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A COLLECTION
OF
POEMS AND SONGS,

ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

BY
ROBERT HUDDLESTON.

VOLUME SECOND.

No'er spann poor Bob for being blithe and gay,
A shrewd truth-teller in the stoner's way;
None he, who laughs at all the ills of life,
Is wiser far, than the poor fool of strife—
Who never smiles, as if with anguish torn,
But flames on Heaven for letting him be born.
The cheerful people are the folk of God,
The grave and proud are generally more sad—
The greatest sage is he that's pleasure's fool,
Makes man his study—happiness his rule.

BELFAST:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1846.

W. J. GIBSON

POEMS AND SONGS

OF VARIOUS SUBJECTS

ROBERT HENDERSON

W. J. GIBSON

THE AUTHOR'S NOTE
I have been very much gratified by the
kindness of the publishers in allowing
me to publish these poems and songs
in this volume. I have endeavoured
to select such as will be generally
interesting and useful. I have also
endeavoured to give them a simple
and unobtrusive style.

W. J. GIBSON

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

To begin my book, I must say something—and what shall I say? To begin and give a history of the poems which comprise the book, would be useless, as every poem will bear the mark of its origin on its forehead. Though poor as ever, and brought to bed of another book, the best news I can tell you, my friends, is, that, by the blessing of Providence, I am perfectly healthy and well; therefore, must be funny as ever.

Perhaps there never was a being placed in a better situation than I to see the foul side of human nature. This may be the reason which taints some of my productions more with comic vivacity than with sublime admonition. The every-day occurrences of a world-working people ringing in my ears; and the wild actions of Vice and Folly beaming before my eyes—what wonder if I should thwart a little from the chaste design, to ridicule their passions?

Recollect, my friends, the vale of Adversity is the school of Philosophy. Yet, withal, if a poor author now writes a book, and sends it to the world as an honest man would do—extolling virtue where it is to be found, and ridiculing vice, bigotry, and intemperance, in the face of the mob: what is his reward? The most ignorant, now-a-days, being the greatest critics! if he happens to escape the learned clique, see, how the mere mopes of vulgarity clutch to him to bring the monster to the ground.

I once wrote a book; its character was moral—throwing open the most vicious side of the question—yet, the world, or the bigots of the world, hooted it as profane. I now send a second book to the world, which I intend as a second volume to my work, that, perhaps, may meet with no better fate than the former, among the vampires which make such carcasses their spoil. But oh! ye bigots of the earth, where are your hearts? Ye, good souls, who can frown on the first efforts of an author, certainly, you must be without blunder, and more perfect than the commonality of human nature. But in me, ye abettors of sin, and ye adepts of licentiousness, you will find a ready penman scoffing your deeds and exposing your actions, until Vice mends her manners, and Folly becomes a penitent:—for what way will a man work a reformation on Folly, if not by detesting it; or forward Virtue, if not by exposing Vice? Ye gloomy and unsocial wretches, who could view the flowing tankard through the shreds of a curtain, and wish it was yours; who could look upon the jocund gambol secretly from the back of a ditch, and wish to mingle among its convivial friends; yet, dare not taste of the former, or mix in the society of the latter, for conscience sake—flee from my presence, and neither taste or handle at the shrine or fount of my Muse. I wish no converse with you. You are seriously divine: I am sinfully gay.—Thus say ye. Nevertheless, Fortune, while you give the others for companions the gloomy subjects of superstition, give me for mine the more affable sons of innocent jollity; and I am sure of having the more generous friends and God-fearing christians.

