



Ex Libris
J. L. WEIR



John Waldie

Poetry.

No. 175



ALBROCK

BOOKBINDER

F.V.C.Y.

NEW CASTLE

ABS. 1.86.95(1-2)



COTTAGE POEMS.

RICORDI GATTO

COTTAGE POEMS.

To
John Waddie, Esq.
with the highest esteem
and regard, from his
most affectionate servant,
The Author.

Ednam, Sept. 8, 1820.

COTTAGE POEMS.

BY

WILLIAM WIGHT.

—— To fortune and to fame unknown.
GRAY's *Elegy*.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.

FOR THE AUTHOR.

1820.

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND
100, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
EH2 3JF

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND
100, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
EH2 3JF

1986 JUN 15



TO

MISS WALDIE, OF HENDERSYDE,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH HEARTFELT RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

BY HER MOST DEVOTED

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poems was debarred by nature from the power of motion, and of following any employment to procure his subsistence. He lost his father in early youth ; his mother has long been dead, and his surviving brothers are married, and settled at some distance ; so that, for many years past, he has been a forlorn and solitary being, without a human creature to take care of him, excepting the woman who comes at stated hours to clean his house, and prepare his food.

The hardships of his lot have lately been severely aggravated by the attacks of an incu-

rable malady, and thus, increasing bodily infirmities with advancing years, combine to render his helpless and desolate condition daily more deplorable. Under these circumstances, by the advice of his friends, he has at length ventured to obtrude this little volume upon the notice of the public, in the hope of raising a small sum of money to enable him to procure the personal attendance that has now become indispensable to his wants.

To those, whose benevolent subscriptions have already, in a great measure, secured the attainment of this object, his humble and heartfelt thanks are now most respectfully offered. The Editor feels, that, in reporting them, it is impossible to do justice to his warm expression of that gratitude, which will be commensurate with his life; but his benefactors will find their best recompence in the certainty that they have contributed to alleviate the sufferings

of his latter years ; and the knowledge that the very sight of their names, and the honour of their patronage, have given him a pleasure far surpassing any other this world could have bestowed.

Nature seems to have compensated for his mal-conformation of body by the qualities of his mind and heart. And here let the testimony of one, who has known him from infancy, be paid to that modest worth and excellence, which ought to be esteemed and honoured wherever it be found. His ardent affection and gratitude towards those who have befriended him, and his warm sympathy in the happiness which he can never share, are peculiarly touching in a being cut off from the common pleasures and privileges of our nature, and condemned to struggle with more than its usual sufferings and privations ; while the mild resignation and unrepining patience with which he bears the

peculiar evils of his lot—evils aggravated by disease, and poverty, and loneliness, and the contentment and gratitude that breathe in every word and action of his life, may afford a useful lesson to those favourites of nature and fortune, who, in the very lap of prosperity, pass their lives in thoughtless forgetfulness of the blessings they enjoy, and heartless repining after unattainable wishes and aspirations.

The following letter, written at the request of a friend, and containing his own simple history of his life, will prove much more interesting to those who may honour this little volume with their perusal, than any thing the Editor can offer.

MEMOIR
OF
THE AUTHOR.

MY father was the son of a gardener in Alnwick ; my mother, a native of the parish of Whitsome, in Berwickshire. I was their eighth child, and was born in a cottage in the village of Ednam, the birth-place of the immortal poet Thomson, where I now live.

I was ten years old before I began to learn to read. My father then taught me my letters, and I was soon able to peruse the Bible, and the few other books which my parents possessed. But I exhausted their little library

in a very short time, and I have often heard my mother tell, how I used to cry when I had nothing to read; but of this I had soon no cause to complain. Miss Christian Robertson (now Mrs Rogers of Selkirk) had the goodness one day to bring me the first volume of the Spectator, and she and her friends supplied me with books for more than a year. The works of the poets delighted me far the most. At the same time I must acknowledge, that I could not then perfectly comprehend much of what I read. Burns was the first that fell into my hands, and I well remember the inexpressible pleasure I received from his exquisite poems. Nothing that I now read ever gives me the same *thrilling* delight. About this time, with the assistance of my father, and my worthy cousin Mr William Romanes of Kelso, I learned to write; and to my excellent and much valued friend Mr Ralph Walker, I am

indebted for some instruction in the principles of English Grammar.

The first thing which I remember to have attempted in verse was an elegy on a young woman who died of a consumption in this neighbourhood. It happened to fall into the hands of the late excellent Mr Samuel Robertson of Ednam, who advised me to go on amusing myself in this way, and gave me hopes that I might do better in time. Thus encouraged, I continued occasionally to write little pieces in verse, one of which, the Tears of Switzerland, was published, with an account of me, in the summer of 1803, by my estimable benefactress, Mrs Waldie of Hendersyde, who set on foot a subscription for me, which has materially increased the number of my friends, as well as the comforts of my life.

Two years before this period my father died ; and my brother, whose labour was the chief support of my mother and myself, returned with us to live at Ednam, in the house in which I was born. You well remember how bitterly I regretted quitting Ferny Hill, and its sweet, quiet fields, where I first learned to read, and where you first began to distinguish me with your friendship. To me who had never been a mile from the cottage in which I had passed my days, the distance* seemed a complete exile from my friend, but I quickly became reconciled to the change, when I found that you could still come to see me ; and when Mr Samuel Robertson presented me with a little wheel-chair, which enabled me more easily to get out to receive the benefit of the fresh air, I was happy.

* Scarcely three quarters of a mile.

As joyful and careless as the wild bird which flew over my head, I sat beneath the shade of my favourite tree, reading from morning till night, my heart filled with gratitude to the merciful Being who had raised me up so many friends, and my warmest wish to make myself worthy of them. But the prospect which had been long bright and fair, began to be over-clouded, and the time was approaching in which I was to be left alone.

In the beginning of the year 1812, I was deprived of my mother; she had reared my infancy with all a mother's love, and through sickness, and deformity, and poverty, I was still dear to her heart. She was my kind and most affectionate nurse for thirty helpless years—my constant companion; and my grief for the loss was indescribable; but I bowed in humble submission to the will of the Almighty.

After her death my brother married, and took me to live with him in a cottage at Newton Don, the beautiful seat of the late Sir Alexander Don, when the present Baronet, then Mr Don, honoured me with his notice, and frequently had the kindness to lend me books.

In the following spring, to be more in the way of your visits, I came down to my little cottage at Ednam, granted me by the liberality of Mr Cuthbert. This was the first time that I had lived alone. The wife of a neighbouring cottager came in to clean the house and prepare my little meals, and the summer passed away happily enough; but at that time I durst not venture to remain alone during the long evenings of winter.

In November, therefore, I went to my youngest brother, then residing at Hume-Hall, and continued under his roof until the

following May, when I returned to spend the fine season at Ednam. The ensuing winter I passed once more at Newton; but having experienced many discomforts attendant on so frequent a change of residence, I came back to my own tranquil little cottage, which I resolved never to leave more.

Having thus fulfilled your commands in relating the few simple incidents of my life, I shall briefly mention my manner of passing my time. My life glides on in the same uniform manner, so uninterruptedly, that the history of one day is the history of my life. In summer I generally rise at six, or sometimes earlier; and as soon as I am dressed I open the window, and sit enjoying the morning air until about nine, when I breakfast; and then, if the weather is favourable, I get myself conveyed into the village church-yard, where I often read, or meditate, till the sun goes down.

In winter, I sit constantly on *your* sofa by the fire, with my books and writing materials on a small table within reach, and all the year round I retire to rest about ten o'clock.

My occupations and amusements were once much more diversified than they are at present. I studied the French language, learned to play on the German flute, and attempted drawing; but the asthma obliged me to give up my music and drawing, so that reading, writing letters, and occasionally composing verses, are the sole occupations that now beguile my lonely hours, except when some kind friend cheers me with a welcome visit.

Finally, my honoured friend, I am contented with the lot assigned me by Providence, and grateful for the blessings his mercy has bestowed upon me. At times I do indeed feel my extreme loneliness, and my utter helplessness, especially in the long solitary

evenings of winter ; but every returning summer restores me your society as a sweet recompence for every sorrow.

That the blessings which your watchful kindness has shed around my path, from your childhood to the present hour, may be returned tenfold upon your head, is the fervent prayer of

Your most obliged, and

Devoted humble Servant,

WILLIAM WIGHT.

EDNAM, *Oct. 29, 1819.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Verses addressed to Buonaparte on the threatened Invasion of Britain	3
To the Shade of the unknown Author of the Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase	6
Lines written for Thomson's Anniversary	8
To a Thrush	10
The Redbreast	12
To some Flowers, presented to me by a Young Lady	14
To Anna, in Cornwall, where she was residing for the Benefit of her Health	16
Lines composed one Morning during a Storm, October, 1808	19
To a Wild-Flower, presented to me by Miss M. S. A. in August, 1807, on accidentally meeting with it betwixt two leaves of a Book, in August, 1808	20
Elegy	21
Verses to Mrs —, on her going to join her Husband, destined with his Regiment for the Continent	24

	PAGE.
On the late abundant Harvest	27
Written early in Spring 1814	29
On the Return of Peace	31
To a Robin Redbreast	34
On the Death of the Author's Niece, aged three years	36
My absent Friend	37
To Master Robert Irving	39
Emblems of Human Life	41
Invitation to the Muse	43
To an Acquaintance, inclined to emigrate on ac- count of his being unsuccessful in Love	45
To Miss A. F——	47
To Miss C. A. W. on her Birth-Day, Sept. 28 . .	48
Oberon to Hendersyde Park	50
Stanzas on Reading in the Newspapers of the Death of Miss A—— M—— of A——, who visited me at Ferney-Hill in May 1806	52
On Saint Peter's Denial of Christ, a Fragment . .	56
The Sea-Gull, occasioned by the Draining of the Berry-Moss	57
War Song	60
On seeing the First Flowers of the Spring, March, 1818	62
On the Return of the Fine Weather, September 9, 1817	64
Fair Anna	67
On the Return of Spring, 1818	70
Lines on coming to live at Ednam, in the Cottage in which I was Born, June 16, 1806	71

	PAGE.
To Miss —, on the approach of Winter, October 10, 1804	73
Lines on the Death of Mr S—— R——	75
Written January 1, 1810	77
Verses to Miss Anderson	78
Epitaph	80
To Cheerfulness	82
To the Old Wheeled Carriage, which had carried me for many years.	84
Dirge	85
A Prayer for a Reverend Friend in Distress, April, 1806	86
To Miss —	88
On Death	90
Written before going to Sleep	93
On hearing Miss M. S. A. sing on a Stormy Day in Autumn	95
To a little Boy playing	98
To a Friend, on leaving the Country	100
The Tears of Switzerland	102
Anna, a Pastoral	105
A Ballad	108
Invitation to Miss A——, June, 1800	112
Verses occasioned by the Death of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Bart. December 28, 1806	115
The Soldier's Father's Lament	117

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

A.

