Flood with their song the atmosphere,  
And make men wonder how and whence they came,  
When the sweet singers are no longer here ;

Thus came he to us, and did pour  
 His heart's flood in one living flame,  
 And men looked kindly on him when he slept,  
 When gather'd to the land from whence he came.

Earth's was a selfish love;  
 She had another shrine,  
 More potent and divine  
 Than suffering worth, whereon to lay  
 Her heart—the pomp and the array  
 Of mammon and of pride;  
 Nor did she set aside  
 One kindly hand to keep his sinking soul above.  
 We have learned wisdom since that day,  
 And fain a grateful recompense would pay.

The flowerets of the vale;  
 The golden clouds that sail  
 Thro' the bright heavens; the tempestuous flood,  
 The rolling thunders, and the waving wood;  
 The loves of man;  
 The hidden springs within the breast,  
 From the first whisper to the loftiest strain;  
 These were the themes he lov'd the best.  
 While bosoms throb with hopes and fears,  
 While woman's eyes shed love and tears,  
 While mountains rise, and rivers flow,  
 While star-lit evenings come and go,

While roll the earth and skies along,  
While lives the voice of Nature's song,  
While sings a bird, or sighs a breeze,  
He will not die, but live with these.



## I SAID TO MY LOVE.

I SAID to my love—my own true love,  
What can I give to thee?  
Ermine and purple, or silver and gold,  
Or jewels the brightest that be?  
I will not a jewel, my true love said,  
And I sigh not for silver or gold;  
What thoughts can they give, or what joys can they  
bring,  
To the bosom when weary and old?  
Give me that that will *cling* to the heart  
When sunshine, and summer, and brightness depart.

I said to my love—my own true love,  
What can I give to thee?  
A bird that will sing thee at eve to rest,  
Or a flower from the fairest tree?

I will not a flower, my true love said,  
That will wither, and fade, and die;  
I will not a little captive thing,  
Whose only thought is to fly.  
Give me that that will *cleave* to the heart  
When sunshine, and summer, and brightness depart.

I said to my love—my own true love,  
What can I give to thee?  
A song my heart utter'd long years ago,  
When our feet kiss'd the daisied lea?  
Ay, give me a song, my true love said,  
With a sweet and a musical rhyme,  
That will ebb and flow, like the sounding sea,  
Thro' the measureless age of time—  
A song that will live and be *found* in the heart  
When sunshine, and summer, and brightness depart.

## HEAVEN'S GIFT.

CURLY, curly locks of gold ;  
Little eyes of blue ;  
Ruby lips and dimpled cheeks,  
Rose and lily hue ;  
Restless feet, whose patter makes  
Music for the ears ;  
Lisping tongue, that babbles forth  
Tiny hopes and fears ;

Tears and sunshine all in one,  
Like a summer's day,  
Dull and bright, as passing clouds  
Come across its way ; —  
These are precious, these are mine,  
These the joys I prize ;  
Than all else this world can give,  
Dearer in mine eyes.

Thoughts and longings, tender cares,  
All are thine, my boy !  
Tears on tears upon thee shed,  
All are tears of joy ;  
Joy that springeth from the love  
That within us lives ;  
Love that, never waxing old,  
Groweth while it gives ;



## HEAVEN'S GIFT.

Love that, all unheeded now,  
Falleth soft and light,  
As the dew upon the flower  
Through the silent night ;  
Love that in the future years  
May remember'd be,  
As the song of birds long flown  
O'er the distant sea.

Heaven ! I thank thee for the gift ;  
Seeds that slumber'd still,  
In the darkness, blind and dead,  
Wake beneath thy will—  
Wake to beauty, wake to light,  
Gilding earth and sky,  
And life's shadows, as they pass  
All unheeded by !

## NELL.

NELLY was once the pride of our town,  
With her bright, bright eyes and her locks of brown ;

With her sweet fair face, that a blessing would draw  
From the roughest that ever its beauty saw.

Pleasant the sound of her guileless tongue,  
Nelly, the darling of old and young.

Nelly ! O Nelly ! for love of thee  
How many have toss'd on the briny sea !

And many—how many, ah ! who can tell ?—  
Have died in the trenches for love of Nell.

The months and the years, as they rolled away,  
Saw Nelly grow sweeter each dawning day ;

Sundays and weekdays so tidy and smart,  
Nelly, the pride of her father's heart.

Evil the day, and, Oh ! evil the hour,  
When sorrow look'd in at her father's door.

To the big town Nelly afar must go,—  
Madge the old gipsy had told her so :

Pleasure and plenty she there would find,  
And a husband to love her, so true and kind—

A husband with pockets all filled with gold,  
Who'd be kind to her father when he grew old.

So Nelly grew vain of her pretty face,  
And home seemed to her but a dreary place.

The father he thought of the days of old ;  
Thought of his dead wife under the mould ;

Thought of his child, when a babe she lay  
In her mother's lap, on the christening day ;

Thought of the prayers he had prayed that she  
His joy and his blessing might grow to be.

And now, O God ! did she love him less,  
To leave him alone in his wretchedness ?

Her dead mother's Bible the old man took,  
And he scribbled her name in the holy book ;

He gave her God's Word and his blessing beside,  
And bade her preserve them whatever betide.

So by came the waggon one fine summer's day,  
And Nell and her boxes were carried away.

Seven long years are gone and past,  
And the old man sleeps with his wife at last ;

The little town looks as it did of yore,  
But the sweet face of Nell it will see no more.

What meaneth that murmur so busy and loud,  
In the midnight street, and this gaping crowd ?

What gather they round, in the mist and the damp,  
Scarce seen by the light of that flickering lamp ?

Anything human sure never could lie  
Thus out in our streets while so many pass by.

‘ Ho, watchman ! what is it ? Nay, shake not your head ; ’  
‘ A woman, sir ; either she’s drunk or she’s dead.’

Tear-drops were rained on the upturned face  
That I clasped in my hands. Was it any disgrace ?

Any disgrace, sir, to me or my name,  
That I knelt by that woman unwoman’d by shame ?

That I closed—was it any disgrace, I repeat—  
That weary one’s eyes in the midnight street ?

In her pocket was found an old Bible ; well,  
In the inside was written this one word, ‘ Nell.’

## BOOKS.

Books, books, books, O ye glorious things,  
What a thrill, what a rapture, each bright page brings !  
The stream that hath slumber'd in silence will start  
And gush in the deepest recess of the heart :  
'T will bound at your bidding, 't will leap at your smile,  
And gladden our innermost being the while,  
Till we bless you, O books ! in the flush of our joy,  
For feelings and thoughts time can never destroy.

Afar on the wings of your spirit we range  
To lands that we reck not, to scenes that are strange ;  
To regions eternally cradled in snow,  
Where none but the reckless, the daring may go ;  
Where the smile of a welcome ne'er gladdens the eye,  
And the icebergs, like mountains, shoot up to the sky ;  
Where the whale is sole monarch, and none beside he  
May rule, undisturbed, o'er the fathomless sea.

And we roam 'neath the splendour of eastern skies,  
Where the stars shine less brightly than fair woman's  
eyes ;  
And we list to the music that husbands the night,  
As it floats o'er the waters so silent and bright ;

And we gaze on the moon, and we hang o'er the flowers,  
And drink up the nightingale's song in the bowers ;  
And revel 'mong beauties and luxuries then,  
Till we almost forget we are mortals and men.

When the hand of disease presses chill on our breast,  
And, waking, we weep while the world is at rest ;  
When the lone spirit threatens its prison to burst ;  
When the eye scans the past, and the mind dreads the  
    worst ;  
When the long shades of evening fall thick on our head,  
And the voices of warning come back from the dead ;  
Ye come with the sunshine of love in your looks,  
To gladden and brighten, O beautiful books.

Ye preach a rare lesson, as ye only can,  
Nor own ye the feelings of envious man :  
The jest and the sermon may slumber a pair,  
Till waked by the hand of some beauteous fair ;  
The dust-covered volume may hold up its head,  
With its gilt-blazon'd brother in purple or red ;  
Nor the smile of contempt, nor the cold look of pride,  
Will be shower'd on the humble one perch'd at its side.

'T were well if mankind took a lesson or two,  
In the hour of his pride, from such teachers as you ;  
If the trammels of fashion and creed were forgot,  
And the rules of formality troubled us not ;

If heart clung to heart, of whatever degree :  
 This world would then more of a paradise be ;  
 The prayer of the needy, the harsh spoken word,  
 And the voice of dissension would never be heard.



### SHE'S A' MY AIN.

SHE's a' my ain, she's a' my ain ;  
 An' oh ! how sweet the thought to me !  
 Mair precious than a gowden crown,  
 Or a' the pleasure wealth can gie.  
 An' dearer than the fauldin' rose,  
 Or laughin' daisy on the lea,  
 Than simmer sun in birken bower,  
 Is artless Jeannie's love to me.

I lo'e to leave the busy thrang,  
 An' wander by the green burn-side,  
 An' fondly whisper a' I feel,  
 E'en a' the love I canna hide.  
 An' aye a wee han' clasps my ain,  
 An' aye a blink fa's kind on me,  
 An' cares an' strifes an' warldly thoughts  
 Awa' like mists o' mornin' flee.

Hae I a grief, it's no' for gear,  
 It isna, Jeannie, that I'm puir;  
 Braws couldna mak' thee blither seem,  
 They couldna mak' me lo'e thee mair.  
 An' gin at times 't is hard to bide  
 The selfish gate o' warldly men,  
 I sit me down beside thee, love,  
 An' griefs are a' forgotten then.



### TO A BIRD IN THE CITY.

AH! bird, I bless thee in my heart;  
 God knows I love to see  
 Thy tiny form; for none can tell  
 The thoughts you bring to me—  
 The happy thoughts of far-off times,  
 Times long'd for now in vain,  
 Of thoughtless nights and careless days  
 I'll never know again.

O breezy hills, O balmy groves,  
 O pleasant seas and streams,  
 O sunlit fields and green green lanes  
 I only see in dreams—



These, these, all these, and more, are thine :  
What joy, O bird, for you,  
While here I pine with burning brow  
The golden summer through !

Dear bird, thy name is linked with all  
Earth's sweetest things afar ;  
Thou hast no place, thou simple one,  
Where toiling thousands are :  
The hedgerows, white with blossoms all ;  
The morning wet with dew ;  
The tranquil eve—boon here unknown—  
These, these belong to you.

Then leave us, bird ; yet take with thee  
My blessing as you go,  
And what of best and holiest thoughts  
My nature can bestow.  
*Thy* gift will prove a richer dower  
Than that I give to thee ;  
A hoard of memories shall be mine  
When thou art lost to me.

O Life ! this is a bitter world ;  
A world full stern and cold :  
We need such sights, to keep our hearts  
And thoughts from growing old—

We need such signs, to guide us here  
And help us on our way :  
Such things speak plainer far to me  
Than all that man can say.



## MUSIC.

Music, O beautiful Music !  
Innermost joy of my soul !  
Whether through ancient cloisters  
Grandly you surge and roll ;  
Whether in tiniest whispers  
You wander the woodlands through,  
Or float on the winds of heaven,  
O Spirit, to thee I'm true !

Music, O beautiful Music !  
I pass from the earth away  
On thy passionate breath, and ever  
The darkness is turn'd to day ;  
And the thoughts, and the cares, and longings,  
That madden the breast and brain,  
Dissolve in thy tender beauty  
Like clouds into Summer rain.

Music, O beautiful Music!  
 I feel in this heart of mine  
 The touch of an angel-finger,  
 The glow of a world divine ;  
 As I pause in my love, and listen,  
 I faint in a dream of bliss,  
 And am borne to God's feet, O Music,  
 On the wings of thy spirit-kiss.

WHEN WE WERE BITS O' BAIRNIES.

WHEN we were bits o' bairnies, an' toddlin' but an' ben,  
 Oh ! we kenn'd mony a happy day we ne'er again shall  
 ken ;  
 Yet the sweets o' happy childhood leave a flood upon  
 the heart,  
 That aft will gush in torrents when our brichter days  
 depart.

There was cannie Tammie Dawson, wi' his bonnie  
 gowden hair ;  
 An' slee wee Maggie Morris, wi' her face sae sweet an'  
 fair ;  
 An' lauchin' winsome Lily, wi' her wily hazel e'e,  
 That stole awa' the lowin' hearts o' mony mae than me.

When the sun in a' its glory peep'd ayont Demyot's brow,  
An' the bonnie wee bit flowers were clad in blobs o'  
siller dew,

Like a pack o' fleein' fairies to the burnies we wad gang,  
An' the woods wad echo round about, sae merrily we  
sang.

An' we little thocht that time wad mak' a change  
upon us a',

An' glowin' hearts wad cease to beat, when some were  
far awa',

As we pu'd the hips an' haws, an' the rowans frae the  
tree,

Or row'd amang the heather-bells as lightsome as a bee.

Ah! we wadna chang'd our merry lots for lady or for  
laird,

As we jinked about the muckle stacks in Willie Tham-  
son's yard,

Or slipped frae ane anither to the nook where Lily flew,  
To pree the hinnied sweets that sprang an' glistened  
on her mou'.

An' I'll ever mind that lauchin' e'e that lighted up  
our mirth,

An' the couthie cracks at e'enin' by her minnie's cheery  
hearth;

There was joy in a' our faces, there was love in ilka smile,  
As she rugged our tousie headies, lookin' blessin's a'  
the while.

But as time gaed slippin' by, oh ! anither cam' to woo,  
But she said her heart was Willie's, an' she promised  
to be true ;  
Yet her minnie ca'd me puir, an' bad' her think nae  
mair o' me ;  
Sae she gied awa' her plighted han',—her heart she  
couldna gie.

Yet aft I see her sittin' by the rowan tree alane,  
Where I hae breathed o' fondest love, an' thought her  
a' my ain,  
An' she looks me in the face, while the tears row frae  
her e'e,  
Yet I hae nae heart to bless her, tho' she's a' the  
warld to me.