But, it has been said that I am rude, indelicate, and

obscene in my productions. It has been said that I denounce the language of the day, and am an unfashionable creature. As to the fashion of the day, I care little about. Fashion is all to taste: what would please this man, would not please that; what would please that would disgust the other, and so on. So it is with fashion. Therefore, I chose to please myself in the first place, please who it may besides. Unfashionable creature that I now am, though I may be flung by the literati in vogue: as fashion is always changing, who knows but I may be at the head of the next that may arise. I wonder what the mayor's lady would say, if I would tell her she was out of the fashion of *holy writ*, when she good-naturedly wears a veil to cover her pretty face, to keep Cupid from giving a thousand admirers anxiety, and as many hearts free from the crime of adultery. A black-toothed, flat-nosed, small-footed lady of China would not please a London bachelor for a bride; nor would a corpulent dame of the Moorish empire that of a frog-eating Parisian; nor would a dwarf of Lapland be content with a white haired daughter of Circassia; yet, all these are esteemed born beauties at home, and are in the fashionable circle of human excellence. "But, thou blockhead," methinks I hear a voice say, "if thou didst not like to write in the fashionable language of the day, and flatter the great, as the wonted custom, why didst thou write at all? When St. Paul tells you, unless you conform to the world you have no part in it." To this I make the reply—it is not the custom of the world to tell truth; and the proverb is as good when it says, "tell truth and shame the devil." But alas! this whimsical world there is no pleasing of. To tell the

people truth, they hiss you; to tell them lies, they condemn you. Would I tell them that their grandmothers' wore trains, or tails (as Oliver calls them), more fit to be trundled in wheelbarrows than sweep the earth; that their grandfathers' periwigs were more fit for the heads of antiquated merry-men, than the pates of christians; that the parish priest in olden time wore black, as at present, and the judge of the criminal court, red; that my lord's cap, now-a-days, wants the feather that graced it in the reign of Cromwell, and his lady's bonnet the homely cot of good queen Ann's; that the swarthy widow looking out for a new husband, has on a scarlet shawl to betray the color of her complexion; and that the coquette entering the park to make new conquests, thoughaced up shia as a mermaid and stiff as a poker, should have on a new lutestring trimmed with gold edging and a necklace glittering with diamonds, and at one and the same time, be able to chatter a little French—and all to be in the fashion; all would curse me for the greatest blockhead ever wrote, for all knew that. On the other hand, would I preach up the morality of man, and not decry the depravity of human nature—all would decry me as a despiser of the Godhead, phrenzied by madness, not-worthy the vocation wherewith I was called. Again, would I tell them, for all their politeness and seeming refinement, though it is now the custom to cut herrings with a knife and fork, and sup broth with a silver spoon, that the heart of man is as base as before pig-iron was known, or the metal of Ophir met the purifying fire of the furnace—all would impeach me as an insulter of society, not worthy of the company of the good. Therefore, how to please such an unstaidd and

squeamish world I know not: I shall only keep truth on my side, as I said before, and persevere. Thus, being strange in my person, I choose to be strange in my poetry. Flattery I detest as vice, where praise is not justly due. If telling truth offend the world, I fear it shall always have room for offence in me. 'Tis my delight to raise Truth above the tyrants that trample on her neck, to let them know that Virtue has but a place in their heart when vice can no longer please; and that *pretues* in my vernacular language is as good to me as potatoes to them in theirs. Thus, by confronting men with their actions, though never so rude; aiming at the welfare of morality and virtue, I think I could not be engaged in a more laudable business; and, though the world should not give me that support which I would be willing to receive, it shall never make me wroth with myself as an author, nor lessen me one grain of character in my own esteem. It was advocating the most sublime truths, that strewed Smithfield with the ashes of the martyrs; and for printing the "Age of Reason," and the "Rights of Man," that the immortal Paine was held forth as an atheist.

To the reader who may say that I am pert and dull, I candidly confess, that so far from having the education of a Volney, a Bolingbrooke, or a Sterne, I hide my head in a mousehole when it is named. I am neither a Milton, a Johnson, a Pope, a Swift, or a Colly Cibber. I am but a poor untutored Irishman, in the rank of little great men. Nor do I pretend to have the natural genius of men who have had to battle with greater difficulties than I. I do not assert to be sagacious in any point. I am, in comparison, no scholar;

I can neither read Hebrew, Greek, Latin, or French. Thank my stars, I can read English a kind of a way, but to write it correctly, I fear, I would blunder. Yet, before I trouble you again, if I have not studied the tedious Murray, I shall, at least, be able to understand the more concise Cobbett.

