

Poetry Series

**Hector Macneill**  
**- poems -**

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# Hector Macneill()

# An Elegy

Relentless Death! - ah! why so soon  
Cut down the flow'ret fair to view!  
Pale gleam'd the light of yonder moon,  
When pest'lence shed her deadly dew!

The morn arose serene and clear,  
The sun refulgent glow'd at noon;  
But nought the drooping flower could cheer.  
Ah! wherefore droop'd the flower so soon!

By yonder tree (his fav'rite shade,  
Where late he joy'd with sports and play)  
They dig his grave; there, lowly laid  
Sleeps Campbell's silent senseless clay!

Ah! what avails the tear and sigh,  
That close, lov'd boy! thy funeral gloom!  
The doleful dirge, and frantic cry  
Of Afric's mourners round thy tomb!

Ah! what avails! - But cease the strain;  
Ye weeping parents, dry the tear.  
See! Philomela joints the train,  
And chants a requiem o'er his bier.

Sweetly she warbles, perch'd on high,  
Far from her mate and haunts of even;  
She comes, an herald from the sky,  
To greet the cherub soul to heaven!

Yet here should pensive pilgrim stray  
At soft'ning eve, or fervent noon,  
Here may we heave the sigh and say,  
'Ah! wherefore droop'd the flow'r so soon!'

Hector Macneill

# Come Under My Plaidie ; Or, Modern Marriage Delineated

Come under my plaidie, the nicht's gaun to fa';  
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw;  
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,  
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.  
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,  
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw;  
O! come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,  
There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.

Gae wa' wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae wa',  
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;  
Gae wa' wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;  
Ye may be my gutcher :- auld Donald, gae' wa',  
I'm gau'n to meet Johnie, he's young and he's bonnie;  
He's been at Meg's bridal, sae trig and sae braw!  
O nane dances sae lightly! sae gracefu'! sae tightly!  
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow like the snaw!

'Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast tae the wa',  
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;  
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,  
He's thretty, and I am but three'core and twa.  
Be frank now, and kindly; I'll busk ye aye finely;  
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;  
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

'My faither aye tauld me, my mither, an' a',  
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;  
It's true I loo Johnie, he's gude and he's bonie.  
But wae's me ! ye ken he has naething ava!  
I hae little tocher; ye've made a gude offer;  
I'm na mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!  
Sae gi' me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,

I thocht ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.'

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',  
Whar Johnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';  
The day was appointed! his proud heart it dunted,  
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.  
He wander'd hame weary, the nicht it was dreary!  
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;  
The howlet was screamin', while Johnie cried 'women  
Wa'd marry auld nick if he'd keep them aye bra'.

O the deel's in the lasses! they gang now sae bra',  
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;  
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;  
Plain luvè is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!

Hector Macneill

# Dinna Think, Bonnie Lassie

'Oh, dinna think, bonnie lassie, I 'm gaun to leave thee!  
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I 'm gaun to leave thee;  
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I 'm gaun to leave thee;  
I 'll tak a stick into my hand, and come again and see thee.'

'Far 's the gate ye hae to gang; dark 's the night, and eerie;  
Far 's the gate ye hae to gang; dark 's the night, and eerie;  
Far 's the gate ye hae to gang; dark 's the night, and eerie;  
Oh, stay this night wi' your love, and dinna gang and leave me.'

'It 's but a night and hauf a day that I 'll leave my dearie;  
But a night and hauf a day that I 'll leave my dearie;  
But a night and hauf a day that I 'll leave my dearie;  
Whene'er the sun gaes west the loch, I 'll come again and see thee.'

'Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;  
Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;  
When a' the lave are sound asleep, I 'm dull and eerie;  
And a' the lee-lang night I 'm sad, wi' thinking on my dearie.'

'Oh, dinna think, bonnie lassie, I 'm gaun to leave thee!  
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I 'm gaun to leave thee;  
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I 'm gaun to leave thee;  
Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sight, I 'll come again and see thee.'

'Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud and fear me;  
Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud and fear me;  
While the winds and waves do roar, I am wae and drearie;  
And gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang and leave me.'

'Oh, never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee!  
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;  
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;  
E'en let the world gang as it will, I 'll stay at hame and cheer ye.'

Frae his hand he coost his stick; 'I winna gang and leave thee;'  
Threw his plaid into the neuk; 'Never can I grieve thee;'  
Drew his boots, and flang them by; cried, 'My lass, be cheerie;  
I 'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never leave my dearie.'

Hector Macneill

# Donald And Flora. A Ballad, On The Death Of A Friend Killed At The Battle Of Saratoga

When many hearts were gay,  
Careless of aught but play,  
Poor Flora slipt away  
Sadd'ning to Mora.  
Loose flow'd her yellow hair,  
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,  
As thus to the troubled air  
She vented her sorrow:

Loud howls the stormy west,  
Cold, cold is winter's blast-  
Haste then, O Donald, haste!  
Haste to thy Flora!  
Twice twelve long months are o'er  
Since on a foreign shore  
You promised to fight no more,  
But meet me in Mora.

'Where now is Donald dear?'  
Maids cry with taunting sneer;  
'Say is he still sincere  
To his lov'd Flora?'  
Parents upbraid my moan;  
Each heart is turn'd to stone;  
Ah Flora! thou'rt now alone,  
Friendless in Mora!

Come then, O come away!  
Donald, no longer stay!  
Where can my rover stray  
From his lov'd Flora?  
Ah, sure he ne'er could be  
False to his vows and me!  
O heav'ns! is not yonder he  
Bounding o'er Mora!

'Never, O wretched fair,'



Sigh'd the sad messenger,  
'Never shall Donald mair  
Meet his lov'd Flora!  
Cold as yon mountain snow  
Donald thy love lies low!  
He sent me to soothe thy woe,  
Weeping in Mora.

Well fought our valiant slain  
On Saratoga's plain;  
Thrice fled the hostile train  
From British glory.  
But ah! though our foes did flee,  
Sad was each victory.  
Youth, love, and loyalty,  
Fell far from Mora!

'Here, take this love-wrought plaid,'  
Donald expiring said,  
'Give it to yon dear maid  
Drooping in Mora.  
Tell her, O Allan, tell!  
Donald thus bravely fell,  
And that in his last farewell  
He thought on his Flora.'

Mute stood the trembling fair,  
Speechless with wild despair,  
Then striking her bosom bare,  
Sigh'd out 'poor Flora!  
Ah Donald! - ah well-a-day!'  
Was all the fond heart could say.  
At length the sound died away  
Feebly on Mora.

Hector Macneill

## Epitaph. Sacred To The Memory Of James Graham, Esq.

Accept, lov'd shade! of him whose breathless clay  
No sigh returns to aught that grief can say;  
Accept, lov'd shade! this monument of woe:  
The last sad gift thy friend can now bestow!  
For him, alas! 'tis left raise the tomb;  
Steal from the crowd of court sepulchral gloom;  
Clasp to his heart thy cold untimely urn,  
And weep thy virtues - never to return!  
Nor can the muse (that muse thou lov'dst to hear)  
Repress the sigh, or check the starting tear;  
From Britain's shore; across the Atlantic wave,  
She comes, to vent her sorrows at thy grave;  
With trembling hand inscribe thy funeral stone,  
And with a brother's woes record her own.

Hector Macneill

# Grandeur : An Ode

How varied lies the chequer'd scene!  
Dunmait capt with snow;  
While humbler smiles, in vernal green,  
The sun-clad vale below:  
Gay spring her cheering task performs,  
Regardless of the wintry storms  
That sweep proud Ochil's lofty side;  
And shelter'd from the whirling gale,  
Secure smooth glides the winding sail  
Down Forth's meandering tide.

Alas! how like the chequer'd state  
Of man's contrasted lot!  
The storms that whirl round Grandeur's gate,  
The peasant's shelter'd cot;  
Disdainful pride, with wintry brow;  
Rough labour, jocund at his plough,  
Still cheer'd by health's unclouded beam;  
While safe from luxury's whelming tide  
Peace, hope, and resignation glide  
Down life's untroubled stream.

To meditation's musing mind  
Still moral pictures rise:  
Ambition, dash'd by fortune's wind,  
When tow'ring to the skies:  
Exalted beauty, doom'd to move  
In climes unwarm'd by genial love,  
Tost by the storms of sordid strife!  
While nurtur'd in some vale obscure,  
The humbler fair one blooms secure  
The mistress and the wife!

But late in strength and beauty's prime,  
The tow'ring Plane arose;  
Proud, o'er Strevlina's height sublime  
It wav'd its mantling boughs!  
What time mild evening gilds her star,  
The trav'ller spy'd it from afar

And, raptur'd wonder'd where it grew;  
Fond fancy plac'd its magic height  
Mid regions streak'd with golden light  
Through Heav'n's ethereal blue!

Embosom'd in the bank below,  
That courts the southern breeze,  
The humbler Hawthorn's doom'd to blow,  
Mid kindred shrubs and trees!  
Obscure, its balmy sweets diffuse,  
Unmark'd, save by the moral muse,  
That nightly breathes the rich perfume!  
Ah! what is Grandeur's splendid show!  
Ambition, mark! - the Plane laid low!  
The Hawthorn left to bloom.

Hector Macneill

# I Loo'D Ne'Er A Laddie But Ane

I loo'd ne'er a laddie but ane,  
He loo'd ne'er a lassie but me;  
He's willing to mak me his ain,  
And his ain I am willing to be.  
He has coft me a rocklay o' blue  
And a pair o' mittens o' green;  
The price was a kiss o' my mou,  
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
Their land, and their lordlie degree;  
I carena for ought but my dear,  
For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:  
His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!  
His sense drives ilk fear far awa!  
I listen - puir fool! and I greet,  
Yet O! sweet are the tears as they fa'!

'Dear lassie,' he cries wi' a jeer,  
'Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;  
Though we've little to brag o' - ne'er fear,  
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;  
Now we, though we've naithing but health,  
Are cantie and leil evermair.

'O Marion! the heart that is true  
Has something mair costly than gear;  
Ilk e'en it has naithing to rue,  
Ilk morn it has naithing to fear.  
Ye warldlings! gae, hoard up your store,  
And tremble for fear ought ye tyne;  
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
While here in my arms I lock mine!'

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile-  
Wae's me! can I tak it amiss?  
My laddie's unpractis'd in guile,

He's free ay to daut and to kiss!  
Ye lasses wha loo to torment  
Your woers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
Play your pranks - I hae gi'en my consent,  
And this night I am Jamie's for life.

Hector Macneill

# Jack And Nancy. A Sea Song

O! Say, lovely Nan! can you lie in a hammock?  
When the mountain-waves rage, can you swing in a hammock?  
As the winds roar aloft, and rude billows dash o'er us,  
Can my Nancy sleep soundly amid the wild chorus?

O yes! my dear Jack! I can lie in a hammock,  
When the mountain-waves rage, can sleep sound in a hammock:  
Rude billows will rock me, when love smiles to cheer me,  
If thy slumber's sweet, Jack, no dangers can fear me!

But say, if, at night, the sad cry comes for wearing;  
The breakers a-head, and the boatswain loud swearing;  
When the main-yard dips deep, and white billows break o'er us;  
Will my Nancy not shrink then amid the dread chorus?

O no! my loved lad! when such dangers are near me,  
My Jack's kindly whispers will sooth me - will cheer me,  
A kiss snatched in secret, amid the dread horror,  
Will hush the rude chorus, and still every terror.

But say my sweet Nan! when the tempest's all smashing!  
The top-sails all split, and the top-masts down crashing!  
When all hands spring aloft, and no lover to cheer her,  
Will my Nancy not shrink when such dangers are near her?

Ah no! my loved Jack! while the tempest's loud bawling,  
The top-sails all split, and the top-masts down falling,  
I watching your dangers, my own will pass over!  
In prayers for your safety no fears I'll discover!

But O! my loved Nan! when the ship is done clearing,  
The matches all lighted; the French foe fast nearing,  
Can you stand to your gun, while pale death drops around you?  
- 'Tis then! my sweet Nancy! new fears will confound you!

No! No! my dear Jack! to these fears love's a stranger!  
When you fight by my side, I'll defy every danger;  
On your fate my fond eye will be fixed while you're near me;  
If you fall! Nancy dies! if you live, love, will cheer me!

Come! come then, sweet lass! let us swing in a hammock!  
While the mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in a hammock!  
With love such as thine, who would dread war or weather?  
While we live, we shall love; when we fall - fall together!

Hector Macneill



# Jeanie's Black Ee; Or Tha' Mi 'N Am Chodal, 'sna Duisgibh Mi

The sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning!  
Light sprang the lavroc and mounted sae hie;  
When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewy morning  
My Jeanie cam linking out owre the green lea.

To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens,  
Aft, aft to the kent gate she turn'd her black ee;  
Then lying down dowlie, sigh'd by the willow tree,  
'Ha me mohatel na douska me.'

Saft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel,  
Streik'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree!  
'Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel,'  
'Ha me mohatel na douska me.'

'Wi' luve's warm sensations I've mark'd your impatience,  
Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watch'd your black ee-  
You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean! open thae lovely een!  
'Ha me mohatel na douska me.'

'Bright is the whin's bloom ilk green dow adorning!  
Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew!  
Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning!  
Dark waves her haffet locks owre her white brow!

O! light! light she's dancing keen on the smooth gowany green.  
Barefit and kilted half up to the knee!  
While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my fill,'-  
'I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me!'

'I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping sound;  
Kiss her and clasp her fast; nae ane can see!  
Sweet! sweet's her hinny mou' - 'Will, I'm no sleeping now,  
I was asleep, but ye waken'd me.'

Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,  
Kiss'd her ripe roses and blest her black ee!

And ay since whane'er we meet, sing, for the sound is sweet,  
'Ha me mohatel na dousku me.'

Hector Macneill

# Lassie Wi' The Gowden Hair

'Lassie wi' the gowden hair,  
Silken snood, and face sae fair;  
Lassie wi' the yellow hair,  
Think nae to deceive me!  
Lassie wi' the gowden hair,  
Flattering smile, and face sae fair;  
Fare ye weel! for never mair  
Johnie will believe ye!  
O no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, Mary bawn,  
O no! Mary bawn, ye'll nae mair deceive me!

Smiling; twice ye made me troo;  
Twice - (poor fool!) I turn'd to woo;  
Twice, fause maid! ye brak your vow,  
Now I've sworn to leave ye!  
Twice, fause maid! ye brak your vow,  
Twice, poor fool! I've learn'd to rue  
Come ye yet to mak me troo?  
Thrice ye'll ne'er deceive me!  
No! no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, Mary bawn!  
O no! Mary bawn, thrice ye'll ne'er deceive me.

Mary saw him turn to part;  
Deep his words sank in her heart ;  
Soon the tears began to start  
'Johnie, will ye leave me!'  
Soon the tears began to start,  
Grit and gritter grew his heart!  
'Yet ae word before we part,  
Luve cou'd ne'er deceive ye!  
O no! Johnie dow, Johnie dow, Johnie dow,  
O no! Johnie dow - luve cau'd ne'er deceive ye.'

Johnie took a parting keek,  
Saw the tears hap owre her cheek!  
Pale she stood, but coudna speak!  
Mary's cur'd o' smiling.  
Johnie took anither keek  
'Beauty's rose has left her cheek!

Pale she stands, and canna speak.  
This is nae beguiling.  
O no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, dear Mary bawn,  
No, no! Mary bawn - Luve has nae beguiling.

Hector Macneill

# Mally Aiken, An Old Song Revived

'O Listen! listen and I'll tell ye  
How this fair maid's play'd her part :  
First she vow'd and promis'd to me,  
Now she strives to break my heart!  
Eirin O! Mally Aiken,  
Eirin O s'dhu me roon.

I coft you silken garters, Mally,  
And sleeve-knots for your tartan gown;  
I coft you a green necklace, Mally,  
To busk you whan you gade to town:  
You gae me kisses sweet as hinny!  
You gae me words mair sweet than true;  
You swore you loo'd me best o' ony;  
Ah! why than Mally break your vow!  
Eirin O! Mally Aiken,  
Eirin O s'dhu ma roon.

Yon auld man came wi' wyles sae bonie,  
He bragg'd o' land and walth o' gear;  
He promis'd brows mair fine than Johnie  
To busk ye for the kick and fair;  
He gae up tocher to your daddy;  
Your mither sigh'd and thought o' me;  
But Mally wish'd to be a lady,  
And chang'd true luve for - high degree!  
Eirin O! Mally Aiken,  
Eirin O s'dhu ma roon.

He's ta'en you hame; he's made you gawdie,  
He's busked you for the kirk and fair;  
But you had better ta'en your laddie,  
For happiness you'll ne'er see mair!  
You may gang to kirk and fair, my Mally;  
Your face and brows catch ilka ee,  
But happiness you'll ne'er see, Mally,  
For breaking o' your vows to me!  
Eirin O! Mally Aiken,  
Eirin O s'dhu ma roon.

Hector Macneill

# Mary Of Castlecary

'Oh, saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?  
Saw ye my true love, down on yon lee?  
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin'?  
Sought she the burnie whare flow'rs the haw-tree?  
Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;  
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;  
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:  
Whare could my wee thing wander frae me?'  
'I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,  
Nor saw I your true love, down on yon lea;  
But I met my bonnie thing, late in the gloamin',  
Down by the burnie whare flow'rs the haw-tree.  
Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;  
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;  
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:  
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!'

'It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,  
It was na my true love, ye met by the tree:  
Proud is her leal heart-modest her nature;  
She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.  
Her name it is Mary; she 's frae Castlecary;  
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee;  
Fair as your face is, were 't fifty times fairer,  
Young bragger, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee.'

'It was, then, your Mary; she 's frae Castlecary;  
It was, then, your true love I met by the tree;  
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.'  
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew;  
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e-  
'Ye 's rue sair, this morning, your boasts and your scorning;  
Defend, ye fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.'

'Awa' wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling;  
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;  
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing  
Fair stood the lo'ed maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.

'Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?  
Is it my true love here that I see?'  
'Oh, Jamie, forgi'e me! your heart 's constant to me;  
I 'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!'

Hector Macneill



# May-Day ; Or, The Discovery. A Pastoral. In The Manner Of Cunningham

See! rob'd in new beauties, young May cheers the lawn!  
Ye virgins! how charming her air!  
Haste! cull her fresh flow'rets dew-dropping at dawn,  
And chaplets entwine for your hair!

Yes! weave the gay garland! each moment improve!  
Youth's pleasures like Spring fleet away!  
Life has its soft season - that season is Love.  
Ah! taste its fond joys while 'tis May.

But lately I wined yon mountain's green side;  
How bless'd! for Miranda was by;  
I mark'd as she welcom'd the Spring's opening pride  
The rapture that beam'd in her eye:

Her fav'rite young lambkins ran bleating a round,  
(Their fleeces were whiter than snow!)  
The cliffs crown'd with oakwood, return'd the soft sound;  
The still lake gleam'd placid below.

'How happy!' she cried, 'in some shelter'd retreat  
With lambkins and flocks bleating nigh;  
In my straw-cover'd cottage, though humble, yet neat,  
I could live - and contented would die!

This oak-waving mountain would ward winter's blast;  
Yon lake teach complaint to be still;  
Health, mirth, peace, and temperance, crown the repast,  
And freedom bound light o'er the hill!

A glance that escap'd the dear maid at the time  
Half whisper'd a wish was untold;  
'And would my fair shepherdess deem it a crime  
If Edwin were guard to the fold?'

'I told my soft wishes,' she sweetly replied,  
(Ye virgins! her voice was divine!)

'I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,  
But take me, fond shepherd! - I'm thine.'

Her look was so artless! her accent so mild!  
Her candour so sweetly express'd!  
I gaz'd on her beauties as blushing she smil'd,  
And clasp'd the lov'd maid to my breast!

The primrose in clusters breath'd fragrance around,  
And witness'd the vows that were given;  
The lark, that sat listening, soar'd swift from the ground  
And warbled the contract in - heaven!

Yon cottage where woodbines so fondly entwine,  
We've chose for our humble retreat,  
Where Teath's soften'd murmurs raise musings divine,  
'Tis there my love's lambkins shall bleat!

There friendship shall lure modest worth to our door,  
And shelter from care's wintry blast;  
Content, deck'd in smiles, spread her pastoral store,  
And Miranda prepare the repast!

Thus fix'd, what imports it, ye great ones and vain,  
Though splendour withholds her false gleam  
If pleas'd with our little, and strangers to pain,  
Life glides placid by like yon stream?

While health, heav'nly goddess! smiles buxom and gay,  
Shall we murmur that wealth comes not nigh?  
When thy charms, Independence! thus prompts the free lay,  
And the muse, lark-like, soars to the sky!

Hector Macneill

# My Boy, Tamm

'Whare hae ye been a' day,  
My boy, Tammy?  
Whare hae ye been a' day,  
My boy, Tammy?'  
'I 've been by burn and flow'ry brae,  
Meadow green, and mountain gray,  
Courting o' this young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy.'

'And whare got ye that young thing,  
My boy, Tammy?'  
'I gat her down in yonder howe,  
Smiling on a broomy knowe,  
Herding a wee lamb and ewe  
For her poor mammy.'

'What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
My boy, Tammy?'  
'I praised her een, sae bonny blue,  
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou';  
I pree'd it aft, as ye may true;  
She said she 'd tell her mammy.

'I held her to my beating heart,  
My young, my smiling lammie!  
I hae a house, it cost me dear  
I 've wealth o' plenishin' and gear;  
Ye 'se get it a', were 't ten times mair,  
Gin ye will leave your mammy.'

'The smile gaed aff her bonnie face  
'I maunna leave my mammy;  
She 's gi'en me meat, she 's gi'en me claise,  
She 's been my comfort a' my days;  
My father's death brought mony waes  
I canna leave my mammy."

'We 'll tak her hame, and mak her fain,  
My ain kind-hearted lammie;

We 'll gi'e her meat, we 'll gi'e her claise,  
We 'll be her comfort a' her days.'  
The wee thing gi'es her hand and says  
'There! gang and ask my mammy.'