- 1 Robert Anderson, Esq. M. D. Edinburgh.
- 2 Miss Anderson, ditto.
- 3 Miss Aitchison, Kelso.
- 4 R. C. Askew, Esq. Newcastle.
- 5 James Allardyce, Esq. Byind's Mill.
- 6 Mr James Anderson; Huntly.
- 7 Mr Thomas Aitchison, Girrick.
- 8 Mr John Allan, Kelso.
- 9 Mrs Aitchison, Berwick.
- 10 Mr W. Ainslie, Hawick.
- 11 Lieut. Archibald, Berwick.
- 12 Mrs Anderson, North Bridge, Edinburgh.
- 13 Mr Aubin.
- 14 Mrs Aubin.
- 15 Mr James Anderson, Teacher, Makerston.
- 16 Miss Aitkin.
- 17 Mathew Anderson, Esq. Petersburgh, 2 copies.
- 18 Thomas Anderson, Esq. Jesmond, Newcastle.
- 19 M. Anderson, ditto ditto.
- 20 Miss Anderson, ditto ditto.
- 21 Miss A. Anderson, ditto ditto.
- 22 Mr Armstrong.
- 23 Mrs Anderson, Abbotshall.

- 24 Mr Thomas Anderson, Writer, Edinburgh.
 25 Mr John Alexander, Paisley.

B.

- 26 The Right Honourable the Earl of Buchan, 2 copies.
 27 The Lady Frances Beresford.
 28 Miss Beresford.
 29 Miss Bannerman, Edinburgh.
 30 *Buchan* Thomas Brown, Esq. London, 3 copies.
 31 Miss Brown, ditto, 3 copies.
 32 Mr Adam Brack, Clifton.
 33 Mr Belson.
 34 Mr George Brockie, Lochtower.
 35 William Burrell, Esq. Broom Park.
 36 R. Burton, Esq. Burton.
 37 Mr George Bell.
 38 T. R. Batsen, Esq. Berwick.
 39 Rev. R. Balmer, ditto.
 40 Mr George Bell, ditto.
 41 Mr William Bookless.
 42 Mr George Bruce.
 43 Mr George Barlas, Glasgow.
 44 John Bell, Esq. Dunse.
 45 Mr W. Buchanan, Glasgow.
 46 Mr George Buchanan, ditto.
 47 Mr Allan Buchanan, ditto.
 48 George Buchanan, Esq. ditto.
 49 Mrs Bell, Dunse.
 50 James Bell, Esq. Sheriff-Clerk, ditto.
 51 Rev. R. Butterton, Leith.
 52 Miss Eliza Burton, Edinburgh.
 53 Mr John Buchanan, Huntly.

- 54 Mr W. Black.
- 55 Mrs Brough, 2 copies.
- 56 Mrs Brodie, Nottylees.
- 57 Mr John Brotherston.
- 58 Mr James Brotherston.
- 59 Mrs Burton, Kelso.
- 60 Mr Brodie, Clarilaw.
- 61 Mr George Brodie, Garrick.
- 62 Mr W. Ballantyne, Kelso.
- 63 Mr John Burn, ditto.
- 64 Mr Gilbert Bruce, ditto.
- 65 Mrs Broomfield, Leitholm.
- 66 Mr Robert Blackadder.
- 67 Mr Alexander Brodie, Hadden.
- 68 Mr Alexander Burnet, Melrose.
- 69 Mrs Garney Barclay, London.
- 70 Mr D. Bartholomew.
- 71 John Buddle, Esq. Wallsend, Newcastle, 6 copies.
- 72 Mr Edward Bell.

C.

- 73 Lady Charlotte Crofton.
- 74 Mr W. Cunningham, Writer, Dunse.
- 75 Rev. George Cunningham, Dunse.
- 76 Mr Caddell, Cramond.
- 77 Mr William Clark, Kelso.
- 78 Mr Robert Church.
- 79 Mr James Church, Moss Tower.
- 80 Mr John Clay, Berwick.
- 81 Mr John Cree, Whitton.
- 82 Mr David Crackett, Berington.
- 83 Rev. George Cupples, Legertwood.

- 84 Rev. Thomas Cleghorn, Smailholm, 2 copies.
- 85 Dr Christie, Huntly.
- 86 Mr Robert Cran, ditto.
- 87 Miss Mary Cameron, Huntly Lodge.
- 88 Mrs Curll, Kelso.
- 89 Miss Curll, ditto.
- 90 Mr Adam Clerk.
- 91 J. R. Cuthbert, Esq. 2 copies.
- 92 Mr F. Cuthbert, 2 copies.
- 93 Miss Cockburn, George's-Square, Edinburgh, 3 copies.
- 94 Mrs Cornfute, Glasgow.
- 95 John Clay, Esq. Berwick.
- 96 Mr Thomas Chartres, ditto.
- 97 Dr Cahill, ditto.
- 98 Mr William Curll, Kelso.
- 99 Mr William Crease, ditto.
- 100 Miss Charlton, Alnwick.
- 101 Mrs Thomas Cookson, Newcastle, 4 copies.
- 102 Miss Cookson, ditto.
- 103 Mrs Isaac Cookson, ditto.
- 104 John Clayton, Esq. ditto, 2 copies.
- 105 Mr Daniel Calder.
- 106 Mr James Cleghorn, Edinburgh.
- 107 Mr George Cranstoun.
- 108 Mathew Cully, Esq. Akeld House.
- 109 Miss Cully, ditto.
- 110 Mr Cartwright, London, 2 copies.
- 111 Mr Henry Campbell.
- 112 Mr John Crawford.
- 113 Captain Charlewood, Coldstream Guards, 2 copies.
- 114 Mrs W. Cuthbert, Benwell, 2 copies.
- 115 Miss Cuthbert, ditto, 2 copies.

116 Mr Craser, Newcastle.

117 Mrs Cousins.

D.

118 Sir Alex. Don, Bart. M. P. Newton Don, 6 copies.

119 Sir George Douglas, Bart. Springwood Park.

120 Dr Douglas, Kelso.

121 Mrs Douglas, ditto.

122 Mrs Dickson, Croft House.

123 Lieutenant Dickson, Royal Navy.

124 Miss Dickson, Croft House.

125 Miss Douglas, Jedburgh.

126 Mrs Davidson, Pinnacle Hill.

127 Miss Dixon.

128 Mr George Dickinson.

129 Miss C. Darling, 2 copies.

130 Alexander Douglas, Esq. W. S. Edinburgh, 2 copies.

131 Mr J. Stormont Darling.

132 Mr James Darling, Mackerston.

133 Mr John Davidson.

134 Mr William Douglas.

135 Mr Adam Dun, 2 copies.

136 H. Dinning, Esq. Newlands.

137 Mr and Mrs Dickson, 2 copies.

138 Mr Dickson, Butterlaw.

139 Mr William Dewar, Hendersyde.

140 Miss Dewar, ditto.

141 Mr David Dewar.

142 Mr Andrew Dewar.

143 Mr D. Dewar, West Reston.

144 Mrs Dewar, Berwick.

145 Miss Agnes Dickson, Edinburgh.

- 146 Mr William Dodds, Softlaw.
147 Miss Davidson, Kelso.
148 Miss Dickson, Paisley, 2 copies.
149 John M. Dickson, Esq. Berwick.
150 J. S. Donaldson, Esq. Cheswick, 2 eopies.
151 Mr John Dewar, ditto.
152 John Dickson, Esq. Lamberton.
153 Mr Douglas, Berwick.
154 Mrs Dickson, Lamberton.
155 Mr Robert Darling.
156 Mr James Dods.
157 Mr William Douglas.
158 Miss Christian Dick.
159 Mr Thomas Drysdale.
160 James Dickson, Esq. of Antonshill.
161 Mrs Douglas, Springhall.
162 Mr Thomas Durdon, Jasmond.
163 Mrs Donkin, Newcastle.
164 Mr Mathew Dunn, Hebburn, 6 copies.

E.

- 165 Mrs Everard, 2 copies.
166 Miss Elliot, Stuartfield.
167 Mr William Elliot, Todrig.
168 Mr James Elgin, Huntly Lodge.
169 Mr Joseph Emerson, Berwick.
170 Mr Emerson, Solicitor, ditto.

F.

- 171 Mrs Forsyth.
172 Mr P. Fair, Highridge Hall.
173 Miss Fair, ditto.
174 Mr Archibald Fair, Redpath.

- 175 Mr Patrick Fair, Foulden, Newton.
176 Mr F. Fair, Reston Mains.
177 Mr Thomas Fair, Kelso.
178 Miss Forsyth, Huntly.
179 B. Flounders, Esq. Yarm.
180 Thomas Fenwick, Esq. Newcastle.
181 Mr Charles Fairbairn, Teacher.
182 Edward Fairbairn.
183 Mr Alexander Fortune, Edinburgh.
184 Mr John Foster, ditto.
185 Mr Finlay, W. S. ditto.
186 Mr William Fyfe.
187 James Forster, Esq. Berwick.
188 Mr Adam Forsyth.
189 Miss Janet Ferguson.
190 Mr Thomas Fiades, Teacher.
191 Mr James Farquharson, Edinburgh.
192 Mr Robert Fenwick.

G.

- 193 Countess Dowager of Galloway, 2 copies.
194 The Honourable Charles Gray.
195 Mrs R. Griffith, Newton Park, Ireland, 3 copies.
196 Mr Gibson.
197 Miss Golding.
198 Miss Charlotte Golding.
199 Mr Gosling, 2 copies.
200 Mr John Golding.
201 Mr Thomas Gilchrist, Berwick, 2 copies.
202 Mr Gardiner, Grammar-School, ditto.
203 John Gray, Esq. Milfield Hill.
204 Mrs Greig, Kelso.
205 Miss Gregson, ditto.

- 206 Mrs Garston, Drummelzier.
207 Mrs Gardiner, Wooden.
208 Mr George Gibb.
209 Mr John Gray, Sprouston.
210 Archibald Gibson, Esq. Brown's Square, Edinburgh.
211 Mrs Gibson, ditto.
212 James Grieve, Esq. Branxholm Brae.
213 Mr George Gray, Kelso.
214 Mr Alexander Galloway, Edinburgh.
215 Rev. William Goldie, Alnwick.
216 Mr William Grant.
217 Mr John Gray.
218 Mr John Grieve, Teacher, Dunse.
219 Rev. George Gray, Kelso.
220 Captain Gordon, R. N. Huntly.
221 Mr James Gordon, ditto.
222 Mr William Grant, Huntly Lodge.
223 Mr Charles Geddes, ditto.
224 Mrs Green, Fleurs, 2 copies.
225 John Greig, Esq. W. S. Edinburgh.
226 Miss Graham, Edinburgh.
227 Mr Joseph Graham, Bookseller, Alnwick, 6 copies.

H.

- 228 The Right Honourable Lord Howick.
229 Rev. W. Horner, Hawick.
230 Dr Hope.
231 Mr Holt.
232 Miss Hamilton, Orchard Street, Portman Square, 6
copies.
233 H. Hewitson, Esq. Seaton Burn.
234 Mrs H. Hewitson, ditto.