But when a' is bathed in darkness, syne the tears  
come owre my cheek,  
An' this heart will swell wi' sorrow till I canna see or  
speak ;  
Sae I try whiles to forget her in this weary heart o'  
mine,  
Tho' I see her aye the lauchin' thing I kent her lang  
sin' syne.

## OUR LITTLE ROSEBUD.

AH! wife, as we watch the unfolding,  
So tenderly day by day,  
Of our little rosebud, what a golden  
Glory streams down on our way!  
As a tear from the eye of Heaven,  
As a gift from the lap of May,  
To sweeten our lives was given  
This blossom that winter's day.

O God, in Thy love defend her,  
Oh! lift her up out of the night;  
Dear Christ, in Thy bounty send her  
A ray from Thy crown of light!  
May the flush of her outward beauty  
Be pale to the light within,  
And the Angels of Love and Duty  
Stand guard at the gates of sin.

Ah! wife, how we faint and tremble  
As we gaze on our flower of flowers,  
For a fear that we cannot dissemble  
Will rise in these hearts of ours;

And a word that we may not mutter,  
That dies on our quickening breath,  
The eye with a flash will utter,  
And that terrible word is 'Death.'

We have trimmed up the lamp of our being  
With the tears of our love, sweet wife,  
And bright as an eye all-seeing,  
It circles her little life ;  
It streams like the floods of morning,  
When the gates of the night are hurled  
Backward, our lives adorning  
With the hues of another world.

Oh ! love it can make us waver,  
And love it can make us strong ;  
So tearful we ask the favour,  
And tearful we sing our song :  
God keep thee, thou prettiest blossom  
That ever made joy of grief,  
And the dew of grace fall on thy bosom,  
And nurture thee leaf by leaf.

## WE'LL TRIUMPH YET.

A SONG OF THE PEOPLE.

WE have no purple, we, nor gold,  
No ancient blood to boast,  
But we have honest hearts and hands,  
The wealth we treasure most.  
And shall we then, while these are ours,  
Our heritage regret?  
No, brothers, no; tho' we are poor,  
We'll on and triumph yet.

Soul-slaying men may grind us down,  
To fulness of their store;  
And honesty and worth may turn  
In hunger from the door;  
But we have faced the worst too long  
To sit us down and fret,  
We'll show the men who spurn us, boys,  
How we shall triumph yet.

The rule of might may gird us round,  
And tortur'd souls may rise,  
And flash our wrongs in lightning-strokes  
Of suffering from our eyes;



And we may weep while tyrants laugh  
And half their fears forget;  
But, brothers all, tho' we are poor,  
We'll on and triumph yet.

Not with the blood of famish'd men  
Our triumphs shall be bought,  
But heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
Our battles shall be fought;  
Love's glorious star shall rise for us,  
Shall rise and never set;  
Work, brothers, work; Christ raised the dead,  
And we shall triumph yet.



### MARY.

As waters bear the glory back  
Of sunlight on the mountain's brow,  
So I can read thy very thoughts,  
While gazing on thee now, Mary.  
Oh! they are full of priceless wealth,  
Of woman's deep and holy love,  
Of joys that link this world of ours  
With brighter spheres above, Mary.

Years have flown o'er me, years of toil,  
And care hath furrowed o'er my brow ;  
And I am changed since first we met,  
Since first we pledged the vow, Mary.  
Yet in that change unchanged thou art,  
Age cannot sit on aught of thee ;  
Fresh as in days of youth and love  
Thou seemest aye to me, Mary.

Cling closer round me with thy love,  
And press thy throbbing breast to mine,  
There let my heart, in wildest joy,  
Communion hold with thine, Mary.  
Thus, thus can I forget the past,  
And thus the storms of life's decay,  
And thus from outward pride and self  
Could calmly pass away, Mary.

As misers clutch their treasured gold,  
And sigh for that already flown,  
So we to each more precious grow,  
The less of life we own, Mary.  
Oh ! for the true, the honest heart,  
Whereon in darker days to lean !  
Oh ! for the eyes that gild a home  
When sunshine comes between, Mary !

## MY NATIVE STREAM.

O BEAUTIFUL stream ! I have loved thee long,  
Loved with a love that is deep and strong ;  
And my heart will leap, and my bosom swell,  
As my thoughts go back where thy waters dwell—  
Go back to the moments when, blithe and young,  
I listened in awe to thy musical tongue.

The love is laid in the silent grave  
That guided my steps by thy sunlit wave,  
And the shouts of mirth and the looks of joy  
That gladdened my hours when a careless boy,  
Come only again as I ponder and dream  
Of thine emerald banks, my native stream.

I have sought thee, stream, when a happy child,  
On the moorland brown 'mong the heather wild ;  
I have watched thee dancing in light along ;  
I have heard thee singing thy sweetest song ;  
I have seen thee leaping in wildest wrath,  
Flinging thy foam on the mountain-path.

With the daisy meek on the green hill-side,  
In the nooks where the violets love to hide,

---

In the pleasant haunts of the wild musk-rose,  
By the shady lanes where the bramble grows,  
In the woods where the blackbird flaps his wings,  
I have found thee, joy of a thousand things !

And I know, bright river, the happy spot  
Where thy waters lurk by the grey-thatch'd cot ;  
And I wonder if still, as in times of old,  
The porch is crowned with the flowers of gold ;  
I wonder if still, by the open door,  
Stands a girlish form I may clasp no more.

O sweet little maiden of long ago !  
O bright blue eyes, that will haunt me so !  
Are ye still undimm'd, thro' the lapse of years,  
By the shadows of care or the flow of tears ?  
Do ye still keep watch where the willows nod ?  
Are ye here with man, or afar with God ?

I may never behold your face again,  
Or know if your life be joy or pain ;  
And you may not deem, sweet maiden mine,  
How the heart can grieve and the spirit pine ;  
Yet I think that, wherever your lot be cast,  
You must sometimes dream of the glory past.

My beautiful stream, I may stand no more,  
As in other years, by thy fragrant shore ;

Yet still, as of old, shall thy waters flow,  
 And the blithe birds sing, and the roses blow,  
 And still through the grandeur of summer's days  
 The brown bees murmur and hymn thy praise.

A river—a stream—a tiny rill,  
 Thou art linked with all that is lovely still—  
 With all that my age would remember now  
 Of a guileless soul and a cloudless brow ;  
 And the thought of thy beauty for aye shall be  
 A joy, and a balm, and a bliss to me.



### AN OLD TALE.

A PALE wan face, and a tottering step,  
 And a mutter'd something, a cry or prayer  
 But feebly utter'd, two small clasp'd hands,  
 And a wild eye gleaming through matted hair.

The stars look out on the silent night,  
 As they look'd in life's spring-time long ago ;  
 But that pale face looks with a vacant look  
 On the shadowy waters that glide below.

And the old thoughts come like the surging springs  
 Through the trodden earth to that burning brain,  
 'T is a leaf from the book of an oft-told tale  
 That the world has heard and will hear again.

The stars creep back to their thousand beds,  
But she heedeth them not—no, far away  
In the old years walketh her spirit now,  
On the silent shores of a long-lost day.

Away in the quiet and the pleasant home ;  
Away from the demons of shame and scorn ;  
Back, back to the mother who prayed and wept—  
To the father who smiled on his only born.

Away, yet away, where the pale flowers weep  
Round a small green grave, 'neath a willow tree,  
That erst has been watered with many a tear,  
And stamp'd with the stamp of a bended knee.

But the grave hides all, both the young and the old :  
'T is better, I ween, that it should be so—  
'T is better ere sorrow had shrouded their years  
That they sleep in the silence we all must know.

A shriek and a plunge ! oh ! 't is quickly done,  
And smoothly as ever the dark waves roll,  
And none but the eye of her God can mark  
The unmade grave of that human soul.

And none, oh ! none but her God can tell  
The thoughts that went down to that living tomb—  
Can tell if the future be life and light,  
Or the withering shades of eternal gloom.







## CUPID.

CUPID, one day, with his bow and his arrow,  
 Sought lodgings within my heart ;  
 I hous'd the young varlet, when lo, to my sorrow,  
 He pierc'd it right through with his dart :  
 So deep the incision, so awful the wound,  
 To cure the misfortune no leech could be found.

The little dog laugh'd at the painful disaster,  
 Right saucy and loud was his mirth ;  
 Then swore by the gods he could make up a plaster,  
 The surest and safest on earth :  
 Two red lips so dewy, and black eyes so round,  
 Was the plaster he stuck on this terrible wound.



## THE OLD YEAR.

FAREWELL Old Year, farewell Old Year,  
 Come take my hand before we part ;  
 I cannot let thee go, old friend,  
 With hate and rancour in my heart.  
 The night is loud with mirth and song  
 In praises of the dawn to come ;  
 One word, O Dying Year, to me,  
 One word before death smites thee dumb.

If ever I have wrought thee grief,—  
    If ever deed or word of mine  
Has added to thy care, or brought  
    A furrow to that face of thine,—  
If I have used or spent thee ill,  
    Forgetting God, despising man,  
Regardless of thy warning looks,  
    And how thy precious moments ran,—

If I have hoarded up for Self,  
    And heedless left the poor to die,  
Or harkened to the voice of Wrong,  
    And pass'd the wailing orphan by,—  
If Love and Truth and every good  
    Have spoken to my soul in vain,—  
If promises are unfulfilled,  
    I made in sickness and in pain,—

If pride has made my heart forget—  
    Poor thing of sorrow, care, and strife—  
How I have sinned, how I have wronged,  
    And shamed the glory of a life,—  
Old Year, Old Year, with tearful eyes,  
    I pray thee grant the boon I crave :  
Forget, forget the ills I've done,  
    And hide them with thee in the grave.

I would not have thy spirit come,  
To fright me with the Past again ;  
I would not have my mis-spent hours  
Rise up to sear and scorch my brain.  
Speak, speak, O Dying Year, and say  
Thou wilt not mar my peace when gone ;  
Forgive, forgive : for follies past,  
My life, my future shall atone.

Speak, speak ! thy life is ebbing fast ;  
Speak, speak, thy pulses cease to beat ;  
Hark to the brazen voices loud,  
That ring along the frosty street !—  
Too late, too late, he cannot speak,  
He's dead, for ever dead, to me ;  
O New-born Year, through days to come  
I'll think of him and trust in thee.

## A WORD FOR POLAND.

WHO says the Old Land's dying fast ?  
Who'er he be, he lies ;  
There's throbbing life's-blood in her veins  
And fire within her eyes.  
The soul of martyr-hosts that fell  
When first her glory set,  
Still rolls its flood of living flame  
Through all her being yet.

Ho ! mothers of our English hearts,  
Ho ! daughters of our race,  
Think of your sisters scourged like beasts  
Before God's very face !  
While we—we men of English blood—  
The blood of Waterloo—  
Stir not a limb, while hell-born hands  
This damnèd work pursue !

Oh ! but it turns our tears to gall,  
Our thoughts to burning flame,  
When men Cain-branded walk the earth  
To do this deed of shame !  
The hangman's work were nobler work  
Than this of yours, O Kings,  
He strangles Wrong, you murder Right,  
And a million other things !

O England, England, dear old home,  
So blessed through later years,  
No groaning hearts look up in thee  
Through streams of blood and tears !  
*Thy* rivers dance like happy feet  
Through all the flowery land,  
And Plenty folds thee to her breast,  
And Mercy clasps thy hand !

Ah ! Tyrants, you'll have tears enough  
When sleeping justice wakes,  
You men who think to bind your crowns  
With every heart that breaks.  
It may be granted you awhile  
To torture humankind,  
But God will not endure for long  
That you shall slay and bind !

A holier day, the People's eyes  
Shall see the dawn of Right,  
And graceless Tyrants and their tools  
Go down in endless night.  
A People's will shall sway the world,  
A People's voice be free,  
And Justice sit enthroned in Love,  
Her sceptre—Liberty !

## THE BEGGAR TO THE FLOWERS,

ON FINDING A WITHERED BUNCH LATE IN THE SEASON.

DESPISED ones ! again to my bosom ye bring  
The glory of Summer, the freshness of Spring,  
The gladness and hope that the spirit doth wear  
When brightness and beauty empurple the air.

Ye who awake like a bright summer's day,  
Whose lives, like a river, glide calmly away ;  
And ye who are nursed 'mid the fragrance of bowers,  
Offsprings of gladness, companions of flowers ;

Ye know not the solace such treasures can give,  
Or the feeling that makes it less death-like to live ;  
Ye know not the rapture that startles the tear,  
At the sight of these loved ones, though withered and sere ;

Ye know not the madness that burns on the brain,  
As these dead ones remind me of childhood again,  
As they speak of the past, when each impulse was glad,  
Or point to the future, all silent and sad.

Dead though ye be, yet a hallow remains,  
And each colourless leaf yet a fragrance retains,—  
A something that whispers of that which hath been,—  
A something we feel, yet that cannot be seen.

'T is thus in my bosom the bright hopes of youth  
Lie withered and dead ; yet, like emblems of truth,  
From the shades of the past in each wreck I can find  
Strength for the bosom and peace for the mind.

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FRAGMENT.

THOU great Eternal ; source from whence has come  
All that hath been ; and source from whence shall flow  
All that shall be ; whose spacious throne is lit  
With immortality ; who hadst no birth,—  
Shalt have no death ; O Mystery sublime !  
Thou, who didst bid the world leap forth, and saw'st  
The first of man ; who with Thy presence fill'st  
All space—the city with its toiling thousands,  
And the drear solitude where only treads  
The foot of dark despair, are full of Thee ;  
Thou who didst smite the hosts of Pharaoh ; who  
In anger clothed with hail and fire didst scourge  
The cities of the sea, and who didst sweep,  
With mighty flood, the guilty from Thy sight ;  
Thou who didst to Thy pitying bosom take  
The uncomplaining Lazarus ;—be my theme.  
Lift Thou my soul above the toil and strife  
Of this sad scene ; and, oh ! waft Thou afar  
The shades of grief that settle on my brow,

The dark forebodings, and the thoughts that make  
Me wakeful companion of the moon and stars.  
Thou lonely moon, oh ! not more lonely thou,  
Amid the kindred wanderers of the sky,  
Than I, amid my fellow-beings ; moon,  
Thou lookest sad ; art weary of thy task,  
Counting the graves of wrecked humanity ? When,  
When will thy task be done ? When wilt thou cease  
To light men to their graves ? Thou silent monitor,  
Who can behold thee all serene and calm,  
Nor feel thou art the work of Him who framed  
The vast ethereal vault whereon thou hang'st ?  
The work of Him who sent thee forth to ride  
On the dark car of night ? O pale-faced moon,  
Thou art the same that centuries ago  
Looked on the Lord's first-born ; the same to whom  
In earlier times the minstrel David told  
His grief. And moon, thou art the same to whom,  
When ages upon ages have gone by,  
Others will weep and tell of griefs unborn.

