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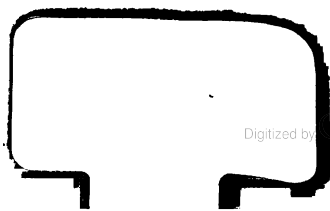
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Case 93

SCOTTISH
PASTORALS,
POEMS, SONGS, &c.

MOSTLY WRITTEN IN THE
DIALECT OF THE SOUTH.

By JAMES HOGG.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY JOHN TAYLOR, GRASSMARKET.

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ERRATA.

- Page 22. line 8. *for Stogshaw read Stagghaw*
16. *for an' read o'*
41. 6. *for lawn read town*
15. *for climb read speel*
42. 1. *for balm read hand*
4. *for vifion read visions*
45. 7. *for spake read spoke*
47. 19. *for pale read pole*

GEORDIE FA'S DIRGE.

BAITH auld an' young come join wi' me ;
Come greet as if ye'd lost a plea ;
Come shake your head, an' whinge, an' claw,
An' murn the death of Geordie Fa.
Auld 'onest, hearty, jocun' carle !
Without a grane he left the warl' :
Death in a twinklin' quite bereft us
O' a' our joy, whan Geordie left us.
He was mair true than ony Roman ;
Was lov'd by all, and fear'd by no man ;
The rich did woo, the poor did blefs him ;
But now he's dead, and fair we'll miss him.

For him my heart is unco fair,
O' a' his sangs I gat a share ;
Nae mair I'll hear him play, wi' skill,
The Soger's Joy, nor Butcher's Reel,
Nor ovr the Muir amang the Heather,
Nor Marlon's Ewe p---t ovr the tether.

The fiddle now may lie untun'd,
 While I at Highland Donald croon'd,
 Or try to step the College horn-pipe,
 She skirles like a laddie's corn-pipe.
 For tales, an' tunes, and merry sangs,
 For breedin' toops, and fatten' lambs,
 His like ne'er dwalt in town or city ;
 But now he's dead, an' that's a pity.

He was a wannle, sturdy man,
 Wi' vigour at the baa he ran ;
 When he was strippit to the fark,
 Amang them a' was ane as fark.
 When luckless colliers came afore him,
 He didna stand to curse and share 'em.
 But strak them till they ran an' yelpit ;
 But now he's dead, an' whae can help it.

Langfyne, whan rebels rang'd at pleasure,
 He did a deed was wordy Cæsar ;
 Arm'd wi' a pleugh-staff, fer out-bye,
 Twa men wi' swords, he gart them lie.
 His doughty deeds on Annan river,
 What fish he kill'd, whan young and clever,

How deep their ribs, how lang their measure;
 I oft hae heard him tell wi' pleasure.
 What paetricks at a shot he grundit,
 What cocks he kill'd, what hares he hundit,
 Was aft his theme, and aye his pleasure.
 Tho' braw an' rich, he was nae miser :
 Nae cares had he about to-morrow ;
 But now he's dead, an' that's a forrow..

Ye poachers now scour up your guns ;
 Ye fishers try wha fastest runs ;
 The muirs an' streams will sport afford ye ;
 Their harmless tenants live for Geordie :
 On days when he was young an' keen,
 In vain ye watch'd the curlin' stream ;
 In spite o' ye a', wi' muckle pride,
 He haul'd his sa'mon to the fide.
 Oft hae I stood hale days to see him ;
 But now he's dead, an' peace be wi' him.

He was weel wordy imitation ;
 A man mair usefu' in his station
 He scarce has left. Whatever rank
 Chance plac'd him in, he still was frank.

Wi' beggars, fodgers, merchants, taylor's,
Ev'n wi' the warst o' broken sailors,
He wad hae crackit hale forenoons,
An' play'd them half a score o' tunes.
Wi' a philosopher or poet,
The way they took, was fond to know it ;
An' wi' the rich he kept decorum ;
But now he's dead, an' waes me for him.

D U S T Y,

OR,

WATIE AN' GEORDIE'S REVIEW OF POLITICS;

An ECLOGUE.

ON June, the year, nor less nor mae
Than eighteen hunder a' but twae,
Fornent a brig laid ovr a pool,
A wee bit frae the parish scool,
Upon a brae baith dry and clean,
Twae 'oneft lads fat down to lean,
And haud the following conversation
About th' affairs o' their ain nation.
Geordie look'd fowr and discontentit,
While Watie thus his wonder ventit :

B

Watie.

I wonder, Geordie, what's the matter,
 I never saw a douter creature ;
 Tho' twice a day this while I've met w'ye,
 A heartsome crack I ne'er can get w'ye ;
 When I wad fain divert an' please ye,
 In trowth you nouter hear nor fees me ;
 Thy thoughts are wand'ring, L—d knows whi-
 ther,

An' what upon, for I ken neither.
 Cast roun' your een on ilk thing near ye,
 See, ilka thing combines to cheer ye ;
 Your friends are weel, your wages gude,
 What then keeps up this dowie mude ?
 Come, tell me man, is Nelly faithless ?
 Or is she turnin' round an' breathless ?

Geordie.

I've nought lik that my heart to grieve ;
 My Nelly's true, and I believe
 Her free frae ony man on earth,
 This day, as that whilk gae her birth :
 But how can I be blythe, while viewin'
 My dear dear country gaun to ruin ?

Watie.

Hey, master patriot ! now I smoke ye,
 An', on my faul, right fain wad 'nock ye,

For mindin things o' sic a nature ;
 But let us argue out the matter.
 Shew me the signs o' Britain's ruin,
 An' wha's the cause o' her undoin'.

Geordie.