'Has she been to kirk wi' thee,  
My boy, Tammy?'  
'She has been to kirk wi' me,  
And the tear was in her e'e;  
But, oh! she 's but a young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy.'

Hector Macneill

# My Luve's In Germany

My luve 's in Germanie, send him hame, send him hame;  
My luve 's in Germanie, send him hame;  
My luve 's in Germanie,  
Fighting brave for royalty:  
He may ne'er his Jeanie see  
Send him hame.

He 's as brave as brave can be-send him hame, send him hame;  
He 's as brave as brave can be-send him hame;  
He 's as brave as brave can be,  
He wad rather fa' than flee;  
His life is dear to me  
Send him hame.

Your luve ne'er learnt to flee, bonnie dame, bonnie dame,  
Your luve ne'er learnt to flee, bonnie dame;  
Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,  
But he fell in Germanie,  
In the cause of royalty,  
Bonnie dame.

He 'll ne'er come ower the sea-Willie 's slain, Willie 's slain;  
He 'll ne'er come ower the sea-Willie 's gane!  
He 'll ne'er come ower the sea,  
To his love and ain countrie:  
This world 's nae mair for me  
Willie 's gane!

Hector Macneill

## O Johnie! Can You Pity Ony

O Johnie! can you pity ony!  
Is your heart yet turn'd to stane?  
Can ye calmly hear that Menie  
Ne'er will see your face again?  
Here I've wander'd wae and weary;  
Here I've fought wi' wind and rain;  
Here I've sworn your ance loo'd deary  
Ne'er will see your face again.

Owre lang hae I pin'd in sorrow!  
Owre lang hae I sigh'd in vain;  
Hearts, tho' leil, can sometimes borrow  
Pride whan treated wi' disdain!  
Then tak your smiles and fause deceiving,  
Gie them to a heart mair true!  
- Mine, alas! is chang'd wi' grieving!  
Torn by faithless luv and you.

Yet ae word before our parting,  
(Since for ever mair we part)  
In the midst o' pleasure - starting,  
Menie's wrangs will wring your heart!  
For Johnie gin ye pity ony,  
Gin your hearts no turn'd to stane,  
Ye maun rue the cause that Menie  
Ne'er will see your face again.

Hector Macneill

# O Tell Me How For To Woo

Oh! tell me, bonie young lassie!  
Oh tell me how for to woo!  
Oh tell me, bonie sweet lassie!  
Oh tell me how for to woo!  
Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning?  
Lips like the roses fresh moisten'd wi' dew?  
Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning?  
Oh! tell me how for to woo!

Far hae I wander'd to see the dear lassie!  
Far hae I ventur'd across the saut sea!  
Far hae I travell'd owre moorland and mountain,  
Houseless, and weary, sleep'd cauld on the lea!  
Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak luve to onie;  
For ne'er loo'd I onie till ance I loo'd you;  
Now we're alane in the green-wood sae bonie!  
Oh! tell me how for to woo!

'What care I for you wand'ring, young laddie!  
What care I for your crossing the sea!  
It was na for naithing ye left poor young Peggy;  
It was for my tocher ye cam to court me;  
Say, hae ye gowd to busk me aye gawdie?  
Ribbaus, and perlins, and breast-knots enew/  
A house that is canty, wi' walth in't my laddie?  
Without this ye never need try for to woo.'

'I hae nae gowd to busk ye aye gawdie!  
I canna buy ribbans and perlins enew!  
I've naithing to brag o', house, or o' plenty!  
I've little to gie but a heart that is true  
I cam na for tocher - I ne'er heard o' onie;  
I never loo'd Peggy nor e'er brak my vow  
I've wander'd poor fool! for a frace fauce as bonie!  
I little thought this was the way for to woo!'

'Our laird has fine houses, and guineas in gowpins!  
He's youthfu', he's blooming, and comely to see!  
The leddies are a' ga'en wood for the wooer,

And yet, ilka e'ening, he leaves them for me!  
O! saft in the gloaming his luve he discloses!  
And saftly yestreen, as I milked my cow,  
He swore that my breath it was sweeter than roses,  
And, a' the gait hame he did naithing but woo.'

'Ah, Jenny! the young laird may brag, o' his sillar,  
His houses, his lands, and his lordly degree;  
His speeches for true luve may drap as sweet as honey,  
But, trust me, dear Jenny! he ne'er loed like me.  
The wooing o' gentry are the words o' fashion;  
The faster they fa' as the heart is least true!  
The dumb look o' luve's aft the best proof o' passion;  
The heart that feels maist is the least fit to woo!'

'Hae na ye roos'd my cheeks like the morning!  
Hae na ye roos'd my cherry-red mou!  
Hae na ye come owre sea, moor, and mountain,  
What mair, Johnie, need ye to woo?  
Far hae ye wander'd, I ken my dear laddie!  
Now that ye've found me, there's nae cause to rue;  
Wi' health we'll hae plenty - I'll never gang gawdie.  
I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.'

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom;  
The saft tear o' transport fill'd ilk lover's ee;  
The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit,  
And sweet sang the mavis aboon on the tree.  
He clasp'd her, he press'd her, and ca'd her his hinny,  
And aften he tasted her hinny-sweet mou;  
And ay 'tween ilk kiss she sigh'd to her Johnie  
'Oh! laddie! - weel can ye woo!'

Hector Macneill



# On Admiral Lord Nelson's Sending In The Hour Of Victory, A Flag Of Truce To Stop The Further Effusi

Again the tide of rapture swells;  
Britannia sees new trophies rise;  
Again the trump of vict'ry tells  
That with the brave compassion lies!

In vain the carnage of the field!  
In vain the conquest of the main!  
The brave may bleed - the brave may yield,  
'Tis Mercy binds the brave again!

True to the dictates of the heart  
That melts to pity's godlike glow,  
Humanity arrests the dart,  
Half wing'd, to lay the vanquish'd low;

Swift through the battle's thund'ring storm;  
See! deck'd in smiles she takes her stand;  
Assumes her Nelson's fav'rite form,  
She lifts her aegis o'er the land!

Struck with the radiance of her shield,  
Returning Friendship warms the Dane!  
The brave may fight! - the brave may yield!  
Mercy unites the brave again.

Hector Macneill

# On The Death Of David Doig, Ll. D. Master Of The Grammar School, Stirling

He's gane! - he's gane! - ah! welladay!  
The spirit's flown that warm'd the clay!  
The light has fled that cheer'd the way  
Through lear's mirk page;  
Fir'd the young breast wi' fancy's ray,  
And charm'd the sage!

The sun has set that beam'd sae bright!  
Nae radiance shines on Strevlin's height!  
Nae star glints now wi' saften'd light  
On fancy's bower!  
But dark and silent is the night  
In Doig's tower!

In Doig's tower, whar aft and lang  
The mingling notes o' learning rang;  
And aft her fav'rite minstrel sang;  
In varied key;  
Wi' Horace saft! wi' Homer strang,  
Wi' Pindar hie!

In Doig's tower, whar late and air  
Ilk bud o' genius blossom'd fair;  
Nurs'd by the fostering hand o' care,  
They sprang to view;  
Burst into sweets, and far and near  
The fragrance flew!

He's gane! - he's gane! - Strevlinea, mourn!  
Ah! drap the sant tear on his urn!  
The light again will ne'er return  
That cheer'd ye a';  
The fire that bleiz'd nae mair will burn  
In yonder ha'!

Hector Macneill

# On The Death Of Lieut. Gen. Sir Ralph Abercromby. Killed At The Battle Of Alexandria, In Egypt, Marc

From carnag'd fields bedrench'd with gore,  
How long must Pity shrink with pain;  
Turn, shuddering pale, from shore to shore,  
And weep her patriot heroes slain!

Touch'd at her tears that streaming flow  
(Just tribute to the good and brave)  
Britannia, wrapt in sable woe,  
Bend o'er her Abercromby's grave.

'And could not age,' she sorrowing cries,  
'From blood protect thy final doom?  
Gild thy last eve with milder skies,  
And lay thee gently in the tomb?

Rock'd in the cradle of alarms,  
Nurs'd in the school where glory's won,  
Rejoicing in the din of arms,  
Soon Valour bail'd her darling son:

Foresaw the bright, the guiding beam  
That led to Honour's splendid goal;  
Saw, flash'd round Pompey's Pillar, gleam  
The parting light'nings of his soul!

Yet, in the warrior's dauntless breast  
Fond Hope with mellowing pencil drew;  
Pourtray'd the scene when laurel'd rest,  
In peace, enjoys the fav'rite few!

Vain dream! - with war's indignant frown  
Fame twin'd the cypress with the bay;  
'Be this,' she cried, 'the laurel crown  
To deck my hero's parting day!

Sunk in the shade of still repose,  
Unhonour'd dropp the valiant dead ;

Bright as his day shall beam the close  
He dies in Glory's patriot bed!

'He lives! Britannia warm replies,  
As high the trophied urn she rears;  
'He lives in Virtue's bursting sighs,  
His Country's Praise! - his Country's Tears!'

Hector Macneill

# Poetry The Pastoral, Or Lyric Muse Of Scotland. Canto First

When shall the woes of War and Discord cease!  
When shall the morn of Harmony arise!  
When shall the dawn of Concord, Love, and Peace,  
Break through the gloom, and light dark Europe's skies!  
Vain dream! - for see! to grasp the blood-stain'd prize,  
Ambition, maddening, wades through seas of gore,  
Lists, careless, to the groans and dying sighs  
Of myriads overwhelm'd, to rise no more;  
And none but Britons smile, around their parent shore!

Oh, deaf to nature! and to bliss unknown!  
How long shall carnage brutify mankind?  
Whirl'd in tempestuous storms, by pride upblown,  
How long shall phantoms fascinate and blind?  
Health - comfort - hope; a gay contented mind,  
Are all we here can want, or need to crave;  
And may not these delight, if friendship twined  
The bonds of love, life's social sweets to save,  
And gild the traveller's path with sunshine to the grave?

One sportive summer's day is all that's given  
To cheer the transient gleam of insect bliss,  
Warm'd by the genial influence of Heaven,  
They burst to life, and love, and happiness:  
Roving on raptur'd wing, no ills oppress;  
Fruition bounds the circuit of their joy;-  
Shall Man alone no kindred charms possess?  
Must storm and gloom his summer's day destroy,  
Nor peace nor social sweets his fleeting hours employ?-

Ah me! encompass'd with afflictions drear!  
Pain - sickness - sorrow, and disastrous fate;  
The want of friendship's aid, to sooth and cheer,  
And softening still the murmurs of regret;  
The loss of all we loved, and prized so late,  
Torn from the breast, where hope and transport smiled!  
Are these not ills enow? - must rage, and hate,

And strife, and uproar join in discord wild,  
Steel the relentless heart, and spurn affections mild?

Can nought compose these tumults that repel  
The gentler throbs of nature, and prevent  
The playful current of our joys to swell  
In fond delight, or glide in calm content?  
Yes! - Heaven, with all her bounties, kindly sent  
To mitigate the pangs of human pain,  
Has given the Muse, with tones mellifluent,  
To cheer, inspire, and charm in varied strain,  
With fancy, virtue, peace, and all her smiling train!

Lapt in her lays, that cherish and reform,  
And lure the mind to all that's guiltless fair,  
Lull'd are the tempests that upheave, and storm  
The labouring breast of avarice and care;  
Retirement's calm is all he longs to share  
Who thrills at nature's glow, and woos her charms;  
Hails her excitements; paints her beauties rare;  
Thoughtless of want; unruffled with alarms;  
And such the bard, I ween! whose breast true passion warms.

A time there was :- alas! how changed! - how gone!  
When worth and friendship link'd each social heart,  
Awaked by nature's call, in powerful tone  
The numbers flow'd; free, negligent of art;  
Warm was the strain! impetuous to impart  
Whate'er for love or virtue could inspire  
Affections strong; each Minstrel felt the dart  
Of passion, kindling with poetic fire,  
While Pity struck the chords, and tuned the Ossianic lyre.

But scared by feud, that gen'rates war and crime,  
And sweeps the loves and virtues soon away,  
The Muses, trembling, fled their hostile clime,  
And wandering, skulk'd, where power, with ruffian sway  
O'erawed the minstrel band. - Quick changed the lay;  
Servile and mean, arose a mongrel crew;  
And, as they sung of spoil and midnight fray,  
Waked the discordant tones, untuned, untrue,  
Which Nature never own'd, nor Pity ever drew!

Stung with the sounds, oppress'd with grief and pain,  
Sad, o'er the wild, a sister mourner fled;  
Her robe, neglected, swept the desert plain,  
The bleak wind whistling round her laurell'd head;  
Fast down her faded cheek, late rosy red,  
The tide of silent sorrow trickling fell!  
Ask you the mourner's name? - 'twas Music, led  
By wilder'd grief, her plaintive notes to swell  
Safe where the Muses sung, within their shelter'd dell.

Near to the choral band, embower'd and hid  
From rapine, hate, and feud's relentless ire;  
Low in a grassy vale, where, tame, the kid  
And lambkin dancing play'd, a ruin'd sire  
Secluded lived. Escaped from whelming fire  
At midnight's murdering hour, swift, through the roar  
Of wintry storms, he fled from horrors dire,  
And with an infant - saved of all his store!  
To Yarrow's sylvan banks the blooming treasure bore.

Here, lonely screen'd, affection urged to save  
The helpless life dependent on his aid;  
His sheltering roof, the banks deep echoing cave;  
His food, the wild fruits glean'd around the glade!  
Heaven, favouring, smiled. A lamb, that wilder'd stray'd  
Within the grot, th' experienced sire retain'd,  
Lured by its bleating cries, fond, undismay'd,  
The dam swift follow'd, answering as it plain'd,  
And with her milky store two helpless lives sustain'd.

Thus nightly lur'd, the wintry season past;  
Returning spring increased the fleecy fold;  
Contentment sooth'd, and deaden'd woes at last,  
While years untroubled came, and passing roll'd:  
The stripling grew; the sire, though frail and old,  
Beheld, with cheering hope, his shepherd boy  
Secured from want. Each eve the warrior told  
The tales of former happiness and joy,  
And all the woes of feud, that ruin and destroy!

And oft, to cheat and cheer the lingering hour,

The hoary sage would wake the legend strain;  
Recount the marvellous deeds of martial power,  
And paint the tumult of th' embattled plain;  
Yet, while he sung the carnage of the slain,  
In sorrow's tone, soft pity's sighs he drew;  
And checking rising fervour, shew'd how vain  
The pride of conquest, slaughtering to subdue!  
Compared with virtue's charms, unchanging - ever new.

And oft, I ween! to warm impassion'd youth  
With all that's courteous, generous, just, and brave,  
Instructive age would blend with moral truth  
Romantic feats, when dauntless Knighthood gave  
Its bright example to reform; and save  
Unshelter'd virtue from oppression's power;  
Chastised dishonour; freed the injured slave  
Of tyrant thrall; attack'd the dragon-bower;  
Broke beauty's captive spell, and storm'd the enchanted tower.

Touch'd with the subject of the evening's lay,  
The stripling caught the sorrows that were sung,  
And wandering, lonely, with his flock by day,  
Conn'd the sad tales, o'er which he nightly hung,  
And much he wish'd (unpractised yet and young)  
In suited strains, emotions, to unfold,  
When from the neighb'ring dell, sweet warbling rung  
The Muses' varied notes - now soft, now bold,  
And to his ravish'd ear th' important secret told.

'Twas then arose, united, and refined,  
The witching strains of Melody and Song!  
True to each note the charms of verse combined  
The power of thought, impassion'd - moral - strong;  
Through wood and vale, re-echoed sweet among  
The haunts of quiet, soft the warbling rose:  
Flocks listening gaze; arrested oft, and long,  
The bounding roe-buck and his woodland does  
Turn captived by the sound harmonies as it flows!

Thrill'd with the charm! - enchanted with the art!  
The fond enthusiast, listening to the choir,  
Felt the warm flash of genius shoot athwart



His ardent brain, and caught th' electric fire;  
And as he listening heard the changing lyre,  
Sweet as the Muses sung the Pastoral lay,  
Now melting soft to passion's warm desire;  
Now lightly brisk to rural joys and play,  
Whole nights and summer days past unperceived away!

They sung of love, and lover's pains,  
Their joys, and softened sorrow;  
They sung contentment's rural strains  
Around the 'Braes o' Yarrow;'  
On 'Etterick banks' was heard the reed  
That piped to pastoral leisure,  
And echoing sweet round winding Tweed  
Was heard the varying measure;

And Teviotdale returned the sound  
With all its groves embowering,  
And 'Galla water's' green hills crown'd  
With whins and wild thyme flowering;  
Blithe were the strains by 'Cowden knows'  
And 'Leader's haughs' and river!  
But sad! where Jed's stream murm'ring flows  
The blythe notes echoed never!  
For war with blood stained Jed's sweet shore  
When love oft wail'd her marrow,  
And wafted mid the tempest's roar  
The sound was heard at Yarrow.

Sad o'er the lone vales as it swept,  
And thrill'd the heart with anguish,  
The Muses changed the lyre, and wept;  
Love's notes were heard to languish;  
The rural pipe neglected lay!  
No sound was heard by night or day  
But melting 'duple or sorrow!'  
Beside some bank or willow'd stream  
Soft Pity tuned the mournful theme,  
And starting, saw in frightful dream  
Some lover drown'd in Yarrow!

But had you seen the Shepherd boy

When Song and Music fired his breast,  
Tune the loved instruments with joy  
That by the Muses' skill express'd  
The varied Passions that confess'd  
The power of Nature's artless sway;  
You would have sworn the ruin'd mind  
To reason lost - wild - unconfined  
Had wing'd its maniac way!

Oh! had you seen him as he stray'd,  
Rapt, through the greenwood's lonely shade,  
When silence reign'd at even,  
And heard him pour his varied song  
Descriptive - moral - melting - strong!  
Inspired by favouring Heaven,  
You would have hail'd him as he stood  
Entranced in fond poetic mood,  
The genius of the grove;  
And thought you heard by bank and spring  
Responsive sweet! the wood-nymphs sing  
Of rural peace and love!

The Muses markt, and raptured smiled,  
And as they claspt loved Nature's child  
Delighted to their breast,  
In tears of joy they blest the morn  
On which a Shepherd bard was born  
To charm rude minds to rest.  
'And take,' they cried, 'the pastoral reed  
That pipes to peace and pleasure,  
And sing while flocks round Yarrow feed  
The sweets of rural leisure;  
Yet midst the charms that song bestows  
Think of the child of sorrow,  
Who whelm'd to-night with warfare's woes,  
Weeps o'er her lot to-morrow!

Attune the lyre! but let it sound  
To every answering dale around  
The melody of woe!  
For melody and song assail  
The frozen heart, when miseries fail

To melt th' infuriate foe:  
Sad let it ring! to Nature free!  
Unmarr'd by art-trick'd minstrelsy;  
For art and nature ill agree  
    When passion bursting speaks;  
While left alone to play her part,  
Deep-melting sorrow wrings the heart,  
    And oft the heart too, breaks!

But when Pleasure's warm sensation  
    Prompts the mirth-inspiring strain,  
Snatch fond Youth! the blest occasion  
    To light transport up again!  
Pleasure's joys may flie to-morrow,  
    Hail them while they kindling move!  
Life was ne'er foredoom'd to sorrow  
    Cheer'd with melody and love!  
Ever changing - ever fleeting,  
    Life is but an April day,  
Smiling - frowning - tempting - cheating!  
    Hail its sun-beams while they play.

Song and melody can lighten  
    Loads that bend the drooping soul,  
Gild the gloom of fate, and brighten  
    Regions darkling round the pole;  
Cheering with their warm intrusion  
    Iceland shivering feels the glow,  
Lapland, yielding to illusion  
    Smiles amid eternal snow :

Nor freezing blasts from Alpine height  
    Can chill the fervant pleasure;  
Nor climes where softer charms invite,  
    Obliterate the measure:  
Where'er her roams, hold, calm, or gay,  
Re-wake the strain which youth's blithe day  
    Heard round Helvetia's steeps,  
Tho' nursed in war - to valour bred,  
The soldier gone! - fame - glory fled,  
    Thinks of his home, and weeps!

O patriot passion! close intwin'd  
With friendship warm, and love refined,  
    Resistless is thy power!  
Let wealth with grandeur gild his lot,  
The wanderer still sighs for his cot,  
    His hill and native bower!  
And while he sighs, and frequent turns  
With ardent mind, and breast that burns,  
    To scenes no longer near!  
Each simple air his mother sung,  
Placed on her knee when helpless young,  
    Still vibrates on his ear!

Strike then the lyre, and raise the song  
    Attuned to joy or sorrow;  
Oh! pour it melting sweet along  
    The answering banks of Yarrow!  
Till shepherds listening, catch the strain  
    As flocks are careless roaming,  
And milk-maids lilt it soft again  
    At ewe-bughts in the gloaming;  
Till love and friendship on the wing  
    Waft concord to disorder,  
And teach e'en Rapine's hordes to sing  
    'Peace To The Troubled Border!'

Hector Macneill

## Prologue : Written At The Request Of The Managers Of The Public Kitchen At Edinburgh, For The Benefi

When discord first, with hate infuriate, hurl'd  
Their baneful influence o'er a suffering world;  
Broke the firm bands of kindred joys asunder,  
And left in want the wretch to weep, and - wonder;  
Thrill'd with despair ;- unfriended, and oppress'd,  
With haggard eye, pale Poverty, distress'd,  
Roam'd the lone wild, a wretched life to save,  
And shivering sunk in Famine's darkening cave!  
There, sad, she pin'd, and wail'd her hopeless moan,  
Earth her damp pillow! and her bed - cold stone,  
Till Charity (from Heaven's fair lineage sprung,  
Nymph of the melting heart and soothing tongue)  
Swift from yon starry vault's ethereal blue,  
To want's dark cell with pitying ardour flew!