Who shall gainsay Thy might, O God ! or who  
Deny the Lord and Conqueror of kings ?  
The clown, whose intellect scarce comprehends  
The daily routine of his life, feels joy  
As he beholds the rising sun look out  
In yellow streaks upon the infant morn ;  
Instinctively his thoughts rise up to Thee ;  
And, lo ! he bends in humble adoration.



The untutored savage, 'mid the barren wilds  
Of far-off lands, bows him in awe to Thee,  
After a creed and fashion of his own.  
The misguided being who from youth to age  
Follows the passions of the flesh, nor dreams  
Of a hereafter, turns his last thoughts to Thee—  
Turns in the hour of death to Thee, his comforter.

Who can explore Thy ways, who comprehend  
Thy doings? The generations that have been  
To Thee are but as shadows that the night  
Brings down, and that the morning sweepeth hence ;  
The rolling spheres that wheel in endless round  
The paths of air, in thousands upon thousands,  
Act but in simple concord with Thy will ;  
Tho' we are lost in endless speculation,  
All have their purpose and their meaning ; all.  
The flower that clasps our feet hath its own moral,  
And a deep voice that should not be forgot :  
We cannot sum, with all the aid of lore,  
One particle of Thee—Unfathomable !  
Yet Thou art ever in our eye ; the flowers  
That blow, the sun that smiles, and the meek winds  
That tread the pathless deep, come ever to us  
With a sweet welcome ; we feel the winds, and see  
The sun and flowers, and know from whence they come,  
But that is all ! there stops our knowledge ; there,  
The verge and limit of our comprehension ;  
There must remain the secret that hath been

From all eternity ; the secret that shall be,  
Till time shall bring us face to face with Thee.

Frailty is written on thy brow, O man ;  
Frailty, and sin, and death gird us about.  
What are thy gifts, O world, and what the sounds  
Of thy poor praise, when we compare the bliss,  
The endless glory, without spot or change,  
That shall adorn the head of him who walks  
With God? We know that every wind that breathes  
May bow and waft us hence. Can we but pause,  
With such a knowledge in our minds, and take  
An inward look?—can we but ask ourselves,  
Are we prepared to brave the awful change?  
Have we sufficient strength, and, above all,  
Sufficient faith, quietly to put aside  
The garments of life's masquerade, and lay  
Our aching bones in the drear charnel-house?  
Or in the arrogance of self and pride,  
Do we pursue our wonted course, and leave  
The important *now* to *chance*? Do we prefer  
To thrust aside the serious matter that demands  
Our present care, and say 't will do anon?  
Almighty God, there is no *chance* with Thee,  
Thou, mild in mercy, terrible in vengeance.  
Shades of another world lie on us, and the night  
Will soon be here, when the great hand of Death  
Will seal the bond of endless joy or woe.

## NOW NATURE SMILES SWEET.

Now Nature smiles sweet in the dews o' the morn,  
And flow'rets the valleys and mountains adorn ;  
The fair modest daisy now laughs on the lea,  
Yet naething can chase the sad tear frae my e'e.

Frae morning till e'enin' a' dowie I mourn,  
And silent I weep on the banks o' the burn,  
While round me the birds whistle merry and free,  
Yet naething can chase the sad tear frae my e'e.

The birds mock my grief, while the flow'rets that blaw,  
But smile to remind that my laddie's awa',  
Awa' frae this bosom, and far on the sea,  
Ah ! naething can chase the sad tear frae my e'e.

Blaw gently, ye winds, round the laddie I lo'e,  
And waft me a heart still as loving and true,  
The beauties o' Nature, now naething to me,  
Shall then chase in pleasure the tears frae my e'e.

## ENGLAND.

WE greet thee, England, with a smile, and leave thee  
with a sigh,  
For many are the gallant hearts within thy breast that lie;  
And many are the gallant hearts we hope through  
coming years  
You'll have around you in your smiles, around you in  
your tears.

What tyrant of a godless throne but trembles at thy  
name?  
Thy wrath like lightning smites the earth, a terror and  
a flame;  
Thy hand out-stretched to guard the weak, on land and  
on the sea,  
Bids welcome to thy green old shores the bondman  
and the free.

What mighty names of deathless ones from out the past  
that shine,  
Such as no race has boasted yet, or shall, O Land,  
are thine—  
The heroes of the sword and pen, the faithful and the  
tried,  
Who proudly for thy weal have lived and for thy sake  
have died.

All honour to the glorious dead—the lion-soul'd of  
yore,  
Who crowned thee with their blood, and from thy limbs  
the fetters tore ;  
All honour to the valiant ones, who scorned the breath  
of slaves,  
And for the love of thee, Old Land, went down to  
bloody graves.

What man amongst us here so poor in spirit but to feel  
A thrill of rapture at thy name through all his being  
steal ;  
For me, I never think of thee but in my breast and  
brain  
Warm's such a glow of love and fire that I am young  
again.

O England, England, great art thou, and greater may'st  
become,  
If willing hands are found in thee, and tongues that  
are not dumb,  
If wise men guide thee to an aim, Love's glorious flag  
unfurled,  
A Star of Freedom to the bond, a Splendour to the  
world.

## WHEN DEATH.

WHEN Death came for our babe that day,  
He did not hurt her much, dear love,  
In placing wings upon our dove,  
That she, sweet thing, might flee away.

Just as the night when it is spent,  
And morning dawns, or like a thought  
That leaves the soul and is upcaught  
Into a Heaven of Dreams, she went.

And we stood gazing at the light  
That wreath'd her round when she did go,  
Until it vanished in the woe  
Of walking henceforth in the night.

She nestled here, our precious Dove,  
Upon the green boughs of the heart,  
And well she played her little part  
In singing songs of Hope and Love.

There's much of beauty here unfurled:  
O blessèd God, the flowers are sweet  
That twine themselves around our feet,  
And Love can make a happy world.

But beauty somehow less hath given  
To our poor eyes of late, and now  
We've nought for aching breast and brow  
Save glimpses of the distant Heaven ;

Save glimpses of that Better Land,  
Made clear to us through sufferings here,  
That lift us nearer and more near  
Each time God bows us with His hand.

And we shall get so near one day,  
That we shall hear our darling's feet  
Upon the starry pavement beat,  
For joy that we are come that way.

And we shall fold and clasp again  
In arms of love the love we miss,  
And end all greetings with a kiss  
That shall seal up the gates of pain.

## MY GHOSTS.

In the forest depth or the busy street,  
Whenever, wherever I travel,  
Are the sounds and the patter of viewless feet,  
And the clasp of a hand that is warm and young,  
And the lisp of a joy of a guileless tongue,  
And the taste of a by-gone glory,  
And a something my spirit would fain unravel  
Of a dim-remembered story.

A winding lane on a summer's day,  
And a landscape lit with blossoms,  
Two sparkling eyes in their joy that say  
Far more than a faltering tongue can speak,  
A gentle sigh and a rose-flush'd cheek,  
A whispered word fond and tender,  
The dawn of a love in two youthful bosoms—  
A dawn, ay, in all its splendour.

A speechless grief and a parting kiss,  
A mound 'neath the quiet daisies,  
A vacant place and a form that I miss,  
A fair young face, that again and again  
Will rise in my bosom and flash on my brain.  
That lives in my joy and sorrow,  
That looks on me now as I pen its praises,  
And shall, too, God willing, to-morrow.



These, all these—ay, and many more,  
Are the ghosts that will haunt me ever—  
Are the ghosts that come back from the silent shore  
Of the past; that will start and peer in my face  
In the dreariest hour, in the sunniest place,  
With a strangeness beyond all telling :  
These are the ghosts that will leave me never  
This side of Death's narrow dwelling.



### AFAR ON THE ROLLING SEA.

THE sailor sings in the shrouds aloft,  
Afar on the rolling sea ;  
Oh ! the day breaks not in a hundred years  
On a merrier wight than he.  
The waves may dash, and the lightning flash,  
And the thunder loud may roar ;  
But a sunshine the sailor hath of his own  
As he thinks of his love ashore.

He dreams of home in the bleak night-watch,  
Of a bright face far away ;  
And he breathes a prayer for the maiden fair  
He will clasp to his heart one day.



Then Heav'n look down on the heaving deep,  
And rule in the stormy wind ;  
And true to the sailor while afloat  
Be the lass that he leaves behind.



## TO A CHILD.

WHAT a dower of wealth there lies,  
Little urchin, in thine eyes !  
Who can tell, or who can guess  
Half their brightness would confess ?  
Who can tell the thought that brings  
All the worth of human things,  
Mingling with the light of love,  
Falling gently from above—  
All the glory glancing through,  
Bursting from those eyes of blue ?  
I have watched thee day by day,  
I have list thee, darling, pray ;  
I have heard the words of worth  
From thy young heart gushing forth,  
From thy pure heart undefiled—  
Priceless words, thou darling child !  
We would ever have thee so,  
Spotless as the fallen snow—

Spotless, stainless, only light  
Creeping softly o'er the white,  
That thy earth-born brightness lie  
In the light of God on high.  
Thou hast nought from life to fear,  
Though thou walk a pilgrim here,  
Heavy laden, weary, sore,  
Thrust by fate from door to door,  
If the self-same beauty grow,  
In the man as it doth now.  
Shut God in thy heart, and then  
Thou canst face the gaze of men ;  
Thou shalt win the goal at last,  
Ay, and smile upon the past—  
Smile, and, like a dying day,  
Shed a glory on the way  
Thou hast trodden, on the track  
That thou leavest, looking back  
With no sad or vain regret,  
Looking forward, bolder yet—  
Bolder for a life well spent,  
Bolder for the quiet content  
Stealing through thee with the thought  
Of a future blessing-fraught,  
Of a future without end,  
Heaven thy home, and God thy friend.

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## O HEART O' MINE.

O HEART o' mine, O heart o' mine,  
 Sad heart o' mine arise ;  
 When will ye learn the gate o' life,  
 When, when will ye grow wise ?  
 I ken that there be ither hearts  
 That dinna grieve like thee ;  
 That tak' the smiles God showers on them,  
 And yet hae nane to gie ;

That see the auld gang to their graves,  
 Life lessen link by link ;  
 That see God's glories round them spread,  
 Yet never, never think ;  
 That never seek the silent scene,  
 Their fulness to unfold ;  
 That never feel their life's-blood bound,  
 Earth's beauties to behold ;

That never turn the foot aside,  
 To spare a fallen foe,  
 Or ever shed the briny tear  
 Aboon another's woe.  
 Oh ! tell to me, my ain heart,  
 How thus, frae day to day,  
 Unmoved by a' that's great and guid,  
 They wear thro' life away.

Self, self creeps round them bit by bit,  
And mars the guid that's there ;  
When hearts are crusted wi' earth's dross  
There's little love to spare.  
And weel I ken, my ain heart,  
That ye would rather bend,  
The lowliest thing on God's ain earth,  
Than live without an end.

Oh ! better grieve, far better weep  
Away a life in tears,  
Than claim without ae kindly thought  
Our heritage of years.  
For what o' life that's pure and true  
That springs na frae our love ?  
And wanting it, oh ! what were a'  
In sight o' Him above ?

## THE LASH.

THE lash, the lash for God's own here,  
What a blot on our honoured name !  
We can rail at a foe for a coward blow ;  
And must we needs do the same ?  
The lash, the lash, while the mind is free  
Shall we tamely submit to that—  
Shall the deathless words from the burning cords  
Live on in the song of the 'Cat' ?

The lash, the lash ! O England, hear  
The voice of thy mighty sons ;  
Forbear, forbear with thy hand to tear  
The backs of thy bravest ones.  
And Heaven shall look with a favoured eye,  
Tho' a thousand foes oppress ;  
And he who draws for his country's cause  
Will fight not a whit the less.

## OUR TREASURE.

O TINY blue-eyed wonder !  
O dimple-cheekèd pet !  
We cease not, babe, to ponder  
On all your sweetness yet—  
On all the joys, the blessings  
You've shed upon our way—  
To marvel at the lessons  
You teach us every day.

We deem you but a fairy  
In human guise on earth,  
A goblin light and airy  
We shelter at our hearth.  
With trembling hearts we watch you,  
Half fearful while we pray,  
Lest unseen hands should snatch you,  
My pretty one, away.

O babe, may never sorrow  
Be thine, nor scalding tears,  
Be each a brighter morrow  
For thee thro' all thy years ;  
To thee, my sweet, be given  
All sweetest things below,  
The perfect calm that Heaven  
On goodness can bestow.

I marvel at the blindness  
That fails to comprehend  
The wisdom and the kindness  
In all that God may send ;  
That fails to see the glory  
That gilds the little child ;  
That spurns to hear His story  
From pure lips undefiled.

O dream of our existence !  
Between you and your God  
How short, how short the distance !  
With me how long the road !  
But you shall lift me nearer,  
Whatever cares annoy,  
The nearer Heaven the dearer  
That you become, my boy.



## NELLY, DARLING.

NELLY, darling, you've a heart  
Somewhere, I've a notion;  
Leaps it at the sound of drum  
Or the sight of ocean?  
Beats it to the clash of steel,  
'Mid the smoke and battle?  
Beats it where the wind and waves  
And the thunders rattle?