Alas! a cloud o' wrath hangs ovr us,
 Ready to burst an' quite devour us.
 Our fathers truth for error barthers,
 An' shed the blude o' fants an' martyr's.
 Their sons are sae degen'rate grown,
 That ilka thing's turn'd upside down.
 Religion's grown a laughing stock,
 A butt for fools whereat to mock,
 An ugly thing, that, anes detectit,
 The owner o't is ay suspectit.
 The ither day, when at the mill,
 I heard ane thus describin' Will :

“ I own he is a man o' wit,
 “ And on some exc'llent schemes has hit ;
 “ His wants are few, his wealth prodigious,
 “ But, rot his heart ! he's *damn'd relig'ous.*”
 The gude commands that fude direct us,
 An', war they keepit, might protect us,
 I' our blest days, ir nae mair takin',
 Than British laws to save a maukin ;

An', for the se'enth, keep it we wad,
 If it requir'd what it forbade ;
 For you, and idle finners like you,
 Count less o' yon than man an' wife do.
 A scourge then for this guilty land !
 Nor can the time be fer frae hand ;
 Its fairest flow'r already fadin',
 As was foretold by Welch an' Peden.

Watie.

Faith, leave the plowmen, join the tent anes,
 And unto finners preach repentance ;
 For I can guess, frae this oration,
 Ye're join'd that headstrong, dull perswasion ;
 But a' your Cameronian rants,
 'Bout solemn leagues an' covenants,
 'Bout kings, an' laws, and constitutions,
 Supremacy an' persecutions,
 S'al never keep me frae insistin'
 On our laws bein' the best existin'.
 Nor are we just fae fair abandon'd,
 As you appear to understand it ;
 We've mair to shew of pious zeal
 Than ony age that's past a deal ;
 What think ye o' sic contributions,
 For biggin ships an' fendin' missions,

To mak the gospel light to shine
 I' nations fer ayont the line?
 Our gentry, too, hae sign'd a letter,
 Whilk binds' to keep the Sabbath better.

Geordie.

That bond, I fear, they'll keep but ill;
 For sen they past the Papish bill,
 Frae ae mischief they've run t'nother,
 An' neer had luck i' ane nor other.
 E'en at this time, nae fether gane,
 Our allies leave us ane by ane;
 An' waur than that, our faes they join,
 To pay us hame i' our ain coin.
 Fo'ks een are open'd now, they see
 The French design them liberty;
 By makin' laws which fo'ks admire,
 They've won mair than by sword an' fire.

Watie.

Fo'ks een are open'd now, 'tis true;
 But 'tis ovr late, when, frae their view,
 Fair Liberty's entirely vanish'd;
 Frae States, where ance ador'd, she's banish'd.
 The French, my friend, are kittle masters,
 Likewise the cause o' fair disasters;

Whae else can ony body blame
For this rebellion here at hame.

What glory if, by British thunder,
These haughty knaves cou'd be brought under ;
Then a the filly dogs aroun' them,
Whae, courin', let them tramp aboon them,
Tho' forc'd, e'en now, their rage to bury,
Wad turn an' bite wi' double fury.

Thus, when th' impetuous Prince o' Sweden,
Thro' Saxony in blude came waedin,
For mony year nae force cude stand him,
Whae ever try'd, their master fand him ;
Europe, embroil'd in bloody quarrels,
Stood trembling at the name of Charles ;
Ilk pow'r around to friendship prest him,
The proud did stoop, the brave carest him.
But mark how soon they chang'd their minds,
When he to Bender was confin'd.

When muckle Pate, wi' desp'rate fuffie,
Had at Poltowa won the scuffle,
And crusht the bravest band o' men
That Europe e'er will boast again,

Then all around the Swedes dominions,
 Forgetting former ties and unions,
 On him turn'd a' their arms anon,
 'Til a' his richest lands were won :
 Just sae great France wad soon be guidit,
 Could Britain anes but lair the pride o't.
 I own, likè Amos, I'm nae prophet,
 Yet on this head some notes I'll forfeit,
 Who lives to see a few Decembers,
 Will see this monster losin' members.

Geordie.

Faith, lose they, win they, I'm indiff'rent ;
 For come they, bide they, we've a liferent
 O slav'ry o' the hardest kind,
 Whilk has sae rous'd the public mind,
 That, but for armies almaist countless,
 Might gar our proud oppressors vaunt less.
 When first this war i' France began,
 Our blades bude hae a meddlin' hand ;
 Their raisin' men for't rais'd the cesses,
 Whilk rais'd our discontents and stressees ;
 Our grumblin' reachin' some fo'ks ears,
 Of hameil brulies rais'd their fears ;
 Mae men they rais'd, and will perswade us,
 The French ir comin' to invade us ;

But whether ever they design'd it,
 Wi' a' my airt I ne'er can find yet ;
 Yet this I think, they'll gain their aim,
 By threat'ning us afar thro' time.
 Sic heaps o' men to cleed and pay,
 Will brik the King, or breed a fray ;
 For if they raise the taxes higher,
 They'll set alant that smooftin' fire,
 Whilk ilka fession helps to beet,
 An', when it burns, they'll get a heat.
 The west side else hath gi'en a bleeze,
 I mean the lads on Leinster lees ;
 Whae rather chuse to die wi' brav'ry,
 Than grane out life in downright slav'ry.

Watie.

O Geordie, man ! I'm wae to hear ye ;
 I like ye, else I cou'dna bear w' ye :
 The taxes true, hae got a stretch,
 Yet few ava to poor fo'k reach.
 These curf'd notions you've imbibit,
 Hae made your look—I can't describe it.—
 Your cheeks are thin, your colour fallow,
 The very white o'y'r een's turn'd yellow ;
 Your brows hang down at ilka corner,
 And knit like ony ancient mourner ;

You've got a weary length of face,
 Wi' mouth as wide as Sandy Rae's ;
 Your claes ir frangely out of order,
 Your hat has nouth'er string nor border ;
 Ye're gaun withouten shoon or boots,
 But florpin loags about your coots.
 They've banish'd frae your mind content,
 The greatest blifs that heav'n has lent.
 I see the stem that feeds your fever,
 Yet soon, I hope, the root will wither ;
 I ken that, frankit by Lord Napier,
 Ilk week you read the Kelso paper.

Geordie.