- 235 Rev John Hunter, Swinton, 2 copies.
236 Mrs Hunter, ditto.
237 William Hay, Esq. Drummelzier.
238 Mrs Hay, ditto.
239 Miss L. M. Hay, Oscendean.
240 Mrs Hall, Dunse.
241 Mr John Henderson, Writer, ditto.
242 Rev. John Hastie, Edrom.
243 Colonel Home of Broomhouse.
244 Mr George Hastie, Edinburgh.
245 Mr John Hunter, ditto, 2 copies.
246 George Hogarth, Esq. Berwick.
247 Mr Home, Solicitor, ditto.
248 Mr Thomas Humble, ditto.
249 Mr Thomas Henderson, ditto.
250 Dr Hog, ditto.
251 Mr Thomas Hudspith, Bowsden.
252 Mr Harrat, Nottingham.
253 Mr Harrat, jun. ditto, 4 copies.
254 Mr James Hardy, Kelso.
255 Mr Robert Hogarth, Tofts.
256 Mr George Humble, Broomhouse.
257 Mr D. Henderson, Berwick.
258 Mr James Hogarth, Baillieknow.
259 Mr John Hope.
260 Mr William Hogarth, Linlaw's Hill.
261 Mr Charles Herriot, Edinton Hill.
262 Mr Alexander Hogg, Edinton Mains.
263 Mr William Hamilton, Edinburgh.
264 Miss Henderson, ditto.
265 Major Horsburgh.

- 266 Rev. D. Hogarth, Makerston.
267 Mr Horne, jun. Edinburgh.
268 Mr Hume, ditto.
269 Miss Haden.
270 Miss C. Hogarth.
271 Captain James Hogg.
272 Mrs James Hogg.
273 Miss Haldane.
274 Miss J. Haldane.
275 Miss Hogg.
276 Mr William Hootz.
277 Thomas Hood, Esq. Hardacres, 2 copies.
278 Miss J. Hood.
279 Miss Hood.
280 Mr Thomas Hog.
281 Mrs Hall, Charleston.
282 John Hopkins, Esq. Fleurs.
283 Miss Hopkins, ditto.
284 Mr George Hogarth, Haymount.
285 Miss Margaret Hogg.
286 Mr James Henderson, Kelso.
287 Miss Hilson, Jedburgh.
288 Mr William Hendry, Aberdeen.
289 Mr George Henry, Kelso.
290 Miss Home, ditto.
291 Mr Michael Hindmarsh.
292 Mr Hood, jun.
293 Mrs Hood.
294 Mr John Henderson.
295 Mr Hume.
296 Mrs Hedley, Newcastle, 2 copies.
297 Mrs Hutchinson, Byton.

- 298 James Hay, Esq. Linplum, 2 copies.
299 Robert Hay, Esq. Nunsraw, 2 copies.
300 Miss Hay.
301 Miss A. Hay.
302 Mrs Hedley, Long Benton.

I.

- 303 Miss Irving, Longtown.
304 Gilbert Innes, Esq. of Stow, 12 copies.
305 James Innes, Esq.
306 Mrs Ireland, Glasgow.
307 David Irving, L.L.D.
308 Robert Irving.
309 Mrs John Irving, Langholm.
310 Miss Ann Irving, Longtown.

J.

- 311 Mrs Jerdan, Bonjedward.
312 Mr Johnston, Lowerick.
313 Rev. Thomas Johnson, Berwick.
314 Mr Jardine, Harwood.
315 Mr George Jerdan.
316 Miss Mary Jerdan, Paradise.
317 Mr James Johnson, Kelso.
318 Mr W. Johnson, London.
319 Mr Johnson, Pittlesheugh.
320 Mr Andrew Senor Jack, Surgeon.
321 Mr Henry Johnson, Berwick.
322 Mr Johnson, Yetholm Mains.
323 Mr Johnson, Edinburgh.
324 Mrs Johnson.

K.

- 325 Charles Ker, Esq. Gateshaw, 3 copies.
 326 Mr Alexander Kinghorn.
 327 Mr John Kinghorn.
 328 Miss Elizabeth Kerse.
 329 Mr Peter Ker.
 330 Colonel T. W. Kerr.
 331 Mr George Kay.
 332 Mr John Kay, Harlawe.
 333 John Kerr, Esq. W. S. Edinburgh.
 334 Mr Ker, ditto.
 335 Mr William Knox.
 336 Miss Isabella Kerse.
 337 Mrs Kerr, Birgham.

L.

- 338 Hon. Mrs Leslie, Jedbank.
 339 Ninian Little, Longtown, 2 copies.
 340 Rev. Robert Lundie, Kelso, 2 copies.
 341 Miss Lundie, Edinburgh.
 342 Mrs Lynch, Paisley.
 343 John Langhorne, Esq. Berwick.
 344 Mr John Laidlaw, Edinburgh.
 345 Mr William Lennie, Teacher, Edinburgh.
 346 Mr John Lockie, Scraisburyh.
 347 Mr Alexander Logan, Wigton.
 348 Mr Thomas Logan, Edrom Cottage.
 349 Mr John Logan, Hassington Mains.
 350 Mr Robert Logan, Crumstane.
 351 Miss Loraine, Dunse.
 352 Miss P. Loraine, ditto.

- 353 Colonel Loraine, Oscendean.
354 Mrs Loraine, ditto.
355 John Logan, Esq. New Edrom.
356 Mr James Lowrie.
357 Mr James Lindsay.
358 Lieutenant-Colonel Llewellyn, C. B. 28th Regiment,
2 copies.
359 James Lock, Esq. 2 copies.
360 Mrs Lamb, Ryton, 2 copies.
361 W. M. Lamb, Esq. Newcastle.
362 Mrs W. M. Lamb.
363 Joseph Lamb, Esq. 3 copies.
364 Mr George Lawson, Huntly.
365 Mr Robert Landell, Surgeon, Dunse.
366 Mr Robert Lockhart, Edinburgh.
367 Mr J. Lockerby, ditto.
368 Mrs Low, Gordon Bank.
369 Miss C. Low, ditto.
370 Rev. Joseph Low, Whittingham.
371 Mr Thomas Lindores.
372 Miss Margaret Lock.
373 Mr Liddell, Newcastle.
374 Miss Laing, Meadow Place, Edinburgh.

M.

- 375 Hon. General Maitland, Manderston.
376 Hon. Mrs Maitland, ditto.
377 Colonel Moble.
378 Mrs Moble.
379 Mr Robert Marshall, Berwick.
380 Mrs Morton, Etilham.

- 381 Miss Mayne, Edinburgh.
382 Miss Sarah Murray, Simprim Mains.
383 Charles Ross Mackenzie, Esq. Edinburgh, 2 copies.
384 Rev. James Morton, Howick.
385 Mrs Dr Mitchell, Glasgow.
386 Mr M. Mitchell, Woodside.
387 Mr Patrick Mitchell, Milton.
388 Miss Murray.
389 Mrs Murray.
390 Thomas Milne, Esq. Fulham.
391 John Marshall, Esq. Hanover Street, Edinburgh.
392 Mr Miller, High Street, ditto.
393 Mr Robert Milne, Huntly.
394 Rev. G. Monro, ditto.
395 Mr Alexander Murdoch, ditto, 4 copies.
396 Mrs Megget, New Street, Edinburgh.
397 John Murray, Esq. Corsbie.
398 Miss Murray, ditto.
399 Miss M. G. Murray, ditto.
400 Mr W. Marshall, Tweedmouth.
401 Mr David Mein, Kelso.
402 Miss Jane Mein, ditto.
403 Mrs Meek.
404 Miss Murray, Simprim.
405 Mr Mack.
406 Mr Maegregor.
407 Mr M'Lure.
408 Mr Andrew Mather.
409 Miss Elizabeth Mather.
410 Miss Jane Mather.
411 Mr John Middlemas.
412 Mr William Middlemas.

- 413 Mr William Mein.
414 Mr Ebenezar Murray, Leith.
415 Mr Mitchell.
416 Mr Peter M'Naughton, Edinburgh.
417 Rev. George More, ditto.
418 Mr George Meikle, Flemington.
419 Mr George Main, Kelso.
420 Mr S. Moody, Lowrik.
421 Mr M'George.
422 Mr M'Gillivray.
423 Mr Angus M'Donald, Huntly Lodge.
424 Mr D. M'Coll, Surgeon, ditto.
425 Mr John Morison, Kelso.
426 Mr Mercer.
427 Mr Marjoribanks, Cross Hall.
428 Mr P. Mole, Berwick.
429 Mrs Mole, ditto.
430 Captain M'Pherson, Gibstone.
431 Mr J. R. M'Culloch.
432 Mr George Meikle.
433 Mr Merton.
434 Mr Marshall, Newcastle.
435 Mr Murdoch, Springhall.
436 Patrick Maxwell, Esq. Edinburgh.
437 Archibald Macree, Esq. Surgeon, ditto.
438 Miss Malcolm, Burnfoot.
439 Miss Wilhelmina Malcolm, ditto.
440 J. Malloch, Esq. R. N. 2 copies.
441 Captain Monilaws, R. N. Kirkpatrick.
442 Mr Charles Macdonald.
443 Mr M'Naughton, Huntly.
444 Mr James Mackay.

N.

- 445 Mrs Nelson.
446 Mr John Nicholas, London.
447 Mr T. Nisbet.
448 Miss Nisbet.
449 Mr R. Newton, Newstead Mill.
450 Mr Joseph Newton.
451 Captain Nicholson, Kelso.
452 Mrs Captain Nicholson.
453 Mr R. Nicolson, Kelso, 2 copies.
454 Mr A. Nicolson, ditto.
455 Mr W. Nichol.
456 Mrs Nisbet, Springhill.
457 Mr John Nicolson.

O.

- 458 William Oliver, Esq. Knowsouth.
459 Mrs Oliver, ditto.
460 Mrs O'Doherty.
461 Misses Ormston, 2 copies.
462 Mr R. Ormston, jun.
463 Mr Oliphant, Buccleugh Place.
464 Mr Thomas Ormston, jun. Kelso.
465 Mr Alexander Oliphant.
466 Mr Oliphant, Marlfield.
467 Mr Oliphant, Venshen.
468 Mr Oliver, Oslie.

P.

- 469 Thomas Potts, Esq. London, 3 copies.
470 Mrs Thomas Potts, ditto.
471 Mr John Pirie, London, 6 copies.