Nelly, darling, you've a heart,  
Why should it be hiding?  
Sure with him who loves you most  
It should be abiding.  
Give it, Nelly, to my care;  
Safely in my keeping  
I will hold it night and day,  
Waking, love, or sleeping.

OH! NEVER SAY THAT FRIENDS ARE  
FEW.

OH! never say that friends are few,  
And cold the world to me—  
I walk with Angels all the day,  
In thinking, love, of thee.  
The beauty of thy smile stars round  
The night of every wrong,  
And Love with blossoms strews the path  
We struggle, Wife, along.

There's grandeur in this love of ours  
That makes my leal heart beat,  
And music here that binds us close  
In voices soft and sweet.  
Life sings for me a merry song,  
That echoes far and wide,  
And Heaven seems nearer to the Earth  
When thou art by my side.

I'll set a kiss upon thy brow,  
More precious than a crown ;  
For it shall light the darkest day  
That Fate can shadow down.


And royally it shall be worn,  
 I know, my own, by thee ;  
 Nor shall less beautiful and bright  
 Its glory ever be.

Thy tender being, like a flower  
 A-blow in Love's embrace,  
 Doth plead for kind and gentle thoughts,  
 And look up in my face.  
 Sweet, I will draw thy soul in mine,  
 As doth the sun the dew ;  
 So thou shalt live thy life in me,  
 And I, dear love, in you.

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### POLAND.

PEACE to their souls,  
 To the dead who rest  
 On their Mother's breast,  
 To the martyred Poles.  
 Better to fall  
 Than to live and to crawl  
 At a Despot's nod.  
 O boasted age !  
 So wise and so sage,  
 Thou hast need of God ;



For such doings should seem  
The works of a dream ;  
And the blood out-roll'd  
From the patriot-souled  
Something we read of in days of old.

Peace to their souls,  
To the dead who rest  
On their Mother's breast,  
To the martyred Poles.  
Whether for long  
Shall endure this wrong  
Only God knows.  
Whether the Land,  
With avenging hand,  
Shall scatter its foes,  
Or be bound again  
With a Tyrant's chain,  
Who now shall say ?  
We can only pray  
That the stain of this horror be wiped away.

## MEET ME IN THE GLEN, JESSIE DEAR.

OH ! meet me in the glen, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,  
Far frae the haunts o' men, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,  
    When the bird is in its nest,  
    An' the flowers hae gane to rest,  
    When the sun is in the west,  
    Jessie dear, Jessie dear.

Oh ! there's glory in the moon, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,  
In ilk sternerie peepin' down, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,  
    An' there's solace in the sigh  
    O' the burnie glidin' by,  
    In the gems that round us lie,  
    Jessie dear, Jessie dear.

But doubly dear to me, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,  
Is the twinkle o' thine e'e, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,  
    An' dearer far the flame  
    That kindles at thy name,  
    Than the rolling blast o' fame,  
    Jessie dear, Jessie dear.

How sweet to stray at e'en, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,  
By the selfish warld unseen, Jessie dear, Jessie dear,  
    When the heavens aboon us smile,  
    An' a' Nature laughs the while,  
    When the bosom kens nae guile,  
    Jessie dear, Jessie dear.

## I SAW A COFFIN.

I SAW a coffin on the shoulders borne  
Of four lean men, and in it lay the form  
Of one that once was lovely ; and the day  
Looked darkly on as if in death to hide  
What the dim workhouse had in life obscured  
So long, a heart that had a world within,  
A world that could ' be bright without the sun,'  
That could be bright, though sorrow and though shame  
Had erst looked in upon 't ; for it had tuned  
Its thousand strings to please the ear of Him  
That was Omnipotent ; and, lo ! there fell  
A holy calm around it ; it grew bright  
And died. There followed to the grave two friends,  
Two lonely sisters from the same abode ;  
And if the looks they shed upon that grave  
Had aught to do with that which was within,  
They must have loved her deeply and sincere.  
They told me she had loved a man—and so  
Had given him her full thoughts, and, haplessly,  
Did prune her virtue of those stings of conscience  
That should be its safeguard—and she fell.  
And he who'd sworn by summer-moon and stars  
To love and cherish her, oh ! where was he ?  
He and his impassioned vows had passed

Like the warm winds away. They could not tell  
What she had suffered ; but one wintry night  
They found her crouching at the workhouse door,  
And *she* had never crossed its threshold more.

The mourners had departed, and I sat  
Upon that calm and lowly grave and wept ;  
For that dark pall had been to me a cloud  
From whence the dew descended, and refreshed  
Those feelings that grow selfish in their age,—  
That grow familiar with the world, and shut  
The better dictates of our nature out.  
I prayed that he, the author of that wrong,  
Might wander there, and feel as I did then.  
O God ! but I felt better for the sight  
Of that small grave, and I could form and shape  
My thoughts and actions from such signs, and walk  
Humbler and wiser from Thy wondrous ways.

## THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

A PARTING cheer for our good ship here,  
While the wind and the billows roar,  
And three for a sight of old England's cliffs,  
And the friends that we'll meet ashore.  
Tho' I love for to toss on the deep and hear  
The wild wind piping free—  
Yet better I love the dear old home  
Than the wind or the howling sea.

And better I love a quiet sweet face,  
With its bright eyes dimm'd with tears,  
That I've seen in my dreams a thousand times,  
And thought of these five long years—  
Thought of and thought of these five long years,  
And worked for, my lads, as well :  
My eyes ! what a sight for a sea-toss'd dog  
Are the lips of his blue-eyed Nell !

Then blow, blow, blow as you will, O wind ;  
And heave as you will, O sea ;  
And strain, O ship, but you'll never reach land  
A moment too soon for me,—  
For it's down on the beach my true love waits,  
In the sunshine and the rain,  
For a sight of the white-sail'd ship that brings  
Her sailor home again.



O JEANNIE, HAD I WEALTH AN'  
POWER.

O JEANNIE, had I wealth an' power,  
I ne'er had kenn'd thy love for me,  
I ne'er had felt thy kindly glance  
When friends forsook me a' but thee.  
What tho' the warld may haud us licht,  
Naucht o' its gifts hae I or you ;  
Tho' we hae that, some hae na, lass,  
In feelings strong an' kind an' true.

The proud may scorn the puir man's love,  
But what care I gin thou be near !  
I'd rather wear thee on my breast  
Than gems, or a' their tinsel gear.  
Yes, Jeannie, while mine arm is strong  
I'll shield thee till the day I dee ;  
An' naucht shall wyle the love awa'  
That I 'fore Heaven hae promised thee.

## SONG OF THE LASH.

HURRAH for the lash ! Hurrah for me !  
I'm known on the Land as I am at Sea ;  
And a right stout heart must he have, I ween,  
Who will other than quail when my face is seen.

The world with its cant, it may rant and rail  
That the rights of manhood I assail,  
But alike to me is a threat or a prayer  
As I whistle and leap through the golden air.

Not a fig care I who may preach or dispute,  
That the Image of God I degrade to the brute,  
That the souls of men with the brand of Cain  
I stamp, that the world may know them again.

Oh ! a rich rare sight is the reeking blood  
That leaps in its wrath like a molten flood,  
And dear, oh ! dear is the inward groan  
That chimes with a music that's all my own.

Oh ! I love for to gaze on drooping head,  
On the quivering back with its stripes of red,  
On the lip compressed, and the scowling eye,  
That tell of a tale that will never die.

Come hither, good dame, when my work is done,  
And look on your hope, on your darling son,  
And read thou the lessons I teach to those  
Who never paled yet at Britain's foes.

Hurrah for the lash ! Hurrah for me !  
I'm known on the Land as I am at Sea ;  
And a right stout heart must he have, I ween,  
Who will other than quail when my face is seen.



### AH ! YOUR CHEEK'S THE LILY'S.

AH ! your cheek's the lily's,  
And your lip's the rose's ;  
In your smile the sunlight  
All its wealth discloses.  
From your night of tresses,  
Oh ! what dreams arise—  
Dreams lit with the splendour  
Of bright and starry eyes !

Yet, my winsome lady,  
What are lips of roses ?  
What are cheeks of lilies  
Where Love's self reposes ?

What are eyes and tresses?  
Better far they be  
Cold and dead to beauty—  
Live you not for me!



## A CITY SONG.

TOILING, toiling, toiling,  
Slaves 'mid the city's din;  
Toiling for outward glitter,  
Forgetting the gold within;  
Toiling thro' days of sunshine,  
Scheming thro' nights of woe,  
Heedless of all that's holy,  
Onward, alas! we go.

Blind to the world around us,  
Shutting the heart and ear,  
Debasing the God-like beauty  
Gilding our natures here—  
Day by day we are forging  
Fetters and bonds of gold,  
That will wither the souls within us,  
And tighten their miser hold.

Oh ! for the dreams long vanished !  
Oh ! for the buds and flowers,  
For the golden glory of summer,  
When the freshness of life was ours.  
Oh ! for the days departed,  
And the prayers we uttered then !  
Would to God they were still in our bosoms,  
Now that we walk as men !

Toiling, toiling, toiling,  
Slaves 'mid the city's din ;  
Toiling for outward glitter,  
Forgetting the gold within ;  
Forgetting ourselves, our duty,  
Rejecting the will and the way,  
How can men learn and cherish  
The lessons of every day.

## RICHES.

I HAVE riches that none can take,  
Wealth that brings no care for its sake,  
A bank into which no thief can break.

No mortals toil to procure my wealth  
At the price of honour and broken health,  
And cheating and lying and robbing by stealth.

No spirits pine, and no eyes grow dim, •  
No faces ghastly and wan and grim,  
No young lives waste for a dainty whim.

The forest, the river, the roaring sea,  
The lowly flower and the towering tree,  
The musical bird and the murmuring bee—

The valley hid 'neath its morning shroud,  
The mountain wrapt in its summer cloud,  
The torrent flashing and thundering loud—

The moon, the stars, and the golden sun,  
The evening ended, the day begun,  
And the pleasant thoughts of duties done,—

These are the treasures I hoard and prize,  
 On which I pleasure my soul and eyes,  
 The brightest and rarest beneath the skies.

So I deem me a man of the lordliest rank,  
 With the whole wide universe for my bank,  
 And only my God to praise and thank.

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• TO THE SEA.

UNFATHOMABLE mystery ! unceasing holy chime !  
 Pulse of great Nature ! like a bygone dream  
 Thou haunt'st me, and to me dost seem  
 Rich heir of many a sad heart's diadem.  
 Thou hold'st communion with the stars, that love  
 To dance upon thy bosom ; the pale moon,  
 Like a coy maiden at her glass, looks down,  
 And the glad sun leaps on thee from above.  
 Thou circlest happy England : as a gem  
 Set on the brow of majesty she stands,  
 Secure from insult ; thy protecting hands,  
 Guardians of Home and Liberty, a stem  
 'Gainst mad ambition. Hail, O glorious Sea !  
 Voice of creation and eternity.

## THE MOON IS ON THE RIVER.

THE moon is on the river, and strange thoughts  
Are busy in my breast and brain ;  
The waters, gliding tranquilly away,  
Come never back again.  
The moon is bright ;  
Her silvery light  
Is sweet upon the main ;  
Yet never shall she wear, as now,  
The self-same beauty on her brow.  
Dear moon and river, I have seen  
A time when ye were fairer to my sight ;  
Ye are not now as ye have *been*  
On many a holy night :  
For age hath thrown a dimness o'er each face,  
And ye grow dark apace.

'T is inward freshness gives to outward forms  
A harmony of colour, and that makes  
All things seem lovely ; the bright sun,  
The moon, the stars, and e'en the leaf that shakes  
Upon the bough,  
Looked dearer, brighter things in youth  
Than they do now.



Yes, there be springing at this hour  
 Souls that are waking to thy regal power,  
     As doth a flower  
 To thy twin brother, moon. And thou, bright river,  
 Which now I gaze upon, and thus could gaze for ever,  
     To girl and boy  
     Shall bring unutterable joy.  
     But yet a time shall come  
     When wonder shall be dumb ;  
     The stream that sings,  
     The moon that flings  
     Her glory o'er Life's path ;  
     The stars, the flowers, and all we see  
     Shall whisper of mortality,  
 And turn all thought within. I can perceive  
 The shadows that lie there, and grieve  
 To be found less in doing than in thought,  
 A slavery of years, accomplishing nought  
     But evil. Moon and river—  
     Types of the Eternal Giver—  
 Speak to my soul, for ye are lovely still ;  
 And if from off each face hath gone  
 A brightness, ye are not alone—  
 Oh ! not alone ; for all things wear  
 The semblance of *that* which groweth here  
     Within my breast,  
 Distorting beauty and a thousand things  
 Whence the chief impulse of our being springs—

Whence undefined those longings flow  
Which this lone spirit ne'er can know—  
That holy love—that sympathy—  
That something that can never be.  
Dear moon and river, unto me  
    Ye are not dumb ;—  
Ye whisper deep, tho' silently,  
    Of brightness yet to come.  
Oh ! read me, while I linger yet,  
Lessons I may not easily forget ;  
And may those feelings which have now their birth  
Outlive the short-spanned grovelings of earth ;  
And that which stirs my inmost thoughts to-night  
To-morrow may not wing its flight.



## MORN IS BREAKING.

MORN is breaking, rosy May,  
Let us thro' the woodlands stray ;  
Breezes love thy lips to press,  
Flowers thy tiny feet caress ;  
Butterflies are on the wing,  
Hills and groves and meadows ring ;  
Dewdrops bow before thy tread,  
Drooping daisies lift the head ;

Buds unfold their bosoms bare  
When thy budding form is near.  
Hark, below, the cooing doves  
Louder whisper of their loves ;  
Louder hums the busy bee,  
Darling May, for love of thee.