Well, what o' that ? poor Jamie's lie'd on,
 But telma me o' poor fo'ks freedom ;
 If ane escape the taxes a',
 Then that same ane has nought ava :
 Our hats, our claes, our drink, our meat,
 Our snuff, our baca, shoon o'ur feet,
 Our candles, watches, horses, even
 The very blessed light o' heaven ;
 Our dogs—but now, for want o' patience,
 How I cou'd curse the vile taxations—

C

Thou wert my friend, poor 'onest DUSTY,
 A faithful servant, true and trusty ;
 My fate an' me thou follow'd after,
 Thro' frost an' snaw, thro' fire an' water :
 But thou'rt rewarded gratefully,
 Hang'd like a thief outowr a tree !
 That plaguy PITT ! cude I yoke wi' him,
 The los' o' thee I might forgie him.

Watie.

That tax on dogs is right mischievous,
 On highland fo'k 'tis vastly grievous.

Geordie.

What ! lad ir ye fae soon forgettin',
 That nane on yirth hae laws like Britain ?

Watie.

Weel man, I dinna grudge, tho' dear,
 I pay twall shillin's ilka year,
 An' wad gie mair wi' a my heart,
 Wad ilka ane contribute part.
 The nation's rich ; if a were willin'
 The King might ne'er be aun a shillin'.
 His debt's become a cant right common ;
 The debt is our's, he's aun to no man.

When ye come next wi' corn to Johny,
 On this brae side I'll wait upon ye ;
 An' then I'll baith convince you fairly
 That government has acted squarely,
 An' that our British helm's confidit
 To hands that unco weel can guide it ;
 An' when we reach the mill I'll treat ye
 Wi' a' their healths in acquavitty.

Geordie.

I canna do't, their names disgust me,
 An' gar me mind my heartsome Dusty ;
 Yet their defence I'll gladly hear,
 Wad they mak peace within a year,
 An' mak the taxes fomewhat leucher,
 I'd rather see't than farm the Deuchar.

Watie.

I wish as much for peace as ye do,
 Tho' little ill the war I see do ;
 In gen'ral ilka thrifty man
 Is richer than when it began.
 Wi' faes we ne'er had sic a tilt,
 In which less British blude was spilt ;

Quite maisters o' the sea they find us,
An' heavy neibers i' the Indies.

But man 'tis queer to mak sic fike
About an ufelefs gauffin tike ;
That ne'er cude gie a decent turn
At sheddin', fauldin', bought, nor burn ;
But ran wi' inconfid'rate force,
An' bate their heels as they'd been horse.
I never thought, for a' your ruse,
That e'er he was for muckle use,
Except for drivin' nout to fairs,
Or rinnin' whinkin' after hares.
But if ye saw that ye wad need him,
Five shillins yearly wad hae freed him.

Geordie.

I never saw a finer beast,
Sin' I cou'd ken the west frae east ;
But yet a crown was unco fair
On ane that cou'd sae little spare ;
For a the wages e'er I won
Can scarcely keep my head aboon :
But I bude either flit or slay him,
For nae man off my hand wad hae him ;

I didna like to flit, for fear
 I might have idle lien a year ;
 My friends war poor, an' had nae need
 That I fude hang on them for bread ;
 Sae was I forc'd, tho' vext and anger'd,
 To gie consent to hae him hanged,
 He had some prospect o' the deed,
 For back he drew, and wadna lead.
 His looks to me, I'll ne'er forget them,
 Nae doubt he lookit for protection ;
 While I, unfeeling as the tree,
 Stood still, an' saw him hung on hie.
 At first he spurr'd, an' fell a bocking,
 Then gollar'd, pisht, and just was choaking :
 Deil tak the King, an' burn his crown,
 Quoth I, an' ran to cut him down ;
 When, poor, unlucky, senseless brute !
 (Afore I never saw him do't)
 He bate me till the blude did spring ;
 Confus'd an' hurt, I loot him hing
 Owr lang for life ; for on the green
 He sprawl'd to death before my een.
 I really felt extrodner pain ;
 I kend we ne'er wad meet again.

I grat for grief, his death to see
 Whae aft had ventur'd life for me :
 For ay when I wi' ane had grips,
 He ran an' bit their heels or hips ;
 An' when I warftled wi' the women,
 He tugg'd their tails, an' held them screamin'.

Last year he play'd a desp'rate prank,
 When gaun wi' me to Stogshaw-bank :
 I wi' a man, that houn'd our hogs,
 Koostout an' feught, fae did our dogs ;
 I own I was but roughly guidit,
 Nor was the quarrel weel decidet ;
 But ere we ceas'd frae rough contention,
 The Saxon's dog was past redemption.

When weazels snirtit frae the dykes,
 Or fumerts frae the braes an' fykes,
 He cock'd his tail, an' geed his head,
 O' scores o' them he was the dead.
 Nae beast on yirth cude hae defy'd him ;
 If I had said the word, he try'd him.

But yet for a' his gruesome dealins',
 He was a dog o' tender feelin's ;

When I lay sick an' like to die,
 He watch'd me wi' a constant eye;
 An' then when e'er I spak' or sturr'd,
 He wagg'd his tail, an' whing'd, an nurr'd.
 When saams were fung at any meetin',
 He yowl'd, an' thought the fock war greetin'.

For wearin' corn of hens an cocks,
 For huntin' o' the hare or fox,
 For chafin' cats, an' craws, an' hoodies,
 An' çhackin mice, an' howkin moudies,
 An' fettin moorfowl, snipes, an' petrics,
 His match was never made for thae tricks.
 But now, poor beast, he's dead an' rotten,
 An' his good deeds are a' forgotten.

Watie.

I ken what grief I felt mysel'
 In partin' wi' my auld Springkell;
 I wadna been as muckle troubl'd
 For a' his value ten times doubl'd,

Geordie.

But night draws on, and I'm to meet
 My Nelly up on Annan's treat.

Be o' our cracks a wee discreeter,
For HOGG pits a' we fay to meter.
Fare-weel; I hope ere lang to see thee :—

Watie.