I know the peculiarity of my country language dashes my poetry to nothingness. But being a rustic, born and bred where the language in its aboriginal idiom is spoken, it has a peculiar charm to me above all other modes of speech. What then remains for me, but to follow the language which nature has given me, though it may be dry to the polite of the day, as I am loth to change it for any other accent. In pursuing my own rude and uncultivated style, perhaps, I have done wrong. Not a doubt, I may not gain the approbation of the public by it. Whether I do, as yet, is uncertain; and I candidly confess, that I am loth to cast off an old friend until I be certain of the new. Alas! if I cannot claim friendship by fair means, I can never gain it by foul. The public is not so ungenerous, as to have the eagle to roost out of his way, because the owl has taken possession of his rocks.

I am not the fool to believe that the world would have sustained any loss had I never published a book. Far from that, the good it will do either me or it will be comparatively small. But it reasonably does follow, if the world receives no benefit, it can meet no injury from a being so far below its vainglorious caprice: a being who sings in the local dialect of his country, whose highest ambition is to sing for poverty, who admonishes a rural public in his own way, and administers a salve to the heartbroken of his country, which

if not fit to cure, at least alleviates the pains which misery lays on.—All I ask of the world, is to believe, that I am original, until it can find me otherwise; and that I have not taken for servile imitation any author I have ever read, nor copied those prodigies of human excellence which such numbers of hotheaded rhymers have strolled after; but which would been as well had they let them alone; for they only brought disgrace on themselves at the long run; without impairing their reputation, who stand alone in the temples they have reared, never to be come up to, let alone surpassed. So saying, though all men cannot wed earl's daughters, nor marry themselves to immortal verse—though I may not be a Robert Burns to the lowland Scottish peasantry, let me hope, at least, that I shall one day be a Robert Huddleston to the Ulster Irish.

But oh! ye critics, that you will bestow panegyric on people insensible to your praise; people to whom your flattery cannot add one single laurel, who now reaps the awardance of good or evil, while ye hack all other authors of the day, authors their equal in every degree, namely, for being new, or not being co-partners or before their predecessors—a thing which they cannot help, but which doubly damns the unreasonableness of your objection, and brands your judgment as prejudicial, and your names with infamy.

Alas! ye spiteful vermin, ye poor inconsiderate grub-worms, who would fondly on other men's thoughts make yourselves wise,—do you know how the venerable and immortal Addison styled you? He calls you “the lacquies of the learned.” And is it not truth he is supporting when he says so? Is it not easier for a man to perceive faults in a book, than to compose a

book free from them? Certainly, it is. And the man never lived, who submitted a book to the press, but could easily point out errors in it himself when it was too late. But my standard for criticism would be, that no man should find fault with a book, unless he could write a better. Then would true genius and merit rise over presumption and pedantry; then would flippant babblers and rhyming pottrons sink into obscurity and be silent, and the word critic and blockhead be no more a synonymous term; then would those cutters of other men's loaves be no longer held forth as sages of wisdom or prodigies of creation, but as pilfering wretches, who steal from the stores of genius that support which their own massive heads, calcined hearts, and idle hands deny them.

All hail! ye few friends who can look with lenity on the first efforts of an author. To you I dedicate my book. You alone are to be my judges, and only you. You, who can say in the fulness of your hearts, that you are willing to encourage genius under whatever garb you may find it. The time was when poets and musicians were honoured; but now, alas! they are forgotten. All hail! once more, and welcome to my bosom, ye who can yet hold out the right hand of fellowship to the same. The day may yet dawn when we shall meet on a congenial soil the dear departed shades that have gone before, and laugh in our innocence, over pitiful niggardliness, at the folly of a servile and venal world.*

Yours, Countrymen,

With gratitude and respect,

ROBERT HUDDLESTON.

Manchester, December, 1846.

* See Preface of volume first, if you wish to know more of the Author.

A COLLECTION
OF
POEMS AND SONGS.

Tam Tearaway—Holy Tam;

OR, A MODERN HYPOCRITE DEFINED.

"Be not righteous over much; neither make thyself over wise: why shouldst thou destroy thyself?"—*Solomon, Eccl., ch. vii., ver. 12.*

To slay a Hypocrite—who is afraid?
Brave well the lash, and doubly throng the vague.

To sing Tam Tearaway, the hero of my tale,
A noted saint that lives in Granna Wail,
The Muse o'er Pegas' flings herself astride,
And bids me mount, so we pursue the ride.