Little fairy, as we rove,     、  
Singing all the day of love,  
Tell me, canst thou nothing see,  
In the flowers that gaze at thee—  
In the glowing summer skies,  
Sparkling with a thousand dyes—  
In the waters bright, that leap,  
Writhing wild, from steep to steep—  
In the tranquil floating stream,  
Where the nodding bluebells dream ;  
Where the lily loves to trace  
Beauty in its own pale face ;  
Where the ' beaded bubbles ' wink  
At the gold cups on the brink ;  
Where in meadow, brake, and bower  
Music tunes her living lyre ?  
Singing thus to earth and skies,  
Nature opes her dreamy eyes ;  
Bathed in beauty, bathed in light,  
Shadows plume their wings for flight ;  
Smiling morn is here again,  
Shedding joy on hill and plain.

•

Dearest, let us tune our hearts  
 Unto Nature's dearer parts ;  
 Let her link her love with thine,  
 And thy inmost thoughts be mine :  
 Thus in one combined shall be  
 Nature and thyself and me.

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MY LOWLAND LOVE.

THE highlands, love, are fair to see,  
 Where grows the bonnie heather bell ;  
 Where ilka thing is blithe an' gay,  
 An' a' thing bloomin' like thysel' ;  
 Where spreadin' woods are wavin' green,  
 An' birds rejoice on ilka tree ;  
 Where pleasure hails each fairy scene,  
 That waits, my lowland love, on thee.

Fair lassie, leave the dinsome town,  
 Where gaudy show an' looks beguile,  
 An' hie thee to the highland hills,  
 Where a' shall welcome wi' a smile.  
 Frae a' the norland blasts that blaw,  
 Naucht, lassie, shall ye hae to dree,  
 An' time shall but the joys renew  
 That wait, my lowland love, on thee.

## THE WORD AND THE LOOK.

A MAIDEN sat at a cottage door,  
No sign on her brow of care ;  
Her heart was light as the early lark  
That piped in the golden air.  
A youth rode past with a joyous shout  
And a word for the maiden's ear—  
But she turned from his gaze with a guileless blush,  
As if never a word to hear.

The youth toils far o'er the boundless sea—  
Yet whenever he dreams of home,  
With the dearest and best of his boyish days,  
Will the face of the maiden come.  
And the maiden she sits in her cheerless room,  
Weeping the livelong day,  
But the word and the look from the maiden's heart  
Shall never be wept away.

## ON MADAME BOSIO.

CHILD of Apollo ! tho' in youthful bloom,  
 Thou hast departed, lo ! the Muses weep  
 A tributary tear ; nor shall fame sleep,  
 A still-born offspring, with thee in the tomb,  
 But child-like now, shall grow, and, when the gloom  
 Of future ages hath gone by, shall bear  
 Its mother's name, and, too, perchance, may wear  
 Her kindly semblance, yet escape her doom.  
 As soft winds murmuring 'mid the forest leaves  
 On summer evenings, holy, calm, and still,  
 To us shall come the memory of thee, and fill  
 The bosom of forgetfulness, gladdening while it grieves ;  
 And fancy while beholding thee shall almost hear  
 The warbling of thy voice, as from some distant sphere.



## TO AULD ENGLAND.

JANUARY 25, 1859.

WHILE Statesmen fume an' Churchmen fret,  
 An' Tyrants bauld their gullies whet ;  
 While crusty Nations tak' the pet  
   On sma' pretence ;  
 Scotland is proud, auld England yet  
   Has common sense.

Scotland is proud, as weel she may :  
 In hameliest speech, she bids me say,  
 Her best an' wordiest wish ye hae,  
                                     Baith bauld an' het  
 An' trust her till her hindmost day  
                                     She'll no forget.

She'll no forget the kind regard  
 To her ain son, the Ploughman Bard,  
 Her dawtit bairn, the favour'd ward  
                                     O' a' the Nine :  
 Sic deeds, quo' she, will bring reward  
                                     To thee an' thine.

O glorious Burns, could ye look doon,  
 Frae out yon starry sphere aboon,  
 An' hear ilk wonderin' nation croon  
                                     Thy heartfelt praise,  
 Sure thy big heart the thoughts wad droon  
                                     O' ither days !

What tho' some senseless chiels may crack,  
 Ca' Scotland's sel' a thankless hack !  
 Just straik her cannie on the back,  
                                     Ye'll touch her heart,  
 I wad then wi' her hindmost plack  
                                     She'll freely part.

See then auld Scotland gratefu' kneel,  
Scotland that Robin lo'ed sae weel,  
Scotland where Bruce on battle fiel'  
    Made glorious stand :  
Tak' ye her thanks, baith warm an' leal,  
    Her heart, her hand.



## BORTHWICK BRAES.

YE little smiling fairy flowers, on Borthwick's sunny  
    braes,  
I lo'e ye still, for auld lang syne, for childhood's happy  
    days ;  
I lo'e ye still, for there I've watch'd the waking eye of  
    morn,  
And mark'd the silver sparkling dews that lingered on  
    the thorn.

And there I've gazed to see the birds that flutter'd  
    through the trees ;  
And there I've list their mellow notes that floated on  
    the breeze ;  
And there I've traced my merry step beside the  
    gurgling stream,  
That proudly shone a thousand gems beneath the  
    sunny gleam.



And there, when Luna's silent light had hushed the  
flowers to rest,  
Has little smiling Annie Gray hung fondly on my  
breast,  
While I, with merry looks and laughs, to little Annie  
Gray  
Wad pledge my heart, ere then I wist I'd ane to gie  
away.

But, ah! those happy, happy scenes have lang, lang,  
lang gane by,  
And waking mem'ry aft will claim the tribute of a sigh;  
For ne'er can Luna's silent light revive my bosom  
noo,  
Nor can the morning breezes waft the wrinkles aff  
my brow.

For a' I ever lo'ed on earth noo moulders in the clay,  
And a' my former pleasures noo have ever pass'd  
away,  
And naught but mem'ry noo remains to paint the  
happy days  
When ang ago I gaily roved on Borthwick's flowery  
braes.

## THE HUMAN HEART.

ON a cold rough day  
A poor boy lay  
On the causeway craving alms ;  
And, with pallid cheek,  
And aspect meek,  
And faint from want, he strove to speak,  
And from his brother man to seek  
A crumb of bread.  
' My mother is dead ;  
On a cold straw bed  
An aged father lies ;  
Oh ! give me some bread,'  
The poor boy said,  
' Ere in want my father dies.

' A sister I have  
(By the cold, cold grave  
She stands), her father's joy ;  
O sir, be good—  
Refuse not food  
To the poor, poor beggar boy.'

' Begone with thy lie ;  
Thy watery eye  
Wont dupe, thou idle brat ;

Away with thy tale,  
I can lock thee in jail  
For begging, dost thou know that ?'

' O sir, you never have the heart  
To act so base, so cruel a part,  
Or yet deny the helpless bread,  
When feeble life implores thine aid !  
O sir, if you have of your own  
A father, sister, or a son,  
Oh ! think—'

' Constable, I say,  
Take this wretch away ;  
He plagues my life, by G—d :  
Can nought be done,  
Ere the earth's o'errun  
With vagrant pauper blood ?'

## JENNY McRAE.

OH ! Jenny is bonnie, an' Jenny is young,  
Wi' a wily black e'e an' a slee glibbet tongue ;  
I red ye, ye callants, oh ! dool on the day,  
Gin ye wed sic a limmer as Jenny McRae !

When the snaw creeps at yule-time owre ilka house tap,  
An' the frost like a gauger gets fond o' a drap ;  
When ilk ane wi' his neebor fends cannie an' douce,  
Wi' a plack in his pouch, an' a wife in his house ;  
At hame I maun sit, deil a fit can I stir,  
Blaw a crack wi' a frien', move a stap owre the door,  
For her tongue's like a bedlam by nicht an' by day—  
The deil's in that woman, that Jenny McRae !

Yestreen I gaed rovin' the green woods amang,  
Fu' blithe an' fu' cheery was ilka bird's sang ;  
The burnie was loupin' richt bonnie an' clear,  
An' sweet was the perfume o' thistle an' brier ;  
My bosom was calm, an' my cares were forgot,  
I sighed for the wealthy, nor envied their lot,  
When a voice in my lug turned me owre like a strae—  
The deil's in that woman, that Jenny McRae !

' Sae this is the gate ye gae fuilin' your time,  
A spinnin' o' blether, an' stringin' o' rhyme ;

I'll gar ye sing elsewhere, ye ne'er-do-weel loun,  
 Or faith, by Saint Mungo, I'll crackle your crown.  
 Was ever a mortal sae bothered in life,  
 Wi' the deevil himsel' in the shape o' a wife?  
 I red ye, ye callants, oh ! dool on the day,  
 Gin ye wed sic a limmer as Jenny McRae.

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### READ LESSONS, MY HEART.

Out in the world, my heart, my heart!  
 Into the down-trodden paths of men ;  
 There read thou lessons more holy and bright  
 Than ever can fall from a poet's pen.  
 Look on the pale, on the hollow cheek,  
 Where the roses of youth have long been dead ;  
 Look on the spirit long blighted and crushed,  
 On the martyred soul and the hoary head.  
 Read lessons, my heart !

As the wings of the dove, fold up thy pride,  
 Gaze on life's struggles—behold its doom !  
 Lo ! where the shadows of memory fall  
 Deeper and darker than earthly gloom ;

There's work, work, work for those sinewy hands,  
On which, like a shower, the sweat drops fall;  
There's work, work, work from the waking of morn  
Till the shadows of midnight hang o'er all.  
Be prudent, my heart!

Out into the world, 't is midnight now,  
Into the darksome and dreary street;  
Throb thou, my heart, with the bosoms that heave,  
Beat to the plodding of weary feet.  
Gaze on the wreck of all human hopes,  
On the blind mass that hurrieth to and fro,  
Like the phantoms thou dreamest of in thy dreams,  
Like the visions of youth that come and go.  
Take counsel, my heart!

Read thou the lessons this world would teach,  
There's wisdom and beauty in every page;  
'T is a volume, my heart, that will never grow old,  
Good for the present and future age;  
Good for the strong man, good for the weak,  
Treasure the maxims its pages impart;  
Better, far better, thou never hadst been  
Than to live and be blind, my heart, my heart!  
Read lessons, my heart!

## RESTLESS WILL.

WILLIE, the darling, restless Will !

Will with the locks of gold,  
Forehead so high, and broad, and fair,  
Eyes saucy, and bright, and bold ;  
Will with the mischievous, restless hands,  
Feet never a moment still ;—  
Oh ! what to our bosoms is half so dear  
As this fidgety, restless Will !

Restless Will.

Father may well be proud and vain,  
Mother may well rejoice—  
Music, the sweetest her ears can hear,  
Breathes in his tiny voice—  
Beauty, the brightest her eyes can see,  
Laughs from his young face out—  
Gladness, the greatest her life can know,  
Hovers this Will about.

Restless Will.

What were our days but a dreary void,  
What were our thoughts but pain,  
What were the hopes we have fashioned and shaped  
And dreamt of again and again :

What were they all, O priceless gift !  
O treasure, so lov'd and dear !  
O bud, that we've watered with tears of joy—  
What all if we missed you here !

Restless Will.

Willie, my darling, Willie, my pet,  
Thine be an honest name ;  
Never thy head be raised in pride,  
Never be bowed in shame.  
God be thy guide and thy comfort, boy,  
Ever through good and ill ;  
Sunshine, and beauty, and love be thine,  
Fidgety, restless Will.

Restless Will.



### A MOTHER'S MOAN.

SHE wrestled in the darkness with her grief—  
That Mother wild. The night came down in tears ;  
And in the heavens God's worlds had lit their fires  
To guide the aching spirits darkling here  
To brighter homes. The bitter winds moaned by ;  
And round and round her surged the Sea of Life,  
And smiting with its waves the Mother's heart :



For never more to her its voice should come  
With the old throb of music, nor its face  
Glow with the light of Love. Her soul went out,  
Like the ark-dove, across its troubled waste  
Long years ago, and had not found a place  
Whereon to rest its weary wings, nor would,  
Till God should put His hand forth and take in  
The restless flutterer. Her Rose of Life  
Had withered in the blast of Death, and drooped,  
And shrunk away till never more again  
The Sun of joy should reach it at its core.  
Earth's glory had departed from her sight,  
As when upon a June day Sun and Moon  
Form an Eclipse, and all is sudden night.  
Her Life went crying in the dark ; for she  
Could not forget the splendour she had known—  
The Angel-dove that fluttered to her lap,  
Cooing to her the lessons taught in heaven,  
And lifting up the Mother's lowly heart  
Above all thought, and sunning into flower  
The seeds that lay forgotten in the dark,  
Till all a-blow they caught the trembling dews,  
And sent their fragrance streaming up on high.  
What radiance sat upon the hills and woods  
When God dropped down that little life for her,  
Like manna in her wilderness of pain !  
The rivers laughed their sweetest laugh for her ;  
The purple clouds of eve and morn were waves,

That floated from the far unknown her Joy,  
Freighted with such a store of Heaven as made  
Her rich above all kingdoms and all things,  
Upon Life's topmost branch she built her nest,  
And lined it with warm thoughts and gentle deeds,  
And spread her wings and sang her song of Hope.  
But there be spirits lent us here awhile  
That come like glints of sunshine, and light up  
Our Night a moment, and then straightway die  
Upon the edge of heaven they scarce have left,  
Leaving a trail of glory to point out  
The way they went—the way for us to follow.  
So she was all too bright—that Mother's Bird—  
For this December world of ours—too pure :  
Her blood froze up within her violet veins,  
In spite of the great sun of curls that shone  
Upon her blessed head. One golden morn  
The Mother's lap was empty : the young life  
Had floated back upon the purple clouds  
Towards the far unknown. The Mother saw  
A ray of light shoot upwards to the sky,  
And bowed her head, and cried ' God's will be done.'

She wrestled in the darkness with her grief,  
That Mother wild ; and from her heart went up  
Through the long night this sad and bitter wail :—

' O my jewel gone down in Death's fathomless sea !  
O my blossom so young and tender !

That left me, to bloom in the garden of God,  
In the flush of life's crowning splendour !  
I can picture the arms that encircle thee now,  
O my own, and the hearts that love thee  
In the chambers of glory so far away,  
In the Mystery high above me !