Fare-weel; success an' joy gang wi' thee.

WILLIE AN' KEATIE,

A PASTORAL.

DON'T you see yon lofty mountain,
 Where the wanton lambies play,
 Round an' round the crystal fountain,
 Springin' frae the sunny brae.

Round its summits, beat wi' weather,
 See, it wears a purple crown,
 Made o' bonny bloomin' heather,
 Beauties wild, but Nature's own!

There the mountain daifies blossom;
 There the tender v'lets bloom;
 There the thyme, spread on its bosom,
 Fills the air with sweet perfume.

D

How romantic is the prospect!

Down below there winds a lake,
Where are fishes bred an' foster'd;
So are fowls that haunt the brake.

There the cunning foxie, hiding,
Mocks his cruel hunter's rage;
Hawks and ravens, there residing,
In perpetual wars engage.

From these rugged prospects turn ye;
Mark yon rauntree spreading wide,
Where the clear, but noisy burnie
Rushes down the mountain's side.

There a lovely bloomin' shepherd
Every day a while reclin'd,
There, in accents soft, related
Thus, his love an' tortur'd mind.

" Pity me, ye tender lovers!
You can guess at what I bear;
Once carefs'd, but now another
Has her heart, to me fae dear.

“ When I first beheld my KEATIE,
 I forgot to hear or see ;
 A’ the girls I prized lately
 Ne’er were minded mair by me.

“ Hame I came, but took nae dinner,
 Went to bed, but sleepit nane ;
 Young, an’ blate, an’ quite a stranger,
 What to do I didna ken.

“ Ten lang days I thought upon her,
 Quite depriv’d o’ peace an’ rest ;
 Findin’ I cude bruik nae langer,
 I resolv’d to do my best.

“ Now my yellow hair I plaited,
 Gae my downy chin a shave,
 Thrice my tales of love repeated,
 Fearin’ I would misbehave.

“ Far away I took my journey,
 Left our hills fae high an’ green,
 Thro’ a pleasant fertile country,
 Which I ne’er before had seen.

“ Here we’re charm’d wi’ works o’ Nature,
 Craggy cliff, an’ lonely glen ;
 There I oft stood like a statue,
 Wond’ring at the works o’ men.

“ Verdant pastures, grand inclosures,
 Thrivin’ woods, an’ buildins new,
 Hale hill sides fawn up wi’ clover,
 Ev’ry where arose in view,

“ Lang I gaed, and kendna whither,
 Struck wi’ ilka thing I saw,
 Where yon little windin’ river
 Murmers owr the stanes sae sma’.

“ Phebus, now in all his glory,
 Sunk into the western main ;
 Frae his labour, soft an’ slowly,
 Hameward trudg’d the weary swain.

“ Nature, freed frae her auld lover
 Roughsome Winter, gaunt and lean ;
 Spring to charm, whase airs had mov’d her,
 Rob’d herself in chearful green.

“ A’ their little feather’d tenants
 Sweetly fung on ilka tree ;
 Lads an’ lasses, wives an’ callants,
 A’ war gay but lonely me.

“ Walkin’ thro’ the elms fae stately,
 Thinkin’ on the step I’d ta’en,
 There I met my bonny KEATY,
 Comin’ thro’ the wood her lane.

“ Fear’d an’ fond, when I approach’d her,
 How my heart began to beat !
 But I ventur’d to accost her,
 Askin’ where she gaed fae late ?

“ Wi’ a smile, that quite bewitch’d me,
 She return’d, “ What’s that to thee?
 “ Ere you reach the town that’s next ye,
 “ Lad, ye’ll be as late as me.”

“ Mony question I speer’d at her,
 Mony ane I kend fu’ weel,
 If an inn stood on the water,
 Where a stranger wad get biel ?

“ Where she liv’d, an’ what they ca’d her,
 Father’s name an’ mother’s too,
 Ilka burn an’ ilka water,
 Ilka house within our view,

“ Lang we stood amang the timber,
 Frae me she could never win ;
 Now the sterna began to glimmer,
 Drowfy Twilight clos’d his een.

“ Shepherd,” said she, “ I wad thank ye,
 “ Wad ye turn an’ set me hame ;
 “ Ghaists an’ witches are sae plenty,
 “ I’m afraid to gang my lane.

“ When we reach my father’s dwellin’,
 “ Ye’s hae bed an’ supper free ;
 “ They’ll requite ye, when I tell them,
 “ How ye’ve been sae kind to me.”

“ Happy in the fair occasion,
 How I blest her bonny face,
 Nor refus’d the invitation,
 Proffer’d me wi’ sic a grace.

“ Hand in hand, away we waukit ;
 She was pleas'd, an' I was fain ;
 Tho' on others loves we taukit,
 Never durst I name my ain.

“ Till we reach'd yon willow bushes,
 Pretty bushes, sweet an' green !
 How her face o'erspread wi' blufhes,
 Shepherds, O! had you but seen.

“ Think nae shame, my bonny KEATIE,
 “ Come fit down an' rest a while ;
 “ I've, in hopes myfel' to get thee,
 “ Travell'd mony a weary mile.”

“ Shepherd, cease your vain entreating,
 “ Here wi' thee I will not stay ;
 “ My poor parents will be fretting,
 “ I have staid fae late away.

“ Think ye, I'll neglect my duty,
 “ For a fond an' foolish boy ;
 “ Love that's merely rais'd by beauty,
 “ Seldom fails in haste to cloy.”

" Hold, my dearest, I implore thee ;

 " Hear me swear by all above—

" Ere I cease for to adore thee,

 " Earth no more shall harbour love:

" Solway's stream shall swell the Teviot;

 " Eilden hills unite in ane,

" Tweed rin ovr the tops o' Cheviot,

 " Berwick stand at Eric stane.

" Pity me, my bonny lassie ;

 " Come, sit down, an' think nae shame ;

" In my bosom let me house thee ;

 " Here ye're safer than at hame."