Cheer'd with celestial rays that chas'd the gloom,  
The fainting mourner wak'd - as from the tomb;  
Saw the sweet harbinger of joy again  
Steal on the soft tip-toe to the bed of pain;  
O'er the cold breast her mantling vestments spread;  
Wipe the damp brow, and raise the drooping head;  
Pour the rich cordial, trickling to the heart;  
Brace the lax fibre, and new strength impart;  
Kindle fond hope; and beck'ning with a smile,  
Lure, while she flew to Britain's fostering isle!  
To Britain's isle! where, cherish'd by her care,  
The poor, if virtuous, never know despair:  
Warm'd by her beams, each bosom learns to glow,  
And throb, and feel - the sympathy of woe!  
From ocean's gen'rous sons (in fame enroll'd)  
To Scotia's mountains, and her patriot's bold;  
Alike her magic power o'er land and wave:  
- The flame of pity ever warms the brave!  
Oh! could its light but harmonize the breast,  
And guide again the jarring world to rest!  
Spread with mild radiance far from shore to shore,  
Till friendship binds, and discord's heard no more!

Till candour starts at reason's temperate call,  
And mercy wafts humanity - to all!  
This night, where charity's celestial flame  
Gilds in mild lustre Scotia's annal'd fame;  
Beams in each conscious eye, and, heav'nly meek,  
Glow in soft blushes on each fair one's cheek;  
This night! indeed, would mock the powers of rhyme!  
And stamp an era for recording time!

Enough for us, who claim no higher care  
Than aid the wretched, and repel despair;  
To light the lamp in poverty's dark cell,  
And lend new strength to those who - struggle well;  
- Enough for us! expiring worth to save,  
And cheer the path of virtue to the grave!

Hector Macneill

# Scotland's Scaith, Or, The History O' Will And Jean. Owre True A Tale

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace,  
Wha in neeboring town or farm?  
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will could rin, or wrastle?  
Throw the sledge, or toss the bar?  
Hap what would, he stood a castle,  
Or for safety, or for war:

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',  
Wi' the bauld he bauld could be;  
But to friends wha had their handfu'  
Purse and service aye ware free.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,  
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?-  
Thousands had mair brows and siller,  
But ware ony half sae fair?

Saft her smile raise like Mary morning,  
Glinting owre Demait's brow:  
Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning  
Strevlin's lovely plain below!

Kind and gentle was her nature;  
At ilk place she bare the bell ;  
Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature!  
But her look nae tongue can tell!

Sic was Jean, whan Will first mawing,  
Spied her on a thraward beast;  
Flew like fire, and just when fa'ing  
Kept her on his manly breast.

Light he bare her, pale as ashes,  
Cross the meadow, fragrant, green!

Plac'd her on the new-mawn rashes,  
Watching sad her opening ee.

Sic was Will, whan poor Jean fainting  
Drapt into a lover's arms;  
Waken'd to his saft lamenting;  
Sigh'd, and blush'd a thousand charms:

Soon they loo'd, and soon ware buckled;  
Nane took time to think and rue  
Youth and worth and beauty cuppled;  
Luve had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' canty,  
Jean and Will thought them but ane;  
Ilka day brought joy and plenty,  
Ilka year a dainty wean;

Will wrought sair, but aye with pleasure;  
Jean the hale day span and sang;  
Will and weans her constant treasure,  
Blest wi' them nae day seem'd lang;

Trig her house, and oh! to busk aye  
Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!  
But at this time News and Whiskey  
Sprang nae up at ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour whan Willie  
Hame returning frae the fair,  
Ow'r-took Tam, a neebor billie,  
Sax miles frae their hame and mair;

Simmer's heat had lost its fury;  
Calmly smil'd the sober e'en;  
Lasses on the bleachfield hurry  
Skelping bare-fit owre the green;

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,  
Canty Hairst was just begun,  
And on mountain, tree, and water  
Glinted saft the setting sun.



Will and Tam wi' hearts a' lowpin  
Mark'd the hale, but could nae bide;  
Far frae hame, nae time for stoppin,  
Baith wish'd for their ain fire side:

On they travell'd warm and drouthy,  
Cracking owre the news in town;  
The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youthy  
Pray'd for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens  
To poor merit's modest pray'r;  
And on fools heaps needless blessins,  
Harken'd to our drouthy pair;

In a howm, wha's bonnie burnie  
Whimperin row'd its crystal flood,  
Near the road, whar trav'lers turn aye,  
Near and bield a cot-house stood;

White the wa's, wi' roof new theckit,  
Window broads just painted red;  
Lown 'mang trees and braes it reckit,  
Haflins seen and halfins hid;

Up the gravel end thick spreading  
Crap the clasping ivy green,  
Back owre, firs the high craigs cleading,  
Rais'd a' round a cozy screen;

Down below, a flowery meadow  
Join'd the burnie's rambling line;  
Here it was, that Howe the Widow  
This sam day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its  
Bottom, Will first marvelin sees  
'Porter, Ale, and British Spirits,'  
Painted bright between twa trees.

'Godsake! Tam, here's walth for drinking;

Wha can this new comer be?  
'Hoot! quo' Tam, there's drouth in thinking;  
Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.'

Nae mair time they took to speak or  
Think o' ought but reaming jugs;  
Till three times in humming liquor  
Ilk had deeply laid his lugs.

Slocken'd now, refresh'd and talking,  
In came Meg (weel skill'd to please)  
'Sirs! ye're surely tyr'd wi' walking;  
Ye maun taste my bread and cheese.'

'Thanks, quo' Will ;- I canna tarry,  
Pick mirk night is setting in,  
Jean, poor thing's! her lane and eery-  
I maun to the road and rin.'

Hoot! quo' Tam, what's a' the hurry?  
Hame's now scarce a mile o' gaet  
Come! sit down - Jean winna wearie:  
Lord! I'm sure it's no sae late!

Will, o'ercome wi' Tam's oration,  
Baith fell to and ate their fill-  
'Tam!' quo' Will, 'in mere discretion,  
We maun hae the Widow's gill.'

After ae gill cam anither  
Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa,  
Bang! cam in Mat Smith and's brither,  
Geordie Brown and Sandie Shaw.

Neebors wha ne'er thought to meet here,  
Now sat down wi' double glee,  
Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter!  
Will gat hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing! had lang been greetin;  
Will, neist morning, blam'd Tam Lowes,  
But ere lang, an owkly meetin

Was set up at Maggie Howe's.

PART II.

Maist things hae a sma' beginnin',  
But wha kens how things will end?  
Owkly clubs are nae great sinniu,  
Gin folk hae enough to spend.

But nae man o' sober thinkin  
E'er will say that things can thrive,  
If there's spent in owkly drinkin  
Wha keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye hae conversation,  
Ilka social soul allows;  
But, in this reformin nation,  
Wha can speak without the news?

News, first meant for state physicians,  
Deeply skill'd in courtly drugs;  
Now whan a' are politicians,  
Just to set folks by the lugs.

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light  
On some things that should be clear,  
Found ere lang the fau't, and ae night  
Clubb'd and gat the Gazetteer.

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,  
Swith! by post the papers fled!  
Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house,  
Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,  
'Things are no ga'en right,' quo' Tam,  
'Let us aftener meet thegither;  
Twice a owk's no worth a d--n.'

See them now in grave convention  
To mak a' things 'square and even;'  
Or at least wi' firm intention

To drink sax nights out o' seven.

Mid this sitting up and drinkin,  
Gatherin a' the news that fell;  
Will, wha was nae yet past thinking,  
Had some battles wi' himsell.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison  
Bare ilk firm resolve awa;  
On the ither, Jean's condition  
Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smother'd sorrow!  
Weel he saw her bleaching cheek!  
Mark'd the smile she strave to borrow,  
Whan, poor thing, she could nae speak!

Jean, at first, took little heed o'  
Owkly clubs mang three or four,  
Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'  
Heartsome hours whan wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings  
Sat and drank frae sax till twa;  
Whan she fand that hard-earn'd gettings  
Now on drink ware thrown awa;

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie  
Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,  
Now grown mauchless, dowf and sweer aye  
To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,  
Healthy bloom, and sprightly ee;  
And o' luve and hame grown wearit,  
Nightly frae his family flee:

Wha could blame her heart's complaining?  
Wha condemn her sorrows meek?  
Or the tears that now ilk e'ening  
Bleach'd her lately crimson'd cheek!

Will, wha lang had rued and swither'd  
    (Aye asham'd o' past disgrace)  
Mark'd the roses as they wither'd  
    Fast on Jeanie's lovely face!

Mark'd, - and felt wi' inward rackin  
    A' the wyte lay wi' himsel,-  
Swore neist night he'd mak a breakin,  
    D-n'd the club and news to hell!

But alas! whan habit's rooted,  
    Few hae pith the root to pu';  
Will's resolves were aye nonsuited,  
    Promis'd aye, but aye gat fou;

Aye at first at the convening  
    Moraliz'd on what was right,  
Yet on clavers entertaining  
    Doz'd and drank till brade day light.

Things at length draw near an ending,  
    Cash rins out; Jean quite unhappy  
Sees that Will is now past mending,  
    Tynes a' heart, and taks a - drappy!

Ilka drink deserves a poesy;  
    Port maks men rude, claret civil;  
Beer maks Britons stout and rosy,  
    Whisky maks ilk wife - a devil.

Jean, wha lately bare affliction  
    Wi' sae meek and mild an air,  
School'd by whisky, learns new tricks soon,  
    Flyts, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, so late the tenderest mither,  
    Fond o' ilk dear dauted wean!  
Now, heart harden'd a' thegither,  
    Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha vogie, loo'd to busk aye  
    In her hame-spun, thrifty wark;

Now sells a' her braws for whisky  
To her last gown, coat, and sark!

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,  
Loudly sings in whisky's praise;  
Sweet his sang! - the mair's the pity  
E'er on it he war'd sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia  
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,  
Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia,  
Whisky's ill will scaith her maist!

'Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace?  
Wha in neeboring town or farm?  
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
Deadly strength was in his arm!

'Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,  
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?  
Thousands had mair braws and siller,  
But ware ony half sae fair?'

See them now - how chang'd wi' drinking!  
A' their youthfu' beauty gane!  
Daver'd, doited, daiz'd and blinking,  
Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November,  
(Claise, and cash, and credit out)  
Cowering owre a dying ember,  
Wi' ilk face as white's a clout;

Bond and bill, and debts a' stoppit,  
Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;  
Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit  
Now to pay the laird his rent.

No anither night to lodge here!  
No a friend their cause to plead!  
He ta'en on to be a sodger,  
She wi' weans to beg her bread!

'O' a' the ill's poor Caledonia  
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,  
Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia,  
Whisky's ill will scaith her maist!

Hector Macneill

# Tak Tent And Be Wary

'Hech! lass, but ye're canty and vogie!  
Wow! but your e'en look pauky and roguie!  
What war ye doing, Kate, down in yon bogie,  
Up in the morning sae airy and grey?'  
I've been wi' some body! what need ye to speer?  
I've been wi' young Jamie! - I've been wi' my dear!  
God save me! my mither will miss me, I fear!  
D'ye ken, lass! he's courting me a' the lang day!'

'O Kate, tak tent and be wary!  
Jamie's a sad aue - he never will marry;  
Think o' poor Tibby ;- he's left her to carry  
Black burning shame till the day that she'll die!  
'I carena for Tibby - a glaiket young quean!  
Her gaits wi' the fallows we a' ken lang syne!  
The heart o' my laddie I never can tyne!  
He promis'd to marry me down on yon lea

O no! I need na be wary!  
Yes! yes! he means for to marry!  
Wi' mony sweet kisses he ca'd me his deary,  
And swore he wad tak me afore Beltan day.'  
'O Kate! Kate! he'll deceive ye!  
(The de'il tak the chiel! he does naithing but grieve me!)  
He's fu' o' deceit! - gin ye like to believe me,  
The fause loon last night tald the same tale to me.'

'Dear Jean! but ye're unco camstary!  
Ye'll ne'er let a bodie trou ever they'll mary!  
Ye've now ge'en me something that's no light to carry,  
'Twill lie at my heart till the day that I die!'  
She gaed awa sighing! she gaed away wae;  
Her mither flet sair for her byding away!  
She sat down to spin! - ne'er a word could she say,  
But drew out a thread wi' the tear in her ee.

'O yes! - it's time to be wary!  
Jamie's a sad ane! - he ne'er means to marry!  
He may rise in the morning, and wait till he's wearie!



He's no see my face for this year and a day!

She raise wi' the lavroc, she milked her cow;  
Sat down by her leglin and 'gan for to rue :  
Young Jamie cam by - her heart lap to her mou!  
And she trou'd ilka word that the fause loon did say!  
Hech! sirs! how lasses will vary!  
Sometimes they're doubtfu' - 'tis then they are wary;  
But when luv comes louping, they ay think we'll marry,  
And trust, like poor Kate, to what fause loons will say.

Hector Macneill

# The Auld Wife's Lament

This warld o' ours has been lang in a low!  
I wonder wha bred the beginning o't?  
God send us a rock, and a wee pickle tow!  
And let us again to the spinning o't!  
Our spinning, God help us! is no ganging right;  
Our men they're fighting; our woman tak fright;  
We're vap'rig a' day; and we're blind-fou at night:  
-But wha yet has heard o' the winning o't?

They crack o' our trade; and they crack o' our walth;  
They brag o' our mills that are spinning o't;  
But, spite o' our boasting, and spite o' our pelf,  
Good faith! I hear few that are winning o't.  
Our wabsters are breaking, our looms they stand still!  
Our lads doing little but tending the drill!  
I doubt if e'en lairds now their pouches can fill  
-Oh, hon! for the wearie beginning o't!

They're plenty, nae doubt, who can had their head high,  
And ay wad be thought to be winning o't;  
We're a' ganging fine; but we ay keep abeigh,  
When folk wad keek in at the spinning o't.  
Our houses are glittering; our lasses gang bra'!  
Our tbles are costly - our pride's warst o' a'!  
But gin we gae on, we shall soon get a fa'!  
And then we'll hear nought but the tyning o't!

Oh-oh! for the time when we sat at our weel,  
And ilka ane sang to the spinning o't!  
A canty fire-side, and a cap o' good ale,  
Gaed ay sweetly down wi' the winning o't!  
We're strutting! - we're blawing! morn, e'ening and noon,  
We're wishing to see our French friends unco soon!  
But gif Bonaparte gangs on as he's done,  
We'll neither see end nor beginning o't!

Yet think na, my lads, ye are yet to lye by!  
Its ay right to try a beginning o't;  
When folk are sair put, they maun e'en 'ride and tie;'

Its better than gi' up the spinning o't:  
Then up wi' your muskets, and up wi' your might!  
And up wi' youre signals and fires on ilk height!  
If ance we get stiddy, we yet may get right,  
And, ablins, ere lang prie the winning ot'!

Hector Macneill

# The Harp. A Legendary Tale. In Two Parts

Still'd is the tempest's blust'ring roar;  
Hoarse dash the billows of the sea;  
But who on Kilda's dismal shore  
Cries - 'Have I burnt my harp for thee!'

'Tis Col, wild raving to the gale,  
That howls o'er heath, and blasted lea;  
Still as he eyes the lessening sail,  
Cries - 'Have I burnt my harp for thee!'

Bright was thy fame in Bara's isle,  
Sweet bard! where many a rival sung;  
Oft hadst thou wak'd the tear and smile  
As soft thy harp melodious rung:

Oft hadst thou touch'd the female heart,  
(To love I ween! and pity true)  
Till Mora came to hear thy art ; -  
Mora, with eye of softening blue.

The maid he priz'd above the throng  
That press'd to hear his raptur'd strain;  
The maid, who melted at the song,  
But trifled with a lover's pain:

Long had he borne the treach'rous smile  
That cherish'd hope, and left despair;  
The promis'd bliss which female guile  
As oft dispers'd in empty air;

Till shunn'd by ev'ry constant maid;  
Condemn'd by friends; by kindred prest;  
Deceitful thus, in smiles array'd,  
Mora the sorrowing youth address:

'Too long, O Col! in plaintive moan  
Thou'st strung thy Harp to strains divine;  
Add but two strings of varied tone,  
This heart, this yielding heart is thine.'

Two strings the youth with anxious care,  
Half doubtful, to his Harp applies;  
And oft, in vain, he turns each air,  
And oft each varying note he tries;

At length (unrivall'd in his art!)  
With new-born sounds the valley rings ;  
Col claims his Mora's promis'd heart  
As deep he strikes the varied strings!

Three moons, three honied moons, are past  
Since Col, enraptur'd laugh'd at care;  
And oft the tuneful Harp he blest  
That won a nymph so good and fair:

Till mindful of those tender ties  
That fashion's sons would blush to name;  
With soften'd voice, and melting sighs,  
He thus accosts his peerless dame.

'Three months, dear partner of my bliss!  
Three fleeting months have shed their charms  
Since first I snatch'd the bridal kiss,  
And clasp'd perfection to my arms:

Yet happiness, however true,  
Must fade if selfish or confin'd ;  
Your friends now claim affections due;  
The kindred transports of the mind!

Each parent mourns our cold delay;  
They think of Mora with a tear:  
The gale invites - at early day  
To Cana's sea-beat shore we steer.'

The morn blush'd fair; mild blew the gale,  
The lark to heaven light warbling springs;  
Col smiles with love, spreads quick the sail,  
And sweeps with ravish'd heart the strings!

But ah! how short the transient gleams

That light with joy the human breast!  
The tempest raves and wildly screams  
Each frightened sea fowl to her nest,

High rage the billows of the deep  
That lately roll'd serenely mild,  
And dash'd near Kilda's awful steep;  
Col clasps his love with horror wild.

For cold's the form o'er which he hung  
With raptur'd eye the morn before;  
And mute and tuneless is the tongue  
That charm'd so late on Bara's shore;

And pale and lifeless is the cheek  
That glow'd so late with rosy hue;  
The eye that melting joys could speak  
Is clos'd! - the eye of soft'ning blue.

Hard with the furious surge he strove,  
His Love and fav'rite harp to save;  
Till deep in Crona's sea worn cove,  
He bears them safe from storm and wave.

But cove, nor love's assiduous care  
Could ebbing life's warm tide restore!  
Pale, wet, and speechless lay the fair  
On Kilda's bleak and stormy shore.

Oft, oft her breathless lips of clay  
With frantic cries he fondly prest;  
And while a senseless corse she lay,  
He strain'd her madly to his breast.

But who can paint the pencil true  
The scene, when sighs first struggling stole  
(Which thus by magic love he drew)  
Deep lab'ring from her fluttering soul!

'She breathes! - she lives!' the minstrel cried,  
'Life has not fled this beauteous form!  
Protecting heaven! some aid provide!

Shield - shield my trembler from the storm!

'No roof its friendly smoke displays!  
No storm-scap'd faggot, turf, nor tree  
No shrub to yield one kindly blaze,  
And warm my love to life and me!

Dark grows the night! - and cold and sharp  
Beat wind, and hail, and drenching rain!  
Nought else remains - I'll burn my Harp!  
He cries, and breaks his harp in twain.

'For thee, O Mora! oft it rung,  
To guard thee from each rival's art;  
And now, though broken and unstrung,  
It guards from death thy constant heart.'

Bright flam'd the fragments as he spoke;  
One parting sigh his Harp he gave:  
The storm-drench'd faggots blaze thro' smoke,  
And snatch his Mora from the grave.

## PART II.

Now heedless rav'd the stormy night,  
For instant terror frown'd no more,  
And cheerful blaz'd the spreading light  
Round Kilda's dark and dismal shore;

And cheerful smil'd the grateful pair,  
And talk'd of death and dangers past,  
When loud the voice of wild despair  
Came rushing on the midnight blast.

Chill horror seiz'd each lover's heart  
'Ah me! what dismal sounds draw near!  
Defend us heaven!' with sudden start  
Cry'd Mora, thrill'd with frantic fear.

One hand supports his trembling wife,  
The other grasps his trusty glave;  
'My Harp,' he cries, 'has given thee life,

And this, that precious life shall save!

'No danger comes,' deep sigh'd a form,  
As near the cave it shiv'ring stood;  
'A stranger shipwreck'd by the storm  
Implores the gen'rous and the good;

No danger comes - ah me! forlorn!  
A wretch by woes and tempests tost!  
From love, from friends, and kindred torn,  
And dash'd on Kilda's frightful coast!

Restless with grief, at op'ning day  
For Lewis' isle I spread the sail;  
Sweet rose the lark with cheerful lay,  
And sweetly blew the flatt'ring gale!

Ah fate relentless! thus to cheat  
With baneful lure and treach'rous smile!  
Were human suff'rings not complete  
Till wreck'd on Kilda's desert isle!

Lur'd by the light that gleams afar,  
With fainting steps these cliffs I prest :  
O! may it prove a polar star,  
And guide to pity's shelt'ring breast!

Quick from his grasp the falchion flies  
As Col each opening arm extends;  
'Approach, ill fated youth!' he cries,  
'Here - here are none but suff'ring friends!

Like thee, we hail'd the matin song,  
The flatt'ring gale, and faithless tide!  
How sweet! by zephyrs borne along,  
My Harp and Mora by my side!

Why starts the youth? approach; draw near,  
Behold the wreck of storm and wave  
'Tis all that's left! - my Harp so dear  
I burn'd, that fair one's life to save!



First pale, then crimson grew his cheek,  
And sorely shook his manly frame!  
His fault'ring tongue refus'd to speak,  
Save to repeat his Mora's name

A name which oft had charm'd his ear,  
And e'en from childhood grew more sweet;  
A name which love had render'd dear,  
And sorrow taught him to repeat!

Long had he nurs'd the kindling flame,  
Long, long possess'd her virgin heart;  
But party feuds and discord came,  
And forc'd the tend'rest pair to part.

Torn hapless thus from all he lov'd,  
The wretched wand'rer left his home,  
From isle to isle incessant rov'd ;  
His only wish to idly roam!

Oft had he brav'd the tempest's war,  
Unaided in his slender bark;  
Oft lonely steer'd by some faint star  
That glimmer'd thro' th' involving dark;

Oft, oft uncertain whether driven,  
Or near some rock, or breaker borne;  
He'd quit his helm to guiding heaven,  
And sigh his cheerless lot till morn!

Oft had the wild heath been his bed,  
On some lone hill, or craggy steep;  
While light'nings flash'd around his head,  
And eagles scream'd his woes asleep.