' And I wake and I weep to the wondering stars,  
And I cry in my bitter sorrow,  
My Beautiful, lean out of Heaven, and smile  
In the dawn of a golden morrow—  
Lean out till I feel thee a-glow in my heart,  
And my spirit leaps up to meet thee,  
Like the blood to thy virgin-lily cheek  
When the love-kiss of Christ doth greet thee !

' Ah ! Darling, I know thou art waiting for me,  
And watching in silent wonder,  
And looking with joy in each happy face  
That comes from the bleak world under ;  
And yearning and longing with outstretched hands,  
And pausing to hark and listen  
For the sound of my voice, while up in thine eyes  
The old thoughts rise and glisten.

' When the earth is green, and the lark's high song  
Comes down from the gates of glory,  
And the gentle flowers with their tremulous lips  
Are drinking the tender story,

I'll lay me down in a pleasant sleep,  
And my heart shall forget its aching,  
And I shall be with you, sweet Angel mine,  
Where another morn is breaking.'



## HAVELOCK THE BRAVE.

Not on his native shore,  
'Mid the loud cannon's roar,  
Found he a grave.  
Not 'mid the battle's din,  
Seeking a name to win  
For this old land of ours,  
Fell 'mid his manhood's powers,  
Havelock the brave.

Not in a brother's gore  
Bowed he in death before  
Rebel or knave.  
Calmly he sank to rest,  
Leaning on Jesus' breast.  
Still was *that* throbbing heart,  
Finished its holy part—  
Havelock the brave.

No vain or dotard crowd  
Wept o'er his hallowed shroud—

Havelock the brave.

Comrades to earth bore him,  
Comrades wept tears o'er him,  
Tear-drops that loudly cried,  
Havelock, thou ne'er hadst died  
If such could save.

England may well bemoan  
Her dear and noble son,  
Havelock the brave,  
Gone ere the trump of fame  
Sounded his honoured name  
From his glad countrymen  
Back to that land again,  
Clasping his grave.

He has his bright reward  
In each true heart's regard—  
Havelock the brave.  
Tongues shall in after-days  
Echo his merited praise;  
And from the wreck of time,  
Over his deeds sublime,  
Laurels shall wave.

## MAGGIE MILLER.

## PART I.

In a bonnie busket valley,  
Snugly screen'd wi' hill an' wood,  
Sweet adorn'd wi' rose an' lily,  
Maggie Miller's cottage stood.

Cannie, douce, an' cosh an' thrifty,  
Maggie span frae morn till e'en ;  
Gleg tho' wearin' weel for fifty,  
Trigger saul was never seen.

Tho' her cheek had tint its blossom,  
An' she led a lanely life ;  
Yet, oh ! yet, within her bosom,  
Maggie lang'd to be a wife.

Maggie ance had woocers plenty,  
Ycung an' auld, an' blithe an' braw ;  
But her heart was proud an' vauntie,  
An' she slighted ane an' a'.

In a snug weel theecket dwallin',  
Lanely cockit on a muir,  
Dwalt a sturdy ploughman callan,  
Blithe an' bauld, tho' unco puir.

Lang an' loud he courted Maggie,  
Pray'd an' sigh'd but a' in vain;  
Maggie gloom'd an' turn'd her back aye,  
Wi' a lug as deaf as stane.

But Magg then was young an' silly,  
Beauty blush'd in a' its charms;  
Could a haverel ploughman billie  
Bless a bonnie lassie's arms?

Willie, tired an' vex'd wi' pleadin',  
Tint his love, an' dung wi' shame,  
Thought sic gear na worth the heedin',  
Wip'd his een an' daunert hame.

To her pride he left the hizzie,  
Left her then for guid an' a';  
Soon his grief grew less an' less aye,  
Till it ceased to pain ava.

Days unheeded cam' an' slippet,  
Months gaed by like clouds o' stour;  
Will, wha's plough the tichter grippet,  
Thraive an' better'd ilka hour.

Lang an' sair he foucht an' brattled,  
Weary, yet begude again,  
Till ilk heicht an' howe he battled,  
An' gat owsen o' his ain.

Fortune, on his labours smilin',  
Bless'd him wi' a hearty fill,  
Wi' a plenty stockit mailen,  
Kye an' sheep on ilka hill.

Maggie's pride soon gat a downfa',  
Wooers cam' an' gaed awa',  
An' her cheeks, sae plump an' round a',  
Clapt and grew as white as snaw.

Aft she thought o' Will wi' sorrow,  
Thinkin' whiles breeds muckle pain;  
Maggie sigh'd an' hop'd ilk morrow,  
Wad bring Willie back again.

A' her days were spent in pinin',  
Sleep ne'er bless'd her een at nicht,  
Till wi' frettin', thought, and dwinin',  
Maggie grew a perfect fricht.

Thretty years had gane for ever,  
Time had bleach'd her head wi' grey;  
But he failed to quench the fever,  
That devour'd her day by day.

In her cot sae laigh an' humble,  
Folk thought Maggie weel content;  
Tho' she ne'er was kenn'd to grumble,  
Sad and sair her days were spent.



## PART II.

MIRK an' fast the nicht was fa'in',  
Darkness crap owre glen an' wood,  
Snell an' cauld the winds were blawin',  
Rairin' like a very flood.

Willie, jaded, vex'd, an' weary,  
Hafflins dozin', rowed in bed,  
List'nin' to the wind sae dreary,  
Tirlin' ruin owre his head.

Twal wi' drowsy croon had chappet,  
A' grew faint on Willie's mind ;  
Syne asleep he quietly drappet,  
Leavin' a' his cares behind.

Whiles he dreamt o' glens an' hillocks,  
Wavin' woods an' burnies clear ;  
Whiles o' horses, sheep, an' bullocks,  
Ploughs an' pouches fu' o' gear.

Whiles he dreamt o' Maggie Miller,  
How wi' her he had been bless'd,  
Syne ance mair about his siller,  
Steevly lockit in his kist.

Visions sweet o' wife an' weanies  
    Floated aft before his e'e ;  
Aft he saw the gleefu' lambies,  
    Bauldly skippin' round his knee.

Sweet repose ! oh ! bliss most pleasin',  
    Balm an' joy for every pain,  
Doubly sweet when wakin' reason  
    Brings reality again.

Dreams owre sweet to last for ever,  
    Soon, owre soon, were fled an' gane ;  
Cries an' screams o' wildest horror  
    Wauken'd Willie wi' a grane.

Loud the wind wi' eerie whistle,  
    Howl'd an' sough'd thro' house an' hall ;  
Willie's hair stood up like bristle,  
    While he shook in ilka spaul.

Loud his heart in terror dunted,  
    Sweat cam' owre his brows like rain ;  
Thoughts o' woods an' castles haunted,  
    Drifted fleet across his brain.

A' his manly courage scatter'd,  
    Ilka spark o' spirit fled ;  
Loud his teeth aye chuckt an' chatter'd  
    Like a windmill in his head.

A' was dark, but slaw an' steady,—  
 Click !—he heard a fit draw nigh,—  
 Near an' nearer to the bed aye,  
 Till it stood fu' closely by.

Past endurance, Will, puir fallow,  
 Crap aneath the claes wi' fear,  
 While a voice sae deep an' hollow  
 Smote like thunder on his ear.

'Willie, Willie! hark an' listen;  
 Let repentance claim the hour:  
 Can ye ere expeck a blessin'  
 Wi' a heart as cauld an' dour?

'Think, oh! think o' Maggie Miller,  
 Sabbin' nicht an' day for thee;  
 Will ye, like a savage, kill her—  
 Will ye leave her lane to dee?

'Mak' her swith your lawfu' wifie,  
 Mercy shaw as ye expeck;  
 Fail, an' wae shall haunt thy life aye,  
 House an' a' will gae to wreck.'

Morn in purple smiles was dawin',  
 Lambies frisk'd on hill an' green;  
 Loud the early cock was crawin'  
 When puir Willie ope'd his een.

Ere a month had come an' vanished,  
Magg an' Willie baith were cried;  
Ere anither ane was banished,  
Baith in Hymen's bands were tied.

Freed frae thoughts that dung him doited,  
Willie leuch at ghaists an' a';  
Jeer'd an' aft gied Magg the wyte o't—  
Wow but he was blithe an' braw.

Now they're baith jokoss an' canty,  
Time fu' lichtly dances by;  
In the midst o' smilin' plenty  
A' is pleasure, peace, an' joy.



### MY JEANNIE IS A BLOOMIN' THING.

My Jeannie is a bloomin' thing,  
A winsome blinkin' bonnie thing;  
My Jeannie is a guileless thing,  
A laughin' lightsome lassie, O.

Oh! red's the roses on her cheek,  
The snaw wad fyle her lily neck,  
An' oh! her een, what joys they speak,  
Whene'er I gang a courtin', O.

Nae cups nor roses I will pu',  
 Nae bells nor daisies tipp'd wi' dew,  
 But I'll gae prie her hinney mou',  
     E'en tho' she blinks an' blushes, O.

Let ithers hunt an' scrape for gear,  
 The gate o' it I'll never spier,  
 Gin Jeannie's true we baith shall lear,  
     Contentment mak's the riches, O.



### ON A STATUE OF EVANGELINE.

SCULPTOR, I marvel; surely there must lie  
 Some pent up secret deep within thy heart,  
 That to this rudely fashioned clay thou canst impart  
 A living semblance, and thus cheat the eye.  
 Already fancy can the tear descry,  
     Glistening in sorrow on the maiden's cheek;  
 Already hear the oft repeated sigh,  
     As if of her lov'd Gabriel she would speak.  
 Be as thou art! what tho' unheard—untold,  
     From thy mute lips, the story of thy wrong;  
     The mind is with thee; from the living throng  
 In hours of sadness it can turn and hold  
 A sweet communion, and can learn how faith  
 Triumphed o'er wrong, o'er this life, and o'er death.

## TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

WHERE art thou, little dreamer ? why that smile  
    Upon thy lip, thou little tender blossom,  
    Nestled so fondly on thy mother's bosom  
That thou dost seem a part of her the while ?  
Art thou, in fancy, 'mid that cumbrous pile  
    Of dogs and horses, drums and coaches, sitting ?  
    Or dost thou play the jockey with the kitten,  
Bounding in rapture over many a mile ?  
    Thou rosy lipèd dimple-cheekèd elfe,  
    That look'st in truth so like a dream thyself,  
I love to watch thee, love to find each hour  
    Bearing thee upward like some favourite flower ;  
    Hoping some morn at length to see thee blow  
Forth into honoured manhood—be it so.

## THE WEE DUDDY WEAN.

WHEN the hills an' the houses were covered wi' snaw,  
An' the icicles hung frae baith cottages an' ha',  
By my auld cottage door, on a snaw-covered stane,  
I first gat a blink o' the wee duddy wean.

Oh! cauld blew the wind, an' the drift on his cheek,  
An' sair did he sab as his bosie wad break,  
An' he glowered in my face, an' he looked na in vain,  
For wae was my heart for the wee duddy wean.

Oh! thae wee een o' his as he glowered in my face,  
What a tale did they tell—what a pitifu' case;  
For sweet innocence blinkt in his twa bleerin' een,  
An' wae was my heart for the wee duddy wean.

An' his cauld hawket nievies a' nippet an' sair,  
He rowed in my lap, an' he laughed thro' a tear;  
Sae I gied him a bite, an' I bad' him be gane,  
Tho' wae was my heart for the wee duddy wean.

In the snell frosty mornin's ere a' was asteer,  
Mang the wives he wad troke wi' a feck o' his gear;  
An' a plack in his pouch made him wondrous fain,  
For a proud honest heart had the wee duddy wean.

To my ain cozie biggin, baith early an' late,  
In the bleak times o' winter he aye fand a gate,  
An' tho' sma' was my fee, and tho' scanty my ain,  
Yet I aye fand a sowp for the wee duddy wean.

For the wee duddy wean, he was cannie an' guid,  
An' I ne'er missed the buik o' his wee pickle fuid ;  
For he bowed to his Maker baith mornin' an' e'en,  
An' a blessin' aye gaed wi' the wee duddy wean.

But the wee duddy wean ance sae ragget an' wan,  
Has grown frae me noo to a braw muckle man,  
An' the needy ne'er bow to his pity in vain,  
For a leal open heart has the wee duddy wean.

Ye proud an' ye wealthy, oh ! think o' the puir,  
An' drive na the wee ragget wean frae your door ;  
Oh ! think 'mang your braws ye hae kin o' your ain,  
An' sigh for the waes o' the wee duddy wean.



## LINES WRITTEN ON PORTSDOWN HILL.

WELCOME, sweet Summer, with thy flood of song ;  
     Awake the soul to gladness : I do feel  
 The spirit of the season on me, and a throng  
     Of joyous thought. O Father, let me kneel  
     And pour my love and adoration unto Thee.  
 How bright the lesson of Thy vast infinity  
     In the meek flowers that round me blow,  
     In the rich dyes that throw  
     Their beauty over land and sea.  
 Burst forth, ye buds, and oh ! divinely breathe  
     On man, ere man's mortality  
 Twine with hope's fairy wreath  
     That blooms to die.  
 Sing, sing, ye birds—charm, charm the sluggish ear,  
 That erst is dull and sad ;  
 Life fleets ere man can hear  
     The sounds that glad.  
 Leap thou, bright river—seek the sounding sea,  
 Yet leave to man the music of thy mirth,  
 For thought runs deep like thee,  
     When it hath passed  
     The region of its birth.

There is a solemn grandeur in this hour,  
A voice that whispers yet of things unseen,  
A passing rhapsody, a joy, a power  
Thrilling the mind with musings that have been.  
Oh for the harp's wild music ! Let it swell  
Thro' each lone nook, each forest dell.  
Rouse, rouse, ye slumbering chords,  
And give to nameless words  
More than their depth can tell.  
Mine is a heritage supreme, I own  
A dim foreknowledge of a brighter sphere,  
Tho' the dull clay unseen, unknown,  
May wander here.