" Let me first go ease my parents ;

 " When they've seen me safely home,

" I'll return and prove those talents,

 " Seemingly for flatt'ry form'd."

" Where the stream, wi' mony a turnie,

 Wimpled thro' the sandy plain,

Willows, loutin, kifs'd the burnie,

 There I'm left to lie my lane.

“ From yon eastern summit bending,
 Orions radiant circle beams ;
 Venus, in the west descending,
 Flames like light’ning on the streams.

“ Hail, ye stars, that o’er me hover !
 Hail, ye beaming orbs of light !
 Shine propitious on a lover,
 Shed your influence here to night !

“ Oft, to ev’ry care unused,
 When the day-light ceas’d to shine ;
 Oft on you I’ve gaz’d and mused ;
 Oft ador’d that pow’r divine,

“ Who those fluid films, that wheeled
 Loofely thro’ primæval night,
 By a breath to worlds congealed ;
 Masses of illuvid light !

“ From his hand then bowl’d you flaming,
 Thro’ old dreary Night’s domain ;
 Order straight thro’ nature reigning,
 Dungeon Darknefs smil’d serene.

E

“ Now the joys of contemplation
 On such things, to me seem nought ;
 Lovely she, whose sweet discretion
 Left me here, pervades each thought.

“ Back she came, I kifs'd, I woo'd her,
 Row'd her gently in my plaid ;
 Where we lay, till Phœbus shew'd her
 To my eyes the loveliest maid.

“ E'er me thought the sun arose on,
 When she bade me rise an' gang,
 Mind my vows, my faith repose on,
 An' come back ere it was lang.

“ Mony letter I sent to her,
 Mony raik I gaed mysel' ;
 Never was a luckier wooer,
 Never lover us'd so well,

“ Now she's quite ta'en up wi' Jokey ;—
 Woman, thou'rt a mystery !
 What, alas ! was all her motive ?
 He was twice as rich as me.

“ I had plenty, wi’ a bleffing,
 Plenty baith for her an’ me ;
 O my Keatie ! what was missin’ ?
 Lack of gold has startl’d thee :

“ Yet, my bonny smillin’ lassie ;
 Thou art never frae my sight ;
 Thou’rt my sorrow, joy, an’ fancy,
 Thought by day, an’ dream by night :

“ Weel I mind the weeping willow,
 Weel I mind the riggs o’ rye,
 Weel the primrose grove so yellow,
 Often prest by you an’ I :

“ Fare-ye-weel, my bonny Keatie ;
 Happy ever may you be ;
 Live to love the lad that gets ye ;
 Never spend a thought on me :

“ If I die, I die wi’ pleasure ;
 If I live, I’ll live in pain---
 Thee, my dearest, chiefest treasure !
 Thee I’ll never see again :

“ Mirth and mufic, now I hate ye ;
 ‘Dieu ye fwains an’ laffes fair ;
 Since I’ve loft my bonny Keatie,
 I can live nor love nae mair.”

Up fpake Jamie, young an’ wittie,
 “ Willie, ye are quite miftaen ;
 “ A’ the love ye bear for Keatie,
 “ Keatie bears for you again.

“ When I faw ye fad an’ wae man,
 “ I a project ftraight did try,
 “ Paffing for a wond’rous fpae-man,
 “ Through the country travell’d I.

“ Wi’ a bonnet, auld an’ cloutit,
 “ Silver locks, an’ hollow een ;
 “ Coat an’ cloak, ye wad hae doubtit
 “ What had their orig’nal been.

“ Having a their stories fitted ;
 “ Bred amang them frae my youth ;
 “ Whatfoever I predicted
 “ Paft wi’ them for gospel truth.

“ Soon I fand that Keaty lov’d ye,
 “ Wi’ a heart baith true an’ leel,
 “ That she’d try’d a scheme to prove ye,
 “ Happy when ye took it ill.

“ Now, like you, she’s sad an’ fretty,
 “ Frae her cheeks the roses fly ;
 “ When I tald her she wad get ye,
 “ Gladness sparkl’d in her eye.”

Shepherds, wad ye hear the issue?
 WILL an’ KEAT their wishes prove :
 Happy pair ! fure Heav’n will blefs you,
 And reward your constant love.

Constancy an’ perfeverance
 Ever will rewarded be ;
 Tho’ I sing’t wi’ little rev’rence,
 Heav’n to their rights will see.

A DIALOGUE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD:

THE mountain's wither'd brow look'd wan;
 Chill flew the blast the braes between,
 Swift o'er the lake the eddies ran,
 And loud and harsh roll'd on the stream:

Dim swept the show'r alongst the vale,
 The misty vale of verdure bare ;
 And low and mournful, in the gale,
 Grief's heavy accents load the air.

The day had dawn'd, the morning past;
 That sacred day to Christians dear ;
 The morning bell had toll'd, and fast
 The hour of public praise drew near,

When by a tomb two swains did meet,
 And thus sad Nicolas began ;
 Wild were his looks, down Colin's cheek
 The dews of heart-felt sorrow ran.

Nicholas.

What do I see ! what sad event
 Hath chang'd the swains of Ettrick now ?
 The native air of sweet content
 Is fled, and grief broods on each brow.

From home, a weary length of way,
 I've trod to day, in hopes to find
 Some comfort, or some sweet allay
 Of horrors which oppress my mind.

But no one heeds me : all intent
 On grief, relate some dismal tale ;
 Else o'er a grave or monument
 Hang solitary, and bewail.

Of what disaster dire they've learn'd,
 Declare, dear shepherd, if you know ;
 Of Nature's exit, tho' forwarn'd,
 What lamentations more could flow ?

Colin.

Oh! Nicholas, their grief is real;
 No feign'd affected tears you see;
 Nor is't in vain they thus bewail;
 But what, dear swain, hath happen'd thee?

Nicholas.

That will I tell you, tho' you scorn
 My weakness, as indeed you may;
 'Twill ease a mind quite overborne
 By presages of great dismay.