- 472 Miss J. Pringle, Glasgow, 6 copies.
473 Miss Potts.
474 Miss Pringle, Jedburgh.
475 Mr Robert Pringle, Holfield.
476 Mr Robert Prickett.
477 Mrs Robert Prickett.
478 Mr Thomas Pringle, Edinburgh.
479 George Peat, Esq. Dunse.
480 Mr Peat, jun. Writer, Dunse.
481 Mr Penny, Bartlehill.
482 Mr A. Porteous.
483 Rev. John Pears, Alnwick.
484 Rev. Charles Penigal, Ellingham.
485 Rev. David Paterson, Alnwick.
486 Miss Isabella Pringle, ditto.
487 Jean Pierre, Ansumet, Geneva.
488 Mrs Paxton.
489 William Pringle, Esq. Forth Street, Edinburgh.
490 Mr Phillips.
491 Mrs Pringle, Rosebank.
492 Miss Pringle, Kersmains.
493 Mrs Purves, Kelso.
494 George Pott, Esq. Penrise.
495 Mr A. Pringle, Kersmains.
496 Mr William Purves.
497 Mr Michael Paterson, Alnwick.
498 Mr Joseph Pringle.
499 Miss Potts, Ford Cottage.
500 Mr Potts, Newcastle.
501 William Charles Preston, Esq. Richmond, ~~Virginia~~ *Virginia*
502 Mr John Phin, Writer, Edinburgh.

R.

- 503 Her Grace the Duchess of Roxburghe, 6 copies.
504 Lord Robertson, Charlotte Square.
505 Mrs Robertson, ditto.
506 Charles Rutherford, Esq. Jedburgh.
507 Mrs Rutherford, Edgerston.
508 Mrs Rutherford, Mossburnford.
509 Mrs John Robertson, Ednam House, 6 copies.
510 Mr P. Robertson.
511 Mrs P. Robertson.
512 Mr Samuel Robertson.
513 Mr Archibald Shaw Robertson.
514 Mrs Robson, Samieston.
515 Miss Robson, Kelso.
516 Mrs Robson, Belford.
517 Mr G. S. Robson, ditto.
518 Professor Robertson, 2 copies.
519 Colonel Robertson.
520 William Roy, Esq. Nenthorn.
521 Dr Ramsay, Huntly.
522 Mr John Robertson, ditto.
523 Rev. John Rate, Alnwick.
524 Miss Robertson, ditto.
525 Mr A. Robertson, Leaderfoot.
526 Mr Ritchie.
527 Mr C. Robson.
528 Miss Robertson.
529 Miss Redpath.
530 Mr John Robertson, Kelso.
531 Mr A. Robertson, ditto.
532 Mr James Riddell, Grammar School, Ednam.
533 Philip Redpath, Esq. Berwick.

- 534 Miss Redpath, ditto.
535 Miss Ross, ditto.
536 Charles Ross, Esq. Sharpitlaw.
537 Alexander Ross, Esq.
538 Mrs Charles Ross.
539 Mr John Rae.
540 Mr Ritchie.
541 Mr Rutherford.
542 Mr William Romanis.
543 Mr Simon Romanis, St Petersburg.
544 Mr John Romanis.
545 Mr Robert Robertson.
546 Mr Robertson, Surgeon, Kelso.
547 Miss Rutherford, Berwick.
548 Mr Charles Rutherford.
549 Mr David Robertson.
550 Mrs Rothead, Jedburgh.
551 Mr R. W. Robertson.
552 Mr John Rutherford.
553 Mr George Robertson.
554 Mr Reay, Huntly Lodge.
555 Mrs Rawlinson, Wickham.
556 Miss Rawlinson, ditto.

S.

- 557 Hon. Edward Stewart.
558 Lady Katharine Stewart, 2 copies.
559 Hon. Colonel James Stewart.
560 Hon. Lady Diana Scott, 3 copies.
561 Mrs Scott, Harden, 4 copies.
562 Captain Searle.
563 Mrs W. Shedden, Wimpole Street, London, 3 copies.

- 564 Miss Stothert, 3 copies.
565 Mrs Scott, Darnlie.
566 Mr John Selpuish, Jedburgh.
567 Mr Gideon Scott, Langlie.
568 William Scott, Esq. Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh.
569 J. G. Scarlett, Esq. 18th Hussars.
570 Mr J. Smith, jun.
571 Mr W. Smith.
572 Mr James Sligh, Berwick.
573 Mr George Sligh, ditto.
574 Mr T. J. Steele, ditto.
575 Mr John Sanderson, ditto.
576 Mr George Sanderson, ditto.
577 Henry Swan, Esq. Kelso, 2 copies.
578 Mr Thomas Scott, Apothecary, Kelso.
579 Rev. Dr Somerville, Jedburgh.
580 Mr John Scott, Letham.
581 P. J. Selby, Esq. Twizel House.
582 J. Scafe, Esq. Alnwick.
583 Mrs Selby, Hermitage, Durham.
584 Mrs Swinton of Swinton.
585 Captain Smith, Anchorage.
586 John Swinton, Esq. Broadmeadows.
587 Mr Smith, Surgeon, Dunse.
588 Mr William Steven.
589 Mr James Stuart, Surgeon, Dunse.
590 Mr Shortreed.
591 Miss Janet Smith, Nenthorn.
592 Mr Peter Smith, Ladykirk.
593 Mr John Strachen, Grammar School, Swinton.
594 Mr George Scott, Grammar School, Whitsome.
595 Miss Stewart, St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh.
596 Miss Elizabeth Stuart.

- 597 Mr Andrew Stuart.
598 Mr Scott, Aberdeen.
599 Mr Simpson, Bookseller, Huntly, 6 copies.
600 Miss J. Sudden.
601 Miss Harriet Scott.
602 Miss Caroline Scott.
603 Mr Sanderson.
604 Mrs Smith, Newton Don.
605 Mr Philip Schmid—the Rhine.
606 Mr Archibald Stuart, Surgeon, Kelso.
607 Mr William Smith, ditto.
608 Miss F. Stuart.
609 Miss Elizabeth Scott.
610 Mr Ninian Steel.
611 Mr G. Smith, Teacher.
612 Mr Andrew Scott.
613 Mr Thomas Scott.
614 Mr William Scott.
615 Mr William Smith, Shedlaw.
616 Mrs Sandilands.
617 Miss Sandilands.
618 Mrs Sharp, Jedburgh.
619 Mr John Stevenson.
620 Mr Simpson, Teacher, Kelso.
621 Mr Robert Samuel.
622 Mr Mungo Sudden.
623 Mr John Smith.
624 Mr A. Sligh.
625 A. Surties, Esq. Newcastle.
626 Mr Stanley, Hawker, Gateshead.
627 Walter Scott, Esq. Abbotsford, 6 copies.
628 Mr Alexander Scott, Aberdeen.
629 John Swinton, Esq. younger of Swinton.

T.

- 630 Rev. Andrew Thomson, Edinburgh.
 631 Rev. James Thomson, Eccles.
 632 Mrs Todd, Drygrange, 2 copies.
 633 Robert Thorpe, Esq. Alnwick.
 634 Mrs Tait, Edenside.
 635 Mr George Thompson, Huntly Lodge.
 636 Mr R. Turner, Kelso.
 637 Mrs R. Turner, ditto.
 638 Mrs Turner, ditto.
 639 Miss Taylor, Dunse.
 640 Miss Taylor, Glasgow.
 641 Mr Thomson.
 642 Mr A. Thomson, Restine.
 643 Miss Trail, St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh.
 644 Mr John Thomson.
 645 Mr James Taylor.
 646 Mr J. Trotter.
 647 Mr James Taylor, Kinrara.
 648 Mrs Thomson, Otterburn.
 649 Rev. Joseph Thomson, Ednam.
 650 Mr Thomas Taylor, Whitby.
 651 Oliver Thorndike, Esq. Boston, United States, 3 copies.
 652 Mr Lawrence Thomson.

V.

- 653 Miss Vardy, Fenton.
 654 Mr Thomas Vair.
 655 Mr James Valentine, Writer, Edinburgh.

W.

- 656 Mrs Waldie of Hendersydc, 2 copies.
 657 Miss Waldie, ditto, 6 copies.

- 658 Miss Jane Waldie, ditto, 2 copies.
659 W. J. Waldie, Esq. London, 6 copies.
660 Mr John Waldie, Kelso.
661 Mrs Wood, Heriot Row, Edinburgh, 2 copies.
662 H. Williams, Esq. North Castle Street, Edinburgh.
663 Doctor Weir, 2 copies.
664 Mr Reginald Williams.
665 Mr Whitfield.
666 Captain Walker, R. N. Wooden.
667 Mrs Walker, ditto.
668 Mrs Walker, Mellendean.
669 Mr Adam Walker, ditto.
670 Dr Wilkie, 2 copies.
671 Miss A. Wilson, Kelso.
672 Mr George Watt, ditto.
673 Mrs Waldie, Edinburgh.
674 Mr Patrick Wilson, ditto.
675 George Wilson, Esq. Alnwick.
676 Mr John Wilkinson.
677 Mr Weddell, Solicitor, Berwick.
678 Mr William Wilson, ditto.
679 Mr R. Weatherhead.
680 Mrs Wilkie, Foulden.
681 Edward Wilson, Esq. Woodside, Wigton.
682 Mrs Thomas Wight, Jedburgh.
683 Mr John Wilson, Stationer, Berwick, 6 copies.
684 Mr Weatherhead, ditto.
685 Mr A. Wisely, Huntly.
686 Mr E. Wagstaff, Huntly Lodge.
687 Mr Thomas Wilkinson, ditto.
688 John Wilson, Esq. Preston.
689 Mrs Wellwood, Pitolwim, 3 copies.
690 Mr James Watson, Bath Street, Leith.

- 691 Mr James Watt, Kelso,
692 Mr James Wilson, Surgeon, Swinton.
693 Mr John Wilson, Edinburgh.
694 Mr John Wilson, Leith.
695 Mr William Wilson.
696 Mr Abraham Wilson, Edington Mains.
697 Miss Ann Wilson.
698 Miss M. A. Wilson.
699 Mr James White, Norham.
700 Mr James Wilson, Simprim.
701 Mr John Waugh.
702 Mr Robert Walker.
703 Mr Ralph Walker.
704 Mr Peter Walker.
705 Mr James Walker.
706 Mr James Wood.
707 Mr David Wilson.
708 Mr William Whitlock.
709 Mr Weddel, Teacher, Eccles.
710 Mr Robert Wight.
711 Mr George Wight.
712 Mr Thomas Wight.
713 Captain Watts, R. N.
714 William Wilson, Esq. London.
715 John Waugh, Esq. Annan.
716 David Wardlaw, Esq. Gogar Mount.

Y.

- 717 Mr John Young, New Ladykirk.
718 Mr William Young.
719 Mr David Young, Edinburgh.
720 Mr Adam Yule.
721 Miss Young, 2 copies.

COTTAGE POEMS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

RECEIVED

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
1215 EAST 58TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637
TEL: 773-936-3200
WWW.CHICAGO.LIBRARY.EDU

COTTAGE POEMS.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO BUONAPARTE ON THE THREATENED
INVASION OF BRITAIN.

TYRANT ! thou arm'st thy slaves in vain ;
In vain, proud man, thou waft'st them o'er
To Britain's Isle ; thou ne'er shalt gain
A footing on her happy shore.

Her happy shore, her happy state,
Where Freedom's glorious tree does rise ;
Her happy shore, fair Freedom's seat,
And brightest reign below the skies.