Thus pass'd his wand'ring life away,  
'A wretch by woes and tempests tost,'  
Till fortune, in her changeful play,  
Wreck'd him on Kilda's fatal coast.

Ah! little thought he while he strove  
'Gainst whelming wave and rocky shore,

You light would guide him to his love,  
I'll ne'er burn Harp again for thee!

Hector Macneill

# The Lammie

'Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?  
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?'  
'I've been by burn and flowery brae,  
Meadow green, and mountain grey,  
Courting o' this young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy.'

'And whar gat ye that young thing,  
My boy Tammy?'  
'I gat her down in yonder bow,  
Smiling on a broomy know,  
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe  
For her poor mammy.'

'What said ye to the bonie bairn,  
My boy Tammy?'  
'I prais'd her een, sae lovely blue,  
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;  
I pree'd if aft as ye may true!  
She said, she'd tell her mammy.'

I held her to my beating heart,  
My young, my smiling Lammie!  
'I hae a house, it cost me dear,  
I've walth o' plenishen and geer;  
Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair,  
Gin ye will leave your mammy.'

The smile gade aff her bonie face  
'I maun nae leave my mammy;  
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,  
She's been my comfort a' my days :  
My father's death brought mony waes  
I canna leave my mammy.'

'We'll tak her hame and make her fain,  
My ain kind-hearted Lammie!  
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,  
We'll be her comfort a' her days.'

The wee thing gie's her hand and says,  
'There! gang and ask my mammy!'

'Has she been to kirk wi' thee,  
My boy Tammy?'

'She has been to kirk wi' me,  
And the tear was in her ee,  
But O! she's but a young thing  
Just come frae her mammy.'

Hector Macneill

# The Links O' Forth : Or, A Parting Peep At The Carse O' Sterlin

Ah! winding Forth! -- smooth wandering tide!  
O' Strevlin's peerless plain the pride;  
How pleas'd along thy verdant side,  
Whar floweries spring,  
The muse her untaught numbers tried,  
And learnt to sing!

Whan ardent youth, wi' boiling blood,  
Ilk trace o' glowing passion loo'd,  
How aft aside thy silver flood,  
Unseen, alane,  
The bardin, rapt in pensive mood,  
Has pour'd the strain!

To beauteous Laura, aft an lang,  
His artless lyre he trembling strang;-  
Close to his beating heart it hang,  
    While glen, and grove,  
And craig, and echoing valley, rang  
    Wi' fervent love

Poor, fond enthusiast! whither stray?  
By wimpling burn or broomy brae?  
Wasting, I ween, the live-lang day  
    In am'rous rhyme?  
The hour will come, thou'lt sigh, and say,  
    What loss o' time!

Yet, wharfore shou'd nae youth engage  
In pleasures suited to its age?  
To catch the tids o' life is sage,  
    Some joys to save:  
Wha kens the fights he's doom'd to wage  
    This side the grave!

To sport on fancy's flowery brink,  
And beek a wee in love's warm blink,

Is wiser far, I'm sure, than think  
O' distant harm,  
Whan eild and cauld indiff'rence shrink,  
Frae pleasure's charm.

Then strike, sweet muse, the trembling lyre,  
Ance mair do thou the sang inspire ;-  
Ah! check nae yet the glowing fire,  
Though health divine,  
And youth, and pleasure's fond desire  
Fast, fast decline!

Attune the lay! whan nature's charm  
Eirst seized his bosom fluttering warm;  
Ere care yet came, w' dread alarm,  
Or friendship's guile;  
Or fortune, wi' uplifted arm,  
And treach'rous smile.

Attune the lay that should adorn  
Ilk verse descriptive o' the morn;  
Whan round Forth's Links o' waving corn,  
At peep o' dawn  
Frae broomy know the whitening thorn  
He raptur'd ran:

Or fragrant whar, at opening day,  
The whins bloom sweet on Aichil brae;  
There, whan inspir'd by lofty lay,  
He'd tak his flight;  
And towering climb, wi' spirits gay,  
Demyit's height.

O! grandeur far than Windsor's brow!  
And sweeter too the vale below!  
Whar Forth's unrivall'd windings flow  
Through varied grain,  
Brightening, I ween, wi' glittering glow  
Strevlina's plain!

There raptur'd trace (enthron'd on hie)  
The landscape stretching on the ee

Frae Grampian heights down to the sea,  
    (A dazzling view!)  
Corn, meadow, mansion, water, tree,  
    In varying hue--

Owre lofty here, ilk charm to trace,  
That deck, sweet plain! thy cultur'd face;  
Aft down the steep he'd tak a race,  
    Nor, rinning, flag,  
Till up he'd climb, wi' rapid pace  
    Yon 'abbey craig.'

There seated, mark, wi' ardour keen,  
The skelloch bright 'mang corn sae green,  
The purpled pea, and speckled bean;  
    A fragrant store!  
And vessels sailing, morn, and een,  
    To 'Stirling shore.'

But aftner far, he'd late and air,  
To yonder castled height repair,  
Whar youth's gay sports, relax'd frae care,  
    Cheat learning's toils,  
And round her Doig's classic chair  
    Fond genius smiles!

'Twas here, O Forth! for luve o' thee,  
Frae wine, and mirth, and cards he'd flee;  
Here too, unskill'd, sweet Poesy!  
    He woo'd thy art-  
Alas! nor skill nor guide had he,  
    Save warmth o' heart!

Yet feckless as his numbers fell,  
Nae tongue his peacefu' joys can tell,  
Whan crooning quiet by himsel,  
    He fram'd the lay  
On Gowland's whin-beflowered hill  
    And rocky brae.

How richly then the landscape glow'd  
As fast the welcome numbers flow'd!

How smooth the plying bargie row'd  
Frae shore to shore!  
How saft the kye in King's park low'd,  
At milking hour!

And ah! how sweet the murmur rang  
Frae busy labour's rural thrang!  
That sta' the upland heights amang'  
And echoing spread  
Owre Castle, Butts, and Knott, alang  
The Backwalk shade;

Dear, peacefu' scenes! how sweet to sing!  
Whan youth and luvè are on the wing;  
Whan morn's fresh gales their fragrance bring,  
Wi' balmy sough,  
And e'ening paints (how green in spring!)  
The 'braes o' Tough!

But sweet, thro' a' the varying year  
Will Airthrie's banks and woods appear;  
And crouse Craigforth, and princely Keir,  
That crowns the scene;  
And Allan water, glittering near  
Its bleaching green.

And Blair, half hid in Silvan shade,  
Where Taste and Home delighted stray'd;  
What time? whan Lare and Genius fled  
Frae bar and town,  
To Teath's clear stream, that babbling play'd  
By Castle Down-

And Shaw-park, gilt wi' e'ening's ray;  
And Embro's castle, distant grey;  
Wi' Alva, screen'd near Aichil brae,  
'Mang grove and bower!  
And rich Clackmannan, rising gay,  
Wi' woods and tower;

-These, aft he trac'd, fond nature's child!  
But maist at e'ening blushing mild,



As owre the western cliffs sae wild  
O' Lomond's height  
The sun in setting glory smil'd  
Wi' purple light!

'Twas then, by gloaming's sober hour,  
He'd court some solitude obscure;  
Or round Cam'skenneth's ancient tower,  
Whar winds Forth's stream,  
He'd wander, meditate, and pour  
This moral theme :-

'How still and solemn steals the gloom  
Mild owre the garden's fading bloom!  
Dim flits the bat athwart the tomb,  
On leathern wing ;-  
-Hark! what bemoan'd the slaughter'd doom  
O' Scotia's king?-

'Twas but the dove that woos his mate,  
Unmindfu' o' the monarch's fate:  
Whar, Grandeur, now thy regal state?-  
Unmarkt! - and gane!  
Nor sculptur'd verse records thy date,  
Nor moss-grown-stane!

Yet regal pomp, and courtly show,  
Aft graced yon castle's princely brow,  
Whan Scotland's kings, wi' patriot glow,  
Delight'd woo'd  
Strevlina's fertile fields below,  
And winding flood!

Sublime retreat! belov'd! admir'd!  
Whase rural charms sae aft conspir'd  
To calm the raging breast, whan fir'd  
'Gainst lawless power,  
And yield, mid social sweets retir'd  
Life's happier hour!

To sheathe in peace war's slaughtering sword;  
To drap the king at friendship's board;

To draw frae luve's delicious hoard  
Her honey'd sweet!  
And chain fierce valour's lofty lord  
At beauty's feet.

Or join the chace, at purple morn,  
Owre lawns, and heath-bloom'd mountains borne;  
Wi' hound, and hawk, and bugle horn,  
And shouting thrang;  
While Sauchie's glens, beflower'd wi' thorn,  
The notes prolang;

Or break the lance, and couch the spear  
At tilts and tournaments o' weir,  
Whar mony a valiant knight and peer  
Display'd their skill,  
To courtly beauty, blushing near,  
On Lady's hill.

Thus, tun'd to pastime's peacefu' string,  
Strevlina's craigs and valley ring;  
Blithe was the courtier and the king  
By Fortha's flood,  
Till Faction soar'd on raven wing,  
Bedrapt wi' blood!

'Twas then ilk sport and rural charm  
Fled court, and plain, and cheerless farm!-  
Rebellion loud, wi' dread alarm,  
Skreigh'd wild her cry,  
And murder dark, wi' dagger'd arm  
Stood watching by!

O Treason! - ranc'rous, ruthless fae!  
Sad source o' Scotland's wars and wae!  
Not guiltless power, here chang'd to clay,  
Could calm thy strife,  
Nor ward thy boiling bloody fray  
And butchering knife!

Alas! nor he, whase youthfu' bloom  
Lang felt oppression's tyrant doom;

Though science, mid the captive gloom,  
And genius bright,  
And fancy, at her fairy loom  
Shot radiant light!-

-Insatiate fiend! could nought allay  
The rebel rage 'gainst regal sway!-  
Not Flodden-Field, whase fatal day  
Brought drool and care,  
Whan Scotland's Flowers were wed away,  
To bloom nae mair.

Nor Solway's heart-break, and disgrace,  
Nor Mary's tears, nor beauteous face,  
Could stop, fell fae! thy furious pace  
Bestain'd wi' crime,  
Till Stuart's royal, luckless race!  
Fled Scotia's clime.

-Dark gloom'd the morn, owre land and sea,  
Whan Scotia, sad, wi' tearfu' ee,  
Saw, frae her pine-wav'd cliffs on hie,  
And aiken bowers  
Her king, and independence flee  
Strevlina's towers!

Not sae the morn, that beaming shed  
A blaze round Wallace' helmed head,  
As bald in freedom's cause he led  
His patriot train,  
And dy'd these blood-drench'd furrows red  
Wi' hostile slain!

'Nor yet, O Bruce! the morn that shone  
Bright, bright! whan (Edward's host ow'r-thrown)  
High, on yon proud hill' Standard Stone,  
Thy banners flew!  
While freedom, loud, in raptur'd tone  
Her clarion blew!

-Enchanting morn! whase magic reign  
Brak forging thraldom's galling chain;

Led Ceres, wi' her laughing train  
And gowden store  
Round Bannockburn's ensanguin'd plain,  
And Carron's shore.

Round 'Carun's stream,' o' classic name,  
Whar Fingal fought, and ay ow'rcame;  
Whar Ossian walk'd, wi' kindling flame,  
His heav'n-taught lays,  
And sang his Oscar's deathless fame  
At Dunipace!

-Names, gratefu' to the patriot's ear!  
Which Scotia's sons delight to hear!-  
Names, that the brave will lang revere  
Wi' valour's sigh!  
-Dear to the Muse! - but doubly dear  
To Liberty!'

Thus, (blind to prudence' warning light)  
Aft sigh'd and sang the pensive wight!-  
Reckless, alas! o' fortune's blight,  
O wardly blame  
He'd muse, and dream, till dark midnight,  
Then daunder hame!

Ye flowering plains and winding stream!  
Ye stately towers! whar morn's first beam  
Mild glittering glints wi' gowden gleam!  
Yours was the crime:  
Ye first entic'd his youth to dream  
In thriftless rhyme!

Ye first unlock'd the secret door  
That led to nature's varied store:  
And taught him early to adore  
Her tempting smile,  
Whether on India's pictur'd shore  
Or Britain's isle-

Ye classic fields, whar valour bled!  
Whar patriots strave, but never fled!

Ye plains, wi' smiling plenty clad,  
A lang adieu!  
A dark'ning cloud wi' ills ow'respread  
Obscures the view!

A warning voice, sad owre the main  
Cries, Haste ye! - haste! - break aff the strain:  
Strevlina's towers and peerless plain  
Ye'll ne'er review!-  
Dear haunts o' youth, and luve's saft pain,  
A last adieu!

Hector Macneill

# The Pastoral, Or Lyric Muse Of Scotland

Blest by the song! (a bard, though humble, cries),  
That moves by Pity's power th' infuriate breast;  
Lures Mercy beaming from her native skies  
To soften rage, and shelter the oppress'd;  
And guide to Peace, where Concord, warm caress'd  
By friendship, tunes in harmony the string  
To love and pastime, innocence and rest,  
As shepherds pipe, and rural poets sing  
Till cliffs reverberate round, and answering vallies ring!

'Smit with the love of song,' by bank and stream  
The Stripling framed the subject of the lay,  
And while the loves and virtues warm'd his theme,  
Nor care nor sorrow cross'd his flowery way;  
But, when the clang of carnage and affray  
Assail'd his ear, his throbbing heart would swell;  
For, reft of all by rapine's savage sway,  
The houseless wanderer fled from murder's yell,  
And shivering roam'd the wild, or weeping skulk'd the dwell!

Ah! what could he, who burn'd to yield relief  
Without the power to succour, or to save?  
But tune the lyre to sympathy and grief,  
And sing the virtues of the fall'n and brave!  
But weave the partial theme, where pity gave  
Unblemish'd valour to the warrior slain;  
Or, strew with flowers of praise the lover's grave,  
Unbless'd with hallow'd dust, or funeral train,  
And chant each mournful dirge in sorrow's doleful strain!

Lured by the sounds, sad floating on the gale,  
Accordant to the breast of plaintive woe,  
The neighb'ring shepherds sought the tuneful vale,  
And melting heard compassion's numbers flow;  
And as they felt the charm, and wept the blow  
Of adverse fate, they loved the lay that shed  
Th' embalming dew of praise on those laid low;  
For sorrow loves to hear the favourite dead  
Receive the look'd for meed that cheers death's gloomy bed!

Listening they caught the melody of song,  
While mem'ry held the moral of the lay;  
And circling wide the pastoral haunts among,  
Love nightly heard what passion framed by day:  
For as each songster, save from war's dismay  
By secret bank and streamlet mused alone,  
Flowing the numbers came;- now sad - now gay,  
As warm emotions burst in varied tone  
To love's enchanting joys, or grief's lamenting moan.

Spreading, at length they reach'd the banner'd hall  
Of plundering chief, and haughty baron bold,  
Dead'ning the pangs of guilt in festive brawl  
As round in savage mirth intemperance roll'd;  
More savage still, the minstrel strains extoll'd  
The crimes of midnight deeds and horrors fell!  
When thrilling warm through breasts insensate cold,  
The moral Muse transfused her magic spell,  
Waked the lost mind to thought, and struck the Pastoral shell!

Sweet is the charm! when round the social board  
Pure friendship weaves the myrtle with the vine;  
But sweeter still, when o'er each trembling chord  
Soft Sympathy awaked by strains divine  
Steals kindling warm; created to refine,  
And light th' expanding soul, released and free  
From sordid lusts, and selfish cares that twine  
Around th' unfeeling heart, shut out - ah me!  
From ev'ry sound of woe, love, mirth, or melody!

Deep rung the lyre! for dismal was the tale  
That chronicled the ills of feudal waste!  
Wild rose the strain! but soft as summer's gale  
Came Pity wafted to the conscious breast;  
And while the theme with artless truth impress'd  
The wants and woes that spring from warfare's spoil,  
It pointed cheering to the path, where blest  
With annual plenty, Industry and Toil  
Smile round their cultured lawns, and rich rewarding soil.

It sung of joys - unknown to carnage dread!

Of charms, that soothing, gild life's frequent gloom;  
Content, mild beaming round the peasant's shed,  
Comforts that cheer, and prospects that illumine;  
Labour unfretful, yielding to the doom  
That mingles worldly ill with heavenly good;  
Till resignation, smiling to the tomb,  
Sheds mellow'd lustre o'er vicissitude  
Soft as mild Cynthia's rays o'er upland, lake, and wood!

It sung of war ;- but war unstain'd with crime!  
It sung of strife ;- but strife with glory crown'd;  
Of spoils - but spoils obtained by feats sublime,  
Slavery o'erwhelm'd - her captured leaders bound;  
Banners, high waved to victory's gladd'ning sound  
Triumphant swell'd to liberty and pride,  
As from th' insanguined field, and corse-strew'd ground  
(Changing to blood famed Bannockburn! thy tide)  
Strode Scotia's patriot sons ;- with freedom by their side.

But mournful was the strain, and wailing wild  
The sound of Scotia's loss, and Scotia's woe!  
When lifeless strew'd, unhonour'd and defiled,  
On Flodden's field she saw her warriors low.  
Her 'forest flowers' no more in vernal blow!  
Dazzling the raptur'd eye as bright they shed  
Their radiance round, to warm with martial glow  
Each patriot breast; while waving o'er their head  
High tower'd the monarch oak in regal grandeur spread.

Yet, while in sorrow's tone the numbers roll'd,  
Plaining and wild to faithless Fortune's frown,  
Prophetic struck, the Scottish Muse foretold  
Succeeding days of glory and renown,  
When link'd in Union, laurell'd wreaths should crown  
Her valiant sons, and minstrels of the dale,  
And future bards in powerful accents drown  
Desponding murmurs, and lamenting wail,  
And weave on Flodden-Field a Marmion's pictured tale.

Rapt in successive visions as they rose,  
She sung of deeds conceal'd from mortal eye,  
Of heroes, doom'd oppression to oppose,



Rounding o'er waves, to conquer or to die!  
'On Egypt's shore,' she cried, 'shall valour, high  
Upborne by freedom, guard what freemen prize,  
With phalanx firm, and dauntless look defy  
Outnumber'd legions, and inclement skies,  
Till awed on Maida's plain proud Gallia shrinks and - flies.

'A time will come, when roused by treachery's guile,  
An injured land, determined to be free,  
Shall turn for aid to Britain's guardian isle,  
The foster home of long-nursed Liberty!  
Swift at the call, Iberia arm'd, shall see  
Congenial bauds, by valour waved o'er,  
Rush onward as the shout of victory  
Rings from Vimeira's heights to Tagus' shore,  
While distant vales repeat - Braganza reigns once more!

'Fame to the brave! (she sung in ardent tone!)  
Who for their country's safety nobly fall;  
Revered tho' lost; 'graved on no mouldering stone,  
Their names still live! adored and loved by all:  
Unwarp'd by interest, deaf to party brawl,  
Aroused by danger, warm'd by valour's flame,  
Pure honour glowing, lists but to the call  
Of duty's sacred, never-ceasing claim,  
Till virtue rears the tomb, and 'graves - a Patriot's name!

'And fame,' she cried, 'shall sound her clarion long  
For those, who warm'd by truth, the lyre shall string  
To peace and concord, wove in deathless song,  
As love and friendship sail on downy wing :-  
And such shall come! - I see by bank and spring  
Deckt in their rosy wreaths, the tuneful train!  
My Ednam bard, by Nature woo'd to sing  
Her unmark'd beauties in unrivall'd strain;  
My moral minstrel bold; my heav'n-taught rustic swain!

'And thee! my pastoral warbler, in whose lays  
My airs, revived, shall ring round burn and knowe,  
Blithe as the 'Gentle Shepherd' piping strays  
O'er Pentland's height, or sings in 'Habbie's How;'  
But chief my songstress! on whose modest brow

I see the tragic muse the chaplet bind,  
Fresh as when cull'd from Avon's mulberry bough  
And meads bright varied as her Shakespeare's mind,  
Th' unfading wreath she wove, and round his temples twined!

More had she sung ;- but mindful of the lot  
Of measur'd life, she droopt, and heaved a sigh,  
Condemn'd her pride, and turning to each spot  
Where mute one day each tuneful bard would lie  
Her sorrows flow'd! - yet while they dimm'd her eye,  
Re-cheer'd she saw, bright thro' the gathering gloom,  
A favourite's blossom'd grave in vernal dye,  
Where new-blown roses, fresh in annual bloom,  
Bedeck'd the wintry turf that wrapt her aged Home.

Touch'd with her praise, and emulous of fame,  
(Dear to the heart that owns poetic charms!)  
The Shepherds listening, felt ambition's flame,  
Guiltless of aught that fires to slaughtering arms:  
Peace lent the glow ;- oppress'd with wild alarms,  
And stung with crimes that rent the mourner's breast,  
Each strove to light the genial flame that warms  
To social joy, when love smiles war to rest,  
Unbinds the scaring helm, and hides the blood-dyed crest.

And first, to wake Compassion, dead  
    In breasts long torn asunder  
With ranc'rous hate, and carnage dread  
    Mid uproar, rage, and plunder,  
They tuned the chord to misery's moan,  
A wild, disorder'd, melting tone!  
    Which grief alone can swell,  
And joining numbers, sadly true,  
In artless strains described, what few  
    Skill'd bards can paint so well.

Urged by the Muse, who never speaks  
    To feeling breasts in vain,  
The shepherds touch'd the string that wakes  
    To Penitence and Pain;  
And as the Ballad lay they sung,  
And o'er the lyre impressive hung

With sighs responsive deep;  
Each mournful tale resistless drew  
The drops of Pity's heavenly dew  
From eyes unused to weep!-

Wild rose the Passions free  
Bursting in sorrow!  
Sad was each melody  
Wafted round Yarrow!  
Deep, deep! the tragic lay  
Fram'd to feud's deadly fray,  
Pouring Love's welladay!  
O'er murder'd marrow!