Last night, when sunk in deep repose,
 My guardian angel did unveil
 Such scenes—and to my soul disclos'd
 What mortal tongue can ne'er reveal.

Upbraid me not—if life and breath
 Remain—ere Sol hath Libra gain'd—
 I'm not more certain of my death,
 Than seeing these my dreams explain'd.

Acknowledge, hast thou never yet,
 When acting scenes in nature o'er,
 An inward recollection met
 Of having view'd the same before?

Nor is it strange : Futurity,
 Though wrapt in mist, to human ken
 Seem shapeless ; yet a spirit's eye
 Some giant features may discern.

And in the wild and dreary waste ;
 The village fair, or noisy lawn,
 Wherever smiles the human face,
 There spirits skim their airy round.

A guardian friend, his fav'rite charge
 May thus of hid events apprise,
 By great outlines, unfurl'd at large
 In sleep, to Fancy's lidless eyes.

The sun had drop'd beyond the hill,
 The welkin topaz blaz'd and died ;
 The wat'ry moon began to climb,
 With aspect cold, the cieling wide.

Our frugal meal, our home, our health,
 With gratitude our hearts inspire
 To him who gives us all our wealth ;
 Him thank'd, to rest we all retire.

F

Scarce had the downy balm of sleep
 Begun to press my weary eyes,
 When howling wilds, and caverns deep,
 In vision strange began to rise.

Me thought a long long journey press'd ;
 Fond I set out, with prospects gay ;
 But wants, and woes, and fears increas'd
 Ere I had wander'd half my way.

A dismal lake before my sight
 Arose, to which fair paths led on ;
 Where oft I saw the headlong wight
 Sink, uttering many a piteous moan.

Thrice, by delusive sweets betray'd,
 Into those faithless roads I ran ;
 As oft, by more than mortal aid,
 Escap'd, all spent with toil and pain.

Grown cautious now---while slow and faint
 I wander'd on, by fear compell'd
 To gaze around : What tongue can paint
 The horrors which I then beheld ?

O'er caves of death, and dens of woe,
 On rocks the blasted forests hung;
 The owlet and the raven too,
 To dancing satyrs doleful fung.

Near to that awful lake I drew,
 Thro' which a passage ne'er was found;
 Black vapours, hugging billows blue,
 In deepest shades the prospect drown'd.

Alongst its shores, both high and steep,
 Millions of mortals thoughtless play'd;
 Fast, fast they dropt into the deep,
 Yet still the throng no fear betray'd.

All bent on trifles, ill enjoy'd
 When once in the pursuer's pow'r;
 And millions nothing else employ'd
 Than pushing others headlong o'er.

Ey wither'd roots what objects hung!
 Eager the summit to regain:---
 Mad hope!---they sprawl'd, and grasp'd and clung;
 Till efforts broke the thread in twain.

Infantile screams, and groans, and cries,
 Now mix'd on ev'ry side arose ;
 Trembling I turn'd, and try'd to fly,
 But precipices rude oppose.

Now, on my soul a beam of joy
 Began to dawn, with placid smile,
 As thou hast seen the orient dye
 Triumph o'er night in fair April.

A swain I saw, whose children fair,
 Like beauteous plants, around him sprung ;
 For him I heard the fervent pray'r,
 For him the wish of ev'ry tongue.

Pale Misery and haggard Want,
 Evanish'd quite before his eye ;
 I saw a thousand bosoms pant
 With gratitude for each supply.

No shade of ostentatious glare
 O'er one of all his actions ran ;
 No mortal e'er more justly bare
 That noblest name, the FRIEND OF MAN.

Firm were his roots, his branches fair,
 No gust his folli'ge e'er could shake;
 When, lo! a whirlwind in the air
 Arose, and plung'd him in the lake.

“ Great God !” I cry'd, and starting woke,
 All bath'd and palfy'd ev'ry limb;
 “ Great God ! Great God !” nought else I spake,
 Till certain what state I was in.

The clock now struck the hour eleven,
 Mild sleep had shaded ev'ry eye;
 The watchful pallid queen of heaven
 Into my cot began to pry;

While I, all sick, revolving lay
 On what this vision strange could mean,
 Till near the dawning of the day
 I doz'd again, and thus did dream:

I thought that low, on Yarrow fair,
 I stray'd 'mong flow'rs of ev'ry hue;
 The birds flew warbling thro' the air,
 The trees all green with foliage grew.

I heard a groan, and soon perceiv'd
 The ground all crimson'd where I stood ;
 The swans, that late in silver div'd,
 Now moan'd, and swam in waves of blood:

I wak'd---but what I then did feel,
 Omniscient King ! thou knowest best ;
 Had ev'ry thing I saw been real,
 Not deeper had they been imprest.

Colin.

What aerial whisper this convey'd,
 Thou know'st, who study'st nature's laws ;
 But all these scenes thy fancy ey'd,
 Unweari'd Time hath brought to pass:

Of human life, thy bloated view,
 Did previously thy mind prepare
 To HIM submissively to bow
 Whose hand the shafts of fate do bear.

We've lost a friend---that tender friend,
 That rais'd us both when press'd so low ;
 For him thou heard the sigh ascend,
 And saw the tear of sorrow flow.

On Yarrow's banks, while found and whole,
 Crush'd by a dreadful stroke he lay,
 And yielded up the sweetest soul
 E'er animated mould of clay.

Yon sun, that grimly thro' a cloud
 Of snowy vapour seems to frown ;
 His daily circle hath not rode,
 Since he to death's dark shades went down.

Nicholas.

And is it thus !—What deep distress
 The partner of his breast must bear !
 Do thou, kind Heav'n, his children bless,
 Nor let the widow's heart despair.

But my dear BRYDEN, on thy tomb,
 The rose of gratitude shall grow ;
 And o'er it, (when I pass alone)
 Long long the tear of love shall flow.

Farewell, dear man ! thy spotless soul
 In heav'nly raptures aye shall glow ;
 And from thy high congenial pale,
 Smile at our silly toils below.