Though Austria trembles at thy name,
 Italia's sons confess thy sway,
Unmindful of their ancient fame,
 Thee and thy parasites obey ;

Though dull Batavia owns thy power,
 And thy dread mandates on her plains ;
Though Switzerland, in evil hour,
 Be forced to wear and drag thy chains ;

Yet still Britannia shall be free ;
 Her sons triumphant o'er the waves
Still proudly ride, a dread to thee,
 O tyrant ! and thy wretched slaves.

She calls her sons, the flame they feel,
 The patriot flame, avow'd and bold ;
They rush in bands, they grasp the steel,
 And emulate their sires of old.

Tyrant ! thou arm'st thy slaves in vain ;
In vain, proud man, thou waft'st them o'er
To Britain's Isle ; thou ne'er shalt gain
A footing on her happy shore.

1803.

TO

THE SHADE

OF THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF CHEVY-CHASE.

O THOU unknown and ill-fated Bard ! say, Was the morning of thy life fair ? Did Fortune smile in thy youth ? Did thy friends come often to thy dwelling to cheer thee, and hear the wild but sweet warblings of thy well strung harp ? Say, why they placed no stone over thy lonely grave, that the bards of future times might come and pour over it sad sighs and tears of sorrow to thy memory. Poor unhappy Bard ! perhaps Envy combined with Poverty to blast thy rising genius. Perhaps Misfortune bereaved thee of the friends who would have told the social virtues of thy

heart to posterity, and saved thy name from sinking into oblivion.

Whether thou glidest through the ambient air, or whether thou soarest on the golden wing of Cherub above the stars which light the night, hear and rejoice. Though thou art unknown—though no grey stone points out thy grave to the traveller, thou shalt survive in thy strains for ages. The simple inmates of the hamlet shall often rehearse them, while sitting at the hearth of winter. Yes, thy strains shall be admired till genius droop, and Scotia be no more. Peace to thee.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR THOMSON'S ANNIVERSARY.

THOMSON! the day which gave thee birth,
(Hear from thy sainted sphere above!)
We hail and dedicate to joy,
Such as thy soul on earth did love.

The good learn from thy moral page
With goodness more in love to grow ;
And the humane of heart to shed
A warmer tear for others' woe.

His country's welfare to promote,
Thy lays the patriot's bosom fire ;
By them, too, is the poet taught
To string in virtue's praise his lyre.

Rejoice ! while many a poet's strain,
Which has been famed, and lived its day,
Sinks in oblivion with his name,
And all his laurels fade away ;

Each future age shall thee revere ;
The warblings of thy heaven-taught lyre,
Thou gentle Poet of the year !
Shall but with Nature's self expire.

TO A THRUSH.

A MUCH loved and a friendly pair,*
Awhile have bid farewell
To Fortha's far famed banks, and come
On Eden's side to dwell.

Within their pure and spotless hearts
Virtue hath fix'd her throne ;
They love thy lays, their bosoms are
As gentle as thine own.

Then come again, my bonny bird !
As thou wast wont in spring,
And take thy seat upon some tree,
Nigh to that bower, and sing,

* The Miss Andersons.

Full sweetly at the dawn of day,
And fall of dewy night :
Perhaps thy artless ditties may
To them afford delight.

And sing on thus 'till they again
From Eden's side depart ;
So may joy all thy days, sweet bird !
Reign thrilling in thy heart.

So may the mate whom thou dost love
Unfaithful never be ;
And hips and haws on hedges hang
Throughout the year for thee.

AUG. 1807.

THE REDBREAST.

DECEMBER show'd his hoary locks,
And from the north the wind did blow ;
The storm set in ; frost chill'd the air,
And all around was white with snow.

'Twas then a Redbreast, with sad heart,
And drooping wings, by hunger led,
Flew to the window of my cot,
Where chance some scanty crumbs had spread.

“ I pity thee and all thy kind !
Come here each day, I'll happy be
To think I have it in my power
From meagre want to shelter thee.”

'Twas sad no more ; its flutt'ring wings
Express'd its joy ; it flew away ;
Sweet gentle Bird ! and as it fled
It seem'd in Fancy's ear to say,

“ I will, when Winter has resign'd
To joy-inspiring Spring the year,
Sit near thy cot at morn and eve,
And sweetly sing thy heart to cheer.”

TO

SOME FLOWERS,

PRESENTED TO ME BY A YOUNG LADY.

YE Flowers, which so lately fresh, blooming, and gay,
With blossoms of gold did my cottage adorn,
I behold you now languish, droop, and decay,
And my bosom with bitter reflections is torn.

O bloom still and flourish, lest fate from my mind,
Or misfortune should cause the remembrance to flee,
Of the lily-white hand, and the heart warm and kind
Of Anna, who brought you from Ednam to me.

Say, what shall I do to preserve your fair hue ?

No flowrets were e'er so much loved or so dear ;

Shall I warm you with sighs ? shall I often bedew

Your petals and soft downy leaves with a tear ?

Ah, no ! 'tis in vain ; you are ceasing to bloom,

Your fragrance is fled, and your bright tints decay ;

Faithful emblems of me, thus my old age will come,

Thus my youth and its raptures will vanish away.

But old age may come, and youth's raptures may flee,

Fate combine with misfortune to sadden my heart ;

O Anna, my friend ! the remembrance of thee

Shall never, till death, from my bosom depart.

AUGUST 15, 1804.

TO ANNA, IN CORNWALL,

WHERE SHE WAS RESIDING FOR THE BENEFIT OF HER
HEALTH.

BLEAK Winter hath resign'd his sway,
And to the northward fled away ;
And all Creation's glad and gay,

Fair Anna !

Let him that now from care is free,
Rejoice aloud and happy be ;
'Tis gloomy winter still with me,

Fair Anna !

The sun that in a cloudless sky
Shines all the day, yields me no joy ;
All night I weep, all day I sigh,

Fair Anna !

And still this breast with sighs shall swell,
Until that thou again art well,
And com'st back near my cot to dwell,

Fair Anna !

Because, when well and nigh to me,
(Days ever dear to memory,)
Thou wast as kind as friend could be,

Fair Anna !

For well I know, though on a plain,
That's distant far from Ednam-green,
Thou still to think on me dost deign,

Fair Anna !

And well I know that still to cheer,
Thou'lt oft on Eden's banks appear,
When thou again art well and near,

Fair Anna !

MAY, 1808.

L I N E S

COMPOSED ONE MORNING DURING A STORM,
OCTOBER, 1808.

THICK darkness covers all ; down pours the rain ;
The wild wind howls and raves along the plain,
Scatters the leaves and bends the naked wood ;
The Eden swells, and foams and rolls a flood ;
And forked lightnings flash with awful glare,
And loud the thunder rolls and stuns the ear.

This is Devotion's hour, this is the time
In which sensation makes the soul sublime,
And lifts her from this transitory earth,
To Him who gave to her and all things birth.

TO A WILD-FLOWER,

PRESENTED TO ME BY MISS M. S. A. IN AUGUST, 1807,

*On accidentally meeting with it betwixt two leaves
of a Book, in August, 1808.*

THOUGH thou art now no longer gay,
Though thou art now no longer fair,
Though all thy fragrance now is fled,
Thou still unto my heart art dear.

Yes, still I value thee, my flower,
And long thou still preserv'd shalt be,
For a memorial of the friend
Who brought thee in thy bloom to me.

ELEGY.



THE Raven croak'd above my head in air,
And mournful more than usual grew my mind
Sad sounds assail'd the frighted peasant's ear,
And in an instant vanish'd on the wind.

"Some of us soon," with terror in their breast,
The village matrons said, "will sleep in death!"
A mournful truth, for ere one hour was past,
The gentle William had resign'd his breath.

Though lowly born was the departed swain,
And far from towns, yet much was his desert;
Though from his birth he drudged on hill and plain,
Yet many were the virtues of his heart.

His bosom ever felt for others' woe,
And though oppressing Penury bade forbear,
He gave, and when he could no more bestow,
He sigh'd and shed a sympathetic tear.

Learning to gain was ne'er, alas, his fate !
Learning which leads to fame, yet was his mind
With knowledge far above his mind replete,
Beyond his fellows learned and refined.

Nature he loved ; I've seen him oft with joy,
List to the lark sweet-whistling o'er the lea,
Or gaze at even with enraptured eye,
On Phœbus sinking in the western sea.

How blithe was he ! oft when my heart was sad,
He with his tales and jokes has made me gay ;
Oftimes the simple village lass and lad
Have in his cottage pass'd the night away.

Farewell, my Friend ! when other years are come,
When round the village youth I sporting see,
I'll call to mem'ry thy untimely doom,
And heave a sigh and shed a tear for thee.

VERSES TO MRS —,

ON HER GOING TO JOIN HER HUSBAND, DESTINED WITH
HIS REGIMENT FOR THE CONTINENT.

E'ER since the day that Anna came
To dwell on Ednam-green,
She unto me, poor peasant Bard,
A pleasant friend has been.

For many a time has she repaired
Unto my humble cot,
And banish'd sorrow from my breast,
And made me bless my lot.

Oft with her pleasant converse she
Has made me blithe and gay ;
Full fast, I ween, when she was nigh,
My moments wing'd their way.

But lonely now my cot will grow,
Slow, slow my time will move,
Since Anna far from Ednam-green,
Is destined soon to rove.

Soon she, alas !—but since your fate
Will have it to be so,
O deign, my warmest, fondest prayer,
To take before you go.

To whate'er distant place, or land,
You're doom'd your way to wend ;
May Health, Hope, Joy, with safety wait,
As handmaids on my Friend

And when your hero's in the fight,
Let that not you alarm,
For Heaven will for your virtues' sake,
Him shield from every harm.

May victory still his valour crown ;
And when the war is o'er,
May you in safety both return
To your dear native shore.

JULY 1, 1813.

ON THE

LATE ABUNDANT HARVEST.

Now Winter wraps the scene in gloom,
And drives sweet Summer from our Isle ;
But we're prepared, our Harvest's home,
And Plenty cheers us with her smile.

The hearts of thousands who have been
Long by stern want compell'd to sigh,
Shall now rejoice ; for now again
They bread, the staff of life, enjoy.

O, let the Nation grateful prove !
Let every fane with praise resound
To the Almighty Power above,
Who hath the year with goodness crown'd.

OCT. 25, 1813.

WRITTEN EARLY IN SPRING 1814.

Now Winter, that sadden'd my bosom so sore,
At length to the fair blooming Spring-time gives
place :—

O, how I rejoice to see Nature once more
Becoming all harmony, beauty, and grace !

Long—long, quite deserted my cottage has been,
And heavily by my dull moments did move ;
But the sweet month of May is returning again,
To restore me the friends whom I tenderly love.

Then Charlotte, the friend tried for many a year,
With Jane and Maria, will oftentimes come,
My heart with their sweet conversation to cheer,
And grace with their presence my lone cottage
home.

ON

THE RETURN OF PEACE.



At length the Almighty to our prayers
A gracious ear has given ;
At his behest the Cherub, Peace,
Once more descends from heaven.