Changed are the notes of cheerless woe,  
The strains of sorrow cease;  
A softer theme is heard to flow,  
The heav'n-tuned song of Peace!  
When Pity moves the ruthless breast,  
Like Love's star glittering in the west  
Peace gilds the lurid gloom,  
A rosy dawn succeeds the night,  
A cheering sun beams radiant bright,  
All nature breathes perfume!

O Thou! with olive garland crown'd,  
Meek shelt'rer of despair!  
Sweet Sympathy! with robe unbound  
And throbbing bosom bare!  
How oft, when fury lights the eye,  
And dark revenge broods threat'ning nigh,  
Thy angel form appears  
Gliding amid the dismal gloom,  
To lull the storm, and soft illumine  
With sun-beams glanced thro' tears!  
Then springs the soul to raptures new,  
Unfelt by murder's slaught'ring crew,  
Till touch'd with pity's smart,  
Mild Mercy then resumes her tone,  
And Friendship smiling on his throne,  
Clasps Concord to his heart!

For touch the soul with soft delight  
That flows from guiltless pleasure,  
Swift, kindred charms with smiles invite  
To Love and social leisure;  
Compared with strife, new pictures rise  
To strike, astonish, and entice  
From crimes, that blackening scare!  
Till shudd'ring at each horror past,  
The ruffian turns to Heaven at last  
With penitence and pray'r.

Nor ceas'd the band, till sprightly sweet  
The Pastoral strains arose  
In cadence brisk, and numbers meet,  
Care's murmurs to compose;  
Each songster warbling, trill'd the wires  
That rung to Pleasure's chaste desires  
By streamlet, bank, and grove,  
And echoing round the cheerless dome  
Of gloomy Discord's hostile home  
Breath'd Harmony and Love!

From southern Cheviot's war-stain'd hills  
To broom-flower'd Pentland's heights and rills,  
No other tales were told  
But milk-maids liting at their pail,  
And shepherds piping in the dale,  
Or wooing at the fold:  
Sweet were the sounds by stream and glade  
As pastimes echoed in the shade  
While flocks and herds were roaming!  
But sweeter still, the trysted hour  
When lovers met in secret bower  
Or ewe-bughts in the gloaming!

But when they sung how love beguiled  
Each dark, ungentle passion;  
How Nature woo'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd,  
And jeer'd in am'rous fashion;  
A warmer strain was heard to ring  
From every sweet accordant string  
To harmonize disorder,

Till far and near the swelling sound  
Was heard the answering hills around,  
    'Peace To The Troubled Border!'

Moved with the shepherds' artless lays,  
    War smooth'd his rugged feature;  
A softening mumur whisper'd praise,  
    Waked by the strains of nature;  
The youthful warrior felt love's flame,  
The plund'rer, blushing deep with shame,  
    Forgot his purpose dire;  
And deeper still, the Minstrel crew  
Blush'd, conscience struck! - in haste withdrew,  
    And dropt the Border Lyre.

The songsters smiling, raptured saw  
The power of nature's sovereign law,  
    And blest the pastoral strain;  
And as they swept with willing hand  
The sounding chords, around the land  
    The Virtues bloom'd again;  
And as they bloom'd, they odours shed  
Rich o'er the wild, where Mercy led  
    Her train to social rest,  
And Peace, long doom'd by strife to roam,  
Call'd love and friendship to her home,  
    And nursed them at her breast.

Among the band that softened rage,  
Was one, whose skill and reverend age  
    Attracted notice due;  
For as he struck his Doric lyre,  
His sparkling eye shot youthful fire,  
    As rapt, his numbers flew;  
Prepared to sound a warning call  
At once to soften and appal  
    The turbulence of feud,  
He tuned his voice to sorrow's wail,  
And bending to his mournful tale,  
    Thus sung in pensive mood.



# The Pastoral, Or Lyric Muse Of Scotland. Canto Third. Dornock Ha'

The night blew cauld thro' snaw and sleet,  
Loud rair'd the blast wi' deaf'ning din;  
A voice cam' sad, yet mournfu' sweet;  
'Unbar the door, and let me in!

On feckless eild, wi' waes down borne,  
Bereft o' hame, friends, kith or kin,  
Some pity tak'! - till cheering morn  
Unbar the door! - Oh let me in!

To feckless eild, or sorrow's mane  
My door was aye unbarr'd and free,  
Come in auld man! - tho' left alane,  
The friends o' pity here ye'll see:

Come in auld man! our house, tho' sma',  
Has aye a nook for want and wae;  
There's shelter here frae wind and snaw,  
And kindness too, for night and day.

We led him to our cozie nook;  
His cheek was wan - his strength was gane!  
My Grizzie cast saft pity's look,  
As frae her heart burst sorrow's mane;

She brought the best things fraw her hoard,  
The bicker ream'd wi' nappy brown,  
And smiles o' kindness round the board  
Made welcome's feast gang sweeter down.

Cheer'd wi' my Grizzie's kindly treat,  
The carle's heart began to glow;  
Our wee-things crap around his seat,  
Our ingle bleez'd a canty low;

Aft times he sigh'd, and sometimes smil'd,  
Then shook his head as white as snaw;

And aft a thought his peace beguil'd,  
Whan down a tear wad trickling fa'!

'Blissfu' the lot! at length he cries,  
'When kindred virtues mingle round;  
Unbind the cords that misery ties,  
And pour their balm in sorrow's wound!-

'Twas sae alas! when plenty shed  
Her heart'ning joys within my ha';  
Ilk strave to mak' the mourner glad,  
And dry the tears that grief let fa'!

The cauldest night snell winter blaws  
Could warm the freezing heart o' care;  
Skreen'd safe within my sheltering wa's,  
Smiles bright'ning brak' through mirk despair;

The feast, the sang, the tale gae'd round  
To cheat the pang that sorrow gae,  
And aye wi' cheering, softening sound  
I waked to mirth the minstrel lay!'

What brak the joys that plenty shed? -  
What banish'd safety frae your ha'?  
Was't poortith, aye in sorrow clad,  
That sent ye mourning thro' the snaw?

'It was na poortith wrought the change;  
It was na want owrturn'd my ha';  
'Twas deadly feud, and black revenge  
Sent frail fourscore thro' blast and snaw!

Ae fearfu' night - (oh! night of fate!)  
Loud beat the storm wi' thund'ring thud,  
The waters raise, and in a spate  
Updash'd in foam the neighb'ring flood;

A cry o' horror through the blast  
Reach'd where my family quak'd wi' fear;  
Starting I raise in wilder'd haste,  
And frae the wa' upsnatch'd my spear;



'Oh gang na forth! my Marian cried,  
As fast she hed me to her breast,  
The rain has swell'd the raging tide-  
Oh gang na forth!' she sigh'd and prest.

'A horseman rides the roaring flood  
Loud cried our warden frae the tower,  
He's miss'd the ford at Dornock wood,  
Nor horse, nor man, will reach the shore!'

Fearless I flew whar danger led,  
The horse was gane; the rider seen  
Struggling for life in death's deep bed,  
Dash'd round in Kirtle's whirling linn!-

Oh! had the life that then remain'd  
Sunk in the flood I desp'rate braved,  
What ills and waes that since hae pain'd  
This bleeding heart had then been saved!

Senseless and pale we bare him hame;  
My Helen fair, prepared his bed!  
We waked ere lang life's smother'd flame;  
My Marian kind, band up his head!

Three weeks we cherish'd in our ha'  
This fause Earl's son o' high degree,  
The fourth, the traitor stal awa'  
A treasure rich, and dear to me!

The lily pure that decks the vale  
Fresh gilt wi' morning beams and dew,  
The rose that blushing scents the gale,  
Wi' Helen match'd would tyne their hue!-

Ah me! e'en now, cheer'd in this nook,  
Wi' thae sweet young things round my chair,  
Methinks I see her artless look;-  
Sae ance she smiled wha - smiles nae mair!

'O waefu' mourner! - yet disclose

What cam o' Helen stown awa'?'  
'Our Warder brought the tale o' woes  
Loud echoing thro' my sorrowing ha'-

Bowne! - bowne! - to horse! I raging cried,  
To horse! my gallant friends and true,  
Ere night I guess, if swift we ride,  
The traitor thief the deed shall rue!

Lang, lang I sought my darling child,  
(The gem was hid in secret bowers.)  
At length 'mang glens, and forests wild,  
We spied the raver's castled towers.'

'I come to warn ye o' your fate,  
Outspak a herald loud and bauld,  
'Nae careless watchmen guard yon gate,  
Nae worn-out warriors frail and auld;

Full fifty spearmen, stoops o' weir,  
Guard round ;- their leader bad me say,  
Come to your Helen kind and fair,  
The bridal feast shall crown the day.'

'Gae, tell your fause and taunting lord  
To keep his feasts for them wha crave!-  
I cam na here to grace his board,  
His life, or her he's stown I'll have!

His fifty warriors let him guide,  
Wi' thirty leil I'll meet him here;  
Justice and heaven are on our side,  
The base alane hae cause to fear!

The buglers rang thro' glen and wood;  
Our spearmen fought wi' might and main;  
I sought fause Guy - he fell in blood;-  
My faithfu', valiant friends war slain!

My Grizzie's colour fled, and came,  
Her heaving sighs fast rise, and fa';  
'Speak! is na Gregory your name,

The Baron ance o' Dornock Ha?

'What boots it what I ance possest!

My name, my lineage wherefore tell!-  
They've lang laid buried in this breast,  
In flames o' fire my family fell!-

Oh barb'rous deed! to smother life

Guiltless o' harm - to virtue true!-  
Inhuman fiends! I brunt nae wife,  
Nor blooming babes that round ye grew;

I cam na at the dead o' night

Wi' fire to flame your ancient ha',  
Drive frailty's eild to winter's blight,  
And send it mourning thro' the snaw!-

What boots it what I ance possest!

My birth I've lang conceal'd in shame,  
A wand'rer houseless, and distress'd,  
Could ill bruik Dornock's baron'd name!

His streaming griefs my Grizzie sees,

She sprang like light'ning frae her seat,  
Cried, while she claspt the mourner's knees,  
'Your Helen's daughter's at your feet?'

'My Helen's daughter!' skreech'd he wild,

As sair wi' warring thoughts he strave ;-  
'Rise - rise! nor mock my helpless eild ;-  
My Helen's lang syne in her grave!'

'Lang, lang I ken! - and weel I might!

Her death has lang been mourn'd by me;  
But maist o' what ye've tauld this night  
I've heard upon my mither's knee;

Aft, aft in sorrow's waefu' mood

When winter's nights blew drifts o' snaw,  
She'd tell of Guy's red field o' blood,  
And a' the waes o' Dornock Ha'!

And aft (when driven frae house and hame  
By Guy's rough sire, wha nought could move.)  
She'd talk o' Gregory's ancient fame,  
And weep his death in tears o' love!

'Till morn wi' grief and mirk despair  
She died! and left her child forlorn,  
Till Kenneth's love, and tender care  
Dried up the tears that now return:-

But blest the night that blew the blast  
And sent ye wandering thro' the snaw  
To find a kindred hame at last  
To cheat the waes o' Dornock Ha'!

-----  
'Twas thus, I ween! in times of old  
The Lyric Muse impassion'd told  
In simple, varied strain,  
Her melting tales to touch the heart  
With sympathy, and warm impart  
Affliction's woes and pain:  
And as she sung her moving theme  
By broomy bank, and limpid stream,  
The Passions, ever true  
To Pity's tones, resumed their sway,  
Long check'd by war, and feudal fray,  
And strong, and stronger grew;

And as they swell'd, and throbbing beat,  
Fond from their rural hid retreat  
The Loves came smiling by,  
And joining Friendship, hand in hand  
Danced raptured round in choran band  
To Peace and Harmony!  
Each softening virtue claim'd a place,  
Warm Charity with angel face,  
Compassion, heavenly meek!  
And Modesty, in blushing traits,  
Scarce seen in these new-fashion'd days  
To deek youth's virgin cheek!

Blest be the song! and blest the lyre!  
That warm the soul with passion's fire,  
    Again a poet cries;  
Lure Peace and Concord, to assuage  
With lenient balm infuriate rage,  
    And Mercy from the skies!  
For till they join, by Virtue twined,  
Discord and Warfare crush the mind,  
    While Ruin sweeps along;  
Nor Love, nor Harmony divine  
Bend, wooing from their radiant shrine  
    To prompt the poet's song.

Hector Macneill

# The Plaid Amang The Hether

The wind blew hie owre muir and lea,  
And dark and stormy grew the weather;  
The rain rain'd sair; nae shelter near  
But my luve's plaid amang the hether:  
O my bonie highland lad!  
My winsome, weelfar'd, highland laddie  
Wha wad mind the wind and weit  
Sae weel row'd in his tartan pladdie?

Close to his breast he held me fast ;  
Sae cozy, warm, we lay thegither!  
Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet  
As my luve's plaid amang the hether!  
O my bonie highland lad!  
My winsome, weelfar'd, highland laddie  
Wha wad mind the wind and weit  
Sae weel row'd in his tartan pladdie?

Mid wind and rain he tald his tale;  
My lightsome heart grew like a feather;  
It lap sae quick I coudna speak,  
But silent sigh'd amang the hether!  
O my bonie highland lad!  
My winsome, weelfar'd, highland laddie  
Wha wad mind the wind and weit  
Sae weel row'd in his tartan pladdie?

The storm blew past; we kiss'd in haste;  
I hameward ran and tald my mither;  
She gloom'd at first, but soon confess'd  
The bowls row'd right amang the hether!  
O my bonie highland lad!  
My winsome, weelfar'd, highland laddie  
Wha wad mind the wind and weit  
Sae weel row'd in his tartan pladdie?

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream  
Whar Will and I fresh flowers will gather;  
Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear

Kind hearted lad amang the hether!  
O my bonie highland lad  
My winsome, weelfar'd, highland laddie!  
Should storms appear, my Will's ay near  
To row me in his tartan pladdie.

Hector Macneill

# The Pleasures Of Ambition : Or, Une Reverie A La Corse, 1804. On An Imperial Coronation By Hector Macneill

The four winds roar round Europe's shores,  
Deep growled the threat'ning thunder!  
As from the mud, besmeared with blood,  
Up tower'd a thing of wonder!  
Its head was black, its face was chalk,  
Each eye, though sunk, was gleaming,  
Its sleepless brain, with racking pain,  
Knew neither rest nor dreaming!

In its right hand it waved a brand  
Of scorching brimstone blazing!  
The dismal glare made myriads stare,  
But all were sad, while gazing!  
Its left hand prest (by way of rest)  
On scattered crowns and sceptres;  
Close at its back, in horrid clack,  
Grinned fiends, or guilt's inspectors.

'Avaunt!' it cried, 'ye sons of pride!  
Ye grumblers! dread displeasure!  
My height, ye see - crouch! - bend the knee!  
Nor dare that height to measure!  
Kings,- kiss the rod! - I move a god!  
A god of self-creation:  
Should one rebel, by heaven and hell!  
I'll send him to damnation:

If one but speaks, in death he squeaks!  
'Tis meet you all were civil!  
If one complains, bound fast in chains,  
I'll send him to the devil.  
What! - doubt my power! - behold the tower  
Of human height and splendour!  
Popes, late our foe, now kiss my toe,  
And tremble at my grandeur.



Shall then my sway not clear the way  
For unprescribed possession?  
Shall not my nod secure the road  
To plunder and oppression?  
Shall reptiles dare, enleagued, to war  
And meditate correction;  
Or dream to curb what may disturb  
Their safety or protection?

A pigmy state, with gold elate,  
Pretends to check dominion!  
A Russian bear attempts in air  
To soar on eagle pinion!  
A Swedish owl presumes to growl,  
And form a northern faction!  
A Turkish mute dares to dispute  
My title and subjection!-

But soon I'll crush Turk, Swede, and Rush,  
With all their schemes nefarious!  
As for John Bull - when reason's cool,  
I think each plan precarious.  
Yet John loves beef; his dread and grief  
Is want of constant stuffing;  
Should famine come, defection's hum  
Would soon drown naval puffing!

Oh! for the day, when want's dismay  
Would damp this purse-proud nation!  
Then should kind gales, with flowing sails,  
Waft us to rich sensations!  
My sallad boys would taste new joys!  
Each raptur'd sound would tell us,  
That what half feasts these grumbling beasts,  
Would stuff my poor starved fellows!

Curse on the spot, where hardy Scot  
Through perils scorns dejection!  
Each home-loved rill, and heath-crowned hill,  
Bind fast his warm affection :  
Nor famine's gloom, nor war's death-doom,  
Can damp his dauntless valour:

A vet'ran Scot spoil'd Egypt's plot!  
Ah! pangs! that was a nailer!

What's at my back - ye hell-hound pack,  
Avaunt! and cease tormenting!  
I know it all! - ye can't appal!  
I see black storms fermenting;  
And though I fear yon Russian bear  
May yet breed some disaster,  
And oft times think this northern link  
Will prove a blistering plaster,

Yet, while I eye deep Prussia sly,  
And cautious watch Batavi,  
Prepared for blows, I'll make these foes,  
Ere long, cry out - peccavi.  
Expenses flow! - my treasury's low!  
(No plunder makes me richer!)  
I dread a drain! - no longer Spain!  
Ah! morbleu! - there's a twitcher!

But up! proud heart - why do I start?  
Hence, phantoms, and chimeras!  
Brains racked like mine should ne'er divine  
When plagues and storms are near us.  
Since crimes have shed, on this crown'd head,  
Such undreamt power and splendour,  
To crimes I turn! - let kingdoms burn,  
And scorch up to a cinder!

Through blood I wade! (my thriving trade)  
By this I've gained dominion.  
Should fate rebel, secured in hell,  
I've one firm bond of union!  
Old Nick and I have learnt to vie,  
Which should excel the other;  
Old Nick and me can't disagree,  
He owns me for his brother.

By him I rose, and crush'd my foes;  
From him I learnt each lesson;  
When all hope's flown, firm on his throne

I'm sure of joint possession.  
Up then, proud heart! - no more I start:  
To valour pride is given!  
Better in hell (as poets tell)  
To reign, than serve in heaven!'

Down sunk the sprite to dismal night!  
Deep roared each blast and billow!  
He sunk opprest, to find some rest,  
But sleep still fled his pillow!  
Learn hence, ye great! mid pomp and state,  
What lawless power embitters,  
Not all that's high can peace supply;  
Not all is gold that glitters!

Hector Macneill

# The Rose O' Kirtle

In Roslin's bowers bloom fragrant flowers,  
On Yarrow's banks they're mony;  
Whar Kirtle flows ance stately rose  
The sweetest flower o' ony!  
I've travelled east, I've travelled west,  
I've been 'mang groves o' myrtle;  
Tho' flowers bloomed fair, nane could compare  
Wi' the sweet Rose o' Kirtle.

In secret glade it raised its head,  
And fair its leaves spread blooming!  
And as they spread, they fragrance shed  
A' Kirtle's banks perfuming!  
Lured by its fame, the young anes came  
(Some came frae west the Shannon)  
And ilk ane swore, nae flower before  
Bloomed like the rose o' Annan.

But wise anes knew a death-worm grew  
Deep at its roots consuming;  
And while they sigh'd, they mournfu' cried,  
'The rose will fade that's blooming!'  
'Twas then Fate said, 'frae native glade  
We'll pu' the pride o' Kirtle;  
In warmer bower we'll plant the flower,  
And skreen it round wi' myrtle.'

Sae, Fate updrew the flower, and flew  
Where Mersey's stream runs flowing;  
There, skreen'd frae harm, they plant it warm,  
For there love's beams were glowing!  
Fair, fair it spread! and gratefu' shed  
Its healing balms, sweet smelling!  
And as they flew, affliction knew  
Blest health was near his dwelling.

Oh! had ye been where I hae seen  
This rose 'mang myrtles blooming,  
Ye wad hae sworn nae canker worm

Was fast its roots consuming :  
But, welladay! looks will betray!  
And death love's joys will sever!  
Ere midnight hour, death nipt the flower!  
Its sweets are - gane for ever!

Ye, wha can smile at Life's fause guile,  
While health's warm sun shines beamy,  
Learn, that the flower o' Mersey's bower  
Was Lucy's peerless Jemmie;  
And ye wha mourn at Currie's urn,  
Or weep by Mersey's river,  
Learn, that the rose that virtue blows,  
Though dead, will - bloom for ever.

Hector Macneill

# The Scottish Muse

O Welcome simply soothing treasure!  
In midst o' pain my lanely pleasure!  
Tutor'd by thee, and whispering leisure,  
    I quit the thrang,  
And, wrapt in bless'd retirement, measure  
    Thy varied sang!

Kind, leil companion! without thee,  
Ah welladay! what should I be!  
Whan jeer'd by fools wha canna see  
    My inward pain,  
Aneath thy sheltering wing I flee  
    And mak my mane.

There seated, smiling by my side,  
For hours thegither wilt thou bide,  
Chanting auld tales o' martial pride  
    And luve's sweet smart!  
Till glowing warm thy numbers glide  
    Streight to the heart.

'Tis when wi' powerful plastic hand  
Thou wav'st thy magic-working wand;  
And stirring up ideas grand  
    That fire the brain,  
Aff whirl'st me swith to fairy land  
    'Mang fancy's train.-

Sear'd by disease whan balmy rest  
Flees trembling frae her downy nest;  
Starting frae horror's dreams opprest,  
    I see thee come  
Wi' radiance mild that cheers the breast  
    And lights the gloom!

Heart'ning thou com'st, wi' modest grace,  
Hope, luve, and pity, in thy face,  
And gliding up wi' silent pace  
    My plaints to hear,

Whisper'st in turn thae soothing lays  
Saft in my ear.

'Ill fated wand'rer! doom'd to mane!  
Wan sufferer! bleech'd wi' care and pain!  
How chang'd alas! since vogie vain,  
    Wi' spirits light,  
Ye hail'd me first in untaught strain  
    On Strevlin's height!

'Ah me! how stark! how blithe! how bauld  
Ye brattl'd then through wind and cauld!  
Reckless, by stream, by firth and fauld  
    Ye held your way;  
By passion rul'd; by luve enthralld,  
    Ye pour'd the lay.