But holy vespers now begun,
Our swains with heavy steps retire ;
Soon with loud peals the conclave rung,
While all to angels work aspire.

THE DEATH OF
 SIR NIEL STUART,
 AND
 DONALD M'VANE, ESQ.
AN AULD TALE MADE NEW AGAIN.

Tune—JONNY FA.

ON yon fair isle, beyond Argyle,
 Where flocks and herds are plenty,
 Liv'd a rich heir, whose sifter fair
 Was flow'r of all that county.

A knight, Sir NIEL, had woo'd her lang,
 Expecting soon to marry;
 When a Highland laird his suit preferr'd,
 Young, handsome, brisk, and airy.

She'd lang respected brave Sir NIEL,
 Because he lov'd sincerely;
 But when she saw the young GLENGYLE,
 He won her heart entirely.

G

But lies of Fame to'r brother came,
 How Niel had boasted proudly
 Of favours from that lady young,
 Which caus'd him vow thus rudely.

“ I swear by all our friendship past,
 “ If I do see the morning,
 “ That knight or me shall breathe our last ;
 “ He shall know who he's scorning.”

To meet by th' shore, where loud waves roar,
 In a challenge he defy'd him :
 Ere the sun was up these young men met,
 No living creature nigh them.

“ What ails, what ails my dearest friend ?
 “ Why want you to destroy me ?”
 “ I want no flatt'ry, base Sir Niel !
 “ But draw your sword and try me.”

“ Why should I fight with thee, M'VANE ?
 “ You ne'er have me offended ;
 “ And whate'er I to thee have done,
 “ I'll own my fault and mend it.”

“ Is this thy boasted courage, knave !

“ Who would not now despise thee ?

“ But if you still refuse to fight

“ I'll like a dog chastise thee.”

“ Forbear, fond fool, tempt not thy fate ;

“ Do not presume to strike me ;

“ Remember, none in fair Scotland

“ Can wield the broad-sword like me.”

“ Combin'd with guilt, thy wond'rous skill

“ From vengeance sha'nt defend thee :

“ My sister's wrongs shall brace my arm ;

“ This stroke to death shall fend thee.”

But that, and many well-aim'd blow,

The gen'rous baron warded ;

Yet, loth to hurt his true love's friend,

Himself he only guarded.

Till, mad at being thus abus'd,

A furious pass he darted,

That pierc'd the brain of bold M'Vane,

Who with a groan departed.

“ Curfe on my skill, what have I done !

“ Rash man !—but thou would’st have it ;

“ Thou’st forc’d a friend to take thy life,

“ Who would have bled to save it.

“ Oh ! woe’s my heart for this sad deed !

“ Yet now it can’t be mended :

“ Our happiness, that seem’d so nigh,

“ By one rash stroke, I’ve ended.

“ An exile now, in some strange land,

“ To fly, I know not whither ;

“ Nor dare I see my lovely ANN,

“ Since I have slain her brother.”

Then casting round his mournful eyes,

To see if none were nigh him,

There he beheld the young Glengyle,

Who like the wind came flying.

“ I come too late to stop the strife ;

“ But since thou art victorious

“ I’ll be reveng’d, or lose my life ;

“ Mine honour bids me do this.”

“ I know thy brav’ry, young Glengyle :
 “ Of life tho’ I’m regardless,
 “ Why am I forc’d my friends to kill ?
 “ There bold M’Vane lies breathless.”

“ Does this become so brave a knight ?
 “ Does blood so much affright thee ?
 “ Glengyle will not disgrace thy sword ;
 “ Unsheath it then, and fight me.”

“ Unhappy lad ! put up thy blade ;
 “ Tempt me no more, I pray thee ;
 “ This sword that pierc’d the squire rude,
 “ Soon low in dust will lay thee.”

Again with young Glengyle he clos’d,
 Resolved not to harm him ;
 Three times with gentle wounds him pierc’d,
 Yet never could difarm him.

“ Yield up thy sword to me, Glengyle ;
 “ On what’s our quarrel grounded ?
 “ I could have pierc’d thy dauntless heart
 “ Each time I have thee wounded.

"And if thou thinkest me to slay,
 " In faith thou art mistaken ;
 " Yet if you scorn to yield your sword,
 " In pieces straight we'll break them."

While talking thus, he quit his guard ;
 Glengyle in haste advancing,
 Then pierc'd his gen'rous manly breast,
 The sword behind him glancing.

Then down he fell, and cri'd " I'm slain ;
 " Adieu to all things earthly :
 " Adieu, Glengyle, the day's thy ain ;
 " But thou hast gain'd it basely."

When tidings came to Lady Ann,
 Time after time she fainted ;
 Then ran, and kiss'd their clay cold lips,
 And thus their fate lamented :

" Illustrious, brave, but hapless men !
 " This horrid fight doth move me !
 " My dearest friends roll'd in their blood,
 " The men that best did love me !

“ For thee, the guardian of my youth !

“ My dear, my only brother ;

“ For this thy fad untimely death

“ I’ll mourn till life be over.

“ O brave Sir Niel, how art thou fa’en !

“ How wither’d in thy bloffom !

“ No more I’ll love the treach’rous man

“ That pierc’d my hero’s bosom.

“ A kind and faithful heart was thine ;

“ Thy friendship was abused ;

“ A braver man ne’er fac’d a foe,

“ Had’st thou been fairly used.

“ For thee a maid I’ll live and die,

“ Glengyle shall ne’er espouse me ;

“ And for the space of sev’n long years

“ The dowie black shall ~~shall~~ clothe me.”

H

SONG I.

Tune---TUSHILAWS LINES.

'T WAS up yon wild an' lonely glen,
 Befet wi' mony lofty mountain,
 Far frae the busy haunts o' men,
 Ae day that I gaed out a huntin';
 It was a happy day to me,
 A day that fixt my rovin' fancy;
 For herdin' lambs on yonder ley,
 There first I faw my lovely Nancy.