Oh ! welcome to this warring world,
Bright stranger of the skies !
Lo ! proud Ambition from his throne
Is hurl'd, no more to rise.

Dread War is fled—with Want, and Woe,
And Havock in his train ;
And safe within his humble cot
The peasant smiles again.

The soldier—all his dangers past,
His toils and sufferings o'er,
Enjoys the well-earn'd meed of fame
Upon his native shore.

The captive who, in hostile lands,
Shed many a hopeless tear,
Restored to home—now clasps again
All that his heart holds dear.

The sailor, safe from ocean's storms,
His faithful sweetheart meets ;
The merchant now, with joyful heart,
Reviving commerce greets.

Blest Peace ! thou com'st with Hope and Joy,
And Plenty in thy train ;
Welcome on earth, thou smiling fair,
And lasting be thy reign !

JUNE, 1814.

TO A

ROBIN REDBREAST.

WHAT makes my sweet Robin sit lonely all day,
Without ever trying to compass a lay?
Give over, my warbler! Well might'st thou repine,
If thy fate had but been as ungentle as mine.

Thou mourn'st to see rude winds now baring each
tree,
Hedge and field, which did yield food and shelter
to thee:
I mourn Friends who lie in graves silent and cold,
And whose like upon earth I shall never behold.

Pass but a few months, and dull Winter is o'er,
And Spring will again all thy pleasures restore :
But on while I journey through life, I must mourn,
For my joys are departed no more to return.

OCT. 26, 1814.

ON THE
DEATH OF THE AUTHOR'S NIECE,
AGED THREE YEARS.

FAIR Flower of Hope ! the Muse laments that fate
Has to thy bloom allow'd so short a date ;
Laments thee blasted in thy infant years,
And to thy parents' joins her sighs and tears.

Painful thy passage to the darksome tomb ;
But bless'd are all thy moments now to come :
Lo ! thy pure spirit wings its flight through air,
The transports of the blest in heaven to share.

JUNE, 1815.

MY ABSENT FRIEND.



MY Absent Friend is good and kind,
Of gentlest manners she's possess'd,
I ne'er had lonely sat and pined,
Had fate near mine her dwelling placed ;
For many a time would sympathy
Have led her steps to visit me.

My Absent Friend is jocund too,
She many a pleasant tale can tell ;
Great is her wit, and there are few
Who can at singing her excel—
How merrily, if she were nigh,
Would all my days and nights pass by !

But though I'm not to be so blest,
And though she dwells far far from me,
Dear shall she still be to this breast,
And still its fondest prayer shall be,
That every blessing may attend
Through life—upon my Absent Friend.

1815.

TO
MASTER ROBERT IRVING.

I to my little fav'rite Friend
The accustom'd yearly present send,
 With many an ardent prayer
And heart-felt wish, that night and day,
And that from youth to age, he may
 Be Heaven's peculiar care.

Long life be thine ; likewise with health
And happiness, the only wealth
 That's real below the skies ;
And whate'er other good there be
That's prized on earth, Heaven grant it thee,
 And make thee good and wise.

To thee may knowledge ope her page ;
Or to instruct, or charm the age,
 Be thine the art, I pray ;
And mine the fate be to become
With thee, dear Boy ! acquaint on some
 Not very distant day.

1816.

EMBLEMS OF HUMAN LIFE.

By the brook which steals away,
Without stop, or without stay,
To the ocean, taught am I
How my months and years pass by.
The leaf falling from the tree,
A just emblem is of me.
Lately it was fresh and fair ;
But it now (grown brown and sere)
Drops to earth ; so must this frame
Turn to dust from whence it came.
Day resembles human life,
With its noise, and cares, and strife.

Night reminds me of the tomb,
With its silence and its gloom.
As the taper, which yields light
To my cottage-room at night,
When extinguish'd or burnt out,
Spreads a stench

.

INVITATION TO THE MUSE.



RETURN, my Muse ! and plume thy wing ;
Too long hast thou a vagrant been ;
Return once more, my Muse ! and sing,
To charm my lonely hours again.

Return, my Muse ! no longer fear
The Winter's chilling cold and gloom ;
The air is balm, the sky is clear,
And earth all fragrance and all bloom.

Green is our pleasant Summer-seat,
And leaves our fav'rite tree adorn ;
O deign with me there oft to meet,
As thou wast wont at eve and morn !

Come, gentle Muse! without delay,
And sing till Echo in the grove
Repeats the sound, and let the lay
Be such as Anna may approve.

JULY.

TO
AN ACQUAINTANCE,

INCLINED TO EMIGRATE ON ACCOUNT OF HIS BEING
UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

WHY wilt thou leave thy native vale behind,
Thy peaceful home, and every well-known scene?
Why wilt thou quit thy friends and parents kind,
For some strange clime beyond the western main?

What though thy Mary false to thee has proved?
Still many a maiden dwells on Eden's side,
Who well by thee may be esteem'd and loved:—
Choose from the throng a more deserving bride.

To Hymen's fane conduct the willing maid,
Whose beauty charms, whose modest worth en-
dears ;
And filial love, too, calls on thee to aid
Thy parents dear in their declining years.

Thy faithful wife, thy children, and thy cot,
Shall prove to thee the source of pleasures true ;
Of nameless pleasures, which can ne'er be bought
By all the wealth of India or Peru.

APRIL, 1817.

TO

MRS A. F.——.

DEAR Madam, send back the little Scotch poem,
Entitled the “ Braes of Drumlee,”
Which you borrow’d to read, and carried away,
One day when you visited me.

’Tis a trifle, I own, yet my boldness (I trust)
In begging it will not offend ;
For well dost thou know that a trifle is dear,
When it is bestow’d by a Friend.

TO

MISS C. A. W.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

THAT all thy future days may be
As free as this from care,
As this thy natal day, my Friend,
Shall ever be my prayer.

Still fair and gaily may'st thou bloom,
Improve in every art,
And every grace, and virtue rare,
Which wins or charms the heart.

May Fortune ever smile on thee ;
 May Health be ever thine ;
And Love and Friendship, for my Friend,
 A lasting wreath entwine.

May Hope and Joy, too, on thee wait,
 And many a year roll past,
Ere thou retirest from earth to charm
 The mansions of the blest.

OBERON TO HENDERSYDE PARK.

ERE Anna left thy bowers, sweet Hendersyde !
Anna, thy pride, within whose bosom fair
Good-nature, Truth, and Innocence reside,
Thou wert to me and all my train most dear.

Then oft, while closed in sleep was every eye,
I sported with delight, and tripp'd unseen,
What time pale Cynthia mildly shone on high,
Or in thy wood, or o'er thy flow'ry green.

But now no more I in thy wood will play,
Or o'er thy green with printless footsteps glide,
What time pale Cynthia shines, since far away
From thee the Nymph in quest of health has hied.

To some far distant, lonely cave, my way
I'll now repair, with all my weeping train,
And lie forlorn till Health renews her sway,
And my fair Friend returns to thee again.

STANZAS

ON READING IN THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE DEATH OF
MISS A—— M—— OF A——, WHO VISITED ME AT
FERNEY-HILL IN MAY 1806.

MY heart with bitter anguish bleeds,
I sigh and weep full sore ;
For I have learn'd from that sad page,
That Anna is no more.

Still in my mem'ry lives the hour
That she from Ednam hied,
And sat with me on my green seat,
The hawthorn hedge beside.

Health then was smiling on her cheek ;
She bloom'd so fair and gay,
I little thought, alas ! how soon
She'd join her parent clay !

I little thought how very soon
The grass would o'er her wave ;
That Alne of her sweetest flower
Death would so soon bereave.

Artless and mild her manners were ;
Hers was each virtue rare ;
She loved to succour the distress'd,
And dry the mourner's tear.

Oh, sun ! shine sweetly on the grave,
Where Anna lies at rest ;
Oh ! lightly, lightly lie, thou turf,
Upon her gentle breast.

JUNE, 1806.

THERE is a grave by that lime tree,
Whose green leaves rustle with the air,
To which at morning, and at noon,
And silent eve, I will repair :

To which I duly will repair,
O'er it a sorrowing sigh to heave,
And with a briny tear to bathe
The grass which over it doth wave :

By which I'll often pensive sit,
And which I often will bestrew
With many a bud, with many a flow'r
Of sweet perfume and lovely hue :

For in that grave the Friend is laid,
The Friend who was so dear to me,
The youthful Friend, whose like again
I never more can hope to see.

ON

SAINT PETER'S DENIAL OF CHRIST.

A FRAGMENT.

NOT know the Man who lately in thy sight
Made the dumb speak, the cripple walk upright,
Made gladness spring up in the mourner's breast,
And gave unto the heavy-laden rest?
And raised the dead, and walk'd upon the deep,
And lull'd the tempest by his word asleep?

* * * * *

THE SEA-GULL,

OCCASIONED BY THE DRAINING OF THE BERRY-MOSS.

RUDE Winter flew off to the north,
Where blasts long had sadden'd the year,
And Spring softly-smiling came forth,
Again drooping Nature to cheer.

The birds to their songs them betook,
That sat all the winter and mourn'd ;
And the Sea-gull the ocean forsook,
And back to her old haunt return'd.

Joy fill'd her fond heart as she hied
Again from the wave-beaten shore,
But it vanish'd away when she spied
Her favourite waters no more.

With bosom fast-heaving with sighs,
She flew 'neath a neighbouring shade,
Then cast all around her sad eyes,
And thus (so the Muse thought) she said :—

“ Ah ! where shall I now bend my flight ?
Ah ! whither shall I now repair ?
The waters no more meet my sight,
Which were to my bosom so dear.

“ No longer, alas ! in the Spring,
My flight from the sea must I bend—
No longer with joy on the wing
Fly thither the Summer to spend.

“ Or search in these fields for my fare,
Or joyfully sit all the day,
Along with my fellows, to rear
My brood 'mongst these rushes in May.

“ Ye hills and ye vallies, farewell !
Fate now hath exiled me from you ;
My haunt, which I've long loved so well,
I bid you forever adieu !”

The poor helpless bird said no more,
But on the wing mounted again,
And sorrowing flew to the shore,
Unto the hoarse waves to complain.

WAR SONG.

LONG has our Isle, firm as the rock
Upon her sea-girt shore, the shock
Of envious foes withstood,
And still she shall be blest and free,
We arm to guard that liberty
Our sires bought with their blood.

Shall we e'er crouch to Gallia's sway,
Or live to mourn that fatal day,
To Europe's hopes a grave?
No! though destruction 'whelm the land,
Against our foes we'll bravely stand,
And George and Britain save.

Yes, in the day that to our coasts
Gaul's Ruler dares to lead his hosts,
 Fast forward rush will we,
Like patriots brave, like Brothers true,
The rash invaders to subdue,
 And hail our country free.

O thou, to all our bosoms dear,
Freedom ! revered and loved, we swear
 With thee to live or die :
That hour (if such the will of Heaven)
In which thou from our Isle art driven,
 Shall see us breathless lie.