"Twas then, entranc'd in am'rous sang,  
I mark'd you midst the rural thrang;  
Ardent and keen, the hail day lang  
    Wi' Nature tane,  
Slip frae the crowd and mix amang  
    Her simple train.

"Twas then I saw (alas! owre clear!)  
Your future thriftless, lost career!  
And while some blam'd, wi' boding fear,  
    The tunefu' art,  
Your moral pride and truth sincere  
    Aye wan my heart.

'He ne'er can lout,' I musing said,  
'To ply the fleeching, fawning trade;  
Nor bend the knee, nor bow the head  
    To walth or power!  
But backward turn wi' scornfu' speed  
    Frae flatt'ry's door.

'He'll never learn his bark to steer  
'Mid passion's sudden, wild career;  
Nor try at times to tack or veer  
    To int'rest's gale,

But hoist the sheet, unaw'd by fear,  
Tho' storms prevail.

'Owre proud to ask ; - owre bauld to yield!  
Whar will he find a shelt'ring beild?  
Whan poortith's blast drifts cross the field  
Wi' wintry cauld,  
What will be wone - poor feckless chield!  
Whan frail and auld?

'Year after year in youtheid's prime,  
Wander he will, frae clime to clime,  
Sanguine wi' hope on wing sublime  
Mount heigh in air!  
But than - waes me! there comes a time  
O' dool and care!

'There comes a time! - or soon, or late,  
O' serious thought and sad debate;  
Whan blighted hope and adverse fate  
Owrespread their gloom,  
And mirk despair, in waefu' state,  
Foresees the doom!

'- And maun he fa'! (I sighing cried)  
Wi' guardian honour by his side!  
Shall fortune frown on guiltless pride  
And straits owretake him!  
- Weel! blame wha like - whate'er betide  
I'se ne'er forsake him!

'Ardent I spake! and frae the day  
Ye hail'd me smiling; youthfu' gay  
On Aichil's whim-flower'd fragrant brae  
I strave to cheer ye!  
Frae morn's first dawn to e'en's last ray  
I ay was near ye.

'Frae west to east - frae isle to isle,  
To India's shore and sultry soil;  
'Mid tumult, battle, care, and toil,  
I following flew;



Ay smooth'd the past, and wak'd the smile  
To prospects new.

'Whan warfare ceas'd its wild uproar  
To Elephanta's far-fam'd shore  
I led ye ardent to explore  
    Wi' panting heart,  
Her idle monuments o' yore  
    And sculptur'd art.

'Sweet flew the hours! (the toil your boast)  
On smiling Salsett's eave-wrought coast!-  
Though hope was tint - tho' a' was cross'd  
    Nae dread alarms  
Ye felt - fond fool! in wonder lost  
    And nature's charms!

'Frae east to west, frae main to main,  
To Carib's shores return'd again;  
In sickness, trial, hardship, pain,  
    Ye ken yoursell,  
Draught frae the muse's melting strain  
    Peace balmy fell.

'Fell sweet! for as she warbling flew,  
Hope lent her heav'ns refreshing dew;  
Fair virtue close, and closer drew  
    To join the lay;  
While conscience bright, and brighter grew,  
    And cheer'd the way!-

'Whether to east or westward borne,  
(Or flush'd wi' joy, or wae-forlorn)  
Ye hail'd the fragrant breath o' morn  
    Frae orange flower,  
Or cassia-bud, or logwood thorn,  
    Or Guava bower:

'Or frae the mist-cap'd mountain blue  
Inhal'd the spicy gales that flew  
Rich frae Pimento's groves that grew  
    In deep'ning green

Crown'd wi' their flowers o' milk white hue  
In dazzling sheen!

'Whether at midnight panting laid,  
Ye woo'd coy zephyr's transient aid  
Under the Banyan's pillar'd shade,  
On plain or hill,  
Or Plaintain green, that rustling play'd  
Across the rill:

'Or 'neath the tam'rind's shelt'ring gloom,  
Drank coolness wafted in perfume,  
Fresh frae the shaddock's golden bloom,  
As flutt'ring gay  
Humm'd saft the bird o' peerless plume,  
Frae spray to spray!

'- Whether at eve, wi' raptur'd breast  
The shelving palm-girt beach ye prest,  
And e'ed, entranc'd the purpling west  
Bepictur'd o'er,  
As ocean murm'ring, gently kiss'd  
The whitening shore:

'Whether at twilight's parting day  
Ye held your solemn musing way,  
Whar through the gloom in myriad ray  
The fire-flies gleam;  
And 'thwart the grove in harmless play  
The light'nings stream!

'Or, by the moon's bright radiance led,  
Roam'd late the Guinea-verdur'd glade!  
Where tower'd the giant Ceiba's shade;  
And, loftier still,  
The Cabbage rears its regal head  
Owre palm-crown'd hill.

'Still following close, still whisp'ring near  
The muse aye caught your list'ning ear;  
'Mid tempest's rage and thunder's rair  
Aye cheering sang :-

Touch'd by her hand (unchill'd by fear)  
The Harp strings rang.

'Return'd at last frae varied clime,  
Whar youth and hope lang tint their time,  
Ance mair to Strevlin's height sublime  
We wing'd our way;  
Ance mair attun'd the rural rhime  
On Aichil brae.

"Twas then my native strains ye lear'd,  
For passion spake while fancy cheer'd;  
And while wi' flaunting airs ye flar'd  
And thought to shine;  
But Nature - judging nature sneer'd  
And ca'd it - fine!

'Stung wi' the taunt, ye back recoil'd,  
Pensive ye mus'd; I mark'd and smil'd;  
Daund'ring depress'd 'mang knows flower'd wild,  
My aten reed  
Ye found ae bonny morning mild  
'Tween Ayre and Tweed.

"Tween past'ral Tweed and wand'ring Ayr,  
Whar unbusk'd nature blooms sae fair!  
And mony a wild note saft and clear  
Sings sweet by turns,  
Tun'd by my winsome Allan's ear  
And fav'rite Burns.

'Trembling wi' joy ye touch'd the reed,  
Doubtfu' ye sigh'd and hang your head;  
Fearfu' ye sang till some agreed  
The notes war true;  
When grown mair bauld, ye gae a screed  
That pleas'd nae few.

'By Forth's green links bedeck'd wi' flowers,  
By Clyde's clear stream and beechen bowers;  
Heartsome and healthfu' flew the hours  
In simple sang,

While Lossit's braes and Eden's towers  
The notes prolang!

'- Thae times are gane! - ah! welladay!  
For health has flown wi' spirits gay;  
Youth too has fled! and cauld decay  
Comes creeping on:  
October's sun cheers na like May  
That brightly shone!

'Yet autumn's gloom, though threat'ning bleak  
Has joys, gin folk cam joys wad seek;  
Friendship and worth then social cleek  
And twine thegither,  
And gree and crack by ingle cheek  
Just like twin-brither.

"Tis then (youth's vain vagaries past,  
That please a while, but fash at last)  
Serious, our ee we backward cast  
On bygane frays,  
And, marvelling, mourn the thriftless waste  
O' former days!

'Then too, wi' prudence on our side,  
And moral reasoning for our guide,  
Calmly we view the restless tide  
O' worldly care,  
And cull, wi' academic pride,  
The flow'rs o' lare.

'And while, wi' sure and steady pace,  
Coy science's secret paths we trace,  
And catch fair nature's beauteous face  
In varied view,  
Ardent, though auld, we join the chace,  
And pleas'd pursue.-

"Tis sae through life's short circling year,  
The seasons change, and changing cheer;  
Journeying we jog, unaw'd by fear:  
Hope plays her part!

Forward we look, though in the rear  
Death shakes the dart.

'Catch then the dream! nor count it vain,  
Hope's dream's the sweetest balm o' pain:  
Heav'n's unseen joys may yet remain,  
And yet draw near ye:  
Meanwhile, ye see, I hear your mane,  
And flee to cheer ye.

Ane too's at hand, to wham ye fled  
Frae Britain's cauld, frae misery's bed;  
Owre seas tempestuous shivering sped,  
To Friendship's flame;  
Whar kindling warm, in sunbeams clad,  
She hails her Graham.

Wi' him (let health but favouring smile)  
Ance mair ye'll greet fair Albion's isle!  
In some calm nook life's cares beguile  
Atween us twa:  
Feed the faint lamp wi' virtue's oil-  
Then - slip awa!'

The flatterer ceas'd, and smil'd adieu,  
Just wav'd her hand, and mild withdrew!  
Cheer'd wi' the picture (fause or true)  
I check'd despair,  
And frae that moment made a vow  
To - mourn nae mair.

Hector Macneill

# The Waes O' War : Or The Upshot Of The History O' Will And Jean

Oh! that folk wad weel consider  
What it is to tyne a-name,  
What this world is a' thegither,  
If bereft o' honest fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour;  
Hardship's ne'er breed sorrow's smart,  
If bright conscience taks upon her  
To shed sunshine round the heart:

But wi' a' that walth can borrow,  
Guilty shame will ay look down;  
What maun then shame, want, and sorrow  
Wandering sad frae town to town!

Jeanie Miller, ance sae cheerie!  
Ance sae happy, good and fair,  
Left by Will, neist morning drearie  
Taks the road o' black despair!

Cauld the blast! - the day was sleeting;  
Pouch and purse without a plack!  
In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,  
And the third tied on her back.

Wan her face! and lean and haggard!  
Ance sae sonsy! ance sae sweet!  
What a change! - unhous'd and beggar'd,  
Starving without claise or meat!

Far frae ilk kent spot she wander'd,  
Skulking like a guilty thief;  
Here and there, uncertain, daunder'd,  
Stupified wi' shame and grief:

But soon shame for bygane errors  
Fled owre fast for ee to trace,

Whan grim death, wi' a' his terrors  
Cam owre ilk sweet bairnie's face!

Spent wi' toil, and cauld and hunger,  
Baith down drapt! and down Jean sat!  
Dais'd and doited' now nae langer;  
Thought - and felt - and bursting grat.

Gloaming, fast wi' mirky shadow  
Crap owre distant hill and plain;  
Darken'd wood, and glen, and meadow,  
Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain!

Round and round, in wild distraction,  
Jeanie turn'd her tearfu' ee!  
Round and round for some protection!-  
Face nor house she could na see!

Dark, and darker grew the night aye;  
Loud and sair the cauld winds thud!-  
Jean now spied a sma bit lightie  
Blinking through a distant wood:

Up wi' frantic haste she started;  
Cauld, nor fear, she felt nae mair;  
Hope, for ae bright moment, darted  
Through the gloom o' dark despair!

Fast owre fallow'd lea she brattled;  
Deep she wade through bog and burn;  
Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,  
Till she reach'd the hop'd sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes o' simple nature,  
Stately auld, a mansion stood  
On a bank, wha's sylvan feature  
Smil'd out-owre the roaring flood:

Simmer here, in varied beauty  
Late her flowery mantle spread  
Whar auld chestnut, ake and yew-tree,  
Mingling, lent their friendly shade:

Blasted now wi' winter's ravage;  
A' their gaudy livery cast;  
Wood and glen, in wailings savage,  
Sugh and howl to ilka blast!

Darkness stalk'd wi' fancy's terror ; -  
Mountains mov'd, and castle rock'd!  
Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,  
Reach'd the door, and loudly knock'd.

'Wha this rudely wakes the sleeping?'  
Cried a voice wi' angry grane;  
'Help! oh help! quo' Jeanie, weeping,  
'Help my infants, or they're gane!

Nipt wi' cauld! - wi' hunger fainting!  
Baith lie speechless on the lea!  
'Help!' quo' Jeanie, loud lamenting,  
'Help my lammies! or they'll die!

'Wha's this travels cauld and hungry,  
Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en?  
Beggars!' cried the voice, mair angry,  
'Beggars! wi' their brats, I ween.'

'Beggars now, alas! wha lately  
Helpt the beggar and the poor!'  
'Fye! gudeman!' cried ane discreetly,  
'Taunt nae poortith at our door.'

Sic a night, and tale thegither,  
Plead for mair than anger's din: -  
'Rise, Jock!' cried the pitying mither,  
'Rise! and let the wretched in.'

'Beggars now, alas! wha lately  
Helpt the beggar and the poor!'  
'Enter!' quo' the youth fu' sweetly,  
While up flew the open door.

'Beggan, or what else, sad mourner!



Enter without fear or dread;  
Here, thank God! there's aye a corner  
To defend the houseless head!

For your bairnies cease repining;  
If in life, ye'll see them soon.'-  
Aff he flew; and brightly shining  
Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

## PART II.

Here for ae night's kind protection,  
Leave we Jean and weans a while;  
Tracing Will in ilk direction,  
Far frae Britain's fostering isle!

Far frae scenes of softening pleasure,  
Love's delights and beauty's charms!  
Far frae friendship's social leisure,-  
Plung'd in murdering war's alarms!

Is it nature, vice, or folly,  
Or ambition's feverish brain,  
That sae aft wi' melancholy  
Turns, sweet Peace! thy joys to pain?

Strips thee o' thy robes o' ermin,  
(Emblems o' thy spotless life)  
And in war's grim look alarmin  
Arms thee wi' the murd'ers knife!

A' thy gentle mind upharrows!  
Hate, revenge, and rage uprears!  
And for hope and joy - twin marrows,  
Leaves the mourner drown'd in tears!

Willie Gairlace, without siller,  
Credit, claise, or ought beside,  
Leaves his ance loo'd Jeanie Miller,  
And sweet bairns to warld wide!

Leaves his native cozy dwellin,

Shelter'd haughs, and briken braes;  
Greenswaird hows, and dainty mealin,  
Ance his profit, pride and praise!

Deckt wi' scarlet, sword, and musket  
Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain;  
Fleetch'd and flatter'd, roos'd and buskit,  
Wow! but Will was wondrous fain!

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking;  
How could thought her station keep?  
Drams and drumming (faes to thinking)  
Doz'd reflection fast asleep.

But whan midst o' toils and dangers,  
Wi' the cauld ground for his bed,  
Compass'd round wi' faes and strangers,  
Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled,

Led to battle's blood-dy'd-banners,  
Waving to the widow's moan!  
Will saw glory's boasted honours  
End in life's expiring groan!

Round Valenciennes' strong waa'd city  
Thick owre Dunkirk's fatal plain,  
Will (tho' dauntless) saw wi' pity  
Britain's valiant sons lie slain!

Fir'd by freedom's burning fever,  
Gallia strack death's slaughtering knell;  
Frae the Scheld to Rhine's deep river,  
Britons fought - but Britons fell!

Fell unaided! though cemented  
By the faith o' friendship's laws;  
Fell unpity'd - unlamented!  
Bluiding in a thankless cause!

In the thrang o' comrades deeing,  
Fighting foremost o' them a';  
Swith! fate's winged ball cam fleeing,

And took Willie's leg awa':-

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,  
Thrice, to stand, he strave in vain;  
Thrice, as fainting strength departed,  
Sigh'd - and sank 'mang heaps o' slain.

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,  
Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay;  
Without cover, bed or bedding,  
Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay!

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,  
(Left behint wi' hundreds mair)  
See Will neist, in pain and sorrow,  
Wasting on a bed o' care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,  
Doctors cur'd wi' healing art;-  
Cur'd! alas! but never! never!  
Cool'd the fever at his heart!

For whan a' ware sound and sleeping,  
Still and on, baith ear' and late,  
Will in briny grief lay steeping,  
Mourning owre his hapless fate!

A' his gowden prospects vanish'd!  
A' his dreams o' warlike fame!  
A' his glittering phantoms banish'd!  
Will could think o' nought but - hame!

Think o' nought but rural quiet,  
Rural labour! rural ploys!  
Far frae carnage, bluid, and riot,  
War, and a' its murd'ring joys.

PART III.

Back to Britain's fertile garden  
Will's return'd (exchang'd for faes),  
Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,

Friend or credit, meat or claise.

Lang through county, burgh, and city,  
Crippling on a wooden leg,  
Gathering alms frae melting pity;  
See! poor Gairlace forc'd to beg!

Plac'd at length on Chelsea's bounty,  
Now to langer beg thinks shame,  
Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty;  
Dreams o' former joys, and hame!

Hame! and a' its fond attractions  
Fast to Will's warm bosom flee;  
While the thoughts o' dear connexions  
Swell his heart and blind his ee

'Monster! wha could leave neglected  
Three sma' infants, and a wife,  
Naked - starving - unprotected!  
Them, too, dearer ance than life!

Villain! wha wi' graceless folly  
Ruin'd her he ought to save!  
Chang'd her joys to melancholy,  
Beggary, and - perhaps, a grave!'

Starting!- wi' remorse distracted,  
Crush'd wi' grief's increasing load,  
Up he bang'd; and sair afflicted,  
Sad and silent took the road!

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,  
Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;  
On a cart, or in a waggon,  
Hirpling ay towards the north.

Tir'd ae e'ening, stepping hooly,  
Pondering on his thraward fate,  
In the bonny month o' July,  
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft, the southlan breeze was blawing,  
Sweetly sugh'd the green ake wood!  
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,  
Strak the ear wi' thunderin thud!

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting;  
Linties sang on ilka tree;  
Frae the wast, the sun, near setting,  
Flam'd on Roslin's towers sae hie!

Roslin's towers! and braes sae bonny!  
Craigs and water, woods and glen!  
Roslin's banks! unpeer'd by ony  
Save the muses' Hawthornden!

Ilka sound and charm delighting;  
Will (tho' hardly fit to gang)  
Wander'd on through scenes inviting,  
List'ning to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,  
On a fragrant straeberry steep,  
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,  
Wearied nature drapt asleep.

'Soldier, rise! - the dew's o' e'ening  
Gathering fa', wi' deadly scaith!  
Wounded soldier! if complaining,  
Sleep nae here and catch your death.

Traveller, waken! - night advancing  
Cleads wi' grey the neeboring hill!  
Lambs nae mair on knows are dancing  
A' the woods are mute and still!

'What hae I,' cried Willie, waking,  
'What hae I frae night to dree?'-  
Morn, thro' clouds in splendour breaking,  
Lights nae bright'ning hope to me!

House, nor hame, nor farm, nor steddin'  
Wife nor bairns hae I to see!

House, nor hame, nor bed, nor bedding  
What hae I frae night to dree?'

'Sair, alas! and sad and many  
Are the ill's poor mortals share!  
Yet, tho' hame nor bed ye hae nae,  
Yield nae, soldier, to despair!

What's this life, sae wae and wearie,  
If Hope's bright'ning beams should fail!  
See! - tho' night comes dark and eerie,  
Yon sma' cot-light cheers the dale!

There, tho' walth and waste ne'er riot  
Humbler joys their comforts shed,  
Labour - health - content and quiet!  
Mourner! there ye'll find a bed.

Wife! 'tis true, wi' bairnies smiling,  
There, alas! ye needna seek-  
Yet their bairns, ilk wae beguiling,  
Paint wi' smiles a mither's cheek!

A' her earthly pride and pleasure  
Left to cheer her widow'd lot!  
A' her worldly walth and treasure  
To adorn her lanely cot!

Cheer, then, soldier! 'midst affliction  
Bright'ning joys will aften shine;  
Virtue aye claims Heavn's protection  
Trust to Providence divine!'

#### PART IV.

Sweet as Rosebank's woods and river  
Cool whan simmer's sunbeams dart,  
Cam ilk word, and cool'd the fever  
That lang brunt at Willie's heart.

Silent stept he on, poor fallow!  
Listening to his guide before,

Owre green know, and flowery hallow,  
Till they reach'd the cot-house door.

Laigh it was; yet sweet, tho' humble!  
Deckt wi' hinnysuckle round;  
Clear below, Esk's water's rumble,  
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers, sae white and stately,  
Dim by gloamin glint to view;  
Thro' Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly  
Skies sae red, and lift sae blue!

Entering now, in transport mingle  
Mither fond, and happy wean,  
Smiling round a canty ingle,  
Bleising on a clean hearth-stane.

'Soldier, welcome!- come, be cheery!  
Here ye'se rest, and tak your bed  
Faint,-waes me! ye seem, and weary,  
Pale's your cheek, sae lately red!'

'Chang'd I am,' sigh'd Willie till her;  
'Chang'd, nae doubt, as chang'd can be!  
Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller  
Nought o' Willie Gairlace see!'

Hae ye markt the dews o' morning  
Glittering in the sunny ray,  
Quickly fa', when without warning  
Rough blasts cam, and shook the spray?

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing  
Drap, whan pierc'd by death mair fleet?  
Then, see Jean, wi' colour dieing  
Senseless drap at Willie's feet!

After three lang years affliction  
(A' their waes now hush'd to rest,)  
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,  
Clasps her Willie to her breast.

Tells him a' her sad-sad sufferings!  
How she wander'd, starving poor  
Gleaning pity's scanty offerings  
Wi' three bairns frae door to door!

How she serv'd - and toil'd - and fever'd,  
Lost her health, and syne her bread;  
How that grief, whan scarce recover'd,  
Took her brain, and turn'd her head!

How she wander'd round the county  
Mony a live-lang night her lane!  
Till at last an angel's bounty  
Brought her senses back again:

Gae her meat - and claise - and siller;  
Gae her bairnies wark and lear;  
Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,  
Wi' four sterling pounds a year.'

Willie, harkening, wip'd his ein aye;  
'Oh! what sins hae I to rue!  
But say, what's this angel, Jeanie?'  
'Wha,' quo' Jeanie, 'but - Buccleugh!

Here, supported, cheer'd, and cherish'd,  
Nine blest months, I've liv'd, and mair;  
Seen these infants clad and nourish'd;  
Dried my tears; and tint despair;

Sometimes serving, sometimes spinning,  
Light the lanesome hours gae round;  
Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinning  
Brings yon angel's helping pound!'

'Eight pounds mair,' cried Willie, fondly,  
'Eight pounds mair will do nae harm!  
And, O Jean! gin friends ware kindly,  
Eight pounds soon might stock a farm.

There, ance mair, to thrive by plewin,



Freed frae a' that peace destroys,  
Idle waste and drunken ruin!  
War and a' its murdering joys!