Sae braw a lass amang the fells,
 Drew me frae aff the brae to view her,
 Her hat was fet wi' heather bells,
 Her yellow hair hang round ilk shoulder,
 Her gown was white, her coatie green,
 Her shape was handsome, tall, an' slender,
 Her downcast look and glitt'ring een,
 Firm fixt my heart nae mair to wander.

Goode'en to you, my lovely maid,
Why stray you here amang the heather?

My father's gaen frae hame, she said,
An' I maun wear his lambs thegither.

But, bonny las, if ye'll be mine,
An' sleep wi' me in bed o' feather,
In silk an' scarlet you shall shine,
An' leave the muir amang the heather.

Kind Sir, ye offer very fair,
Tho' weel I ken 'tis but in laughter;
I ken ye are a rich squire's heir,
While I'm a hamely shepherd's daughter.

But I hae travell'd far awa,
I've been at London an' Bewhither;
But the the bonni'ft las that e'er I saw,
I've met wi' here amang the heather.

Nae mair o' that, dear Sir, she said,
Sic tales will a deceiver prove ye;

Yet had ye been a shepherd lad,
Wi' a' my heart then I could love ye.

Hae thou nae fears; I'll gie my hand
Nane e'er for likin' me shall scance ye;

I'll fet your father a' my land,
An' herd his ewes, but I'll hae Nancy.

Young man, I've heard my father say,
Your focks wad frae fuspicion screen ye ;

I'm fear'd ye steal my heart away,
An' then I better ne'er had seen ye.

What tho' I should, my lovely las,
I vow y've stolen mine already ;

An' e'er that this day month shall pass,
If ye'll consent, ye's be a lady.

My love can read, an' write, an' sing,
An' shap an' sew as weel as ony ;

An' dance the round amid the ring,
Wi' finer air an' grace than mony.

Tho' I'm my father's heir to a',
I ken he'll never cross my fancy ;

For a' the beauties e'er he saw
Come fer fer short o' my sweet Nancy.

Adieu, ye masquerades an' balls ;
Tho' my love's nouter rich nor gaudy,
She's lovlial wi' her heather bells
Than ony powder'd painted lady.

In her I've found what long I've fought ;
Wi' her I'll live at hame contentit ;

Nae mair I'll change, or value aught
Save her whae a' my fears has ended.

SONG II.

O SHEPHERD, the weather is misty and changing,
 Will you shew me over the hills to Traquair?
 I will, gentle stranger, but where are you ranging?
 So brisk a young gentleman walking is rare.
 I came to the Forest to see the fine lasses,
 And sing wi' the shepherds on ilka green hill;
 And now I am leaving this modern Parnassus,
 Of ilka thing in it I have got my fill.

I fear y'll hae left some fair lasses a moaning;
 As lovely a youth in my life I ne'er saw,
 Your een are like diamonds, your hair like the gowan,
 I wish you an' them may hae keepit the law.
 But pray, gentle shepherd, have you got a wife yet?
 Or are you a bachelor, tell me the truth?
 For if you are single, you'll have a sweet life o't,
 Of bloomin' young lasses you have sic a routh.

I'm single; yet all the fair maids in the forest
 I mind little mair than the leaves on yon tree;
 Save one pretty creature, to whom I am promis'd
 In marriage, as soon as my stock is got free;
 She's young and she's witty, she's lovely an' pretty,
 She's chaste as the swans upon Lochfell at Yule;
 She's constant and true, and she'll soon make me
 happy;
 I've lov'd her since ever we were at the school.

O Shepherd, you'r foolish to bind to a woman;
 My life for't ye'll rue that ye tether'd fae soon;
 And if she be constant, 'tis very uncommon,
 There's scarcely another lives under the moon.
 For me, I'm design'd ne'er to yoke with a marrow,
 But court ilka fair maid that comes in my way;
 This very last summer, in Ettrick and Yarrow,
 I've lien beside twenty, who ne'er said me nay;

But the fondest young lassie that ever I spoke wi';
 She lives wi' her mother, an' nae mae ava.
 Ae night I gaed to her, an', O I was lucky;
 For that very night the auld wife was awa.
 She made up a bed, an' she bade me gang wi' her;
 I got all I asked without e'er a frown;
 She kifs'd me an' blest'd me, an', ere I came frae her,
 She promis'd to see me this winter in town.

Where dwells this fond lassie? you may tell me freely;

What was it they ca'd her? what age did she seem?
She lives upon Tyma, her name it is Jeanie,

A tall handsome lassie about seventeen.

Now curses light on thee, an' him that begat thee,

An' all thy ancestors, thou limb of the de'il;

Thou wolf, thou destroyer, thou villain, have at thee,

For that was the lassie that I lov'd sae weel.

O shepherd, O shepherd! I pray thee forgie me;

For tho' I've wrong'd thee, 'twas more than I
knew;

Yet wed her, forgie her, she's ay thy ain Jeanie;

She'll pass for a maiden wi' ony but you.

I wed her!—She'll pass for a maiden!—Confound
her!

Afore I forgie her I'll pit out her breath:

An' had I her here, for a vengeance upon her,

With this hissel staff I wad finish you baith.

O laddie, be canny, sic threats are unmanly;

Your passion, dear Jamie, has dazzled your een:

Consider, look round ye, and think what's come on ye;

Ye ken-na the looks nor the voice o' your Jean.

O Jeanie! dear Jeanie! why did you thus tease me?

I'll no be mysel' for this eight days an' mair:

But, come to my bosom, for, ere I forgie thee,
I'll hae a' the kiffes ye're able to spare.

O Jamie, I thought that your mind had been
changin' ;

'Tis twenty lang weeks since I saw you, an' twa ;
I went to a neiber an' borrow'd this cleathin' ;
An' was-na amind ye fude ken me ava.

But come to my arms, wi' my plaidie I'll screen ye ;
My love is now double, tho' ay it was fair ;
On the green banks o' Tyma I'll live with my Jeanie,
The langer I ken her I'll love her the mair.

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FINIS.