Right on by Belfast, Bangor, Donaghadee,
Kircubbin, Greba, Newtown, and the sea;
We scour along o'er moorland, mount, and drain,
Till to the foot of Scrabo Hill we're came,
Reviewing nature as we on surnade,
And many a grave-like man, and laughing vague—
E'en harum-scarum creatures like oursel's,
Wha's outward conduct naethin' saintly smells.

But now by Dougan's up the Quarry-brae,
 And round by Comber, *spare bones* tears away;
 Up Ringneill Howes, and round by Skatric Ha',
 Killileagh, Killinchy, Down, and Florida,
 Till through Craigmannon now we're winding forth,
 Down on the furies of the black-mouthed north:
 And next the kirk, we bend our devious way,
 That twenty snas beam o'er on every day.
 Now in the land of love at Takel Raw,
 Where none could curse, laugh, or tell lies ava,
 We're got, and slowly by a cabin gann,
 From which proceeded prayers balth loud and lang.
 We stop, we listen, and we rein our steed—
 Sullen and sad the Muse does shake her head;
 A body's shouting horribly profane,
 And aye owerhead he brings his Maker's name:
 Behold! Tam Tearaway appears to view,
 She cries, sweet Bard go thou the theme pursue,
 He's aptly bad as either you or me;
 Go sift the man, and learn whate'er he be;
 Touch on his actions, and see where the saunt,
 God isna deaf—and what for all this cant?

No hireling I, or pensioned poet fee'd,
 But for pure love, his trumpeter been deed;
 That you a portion of this man may know,
 Now, first and foremost, 'fore we further go,
 His character by halves we'll bring to view,
 And reader, hearken, for 'tis really true.

No idle, good-for-nought, the Tearaways,
 A hardy race—but fit for now-a-days;

Bred by two staves, Hypocrisy and Self,
 All they cared for or sighed, was earth and wealth—
 Though, they'd have the world believe, 'twas grace and
 health.

But Tam, the hero that we should describe,
 Not his brave kin, his brethren, or his tribe:—
 A sturdy, stout, long-headed boy was he,
 Wise, and religious, and from folly free;
 Sedate, and grave, and wonderful galore,
 A noon-day hectic of a curious bore;
 Thick and low set, not of a sickly make,
 Of black complexion, with a sooty pate;
 His hands, as haik-hides, were an uncouth pair;
 His cheeks and chin one mat of bristly hair;
 The buckskin tanned, his naked hurdies clad,
 And for his coat he wore the sackin' rag:
 In short, the miser's dress did him disgrace,
 An old torn castor crowned his smutted face.

In sackcloth thus, as for the sin and spleen
 Of Adam's race, was Tammie ever seen;
 Nor razor glided sweetly 'cross his face,
 For lo! to shave would lack him of his grace.
 The saints of yore were never polled or shorn,
 And as a follower, he his hair had worn.

Faith, he was noble for this world, I'll warrant,
 A stingo saint, uncommonly auld-farrant,
 As e'er out-done a priest with perfect cunnin',
 Or aped a hydra, or betrayed a woman;
 Or dropped a shilling in a nurse's han',

To make wee baby-ba again wi' him.—
 In Erin's Isle, there's none could him excel,
 Go where you like, his manners bore the bel':
 Go where you like, to town or market stray,
 None blyther there ye'd meet than Tearaway.
 But, to the sermon on a Sunday rove,
 You'd think Tam was a saint new cam' frae Jove;
 There, if a poor lass, e'en misfortune's daughter,
 Stepp'd from the kirk, if but to make her water,
 His eye pursued her, and left Holy Book,
 And scann'd her fortune wi' its very look.
 Oh! nane could shook a head—or thrawed a face—
 Made a lang prayer—or half as lang a grace
 Better than Tam, in a' the country roun'—
 Or been more serious in a grave wake room.
 He could not read a song—no; 'twould been treason;
 To hear one sung—vow! he wi' wrath was bleedin':
 Yet, hangman none, and for a ready note,
 Behind the screen could better nicked a throat;
 Or no odds what, for cash done ought ava',
 But wouldna let the world see it ata'.