Thrice he kiss'd his lang lost treasure!  
Thrice ilk bairn; but cou'dna speak;  
Tears o' luv, and hope, and pleasure  
Stream'd in silence down his cheek!

Hector Macneill

# The Wee Thing : Or, Mary Of Castle-Cary. A Ballad

'Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing?  
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?  
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?  
Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree?

Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white;  
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee;  
Red, red her ripe lips! and sweeter than roses:  
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?'

'I saw nae your nee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,  
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;  
But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,  
Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree.

Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white;  
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling ee;  
Red ware her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:  
Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me!'

'It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,  
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:  
Proud is her leel heart! modest her nature!  
She never loo'd ony, till ance she loo'd me.'

'Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:  
Aft has she sat, when a bairn on my knee :  
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,  
Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!'

'It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;  
It was then your true love I met by the tree:  
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me.'

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,  
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee!-  
'Ye's rue sair, this morning, your boasts and your scorning:  
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.'

'Awa wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling.  
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;  
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,  
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee!

'Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!  
Is it my true love here that I see!'  
'O Jamie, forgive me; your heart's constant to me;  
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!'

Hector Macneill

# The Whip, Or, A Touch At The Times. Sent To Miss D. Of Linsted, With A Whip Made Of A Rhinoceros's S

Ere modest virtue lost her way  
Among the profligate and gay,  
Few modes were used for travel;  
Unknown to whip, or spur, or boot,  
Each hardy Briton trudg'd on foot,  
Through mud, bog, dust and gravel.

'Twas then the fair, as story tells,  
(Ah! how unlike our modern belles!)  
Knew neither coach nor saddle;  
No female Phaetonians then  
Surpass'd the boldest of our men  
In gesture, look, and straddle.

But form'd by nature's artless hand,  
Blushes, 'tis said, at her command  
Oft stole o'er beauty's features:  
No wife then scorn'd domestic sweats;  
No daughter Jehu! scour'd the streets;  
    Good lad! what simple creatures!

Emerg'd at length from gothic rules,  
Our fair ones, train'd in happier schools,  
For blushes, now give fashion;  
Each modest virtue thrown aside,  
Behold! like men, erect, astride!  
They drive! they whip! they dash on!

O! may the glorious day arrive,  
When each bold lass her nag shall drive  
O'er hedges, gates, and ditches!  
Despise the housewife's hateful lot,  
And change the useless petticoat  
For boots and buckskin breeches!

Yet heterogeneous as they are,  
Half man - half woman - half centaur:

Some grave folks dread infection:  
See! virtue trembling flies the land!  
Alas! 'gainst furious four in hand  
No common whip's protection!

Struck with the thought, I reason'd long,  
Eliza, poor thing's far from strong,  
And yet she loves a canter;  
Some fierce virago, high in blood  
May lay her sprawling in the mud,  
Or in a hedge-row plant her!

What then remains the weak to shield?  
Must freedom thus her charter yield?  
Has beauty no defender?  
Alas! no bosom swells with rage!  
There's nought in this bold dashing age,  
But flogging to befriend her!

Since lashing's then, the ton, the tip,  
And vict'ry now turns on the Whip,  
The toughest whip should win;  
And as we know in each hard bout,  
The 'toughest hide holds longest out,'  
I'll find - a whip of skin.'

Pleas'd with the fancy, swift I sped,  
Mad with the project in my head,  
I rang'd half India o'er;  
But hides well beat, are seldom tough:  
At last a bit of precious stuff  
I found on Afric's shore.

There, by his streams and tangling groves,  
The huge Rhinoceros careless roves,  
Though growls each savage nigh:  
Undaunted, arm'd with horn and hide,  
To ball and dart he turns his side,  
Unheeded as they fly.

But what's the arm'd, the bold, the strong!  
(Again we moralize our song,)

If treachery aims the blow?  
Ev'n Samson fell by female wit,  
And see! in subtle treachery's pit  
The mighty beast lies low.

Thus fall'n by cunning's sneaking plot,  
With joy they strip his horny coat;  
('Twas wondrous to behold!)  
'By Heavens! I cried, 'at length I've found  
A skin that's proof 'gainst mortal wound!  
'Tis worth its weight in gold!

Torn from the side it lately grac'd,  
A slice I cut with eager haste;  
A touch, tenacious slip!  
And hurrying home to British land,  
Gave it to Kelly in the Strand,  
Who form'd it to a whip.

Thus arm'd, with virtue on your side,  
Unconquer'd reign, undaunted ride,  
Nor fear e'en Lade or Archer.  
Some dame indeed may whoop and crack,  
But let Rhinoceros touch her back,  
It will both blue and starch her.

O, could its virtues but repair  
The lungs of thy half-winded mare,  
How great would be thy glory!  
From Linsted town thy fame would trot  
E'en to the house of Johnny Grot,  
In many a marv'lous story.

Then should we hear in clam'rous boast,  
How one young fair one rul'd the roast,  
As Pitt now rules the nation;  
Made female jockies bounce and skip,  
And by the pow'r of one fam'd Whip,  
Flogg'd vice from freedom's station!

But since, alas! no cure we know,  
Since Phill must puff, or you move slow,

Yet should the man, of worth possest,  
Fair candour glowing at his breast,  
Confess thy power of charms;  
List to his tale, be frank, be kind  
Unfashion'd blush to love refin'd,  
And whip - into his arms!

Hector Macneill

# There's Nought I See, To Fear No

Our good king sits in Windsor tower,  
The sun-beams glint sae cheerfu'!  
A birdie sang in yonder bower,  
And O! but it sang fearfu'!  
Tell me, my bird, my mourning bird,  
What is't you sing so drearie?  
I sing o' danger, fire, and sword,  
Fell faes are coming near ye!

The king stept on his terraced height,  
His heart was bauld and cheerie;  
'I fear no foe, by day or night,  
While Britain's sons are near me!'  
The bird ay sang upon the thorn,  
And ay its sang was fearfu';  
Good king! your ships maun sail the morn,  
For England's faes are near you.

The king looked frae his castle hie!  
His looks was blythe and airy!  
'There's not a foe dares face the sea!  
Brave England's tars are there ay.'  
The birdie sang ay on the thorn,  
But now its sang grew cheerfu',  
Good king! we'll laugh your faes to scorn;  
There's nought I see to fear now!

The birdie flew on blythesome wing,  
And O! but it sang rarely;  
And ay it sang, 'God bless our king!  
Bauld Britons luv him deerly.'  
It flew o'er hill, it flew o'er lea,  
It sang o'er moor and hether,  
Till it came to the north countrie,  
Whar a' sang blythe thegither.

They sang o' fame and martial might,  
(The pride o' Scottish story)  
They sang o' Edward's wars and flight,



And Bruce's radiant glory!  
They laughed at Gallia's threat'ning ills  
(Their shield was Patriot-honour):  
They rushed down Freedom's heath-flowered hills,  
And, rattling, joined her banner!

Hector Macneill

# To A Young Lady, With A Bottle Of Irish Usquebaugh

In spite of all that poets tell us  
(For poets are but lying fellows)  
Of Cupid's flames, and Cupid's darts,  
And all his soft bewitching arts,  
That teach the stubborn heart to move,  
And tune the rudest speech to love,  
I cannot say I recollect  
One single instance, proof, or fact,  
Where freedom, wit, or common sense,  
E'er flow'd from true love eloquence.  
For me (should love-sick qualms attack us),  
I've much more faith in honest Bacchus,  
And can't help thinking master Cupid  
Oft makes us mad; but oftner stupid:  
At least, if one may judge from action,  
And looks that border on distraction,  
The man who really feels love's passion,  
Acts, speaks, and reason - out of fashion.  
'This may be true,' I hear you cry,  
'Yet bards, you say, can sometimes lie:  
And since you choose the present time  
To vent 'gainst love your spleen, in rhyme,  
Produce your proofs, or cease to rail.'  
With all my heart! - I'll tell a tale.

When sprightly Daphne went a maying,  
And all the loves and graces playing  
Around her beauteous face were seen  
To deck the bloom of fair nineteen,  
Young Strephon met her on the green.  
Struck with her charms - to speak afraid,  
By love enthral'd, by love dismay'd  
The senseless Strephon (keep from laughter!)  
Had not the power to follow after;  
But gaz'd, and gap'd, with transports swelling,  
Nor ask'd her name, nor mark'd her dwelling.  
Six months, six torturing months, and more,  
Did Strephon loud his loss deplore;  
And often rang'd the fields in vain

To find the lovely maid again;  
And often curs'd his fluttering folly,  
And often groan'd with melancholy;  
When Love and Fun one night agree,  
The youthful pair should meet at - tea.

Soon as our rapt'rous swain had ventur'd  
The parlour door to ope, and enter'd,  
And saw his Daphne's dazzling charms,  
He lost the power of legs and arms.  
His foot that whilom us'd to glide  
Along the floor with graceful slide,  
Now rudely strikes his tumbling cane,  
Which, trying to obtain again,  
His luckless skull salutes a chair,  
And fearful stands his injur'd hair!  
Behold now Strephon in his place,  
With 'blushing honours' on his face:  
The tea's to hand ;- he cannot fail  
To tread on harmless Tabby's tail:  
To ease her pain, puss squalls and kicks,  
And in his leg her talons sticks;  
And tears the hose, and eke the skin,  
Till streams run down poor Strephon's shin:  
Stung with the smart, I do assure ye  
He roar'd and caper'd like a fury;  
And in his gambols (dire mishap!)  
Dropt cup and tea in Daphne's lap.

Ye loath the sot with liquor muddy,  
Eyes all inflam'd, and face all ruddy;  
Yet never once conclude with me  
That Strephon was as drunk as he;  
The man who speaks things out of season,  
Or acts as if bereft of reason,  
I must consider just as bad  
As he who's drunk, or he who's mad.  
'Pray sir, a truce with moralizing,  
And answer this without disguising:  
Did Strephon e'er his flame discover?'  
No - never while a downright lover.  
In vain each night he frames with art

Some speech to melt his Daphne's heart;  
Whene'er he tries to ope his lips,  
Away! each soft idea skips,  
And leaves him nought but hems and hahs,  
And stamm'rings to fill up each pause;  
And blushes, groans, and palpitation  
(A pretty kind of conversation!)  
'What then! did Strephon never win her?'  
Never, till one blest day at dinner.  
'At dinner say you! - how - when - where?'  
How keenly curious women are!  
I would be brief - I hate great talkers  
You're so particular! - well! - at Walker's  
One morning, Strephon asked to dine,  
To meet at four, to part at nine:  
The party choice - for reasons shown him  
He went and drank his magnum bonum.

Behold him now, a jovial boy!  
No fluttering fears! - no trembling joy;  
And all his groans and blushes over,  
Mark how he breathes the ardent lover.

Struck with amaze, sweet Daphne hears  
New accents reach her ravish'd ears:  
'And fairest of thy sex!' he cries  
(While passion sparkles in his eyes,)  
'O source of ev'ry chaste delight!  
My thought by day; my dream by night;  
My ev'ry hope; my ev'ry care;  
My joy; my comfort; my - despair:  
Ah! wherefore should I still conceal  
'What all can feign, but few can feel!'  
Since first these heav'nly charms were seen  
By luckless Strephon on the green;  
Since first with smiles and spirits gay  
You hail'd the merry morn of May,  
What fluttering hopes have fir'd my brain!  
What fears of torture, doubts of pain!  
What pangs, what sorrows, ne'er to find  
By speech, or look, my Daphne kind,  
But cold and senseless to my anguish,

Still left a wretch to droop and languish!  
'My God!' the wond'ring fair replies  
(While tears of rapture fill her eyes,  
'How! how could Daphne ever know  
Her Strephon's love; her Strephon's woe!  
Till this soft tale, so sweetly sung!  
I never heard your tuneful tongue;  
Till this fond hour, I never found  
These eyes but downcast on the ground ;  
You still were silent, absent, cool :  
I took you, Strephon, for - a fool.'

Now Mira, that my tale is ended,  
I hope I've prov'd what I intended,  
To wit, that without gen'rous wine  
A youth may sigh, and groan, and whine,  
But never talk in strains divine.  
For what is love, or what is beauty,  
If lovers cannot do their duty?  
Or what are flames, or inclination,  
Without the fire of inspiration!  
All, all must end in strange confusion,  
Without the gift of elocution.  
For me, who never had much brass,  
I find vast courage in a glass;  
And now that blushing's out of fashion,  
Or drink I must, or breathe no passion.  
And sure, if strains like mine have charm'd one  
When half-seas o'er there's no great harm done,  
And though last night, when first we met,  
You frown'd, and fretted in a pet,  
Withdrew your hand, with face averted,  
And thrice for me your chair deserted,  
Yet, warm'd by wine, I well remember,  
Unchill'd by looks, cold as December,  
I prattled wit from jovial quaffing,  
Till, quite o'ercome, at length, with laughing,  
You pardon smil'd; and gen'rous hearted,  
Gave me your hand before we parted;  
Nay, once delighted, almost swore  
I ne'er talked half so well before.

Charm'd with the good effects of wine,  
I next day hurried to Gavine,  
And straightway bought (ne merveille pas!)  
A bottle of his Usquebaugh.  
Which now I send you, with this rule,  
That when I trifle like a fool,  
Or silent grow, or lose my temper,  
For God's sake! fill me up a bumper!  
Till head, and heart, and tongue improve,  
And make me say whate'er you love!

O could its virtue's but inspire  
This breast with true poetic fire,  
To sing, in numbers strong and clear,  
Thy friendship, ardent, and sincere,  
Thy humour, sprightly, social, free,  
Thy temper's blest serenity!  
O! could its virtues but impart  
The language of thy feeling heart,  
To paint in accents sweetly mild  
The duties of a tender child;  
And every art and virtue rare  
That soothes an aged father's care;  
In faith! dear Mira, to be plain,  
(Though much I dread your cold disdain)  
In spite of all you'd think or say,  
I'd drink till tipsy every day.

Hector Macneill

# To C. L. Esq. With A Present Of A Large Bottle Of Old Jamaica Rum

Dear honest hearted, canty Charlie!  
To whom I'd trust baith late and earlie;  
Accept, in token o' regard,  
Frae rhyming Mac, your friend and bard,  
A gift to raise on Sunday's even  
Your mind frae earthly thoughts to heaven;  
Or what's far mair, to keep frae quaking  
Thy graceless aul for Sunday-breaking,  
As reckless ay o' prayer or kirk  
Ye ply your sinfu' wark till mirk,  
Grunting owre deeds o' black rascality  
In Session Courts and Admiralty;  
Till tir'd o' horning and memorial,  
Ye turn frae tricks to things corporeal;  
For lang law draughts, take ane that's shorter,  
(I mean a draught o' Skae's good porter):  
For desperate debts and pleas unlucky,  
Sit down and carve your roasted chunky,  
And helping round ilk friend and cousin  
That mak, at least, a round half dozen,  
Wi' crack - and joke - and steeve rum toddy,  
Lord! but ye turn a dainty body!

Now Charles, without a Sunday's blessing,  
Wi' a' your want o' Sunday's dressing;  
Wi' hair unkaim'd, and beard unshorn,  
And slip-shod bachles, auld, and torn.  
Coat, that nae decent man wad put on,  
And waistcoat aft without a button,  
And breeks (let sans culottes defend them)  
I hope in God, ye'll change, or - mend them.  
I say, wi' a' these black transgressions,  
(The fruits o' your curst courts and sessions)  
There's yet sic sparks o' grace about you;  
Sic radiant truth that shines throughout you;  
Sic friendship firm ;- sic qualms o' honour  
Whan sneaking rascals mak you sconner,

That ('pon my faith! I should be skelpit)  
I find a secret, inward greeting  
O' peace at ilka Sunday meeting;  
And feel - ye hash, wi' a' your duds on,  
For you attractions like a loadstone;  
That warm the heart wi' glows diviner  
Than e'er I find for chiels that's finer.

Come, Charlie, then, my friend and brither!  
Whan neist wi' a' convene thegither  
To crack and joke in converse happy,  
I' faith! w'se hae a hearty drappy;  
And though I dinna like to buckle  
Wi' hours owre late, or drink owre muckle,  
Nor think it a' thegither right  
To keep folk up on Sunday night,  
I am resolv'd, be't right or sinfu';  
To hae at least - a decent skinfu';  
Wi' heart and hand keep friendship waking  
And trust to heaven for Sunday-breaking.  
And sure, if bounteous heaven tak pleasure  
In harmless mirth, and social leisure,  
And grant us aye the power to borrow  
Some thoughtless hours to banish sorrow,  
To crack, and laugh, and drink, nae sin is  
Wi' modest worth and Jeanie I---s;  
After Sunday's feast - or pascal  
Wi' you, ye kirkless canty rascal.

Mind then, whan honest trusty Peter  
(Aboon a' praise in prose or metre)  
Removes ilk dish, whar late, fu' dainty,  
Stood roasted hen, and collops plenty;  
And roddickins, and penches too,  
And mussels picked nice wi' broo;  
And haddies caller at last carting,  
Or rizzer'd sweet by Mrs. Martin!  
- W' kipper (brander'd het and broun)  
A present sent frae Stirling town.  
I say, when Pate wi' solemn face,  
Removes ilk thing wi' stedy pace,  
And brings the reeking burn and bowl



To cheer ilk presbyterian soul;  
Whan ance that ye, a' fidging fain  
Draw the first cork wi' mony a grane,  
And sometimes girning, sometimes blawin,  
Examine gin its rightly drawn.  
Whan three times round the port wine passes  
And ilka friend has drank three glasses;  
Nae langer grane, nor fyke, nor daidle,  
But brandish ye the - langshak'd ladle,  
That magic wand that has the knack ay  
To mak us a' sae pleas'd and cracky;  
That Moses' rod that weets ilk mouthie  
And maks streams gush for hearts that's drowthie,  
And has the double power, sae curious!  
To mak some chiels baith pleas'd and furious!

Now, as I've heard some hair-brain'd hempy  
Growl whan your chappin bottle's empty,  
And roar, and swear, wi' aiths that's sinfu'  
For what's ay ca'd - 'anither spoonfu';'  
To satisfy sic maws rapacious,  
I herewi' send o' size capacious  
A bottle prim'd, my dainty callan,  
Somewhat mair than half a gallon  
O' precious gear, I've lang been huntin,  
Till caught at last frae Wattie Br---n.  
Fill then! - and drink! - and banish dread  
O' after sair wame, or sair head;  
There's naithing here, our harns to daver,  
But rare auld stuff to mark us claver;  
For hear I swear in rhyming letter,  
D---n me! if e'er ye tasted better!

Hector Macneill

## To Eliza On Her Marriage

You're now, Eliza, fix'd for life;  
In other words, you're now - a wife;  
And let me whisper in your ear,  
A wife, though fix'd, has cause to fear;  
For much she risks, and much she loses  
If an improper road she chuses.  
Yet think not that I mean to fright you,  
My plan, au contraire's to delight you;  
To draw the lines where comfort reaches;  
Where folly flies; where prudence teaches.  
In short, Eliza, to prevent you  
From nameless ills that may torment you:  
And ere bright Hymen's torch burns faintly,  
From nuptial glare conduct you gently,  
Where (cur'd of wounds from Cupid's quiver)  
A milder lustre beams for ever!

First, then, Eliza, change your carriage,  
Courtship's a different thing from marriage,  
And much I fear (by passion blinded)  
This change at first is seldom minded.  
The miss who feasts on rich romances,  
And love-sick sonnets, wisely fancies  
That all the end of ardent wooing  
Is constant billing, constant cooing.  
The nymph again, whom caution teaches.  
To doubt the truth of rapt'rous speeches,  
She whom experience oft has school'd,  
And shewn how husbands may be - rul'd,  
Laughs at the whims of fond sixteen,  
And thinks that wedlock stamps - a queen.  
Now I (though ne'er, alas! contracted)  
Consider both as half distracted;  
And will predict that endless strife  
Must be the lot of either wife.  
Not that I would infer from hence  
That men of feeling, worth, or sense,  
Could every try to wound or pain  
A tender breast with cold disdain;

Or e'er descend to storm and battle  
At fondly-foolish female prattle.  
Yet if sweet madam, without reason,  
Will fret and fume, and mutter treason,  
Plaguing her plain, unpuffing spouse,  
About his former oaths and vows,  
And tender sighs, and soft expressions,  
With various comments and digressions,  
I will not sweat that mere connexion  
Will guard the husband's warm affection;  
And when affection cools, they say  
The husband's apt to - go astray.

Maids, prais'd and flatter'd all their lives,  
Expect as much when they are wives;  
And think when husbands cease palav'ring,  
That love (sweet souls!) is surely wav'ring:  
Then hey! for pets, and cold distrust,  
Doubt's sullen brow, and dreams accurst :  
The game goes on, ma'am's in the dumps,  
And jealousy at last is trumps.  
For thee, fair flower! of softest dye,  
That caught so late each vagrant eye,  
Still breathing sweets, still blooming gay,  
Beauteous in winter as in May:  
For thee this truth the muse has penn'd.  
The muse - but more thy anxious friend:  
'Woman's bright charms were giv'n to lure us,  
They catch, 'tis true; but can't secure us.'

Sage Solomon, who paints with beauty  
A virtuous woman's worth and duty,  
Compares her to a ship of trade,  
That brings from far her daily bread.  
This may be true; but as for me,  
I'll draw a plainer simile,  
And call a virtuous wife a gem,  
Which for its worth we ne'er contemn,  
Though soon its water, size and hue,  
Grow quite familiar to the view.  
What then ensues? Why, faith, I'll tell ye;  
We think of nothing but - the value.

Yet take this gem and lay it by  
From the possessor's careless eye,  
Conceal its lustre, dazzling bright,  
From beaming daily on his sight,  
I'll take you any bet at pleasure,  
Whene'er he views this tempting treasure,  
With eager bliss and sparkling eyes  
He'll mark each new-born charm arise,  
And with the joy of first possession,  
Admire and rave sans intermission!