ON SEEING THE

FIRST FLOWERS OF THE SPRING,

(MARCH 1818.)

THE sorrow to which I have long been a prey,
With the gloom of the Winter is flying away ;
The flowers on the earth have begun to appear,
And they tell that my time of enjoyment draws near.

Joy, joy to my heart ! Now quickly I'll get
Oft abroad from the hearth in the sunshine to sit,
Or to lie at my ease on the green sward reclined,
And ponder and read as my fancy's inclined.

And soon shall the pleasure be mine to enjoy
The sight of the fields, and the trees, and the sky ;
To inhale the fresh breeze, and to hear the bird's
 song,

Or mine own native stream as it babbles along.

And ere July's sweet flowers from the earth dis-
 appear,

My dearly-loved wandering friend will be here ;
And her presence will rapture recall to my breast ;
This, this is the joy which will crown all the rest.

ON THE

RETURN OF THE FINE WEATHER,

(SEPTEMBER 9, 1817.)

THE drenching rains are o'er at last ;
The clouds which long have overcast
The face of Heaven, now fly away,
And smiling is the solar ray.

Again the Eden limpid grows,
And gently down the valley flows ;
And Redbreasts chaunt their joys with glee
From cottage-roof, and hedge, and tree.

The Fowler's at his cruel sport—
Hark ! 'tis his fatal tube's report ;
And see, the jovial reaper bands,
O'erspread the ready harvest lands !

Joyous each heart,—Why cannot I
Share as I wont the general joy ?
Why sit I sadly all the day ?
Why fails my Muse the wonted lay ?

The Friend, whose presence did impart
Full many a rapture to my heart,
For many a well-remember'd year,
Now cannot bend her way to cheer.

The fav'rite Friend, whose praise was fame,
For whom I nursed a poet's flame ;
My pride and glory now resides,
Where Arno or famed Tiber glides.

But I perchance may yet be blest ;
The hours, the days, roll onward fast ;
And she, in health's fresh bloom, once more
Will seek her loved her native shore.

And when she has re-cross'd the main,
Each scene will have its charms again ;
And then I'll take my lyre, and sing
Till all my native valleys ring.

FAIR ANNA.

WHO, through the wood from Hendersyde,
Oft to my lonely cottage hied,
And me with looks of pity eyed?

Fair Anna !

Who books to me would bring or send,
And shake my hand and call me friend,
While her soft eyes on me did bend ?

Fair Anna !

Who oft to me with her hand fair,
An apple brought or honey pear,
And in their season berries rare ?

Fair Anna !

Who brought me flowers of fairest hue,
Which round their sweetest odours threw,
And for my muse gave me themes new ?

Fair Anna !

At smiling morn, whose willing feet
Conducted to my grassy seat,
And cheer'd me with her converse sweet ?

Fair Anna !

Who mark'd with me, at dawn of day,
The glow which on the landscape lay,
Shown by the sun's declining ray ?

Fair Anna !

My simple lays who did applaud,
And sooth'd my heart when it was sad,
And when she saw me well was glad ?

Fair Anna !

Can I of her unmindful be ?
No ! no ! while there is life in me,
I will—I will remember thee,

Fair Anna !

ON

THE RETURN OF SPRING,

(1818.)

Now Winter away to the north takes his flight,
And Spring coming forth to cheer nature I see,
With bosom-felt rapture, with tears of delight,
That season was wont to be welcomed by me.

But in vain now to me that sweet season doth come,
I sigh and I weep now to see it appear ;
For now 'twill bring flow'rets to strew on the tomb
Of the friend who was unto my bosom so dear.

LINES

ON COMING TO LIVE AT EDNAM, IN THE COTTAGE IN
WHICH I WAS BORN. (JUNE 16, 1806.)

THE years of my youth I've been long forced to spend
Frae my dear native village awa,
Frae Eden's sweet banks, frae the dear little cot,
Whar the light o' the day I first saw.

But as the puir hare, when wi' sair bursting heart,
She's chaced wi' the hounds o'er the fields,
Returns to the spot where she started at first,
And, panting, her life on it yields ;

Sae I to my dear native village come back,
To this cot of my mother's and mine,
And there where my first breath unconscious was
drawn,
My last I will also resign.

TO MISS —,

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER. (OCTOBER 10, 1804.)

RUDE Winter, O Anna, now frowning draws nigh,
And before him the sweet smiling Summer does fly—
A tear dims mine eye, and a sigh rends my heart,
For with that sweet season you'll from me depart.

How happy I am while you dwell near my cot,
What joys and what raptures then fall to my lot!
They in mine eyes glisten, and glow in my heart,
I'd tell them, but language it cannot impart.

What I feel when thou dost to my lonely cot hie,
To sooth me when sick, and my wants to supply ;
Nor yet when thou com'st to my green grassy seat
With a book, and to cheer with thy converse so sweet.

Clouds darken the hills, chill and cold is the air,
The hawthorn which shelter'd my green seat grows
bare ;

My heart heaves a sigh, no kind friend to my home,
In the dull days of Winter, to cheer me will come.

But while I sit lonely, may happiness be,
With health, hope, and joy, never absent from thee ;
I pray, too, that Heaven its angels may send,
To guard thee from danger, O Anna, my Friend !

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MR S—— R——.



THE soul of R—— from earth's now flown,
And from my sight for ever he is gone ;
No more his heart for me will friendship warm,
No more his social converse will me charm.

At morn, or noon, or at the close of day,
No more he'll teach me how to frame the lay ;
Ah ! why did I escape the fatal blow,
Which laid my worthy Friend and Patron low !

But soft ! I'll stop the unavailing sigh—
When a few more short, weary years pass by,
My soul will leave this dust-sprung frame and rise,
To meet and dwell with his above the skies.

WRITTEN JANUARY 1, 1810.

ANOTHER year is now begun,
And still myself I find
With Health, the truest riches, blest,
And a contented mind.

Bread and a home are still my lot,
And still I've clothes to wear ;
And still some friends are left, my life
To sweeten and to cheer.

For these, and thousand blessings more,
Thy goodness lends to me,
My God ! my gratitude sincere
I render unto thee.

VERSES TO MISS ANDERSON.

THOU might'st have come, thou might'st have gone,
And all unknown to me,
But well thou knew'st that William's heart
Still faithful is to thee.

Thy name was not upon his tongue,
But never shall his heart
With the remembrance of thy worth,
And gentle virtues part.

Still sacred shall his mem'ry hold
Thy heart sincere and kind,
Thy heart with each fine feeling fraught,
And graces of thy mind.

This heart is thine—thou might'st have pass'd
Upon thy destined way,
But still his heart shall be thine own
Until life's latest day.

AUGUST, 1816.

EPITAPH.

THOUGH he that moulders in this silent clay
Was doom'd in life's sequester'd vale to stray,
Yet he possess'd, what few can boast, a mind
Firm and sincere, and generous and kind.

If Heav'n had bless'd him with wealth's plenteous
store,
The poor and houseless would have sought his door ;
He was in life the father and the friend—
His was the dying Christian's peaceful end.

Soft be thy sleep, my father ! may my mind
Like thine be ever to God's will resign'd ;
And when this mortal life I shall resign,
Oh, may some kind friend lay my bones with thine !

TO CHEERFULNESS.

COME, Cheerfulness, soft smiling queen !
Come, soft enchantress of the soul !
Come, with thy always pleasing mien,
And reign in me without controul.

Best good that Heaven has lent mankind,
With smiles thy face has always dress'd ;
Come, dwell for ever in my mind !
Come, take possession of my breast !

Thy presence then will care beguile,
I'll think no more on my sad state ;
On all the ills of life I'll smile,
And be contented with my fate.

My hours will then with pleasure move,
My moments all be free from care ;
Free as the linnets of the grove,
The wing'd inhabitants of air.

My years will pass as in a dream,
On pleasure's wings fly quickly o'er,
Like the soft murmuring halcyon stream,
Which glides along its happy shore.

My humble cot, O deign to cheer !
Bright visitant ! Oh smile on me,
Loveliest of nymphs ! my fond prayer hear,
Celestial fair ! come dwell with me.

TO THE
OLD WHEELED CARRIAGE,

WHICH HAD CARRIED ME FOR MANY YEARS.

Now, since thy service I no longer need,
Shalt thou for children be a play-thing made,
Or yet neglected, like old lumber lie ?
No ; thou shalt now a holiday enjoy.
A little cot (thanks to kind friends) is mine,
And I'll to thee a place in it assign,
Where thou shalt stand, and oft to memory
Recall the happy hours I've pass'd in thee ;
And till the vital spark hath left my heart,
I'll never with my good old servant part.

D I R G E.



ON dear departed Johnny's grave
Shall grow the earliest grass of Spring ;
And Redbreasts there at morn and eve
Throughout the varied year shall sing.

And there shall fall Night's softest dew ;
And there shall maidens bend their feet ;
And village hinds their flowers shall strew,
And bid his sleep be soft and sweet.

And Pity, with her melting mien,
Shall often with the Muse repair ;
And sacred Friendship's weeping train,
O'er Johnny's grave to shed the tear.

A PRAYER

FOR A REVEREND FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

(APRIL 1806.)

THOU Great Supreme, who rulest in Heaven,
In earth, and sea, and air,
From whom all things which are have sprung,
O hear my prayer sincere !

If 'tis thy holy will, restore
Health to the Friend again,
Who outstretch'd lies upon the bed
Of sickness and of pain.

Or, if thy wisdom hath decreed
That he must pass the bourne,
Leave this low scene of guilt and tears,
And unto dust return,—

Be with him in the hour of death,
And bear his soul on high,
To dwell in everlasting bliss—
With thee above the sky!

TO

MISS ———.



SINCE thou again from hence must fly,
Anna, my best, my dearest Friend !
May guardian angels leave the sky,
And guide thy steps where'er they bend.

When thou forsakest thy native land,
And seek'st yon Isle,* so fair and gay,
May gentle gales thy sail expand,
And waft thee o'er the watery way.

* Madeira.

And while thy footsteps linger there,
 May every day pass with delight ;
And visions of thy friends so dear,
 Descend to cheer thee every night.

Farewell, my Friend ! to think on me
 I crave that thou wilt sometimes deign ;
My bosom dead to joy shall be,
 Until I meet with thee again.

SEPT. 20, 1808.

ON DEATH.

DEATH is the dread of every clime ;
How powerful is his sway !
All things that breathe the breath of life
His powerful arm obey.

All that live on the earth, in air,
Or sea, confess his might ;
But on mankind to wreck his hate
His soul takes most delight.

He leaves the wretched to prolong
Their days of pain and care ;
And hurries off the fortunate
In midst of their career.

He, shadow like, the aged leaves

Upon the earth to stray ;

And shoots his arrows at the young,

Who think not of his day.

He to the grave joys to behold

The weak the vigorous bear ;

And the sad sire erect a tomb,

To hold his children dear.

All flesh, without distinction, he

Sweeps from below the skies ;

And lays them soon like to the clod,

Which in the valley lies.

Shall Death o'er all the human race

Thus triumph evermore ?