Strange thing it be that earth and skies  
Again put on the splendour that hath been ;  
Yet the stout man that fearless dies  
Wakes not again.  
Poor thought ! for man shall yet arise,  
Outlive the glory of the earth and skies,  
And brighter be in immortality  
Than sunlight on the sea.

Tho' sweet withal, thou art to me no more  
The fresh green summer as in days of yore ;  
For with thee too have passed away

The glorious dreams of manhood,  
 And all the golden ties that should  
     Have made life pleasing as a summer's day.  
 Away, thou tear, I will not wrong  
 The burden of my song  
     With thee.  
     It is enough for me  
 That summer comes, and flowers spring forth  
 To greet the sun; that Nature's worth  
 Be poured into my soul to overflowing—  
 That I may find oblivion in her lap,  
 And there mayhap  
 Forget what's dear for knowing.

♦

### TO PHYSIC.

DEIL tak' thee aff, thou plague o' plagues,  
 As e'er played skyte upo' our craigs,  
 Mair fit to scour auld roupit naigs,  
                                     Or scabbit ox,  
 Than scrape an' scart the gusty bags  
                                     O' honest folks.

Nae pity thou for dool or pain,  
 When feckless patients grunt and grane,

Thou gnaws their puddin's ane by ane,  
                                    To soothe thy greed,  
An' rives pair deevils fit to spane  
                                    The very dead.

Nae pity thou when snug we lie,  
An' bitter biting frosts defy,  
Na : at thy summons we maun fly,  
                                    Like hunted debtor ;  
Whilst thou, thou weasel, drains us dry,  
                                    Fient haet the better.

Tho' tortures rack me late an' ear',  
Tho' hirplin' weary, sick an' sair,  
Thou'lt lauch gin I will fash thee mair,  
                                    Thou rakin' deil ;  
A sicht o' thee's enough, I'll swear,  
                                    To mak' ane weel.

## LINES TO A CAT.

RESTLESS creature, fu' o' pride,  
Beek thee at the ingle side,  
There unheeded frisk and play,  
Wag thy tail and sing away.  
Purr the language o' thy race,  
Lick thy sides and wash thy face.  
Yet if ane may kindly spier,  
What attraction brings thee here ;  
Say what power directs thy feet  
Thus to steal on my retreat ;  
Thus molest me while I read,  
Ever purring round my head ;  
Ever busy with my hair,  
To torment thy seeming care.  
Canst thou read this happy page ?  
Dost thou see or heed my rage ?  
Nay ; thy look arrests the arm  
That is raised to work thee harm.  
Nay—I will not—do not go,  
Shrink not back, nor fear the blow.  
Simply say why freedom dares  
Thus intrude on my affairs ;  
Say, and all thy fears suppress,  
Hold !—myself the cause can guess !

Love—the cause of all thy glee,  
Love—an honest love for me.  
Shall I then requite thy love  
With a stroke or stern reprove?  
Never! henceforth come and be  
Lov'd, as thou hast lovèd me.



## TO A BIRD IN THE STREET.

CHILD of the Summer, beautiful bird,  
Oh! how I long to flee  
Forth to the greenwood, forth to the fields,  
Anywhere, bird, with thee.

Oh! for thy home, 'mid the tangled boughs,  
Deep, deep in the forest glade;  
Where the sorrows of life, and the cunning of man,  
Come never anigh its shade.

Leave thou the street and the sweltering crowd,  
Where vice and oppression abide;  
Nor dream thou that happiness e'er can be found  
'Mid the blazon of wealth and pride.

Go to thy woods and thy fields again,  
 Where the brightness of heaven shall fall,  
 E'en on thee, like a gleam of Him who cares  
 Alike for the great and small.



FOR THEM WHAM IT CONCERNS.

YE wha hae gat your pantries stowed  
 Wi' bread an' kail an' fouths o' gowd,  
 Ye think na that a weel hain'd han'  
 Wad wark the guid o' mony a man,  
 What solid bliss some folk wad draw  
 Frae half o' what ye fling awa' !  
 Tho' aft a curse when sair abused,  
 Yet gowd's a bliss when rightly used.

Waes me for him wha kens the name  
 O' poortith an' a hungry wame,  
 Wha e'en for lack o' gear maun rove  
 Far trae his bonnie basket love,  
 To brook the thocht that she maun thole  
 The look o' ilka glaiket fuile ;  
 Wha ne'er to virtue opes his eyes,  
 But treads the weedy paths o' vice,  
 While she unheeded draps awa',  
 Like daisy fair aneath the snaw,

For mankind gae as cauldly by  
The hapless child o' poverty.

Oh ! look in pity round an' see  
What ill's thy fellow-mortals dree ;  
How some maun bide the waefu' glower  
O' hungry een when wark is owre,  
Yet hae na wherewitha' eneugh  
To stap their greetin' childers' mou' ;  
How some when crazy, daezt, an' auld,  
Maun bide the weary winter's cauld,  
But house, or ha', or e'en a plack  
To gust the wame or hap the back.  
Say, can ye glower on sic a scene  
Without the saut tear i' your een,  
Or gae without the hum'le thought,  
That pride is vain, and man is noucht.  
It's waesome aft to see some folk,  
Wha hae some siller i' their pock ;  
They kenna how to look or stan',  
Or grasp a leal or open han' ;  
But stiff an' square they scrape an' bow,  
An' haud the puir man as a foe ;  
Yet fain wad they be counted guid,  
O' upright, honest, gentle bluid ;  
An' be na sweer'd to shaw their face  
At kirk an' siccan haly place ;  
Syn'e coach it hame when preachin's owre,  
To drive some puir man frae their door.



Gin that's the gate to get redemption,  
Then sinners a' ye'se hae exemption ;  
Sae rug an' tug withouten fear,  
An' scrape an' hoard your darling gear.

Some blusterin' sin-bespatted coof,  
Wi' countless gear in ilka loof,  
Wha ne'er did oucht in a' his life  
But fill his house wi' din an' strife,  
E'en tak's the notion in his head  
To rax his banes amang the dead ;  
Yet for his ills to mak' amense,  
He lea's the kirk some twa-three pence  
To stap the waggin' tongue o' Truth,  
An' put a black lie in her mouth ;  
For gowd, ye ken, priests hae permission  
To gie mankind a safe remission ;  
Sae owre this feckless sinner's clay,  
Thir godly bodies cant an' pray ;  
Sax horses draw him to the grave,  
An' earth tak's back the boon she gave.  
Anither sinner's gat his due,  
The bells screed aff the tale is true,  
Aboon his head they clap a stane,  
An' gie him virtues wha had nane,  
Enough to please a heavenly saunt,  
What mair can human nature want ?

Yet aiblins by this sinner's side  
There lies a wife and childers' pride,


A man wha strave by honest ways  
To win his bairnies meat an' claes ;  
But scant o' wark and scant o' bread,  
Affliction lays him on her bed,  
To mark his darlin's dwine away ;  
Fell Want upo' their vitals prey,  
Till Death, the puir man's only frien',  
Slips saftly in to close his een.  
Nae priests hing owre his tattered shroud,  
To bless his banes an' eke his gowd ;  
Nane kep the orphan's fallin' tear,  
The widow's dowie heart to cheer ;  
But starve or steal maun be their fate,  
They're puir, e'en let them gang the gate.  
Proud, pamper'd Wealth, oh ! think a wee,  
Ere life's short brittle moments flee,  
Think o' thy wretched brother man,  
Crushed by cauld poortith's iron han' ;  
Think an' put forth thy hand to save  
Thy sinking brother frae the grave.

## BONNIE LASSIE, COME AWA'.

BONNIE lassie, come awa';  
Gin ye'll gang wi' me, lassie,  
Ill to thee shall ne'er befa',  
I will shelter thee, lassie.  
E'en tho' gloomy fortune lowers,  
Undismay'd we'll spend our hours  
Strayin' 'mang the birken bowers,  
Clad in a' their braws, lassie.

To the flow'ry buddin' dells,  
Come awa' wi' me, lassie;  
Gowden cups and siller bells  
Shall enrapture thee, lassie.  
There the crimson flowers adorn,  
Smilin' 'neath the rays o' morn;  
There the bonnie jinkin' burn  
Wimples owre the fa's, lassie.

Tho' the flowers in dell an' glade  
Smile sae sweet to me, lassie;  
Yet the fairest Nature made  
Canna match wi' thee, lassie.  
Vain are a' the gems o' art,  
Can they soothe the langin' heart?  
Life is death gin we maun part.  
Come awa' wi' me, lassie.



## TIME THUNDERS UNTO ALL.

Time thunders unto all,  
Time speaketh night and day,  
Returning beauty, youth, and age,  
Dull clay to clay.

Time thunders unto all,  
Time rolls its mighty wave,  
Recalling faces, hearts, and hopes  
Long in the grave.

Time thunders unto all ;  
Bold cities proud and gay  
Shall pass, and not a speck shall mark  
Where once they lay.

Time thunders unto all,  
The sere leaves fall around,  
And Nature's law tells, we, like they,  
Must fill the ground.

Time thunders unto all,  
This sum is in its voice :  
Man shall but live for endless woe,  
Or endless joys.

## A SPRING SONG.

LET us this morn  
Forget all hate and scorn,  
Forget our aspirations and our pains.  
Let us away,  
This beautiful Spring day,  
And taste the freshness of the fields and lanes.

Out where the flowers  
Laugh through the shining hours,  
We'll smile again, nor dream of being sad ;  
Throw care behind,  
Around us gaze, and find  
Fresh cause to bow in worship and be glad.

God never made  
The sunshine and the shade  
To come and go unseen of human eye ;  
The mountain tops,  
The verdure-cover'd slopes,  
Only to look up to the glowing sky.

The birds, the bees,  
The blossoms, and the trees,  
Were sent as soothing ministers to man ;  
The ocean grand,  
That leaps upon the strand,  
To tell us something of His mighty plan.

We need repose  
From daily cares and woes ;  
We need some solace for the breast and brain.  
We would forget  
Each bitter keen regret,  
And would be like to children once again.

The woods, the fields,  
Whatever Beauty yields,  
Outvies the vanities of pomp and power ;  
The singing rill,  
The bosom, too, doth fill  
With sweeter memories than golden dower.

How much we miss  
Of this world's happiness  
By our perpetual warring with our lot !  
' Give, give !' we cry,  
While ever round us lie  
Unnumbered blessings, and we take them not.

Happy and free  
This day, at least, we'll be ;  
This day we'll live with Nature face to face ;  
This day we'll bring  
The Spirit of the Spring  
Back with a blessing, in our heart's embrace.

## BONNIE MAY.

WHY hings thy head, my bonnie May,  
 Why glower ye sae at me ?  
 Why drap the rose-buds frae thy cheek,  
 The het tears frae thine e'e ?  
 Oh, dry thy cheeks, my bonnie lass,  
 An' say gin ye'll be mine ;  
 Tho' I hae neither gowd nor braws,  
 A true heart shall be thine.

Oh, dinna talk to me o' love,  
 Nor rend this heart in twa ;  
 For I hae tint the sweetest love  
 That ever woman saw.  
 The bird comes blithe at e'en to pick  
 The rowan frae the tree ;  
 Sae Jamie cam', dear bonnie bird,  
 An' staw this heart frae me.

Tho' simmer smiles, and flow'rets blaw,  
 An' woods wave fresh an' green,  
 They canna cheer this broken heart,  
 Or dry thir drumlie een.  
 My peace is gane, my joys are fled,  
 An' lanely I maun pine ;  
 An' mourn the slichted pangs o' love  
 That never can be mine.

## AH ! MY LITTLE BOY.

' Ah ! my little boy,  
Whither goest thou ?  
Pleasure in thine eye,  
Calmness on thy brow.  
Tell me, simple child,  
Whither comes thy glee ?  
Would thy young life's rapture  
Thou could'st give to me !'

' I've a father, sir,  
Kind and dear to me ;  
I've a mother, sir,  
Happy as a bee.  
I've a sister, too,'  
Laughed the tiny elfe,  
' And I love them dearly,  
Dearer than myself.

' And I pray to God,  
In my little bed,  
In His love to show'r  
Blessings on each head !  
So I laugh and shout,  
Skip and leap and play ;  
I am, sir, so happy  
I could sing all day.



## AH ! MY LITTLE BOY.

'I'd a mother, boy,  
And a father brave ;  
But they sleep, my child,  
Calmly in one grave.  
Would, oh ! would to God,  
Innocent as thou,  
At their dear feet kneeling,  
I might clasp them now !

'In my tender years,  
Had I lov'd and prayed,  
Not the pangs I feel  
Should my soul abraid.  
Would, with tears and prayers,  
I could wipe away  
All the sin, the evil,  
Of a by-gone day !

'Shout, my little boy,  
Let thy life rejoice !  
Oh ! it does me good  
Thus to hear thy voice.  
In thy words I find,  
Shadow'd faint and dim—  
"Who forgetteth others,  
God forgetteth him ! "'

## LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE eyes, little eyes,  
    Twinkling star-like on the sea  
Of all our troubles, all our sadness,  
    Heaven-born lights are ye :

Little feet, little feet,  
    Falling on our humble floor,  
Bringing faith and hope and gladness,  
    Where doubt was before :

Little hands, little hands,  
    Softly, meekly clasp'd in prayer ;  
Pleading at the gates of heaven,  
    For the loved ones there :

Little heart, little heart,  
    Beating out the golden hours,  
Coining all that life hath given  
    Into buds and flowers :

Little thoughts, little thoughts,  
    Working in that little brain ;  
Restless, endless thoughts a-sowing  
    Seeds for joy or pain :

How I love ye, how I love ye !  
Tongue can never tell how much !  
Life is doubly worth the knowing  
When we live for such.

---

### O MOTHER, DO NOT WEEP.

You tell me not my brow is pale,  
The bloom hath left my cheek ;  
And yet your silence more imparts  
Than all your tongue can speak ;  
It tells me *that* you fain would hide,  
The thoughts you fain would keep.  
Why grieve you for a worthless thing !—  
O mother, do not weep.