If women, therefore, would be wise,  
Instead of murmurs, tears and sighs,  
And sullen moods, and scolding frays,  
When lovie's absent for some days,  
Let ev'ry female art conspire  
To drive him from the parlour fire.  
Of all the plagues in wedded life,  
To tease or to torment a wife,  
There's none more likely to increase  
The bane of matrimonial peace,  
Than the tame husband always by  
With prying and suspicious eye.  
Mark then, when \* \* \* \* goes to town,  
Smile thou, when other wives would frown;  
He only goes (nay, don't be angry)  
To take a walk to make him hungry;  
To taste awhile, unknown to care,  
A change of exercise and air;  
Observe the pert, the bold, the witty  
How diff'rent from his own sweet Betty!  
Return impatient to his home,  
No husband, but a fond bridegroom.

Lastly, Eliza, let me say  
That wives should rather yield than sway;  
To thwart a husband's fixt opinion  
Is not the way to gain dominion,  
For kisses order, tears reprove,  
And teach us rev'rence, fear and love!  
O! born to soothe and guide the heart  
With native softness, void of art!

Thou, whom nor pride nor fashion sways,  
Unchang'd by flatt'ry's giddy praise;  
And thou to whom a trem'lous youth  
First spoke the tale of love and truth,  
Blending with passion's fond alarms  
The bright'ning beam of virtue's charms  
Ah! lend not now a careless ear!-  
Yet, yet attend to truth sincere!  
These lines, at least with smiles receive,  
The last, perhaps, thy bard shall give.

While pleasure spreads her gawdy train,  
To lure the trifling and the vain;  
While fashion kills the tedious day  
With shopping, concert, cards, and play;  
While female love and youth's fair charms  
Shrink from pure passion's ardent arms,  
And cling to splendour's fancied bliss,  
With withering age and wretchedness,  
Be thine Eliza, more refin'd,  
The pleasures of the virtuous mind!  
Be thine the transports of the heart  
Which love and goodness still impart;  
The tender glance, the tranquil smile,  
A husband's sorrows to beguile:  
The blush of joy divinely meek;  
That paint's a mother's glowing cheek;  
The balm that friendship still bestows;  
The tear that drops for human woes!  
These, these, Eliza! light the way,  
And cheer when other charms decay;  
Conduct through care and worldly gloom,  
And whisper joys - beyond the tomb.

Hector Macneill

# To Get A Man

This warld is a lottery, as ilk ane may ken;  
There are prizes for women as weel as for men:  
But as far as my faither and mither can see,  
Though the're prizes for some, there aye blanks for me!

Though black, I'm comely; my een's like a slae!  
Odd! I'm sure they're far better than een that are grey?  
Yet the lads they court Katey as fast as they can,  
While my father aye tells me - I'll never get a man.

I'm held down wi' wark frae morning till e'en,  
My claise ay unsnod, and my face seldom clean!  
How the sorrow! on me can our lads ever look  
When I gang aye sae thief-like, as black as the crook!

For fairs and for preachings I hae but ae gown!  
(Lord! I wish I was busk'd like our queans in the town!)  
Yet whane'er I stay late - how my father he'll ban,  
Wi' a-- 'Divil confound ye! ye'll ne'er get a man!'

My mither aye thinks I'm to sit still and spin:  
Whan the sogers gae by, war I fell'd I maun rin,  
Then she roars, and she flytes (though the sam's done by Kate)  
Wi' a-- 'Sorrows be on ye! ye'll gang a grey gate!'

I fain wad hae Jamie -- but then he loos Jean;  
And I'd e'en tak lean Patie, tho' just skin and bane;  
But my faither and mither tauld baith him and Dan  
That I'm three years owre young yet to hae a gudeman!

A usage sae barb'rous! nae mortal can bear!  
- Odd! they'll drive me to madness wi' perfect despair!  
If I canna get Jamie, nor yet Dan nor Pate,  
Faith I'll e'en tak the first chiel that comes in my gate.

Gle'yd Sawnie, the haiv'rel, he met me yestreen,  
He roos'd first my black hair, and syne my black een!  
While he dawted and kiss'd, tho' I ken he's a fool,  
Lord! I thought that my heart wad hae loup't out o' hool!

Quo he, 'Bonny Maggy, gin ye war mine ain,  
I hae house and plenty, for wife and for wean,  
And whan my auld daddy steps aff to the grave,  
Faith! we'll then had our head up as high as the lave.'

I dinna like Sawnie - he's blind o' an ee;  
But then he's the first's talk'd o' marriage to me;  
And whan folk are ill us'd they maun do what they can,  
Sae I'll mak them a' liars, and tak a Gudeman.

Hector Macneill

# To J. W. On His Birth Day. A Dialogue Between Seventy Two And Twenty Seven

Another year to banish gloom,  
And still my friend retains his bloom!  
Still laughs and jokes, and tells his tale;  
Eats heartily : drinks homebrew'd ale;  
Though sometimes tortur'd with the gout

W. The gout! young man! come! come, refrain!  
You know, Macneil, 'tis but a sprain ;  
A random step - a heedless tread  
You smile, I see, and shake your head  
Well! be it so - with all my heart  
You know the truth - I know the smart!

M. Be thankful, sir! in life's dull round  
Few W---s are to be found:  
Oppress'd with want, perplex'd with care,  
Diseas'd, or madd'ning with despair,  
The poor or wealthy rarely find  
Sound health conjoin'd with tranquil mind.

Now these, you know, have blest you long,  
But yet, my friend! you're not still young;  
And 'twixt us two, you were truths all told,  
You think the gout sounds plaguy old  
Arriv'd at years full threescore ten

W. Who told you that! - M. Why, there again  
The sound is old - pox on this tongue!  
I wish to God you still were young!  
If I am wrong I cry you mercy;  
My proofs, I own, are only - hearsay  
But tell the truth and I'll engage, sir ;

W. - I'm not oblig'd to tell my age, sir

M. Well! be it seventy, more or less,  
I say your lot is happiness.



True, once a year that stomach sprain  
A month or longer gives you pain.  
The fault's you own; I can assure you  
In half the time a child might cure you.

W. Dear Mac! the means? M. Why then I'll tell ye  
Stay more at home, please less the belly.  
Mark now, my friend, and then complain,  
Pray what is e'en a month of pain?  
Unknown to fever, gout, or stone,  
The passing year glides smoothly on;  
And while life frets and discomposes  
Hear how you spread your bed of roses.

Esteem'd by all, by some ador'd,  
You often grace your neighbour's board;  
They give whate'er you prize best,  
Old wine - old joke - old ale - old jest,  
Yet mix a charm that all surpasses!

W. What's that you rogue? M. Young bonny lasses.

Some hours in social converse blest,  
What say you to a game at whist?  
Agreed - cut in - you get the worst,  
I'll not aver he will be curst,  
But for his shuffling, cuts, and dealings,  
I would not own them for - some shillings.

At supper next I see you sit  
Replete with glee and social wit;  
With some fair nymph you laugh and sport,  
Your feast an egg; your liquor port.  
Tim'rous and sad now flutt'ring fly!  
'Tis strains like these thou now must try!  
Yes, wretched thing! go - vent thy moan,  
Thy friend! - thy earthly guide - is gone!

Hector Macneill

## To Miss Jean And Miss Isabella Monroe, With Two Bottles Of The Otta Of Roses

Tost rudely round this whirling sphere,  
Estrang'd from all he valued dear;  
Shut out from beauty's bright'ning ray;  
The social night, the tranquil day;  
Involv'd in tumults wild uproar,  
And dropt on India's burning shore;  
Behold a woe-worn wand'rer roam,  
Far from his friends and native home!  
'Thus 'scap'd from storm and battles rage,  
Shall I,' he cried, 'new ills engage!  
Shall I, by care and fortune crost,  
Droop sorrowing on a foreign coast;  
And whelm'd at last in hopeless gloom,  
Sink unlamented to the tomb!'

'Perish the thought!' a seraph cries,  
(A seraph wafted from the skies.)  
'Perish the thought! a softer ray  
Yet comes to guide thy wilder'd way.  
What though rude mirth and tempests roar,  
And fortune frowning locks her store;  
What though no converse reigns refin'd,  
And lov'd Miranda's left behind;  
A brighter morn will yet appear,  
To chase the gloom and gild the year:  
A milder dawn o'erspread the grove,  
A warmer theme attune to love;  
When freedom's sun bright o'er the main  
Illumes fair Albion's cliffs again;  
And glittering high on mountain hoar  
Proclaims afar lov'd Scotia's shore;  
Where friendship waits in smiles array'd,  
To bind the wound that fate has made;  
And sympathy, with melting eye,  
To catch the tale and heave the sigh;  
And mild oblivion, kind to cast  
A dark'ning shade on suff'rings past.

'Meanwhile,' she said, 'this gift receive,  
 And henceforth, wand'rer, cease to grieve;  
 For know, in this a virtue rare,  
 (A passport likewise to the fair.)  
 Can cheer dejection's languid gloom,  
 And rich, to beauty yield perfume!  
 Guard then this treasure, and when fate  
 Conducts thee safe, or soon or late,  
 Where Fortha's wanderings gently glide  
 Through fields that wave their cultur'd pride,  
 There, while again, thou wander'st o'er  
 Each dear lov'd spot, oft trod before;  
 Or from Strevlina's height serene  
 Survey'st around the pictur'd scene,  
 Of view'st sublime her castled towers  
 From A---'s sheltering bowers  
 Where social mirth wan care beguiles,  
 Midst female virtues, female smiles;  
 While hope's fond joys past sorrows heal,  
 Let breasts like thine fresh ardour feel,  
 To mark each virtue as it springs,  
 And as the muse impassion'd sings,  
 On maids of worth this gift bestow,  
 A \*\*\*\*\*; a \*\*\*\*\*; a M\*\*\*\*\*.'

Charm'd with the tale, with sighs I prest  
 The welcome treasure to my breast;  
 Here dwell, I cried, till fate once more  
 Conducts me safe to Scotia's shore!  
 Till free from tumult's madd'ning strife,  
 Once more I taste a poet's life;  
 And female smiles to soothe and cheer,  
 And love to cheat the lingering year:  
 Here rest, I cried, till heav'n bestows  
 Your \*\*\*\*\*'s your \*\*\*\*\*'s, your M\*\*\*\*\*'s!

The seraph smil'd, and instant flew!  
 The canvass spread, Eolus blew!  
 From India's shores and burning skies,  
 O'er waves the Gibraltar flies.  
 Blow, blow, ye breezes! oft I said,  
 While seas the ling'ring voyage delay'd;

Blow, blow, ye breezes! oft I cried,  
While sleep her balmy rest denied:  
Yet midst my watchings, cares, and rest,  
Still clasp'd the treasure to my breast!

Reliev'd from cares that lately spread  
A tempest round a wand'rer's head,  
Arriv'd at length, where tumults cease,  
And all within is hope and peace,  
The warning seraph whispers low,  
'Remember Worth, and each M\*\*\*\*\*!'

Go! partner of my throbbing heart!  
To gentler breasts thy balm impart!  
Go! - to you social bow'rs repair,  
Far softer forms thy sweets shall share!  
Go! and while odours from thee break  
Round Jane or Bella's snowy neck,  
Tell them from me, no sweets refin'd  
Can match the tender female mind;  
Nor Persia's rose, that blooms so fair,  
With Virtue's charms can e'er compare,  
No! nor rich Ceylon's spicy gales,  
Nor fam'd Arabia's scented vales,  
A balm so grateful can diffuse,  
To wake and animate the muse,  
As that which shook from Friendship's wing,  
Attunes the lyre's according string,  
And prompts e'en bards like me to sing!

Hector Macneill

# To Mrs. Pleydell, With A Pot Of Honey, During The Ferment Occasioned By The Popish Bill Of Toleratio

Remov'd thank God! from fierce contentions;  
Unknown to parties or Conventions;  
Alike averse to rage and folly,  
And foe to gloomy melancholy;  
Amid confusion, war, and zeal,  
Accept these lines from bard Macneill.

When morning comes, my breakfast down,  
Compos'd and wrapp'd in flannel gown,  
Till Andrew comes my brains to muddy,  
I dedicate some hours to study  
Behold me then, in elbow chair,  
Turn o'er a leaf with serious air;  
Or seiz'd with strong poetic fit,  
Compose some precious scrap of wit :  
Fir'd by the muses melting strain  
I rise - sit down - get up again;  
When 'midst my raptures, frisks, and papers,  
Bounce! in comes Christy with - the papers.

With some regret I dropp the quill  
Well! what's the news? the Popish Bill.  
Is Keppel tried? - a dull essay  
From fierce I. A. to sly John Hay;  
Has d'Estaing sail'd? - to show the better  
What papists are, this day a letter,  
Just from the press, which well explains  
What hellish laws that sect maintains!  
Where's Byron? - 'Murders! popish tricks;  
No faith! - no faith, with heretics!  
Asham'd; - provok'd in every page,  
I curse the papers in a rage;  
Start up and ring with all my might;  
Here! take this nonsense from my sight!

Scarce have I banish'd raving faction  
Till in bolts J---y in distraction.

'All - all is lost! - d'Estaing's gone forth!  
God curse that headstrong blockhead North!  
No scheme succeeds - we've no invention!  
This nation's ruin'd past redemption!  
Our fleets are beat! - our trade is gone  
We'll be invaded ten to one  
Ecod! the French may come to-morrow  
It won't cause universal sorrow.  
They've many friends in this wise nation  
The Popish Bill of Toleration.'  
Stop, Doctor! - stop! - 'Why should I stop, pray?  
I'm really sick you are! - your reasons - eh!  
Some other time - some other day.

Thus, doubly teas'd 'twixt saint and sinner,  
An invitation comes to dinner:  
To dress I run - thank heav'n, I cry,  
Some pious hearts are often dry;  
A cheerful glass may work a wonder;  
May still, perhaps, this papal thunder  
O! grant us, Bacchus, wine that's strong!  
Raise! Orpheus, raise the blithesome song!  
Let Pleydell come, serenely gay!  
And social mirth shall crown the day.  
Flush'd with fond hope, away I haste  
(Alas! why must I tell the rest!)  
In spite of dishes, nice and rare,  
In spite of wit - for you were there;  
In spite of ale, punch, port, and sherry;  
Though S---n sang, we ne'er were merry.  
Ask you the cause? 'twas indigestion  
From one curs'd sauce each dish was drest in;  
For while we ate and drank our fill,  
Still in our stomachs stuck the -- bill.

'Tis now, methinks, five weeks at least,  
Since first I sought some tranquil feast;  
Where wholesome food and converse kind  
Might please the stomach, cheer the mind;  
Make folds good-humour'd, frank, and civil,  
And banish popery to - the devil!  
I sought, I say; nay rack'd my brain,

To find this feast, but all in vain;  
When t'other morn, in elbow chair,  
Unty'd my shoes, uncomb'd my hair,  
Two hours from bed, and breakfast o'er,  
Rap! went the knocker at the door.  
Upstart'd Christy from the wheel-  
'Is this the house o' Squire Macneill?'  
Yes, - what is that? - 'A can, my queen,  
Just come to Leith frae Aberdeen;  
The freight a shilling - carriage twa  
The weight I'm sure is far frae sma'  
I wonder what the sorrow's in't,  
It maun be leed or stane o' flint!  
The deil be on't! it's hurt my heed,  
It's surely fill'd wi' stanes or leed!  
The chattering rogue receiv'd his money,  
The stanes and lead turn'd out good - Honey;  
Pure, rich, and sparkling as you see;  
The product of th' industrious bee:  
A balmy gift from shrub and flower!  
The fruits of many a toilsome hour.

Struck with the prospect of my treasure,  
I felt, methought, unusual pleasure:  
A sudden charm; a joy refin'd  
Shed peace and comfort o'er the mind;  
Each sound of Popery died away,  
And thus I said - or meant to say

In past'ral days, when wants were few,  
When love beat strong and friendship true,  
Our fathers, nurtur'd in content,  
A calm unruffled life time spent  
Mid herds and flocks (their only care),  
A feast like this was oft their fare.  
Here, by the streamlet's bubbling side,  
Unknown to controversial pride,  
The oaten pipe and rural lay  
Chas'd spleen and ranc'rous hate away  
Unskill'd in schoolmen's mystic dance,  
Untrain'd in dark Intolerance,  
No zealous phrensy fir'd the breast;

No fears fanatic broke their rest;  
By nature taught they still pursu'd  
What whispering conscience said was good;  
Nor could their social minds approve  
Of aught that sever'd peace and love!

Harass'd with zeal, and frantic passion,  
And for the times - quite out of fashion;  
I can't help sighing for repose,  
Envyng the life our fathers chose.  
At morn and eve whene'er I spy  
My warning can with placid eye,  
In midst of fierce religious splutter,  
I spread, with smiles, my bread and butter;  
Draw near my feast of sparkling brown,  
Lay thick the charm, then - gulp it down;  
Experience joys serenely still,  
Nor pass one thought on - Popish Bill.

Take then, dear Pleydell! take this treasure,  
The source of soothing peace and pleasure;  
When dark and dismal qualms attack you,  
Or fears of popish priests distract you,  
Observe the rule I herewith give you,  
And take my word, it will relieve you.

When Sol through curtains pops his head  
And wakes sweet Aggy still in bed,  
Or Vesper mild through whispering groves  
Lures Mary to the haunts she loves;  
When cups are rang'd and muffins hot,  
And green or cougo in the pot;  
Instead of popery's dismal gloom,  
Pour out a dish of rich perfume:  
Dismiss your fears - be frank - be funny  
Produce with smiles your Can of Honey.  
Glance o'er these lines ('twill be an honour  
Conferr'd upon the happy donor):  
Excuse whate'er you think is said ill;  
In short, be - just blythe Mrs. Pleydell.





# To Robert Graham, Esq. Of Gartmore

While strains like these beguile a wand'rer's care,  
And fancy's smile unfetters fortune's frown,  
Oft will reflection doubt with anxious air  
If e'er one sprig this wand'rer's head shall crown.

'And O! she cried, whate'er his breast may fire,  
Whether of love or patriot zeal he sings,  
Ne'er may ambition prompt the low desire  
To feed on flatt'ry wheresoe'er it springs.

Yet should the voice of taste and sense refin'd  
Applaud what some may love, and all may hear;  
And bursting from an elegance of mind  
Steal sweetly grateful on a poet's ear;

Welcome! the meed to fire the coming muse  
And add fresh ardour to the patriot strain!  
Nor virtue blush, nor modesty refuse  
To gather flow'rs at truth's unspotted fane!

Fame heard the prayer, and pointing to the days,  
Deep in yon tablet grav'd no vulgar name;  
'Behold!' she cried! 'the bard who yields his praise.'  
The wand'rer doubting gaz'd, and found it

Hector Macneill

# To The Members Of The Sober Society; Sent To The Same With An Engraving

Dear sober emptyers o' the glass!  
Behold your goddess - wife or lass,  
De'il hae me gin I ken;  
But weel I wat gin a' be true  
That here she speaks, ye select few  
Are unco kind o' men

To me (as frankly in a crack  
The ither night the jillet spak  
Right cheery owre a glass.)  
Though hid frae unpoetic brain,  
These hieroglyphics speak as plain  
As e'er did Balaam's ass.

Ilk sober brither sure has seen  
The moon and seven stars at e'en  
Glittering in spangled heaven;  
What mean then sax? - the meaning's clear.  
Through a' your meetings in the year  
Ye're fou sax times in seven.

Yet mair - by yonder horned moon,  
Its clear ye're a' hornmad as soon  
As clocks Beate fix;  
Sweet, sweet the sounding warning comes!  
And sitting down on stubborn bums  
Ye a' turn - lunatics.

O! then, 'tis said, in canty croon,  
A writer chiel ca'd Livingston  
Wi' crack and snuff grows cheery;  
And dealing round strong punch and joke,  
Good-humour'd mad near twa o'clock  
Turns a' things tapsilteery!

Here wad I stap, nor langer keek  
Into thae soberings ilka week,

And hide what I'm no able;  
But yon d--'d fingers - up and down,  
Proclaim whan some are in the moon,  
Some lie aneth the table.

In these bless'd French perverted days,  
Whan virtue's blam'd and vice gets praise,  
And folk wi' words are sae bit.  
Nae wonder sober stands for fou,  
And drinkers roar out while they spew,  
'Virtus Tandem Vicebat.'

Hector Macneill

# Valour Shields The Brave

Hark! - hark! the sound of battle!  
Warning thrice, the cannon's rattle!  
Fast o'er plain and mountain brattle  
Scotia's thousands brave!

A. Never! - never mair to tell  
When freedom fought! - where valour fell!  
Nor return! till death's sad knell  
Toll warriors to the grave!  
J. Awa wi' fear! - stop that tear!  
Freedom's cause to freemen's dear!  
Valour, Annie! - valour! valour!  
True valour shields the brave!

## II.

A. Wha shields the helpless? Johnnie,  
Wha guards a wife like Annie?  
Trembling here, wi' infants bonnie!  
Sever'd frae the brave!

Wha smiles to banish fear?  
Wha remains to stop the tear?  
J. Faithful love, and heaven's kind care,  
My Annie's peace will save!  
Then banish dread! - tear ne'er shed!  
Gallia's chains for slaves are made!  
Britons, Annie! - Britons! Britons!  
Free Britons scorn the slave!

## III.

A. Gang - gang! then, dearest Johnnie!  
Slavery's ill's the warst o' ony!  
Heaven and virtue guard your Annie!  
God direct the brave!  
This warm kiss before you start!  
Place this token near your heart!  
Friendship now and peace maun part,  
Dear freedom's cause to save

J. Then banish dread! - tear ne'er shed!  
If freedom fa's, love's joys drap dead!  
Freedom, Annie! Freedom! Freedom!  
Blest freedom! or - the Grave!

IV.

Wi' trembling hand, and heart sair knockin,  
Round his neck she tied love's token;  
Sighed, and cried in words half spoken,  
Heaven shields the brave!  
The trumpet blew! the warrior flew;  
Met Scotia's freemen, dauntless, true!  
Firm their step! ranks Red and Blue,  
Cried, Victory, or the Grave!  
Then, Tyrant, dread! to conquest led  
Bands in freedom's armour clad!  
Freedom! Tyrant! - Freedom! Freedom!  
Blest Freedom! shield the brave!

Hector Macneill