No ; the hour hastens on apace,

When his reign shall be o'er.

Yes! Man's triumphing day anon
Comes, when it said shall be,
"O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave!
Where is thy victory?"

WRITTEN BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP.

Now the bright orb of day is gone
To light up other skies ;
And hidden with night's sable robes,
The face of Nature lies.

Care, with his daily toils, is done,
And hush'd is every sound
With which the village rang all day,
And silence reigns around.

The inmates of the neighbouring cots
To their repose have gone ;
And I within my lonesome shed
Sit pensive and alone.

Apart I sit with no kind friend,
Nor sweet companion near,
With social talk or jocund tale,
The weary hours to cheer.

Ah me ! should danger now intrude—
But there's a Power above,
Who ne'er fails those who trust his care,
Who will my safety prove.

My mind, enliven'd by this thought,
Hath every fear forgot ;
And I'll likewise to rest repair,
Contented with my lot.

ON HEARING

MISS M. S. A.

SING ON A STORMY DAY IN AUTUMN.

THE chilling wind and rain one day
Beat hard against my humble cot,
As in it pensively I sat,
Reflecting on my wayward lot.

But quickly ceased my heart to mourn—
Quickly to heave the sigh forgot ;
For Margaret, careless of the storm,
That hour came to my humble cot.

She sat and sang—O, in that hour,
What rapture to my bosom sprung !
How was I charm'd ! I thought 'twas some
Inhabitant of heaven who sung.

The peasants heard—"What means that sound
Which falls so sweetly on the ear?"
"Ah ! 'tis from William's cot," they cried,
And gather'd round in haste to hear.

She sang the Exiled* Youth so sweet,
My soul was lost in ecstasy ;
More sweetly soothing was the strain,
For Pity bade it flow for me.

The wind grew calm, the rain it ceas'd,
Nature rejoiced and smiled anew ;
And gentle Margaret arose,
And bade me for that day adieu.

* Song of an Exile by Miss Bannerman.

She's distant far from Ednam now—

From me, yet still her strains I hear ;
Still when the blast howls round my cot,
They come to sooth my fancy's ear.

TO A

LITTLE BOY PLAYING.

BE thy heart still strung to joy ;
Still then, little Boy, hold on,
While thou'rt innocent and young,
While thou'rt to the world unknown ;

While thy life is in its morn,
And thy fancy new and gay,
And wild passion hath not drawn
Thee aside from virtue's way

Ere that trifles cease to please ;
Ere thou feel'st the sorrows, cares,
And the thousand other ills
That attend on riper years.

Still, dear Boy ! thy sports pursue
On the flower-enamell'd lea ;
Happier, gayer hours than these
Never more expect to see.

JUNE, 1811.

TO
A FRIEND,

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

No longer now, on Summer even,
My gentle Friend will sit by me,
While sweetly smiles the earth and heaven,
Beneath my fav'rite church-yard tree ;
Or to my humble cot repair,
And with her social converse cheer.

No longer now, while Winter reigns,
And rudely blows the chilling wind,
And snow-wreaths cover all the plains,
And I am to the hearth confined,
She'll come at noon, or close of day,
And talk and sing my cares away.

She destined is these vales to leave,
 These vales of which she is the pride ;
Nor must the simple poet grieve
 Since she's to be a happy bride ;
Since the benignant powers above
Smile on her constancy and love.

JUNE 20, 1814.

THE
TEARS OF SWITZERLAND.

How blasted now, how changed my state,
How fall'n from glory and renown !
No more I'm mark'd fair Freedom's seat,
No more my sons are call'd her own.

Fair Freedom from my sons is fled—
Fled in some happier clime to reign ;
And low they droop, and bow the head,
Beneath proud Gallia's galling chain.

Long they for me like patriots fought,
And stood, though on all sides assail'd ;
For me and Freedom wonders wrought,
But Fate and Gallia prevail'd.

How are they sunk ! upon my dales
No virgin's heard to pour her lay :
Nor pastoral pipe within my vales,
Nor shepherd's song to cheer the day.

But sadness dwells in every breast ;
Complaints and sighs from every vale,
Of virgin's wrong'd, and swains oppress'd,
Sound mournfully upon the gale.

The maid bemoans her piteous case,
Sighs, beats her breast, and sits forlorn ;
The youth (some tyrant's train to grace)
She loved, from her embrace is torn.

Does not thy patriot bosom swell,
Where thou sitt'st in immortal day,
To see thy country thus, O Tell,
Of Gallia's lawless sons the prey ?

Infuse thy soul in some bold heart,
That he may rise all great like thee,
Again my freedom to assert,
And from oppression hail me free.

1803.

ANNA,

A PASTORAL.

THE moon brightly shone in the sky,
And still were the breezes of night,
When Anna to Tweed's banks did hie,
Where oft she had stray'd with delight.
Her Colin had left her forlorn,
And 'twas now to stray and complain ;
Or under some beech-tree to mourn,
And grieve for the loss of the swain.

She thus :—“ In these vallies so green,
On these banks, when my Colin was by,
Sure never a maiden was seen
More happy and cheerful than I.

None e'er was so cheerful and gay ;
How swift then the minutes did flee !
Not a moment did then pass away,
But the next had new raptures for me.

“ But now come the moments of pain ;
How heavy, how dull is my heart !
Since the day that my dear shepherd swain
To a far distant place did depart.
That day of my joy was the last ;
For Colin has left me to mourn—
Has left me ; the day is gone past,
And the hour that he was to return.

“ He's gone to the wars, or has met,
And loves some more fortunate maid,
Whose beauty has made him forget
Poor me, and the banks of the Tweed.
Adieu now to joy and delight !
No longer to Colin I'm dear.”

She ceased—for a gale of the night
Brought the song of a swain to her ear.

Soon after a shepherd appear'd :
'Twas Colin who hasten'd along ;
She knew him ; with rapture she heard
That herself was the theme of his song.
And soon all her jealous alarms
Did vanish away from her mind
When Colin flew into her arms,
And vow'd that he'd ever be kind.

A BALLAD.

WHEN Mary had twall summers seen,
She was, alas ! bereft
By death o' baith her parents dear,
An' a poor orphan left.

I' th' warl' wide there was nae frien'
Her tender years to e'e ;
Sae forced by strang necessity,
Awa' to beg gae'd she.

For mony ae lang month an' day,
She daunder'd up an' down,
Beggin' an' tellin' her sad tale
To a' the country roun'.

But chance, or else the will o' heav'n,
Upon a winter's day,
Just at the close, amang the snaw,
Gart her to tine her way.

Not knowin' how or where to gang,
Nor yet what course to take,
She sat her down, an' loudly grat,
An' sair she maen did make.

Young Sandy heard her piteous sabs,
As frae his sheep he came,
An' ran an' tuik her by the han',
An' led her to his hame.

An' placed her upon the hearth,
An' up the fire did blaw,
To warm her feet, baith wat an' caul'
Wi' wadin' through the snaw.

Bein' warmed now, she tauld her tale,
An' a' her waes express'd :—
Compassion saften'd Sandy's hairt
Towards his little guest.

“ Ye'se through the country beg nae mair,
Thus unto her he said ;
“ But ye sall now here dwell wi' me,
An' be my cottage maid.”

He said nae mair, but silent sate,
O'erjoy'd she gae consent—
He knew the treasure not whilk Heaven
That night unto him sent.

Full five years dwalt she i' his cot,
An' ilka day saw he
Proofs o' the guidness o' her hairt,
Truth an' fidelity.

She waxed taper, straight, an' tall,
An' grew unto the view
Far bonnier than the new-blawn rose
Whan wat wi' mornin' dew.

Blue were her e'en, her temper mild
As that o' lamb or dove ;
He lang esteem'd her, but at length,
Esteem grew into love.

He tauld the wishes o' his hairt,
He woo'd her for his bride,
An' she, a' innocence an' truth,
Not lang the lad denied.

He led her blushin' to the kirk,
An' there he pledged his vow,
That to his faithfu' cottage lass
He wad through life prove true.

INVITATION TO MISS A—,

JUNE, 1800.

O LEAVE Edina for a while,
Thou loved, thou friendly fair,
And to the Ednam pastor's cot
Without delay repair.

The blasts of wayward spring have ceased,
The summer's in the prime,
The west wind blows to warm the earth,
And happy is the time.

The flowers all are in the bloom,
Their odour fills the air,
And every hedge, and tree, and field,
Is pleasant, green, and fair.

The merry lark, high in the air,
Sings all the live-long day ;
The thrush and blackbird from each tree
Pour their sweet mellow lay.

Love, peace, and health, walk hand in hand,
The Eden's haughs among ;
And sweet she murmurs as she rolls
Her pebbled bed along.

Full soon the Summer takes his flight,
O from Edina hie,
Thou loved, thou best of friends, and taste
His pleasures ere they fly.

The friends you have on Eden's banks,
All long, long you to see ;
Their kindest welcome they will give,
Believe the bard, to thee.

They will prove kind, believe thy bard,
And as for him, his breast
Shall glow with joy unfeign'd, whene'er
You deign to be his guest.

Clean shall his floor be swept, and blithe
He on his flute will play ;
And often thee to entertain
He'll frame some pleasing lay.

O leave Edina for a while,
Thou loved, thou friendly fair,
And to the Ednam pastor's cot
Without delay repair.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM FORBES
OF FITSLIGO, BART. DECEMBER 28, 1806.

FORBES, from all the ills of life at rest,
Now lies within the peaceful grave reclined ;
He all the virtues and the arts possess'd
Which ever bless'd, or e'er adorn'd mankind.

His bosom was humane ; a pitying ear
To sorrow's wail he ne'er refused to lend ;
He loved to wipe away the mourner's tear,
And be to every helpless man a friend.

Many to independence raised has he,
Many who houseless o'er the heath did roam
A prey to winter's cold and penury,
Has he restored to plenty and a home.

Thousands were daily by his bounty fed ;
His soul was pious, just, sincere, and wise—
But cease, my Muse ! the merit of the dead
Is best read in his country's tears and sighs.

THE
SOLDIER'S FATHER'S LAMENT.

THE youth who was so dear to me,
The boy whom I did so adore,
Has fallen in the victory,
And I shall ne'er behold him more.

Enchanting was his youthful air,
And manly was his form and fine :
I thought he would live many a year,
To gladden this fond heart of mine.

I hoped, and often said, that he,
When time these locks had render'd grey,
Would with his filial piety
My love and all my cares repay.

But all my thoughts and hopes were vain,
Was ever father so distress'd !
Thrice bless'd, I ween, I would have been,
If he at home had breath'd his last.

For I had then catch'd his last sigh,
And then I likewise would have hied
Oft times with melancholy joy,
And wept his silent bed beside.

But that relentless fate denied,
Mine this sad joy must never be,
My comely boy was slain, and lies
Far from his native land and me.

Now unto joy I'll bid farewell,
Let hope to happier fathers flee ;
And comé, O grief ! and in me dwell,
And ever my companion be.

1809.

THE END.

EDINBURGH :

Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.