I know that life will not be long,—  
Is ebbing fast away ;  
And yet the world will look as bright  
When I am in the clay.  
I know that you will soon forget  
The lost one in her sleep ;  
Then grieve not for a worthless thing !—  
O mother, do not weep.

## A LAMENT.

THE night came in at the open door,  
As she passed o'er its threshold for evermore ;  
And I watch for the morning in vain, in vain.

Lives one bright page in my troubled heart,  
So dearly conned over in every part  
That the volume when closed starts open again.

Ah me ! the picture is old and worn,  
And the world, with the lip and the eye of scorn,  
May pass it, nor deem what it sayeth to me.

Ay, there's the form and the face so fair,  
The saint-like eyes, and the raven hair,  
And the old, old smile as it used to be :

And there's the cheek where, with jealous love  
The rose and the lily together strove.  
'Twas the rose's then ; 'tis the lily's now !

'Tis hard when the lives of two beings run  
To each other, and flow as it were in one,  
Thus asunder to linger with burning brow !

And yet it were harder, O God! to bear,  
 If the end of all were our parting here,  
 With never a hope beyond earthly things—

With never a hope of our meeting again,  
 With never a balm for our earthly pain,  
 And never the calm that such knowledge brings.



### THY BONNIE BLUE E'E.

MARY, the wild flowers in beauty are springing,  
 Bathing unseen in the dews o' the morn ;  
 Blithe in the forest the mavis is singing,  
 Nature rejoicing in simmer's return.  
 Come, let us stray 'mang the dew-cover'd roses,  
 Or list to the mavis that sings frae the tree,  
 Or mark where the daisy in silence reposes,  
 Or smiles to the blink o' thy bonnie blue e'e.

Mind ye the time when we wander'd together,  
 Breathing fond love-vows frae mornin' till e'en ;  
 An' mind ye the hour 'mang the lang bloomin' heather,  
 When first to this bosom I clasp'd thee my ain ?  
 Tho' dear to this heart are the blithe blinks o' simmer,  
 An' fair is the daisy that laughs on the lea ;  
 A' nature is wanting, there's nought sae enchanting,  
 As ae winnin' blink o' thy bonnie blue e'e.

Ye dark shady bowers, where in secret repining  
 I pass'd my lone hours, to love's pleasures unknown,  
 How fair now ye seem, when the calm eve declining,  
 Glides saft 'mang thy beauties an' marks thee its own.  
 Oh, here let me wander ; untainted by riches,  
 I court na the ills nor the pleasures they gie,  
 For weel I ken, lassie, the gowd that bewitches,  
 Lies deep in a blink o' thy bonnie blue e'e.

THE GOLDEN DAYS.

Oh, give me back the golden days,  
 The days when I was young,  
 The happy thoughts, the guileless heart,  
 The songs my mother sung.  
 And give me back the hopes, the dreams,  
 Youth only can bestow,  
 The loving smiles, the tender looks,  
 And friends of long ago.

This flower I love, tho' withered all,  
 Some fragrance yet retains ;  
 In each poor leaf a glory tint  
 Of beauty still remains.

So like this flower our dreams may die,  
 And all we love depart ;  
 And yet the sweetness that hath been  
 Will never leave the heart.

---

OH, A' BODY'S GLOWRIN' AT ME,  
 MITHER.

OH, a' body's glowrin' at me, mither,  
 A' body's glowrin' at me ;  
 Is there noucht to be seen that can tackle their een,  
 Save gapin' and glowrin' at me O ?

Gin I cross the door stap, or gang down to the yett,  
 Or e'en crack wi' a neebor a wee,  
 I'm gapit and glowr'd at frae hied to the fit,  
 Oh, a' body's glowrin' at me.

Am I grown out o' shape, sic an unco-like sicht,  
 That the look o' ilk' cuif I maun dree?  
 I'm plagit and pester'd frae mornin' till nicht,  
 Oh, a' body's glowrin' at me.

Megg swears I am shilpit and pinin' awa',  
An' that gane is the blink o' my e'e;  
While Jeannie maintains she scarce kens me ava,  
Oh, a' body's glowrin' at me.

I'm crabbit an' cross, an' I never can lauch,  
Gude kens what my trouble may be;  
But I've no' been mysel' sin' young Jamie gaed aff,  
Oh, a' body's glowrin' at me.

O Jamie, come hame, gin thy bosom be leal,  
For there's somebody sighin' for thee;  
Wha kens gin ye come, but I'll maybe grow weel,  
In spite o' their glowrin' at me.



### TO THE BULLFINCH.

BLITHELY thou comest as the sunny hour  
Of youth upon the heart, and full of love;  
Like lone bard loving all unseen to rove  
Mid the wild fragrances of brake and bower.  
Sadly thou sittest 'mid the forest brown,  
When the gay flowers and summer eves are gone  
Mourning earth's beauties that have flown,  
Sweet bird.



Thou hast a part in the stupendous whole  
Of God's creation, nursing care asleep,  
And as a voice upon the lonely deep  
Cometh thy song unto the shipwrecked soul ;  
When the calm summer, meek and mild,  
Fades as a dream, dear forest child ;  
For thee I sigh thro' winter wild,  
Sweet bird.

In the lone thicket, or the flowery mead,  
Or by the banks of ever murmuring stream,  
Dancing in diamonds to the sun's bright beam,  
To heaven for man thou seem'st to plead.  
Pensive I list to each mellow note,  
Gushing full sweet from thy tiny throat,  
Joy that can never be sold or bought,  
Sweet bird.

Great is the goodness—could but mankind read  
The things around him—and the love of heaven ;  
So thou, sweet bird, to solace man wert given,  
To cheer life's sorrows in the hour of need.  
Far from the city and its snares and noise,  
Joyous I hail the music of thy voice ;  
Friend of my heart and best of joys,  
Sweet bird.

## HAPPY TOGETHER.

HAPPY together we both have been,  
And happy together we both shall be,  
If by God's blessing our hearts are clean,  
And I love you, and you love me.

Our days have not flutter'd on angel-wings,  
For sorrow on sorrow we both have known ;  
But we've learn'd that the truest and best fruit springs  
From the seeds that life's sorrows and cares have sown.

And if for a moment our faith has stood  
Still, while death watch'd at our open door,  
We saw thro' the darkness the light of good  
Fall on the coffin and on the floor.

And tho' we may look in this world in vain  
For the light and the smile of a vanished face,  
We know we shall see it again and again  
In a higher and truer and better place.

Then what are our troubles but golden links  
To bind us together, in mercy given ;  
Links that Death never himself can break,  
And that stretch from this desolate Earth to Heaven.

## FLOWERS.

LITTLE flowers at my feet,  
There be other things as sweet,  
Other things as sweet as ye,  
Tho' so fresh and fair ye be ;  
Just as sweet as ye, dear flowers,  
Are life's young and sinless hours.

And as sweet as ye at morn  
Are the thoughts of beauty born,  
Just as sweet the light that lies  
In the soul and in the eyes ;  
And as sweet as ye, dear flowers,  
Is the love that God makes ours.

## GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

COME, give me your hand, sir, my friend and my  
brother,

If honest, why sure that's enough;  
One hand, if it's true, is as good as another,  
No matter how brawny or rough.

Tho' it toil for a living at hedges or ditches,  
Or make for its owner a name,  
Or fold in its grasp all the dainties of riches,  
If honest, I love it the same.

Not less in the sight of his Heavenly Maker,  
Is he who must toil for his bread,  
Not more in the sight of the mute undertaker  
Is majesty, shrouded and dead.

Let none of us jeeringly scoff at his neighbour,  
Or mock at his lowly birth.  
We are all of us God's; let us earnestly labour  
To better this suffering Earth.

## CHILDREN.

Oh! the world were very dreary, oh! the world were  
very dark,  
And the souls that struggle upward to a high and God-  
like mark,  
They would stumble in their blindness on life's bleak  
and barren wild,  
Were the world not lit with faces, happy, pure and  
undefiled.

No grander glory to the Earth or suffering man was  
given,  
No manna to the hungering hosts came ever down from  
heaven,  
With half the sweetness that to us poor workers by the  
way  
Come the young and holy faces beaming round us every  
day.

When the spirit, torn and bleeding, like a stricken dove  
doth lie,  
And all heedless of its agony, the world goes rolling by ;  
When the bitterness of Want and Care seems growing  
in each face,  
And Misery seems the summit of the toiling human race ;

When the merry Spring is dancing in the woods and  
in the lanes,

And the sunshine looking at us mocks our tortures and  
our pains ;

When the Summer's breath goes by us, while we groan  
and weep and bow,

And each feels his life slip from him in the sweat-drop  
from his brow ;

When our prayers, half prayed in anger, in the face of  
heaven are hurled,

And the Devil tempts us hard to ring out curses on the  
world—

Tis then, O blessèd children ! like the sweet flowers of  
the sod,

Ye smile up in our faces and ye point the way to God !

Tis then the sun of gladness shining on our night of tears,  
Turns all to rainbow splendour, while the shadow of  
our fears

Hath made it wings, and flutters high far up the Heaven  
of Hope,

And beauty lights the pathway where in darkness we  
did grope.

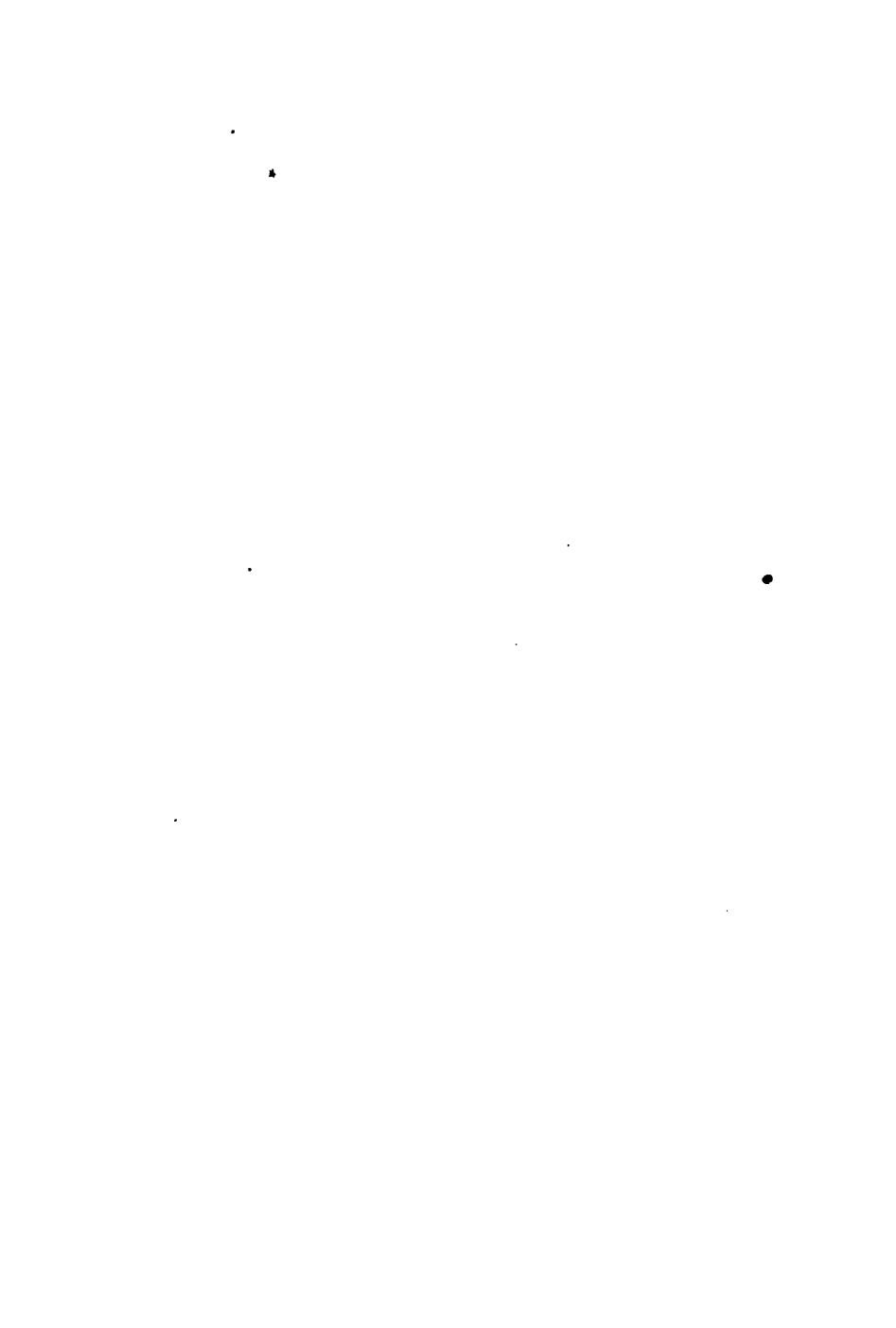
O angel ones ! with such as ye we never can be poor,  
Ye teach us, for your own sweet sakes, to suffer and endure ;  
Ye whisper, in this game of life there's something to be won :  
God bless ye, little children, for I love ye every one !

## HER I LO'E.

A DIMPLED face, a laughin' face,  
 That's smilin' aye at me,  
 Twa bonnie een o' blue that blink  
 An' winna let me be ;  
 An' saft, saft words frae hinney lips,  
 That haud my heart in thrall,—  
 What can I do against them a',  
 They bind my very saul ?

I'd gie a crown frae aff my head,  
 To ca' that lassie mine ;  
 And life itsel' an' a' its joys  
 Right gladly I wad tine ;  
 Right gladly wad I lay me down,  
 Nae mair on earth to wake,  
 Gin she wad kep my latest sigh,  
 And keep it for my sake.

Oh ! bonnie is the sun that shines  
 Upon a simmer's morn,  
 An' dear, dear is the gloamin'-time  
 Amang the dewy corn ;  
 An' bonnie are the stars that peep  
 Frae out the tender blue,  
 But no' sae sweet nor half sae dear,  
 As the face o' her I lo'e.







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