Yet, if a fas'day it would come to hand,
 That day apart for holiness must stand:
 To work that day 'twould be a monst'rous crime—
 So good the body his whole soul divine;
 And servant Peter, lest the folk might know,
 Nae spade or pick on hills that day maun show;
 To do wee oddins boat the barn he's sent,
 Or shut the door and strick a pickle lint.
 But let the servant speak, and show God's foe,
 The friend of vice, hypocrisy, and woe;

Let Sabbath come—the holy day of rest,
 Tam nearly damns the hand that made the pest.
 The day before two days' work must be done—
 The morn' there's slackence—lisped the beagle's tongue.
 And on the holy day, 'stead making entry
 Of Holy Book, along wi' brother gentry,
 Tam would a whole indentry of stocks and crops
 Tak' o' his neighbours, and well lisp their faults;
 Their fallings ay! too, holy Tam could tell,
 And if they didna mend, they'd go to H—l.

Yet, friendship's self, sure, he was every inch,
 To aid a friend, his study, in a pinch;
 Charitable, kind, and free from every vice,
 And hospitality his handmaid nice;
 But let poor travellers call, wi' drouth near kilt,
 He'd twelve drinks give, before give one of milk.

Though he profess'd a friend of God's to be,
 Tam and the seasons never could agree;
 Ane was too dry—another was too wat,
 'Twas aye too something for himsel' or crap.
 Saint though he was, he ever had a want,
 He'd aye a God-send, and was ne'er content.

Tam had a piece of land he called his own,
 And on the same a cot he styled his home;
 He ploughed, he sowed, and anxiously with care
 He toiled, he tilled industrious, late and air;
 And on the Sabbath would count o'er his rigs,
 And "view his kye thrive bonnie", and his pigs,
 Yet couldna thole to light upon't ava

Without a grudge, a wild bird great or sma'.
 Yet he nae cared how roved his sheep or kye
 Upon his neighbours—neighbourhood his joy;
 Or how his hens would scart the new-sown grain,
 Or hull or shill the crap, if no his ain.
 When he that owned the farm would step along,
 Or a pure stranger upbraid him for the wrang,
 He'd wi' a flouster then rin them to turn,
 And hoy at Bet the fowl was in the corn.
 He had a face, ay, something like the Moon;
 He hadna ane face, but was face a' roun':
 In short, he had a face for a' the stars,
 And twa or three extra for master Mars.
 Unlike the ram, he wouldna stan' to box,
 He caredna what said, if kept aff the knocks;
 He'd sigh and say they shouldna do't again,
 But aye again came, and 'twas just the same.
 Thus would he let his beice go oft astray,
 And make excuses fifty in a day.

Again, Tam's household furniture we'll show—
 His living chattels, as we onward go:
 He had no wife, nor virtuous damsel name
 To touse wi', or breed him care or pain,
 But ane, a gipsy of a current pack,
 Who'd swear, if bidden, that the swan was black—
 Ingenious as a minx, a subtle jade,
 Whom holy Tam still called his bonnie maid.
 No she-or beast had he about his house,
 Than an auld geldin', and a gander goose,
 Wi' ane o' nature's bonniest brutes, of note,
 A sterlin', money-makin', brave buck goat;

For aye he kept some he beast in the line.
 'Twas ready gripper of the passing coin.—
 He'd ance for service wi' a broken back,
 A highland tip, a dog, and a tib cat,
 A boar, a horse, I near said a Jack ass,
 A bull again, but unco scant o' grass;
 But now at last, by fortune which sore pained,
 His stock was dwindled down to what I've named—
 And, mark me well, the buck goat was a pet,
 And Tam without it nae ane whare could get;
 And it he'd let to cow, ass, sow, or mare—
 No matter what 'twas, if Sir Calter there;
 And heartily laugh, as he would lift the cob,
 Each sixpence framing a new household god.

Thus wild morality her face did show,
 And Tearaway was virtue's brightest joe—
 A six-day wild boy, and a seven-day saunt,
 A noted prayer, who'd an elder's grant.
 So well hypocrisy did mould his face,
 That ev'n the clergy thought the boy of grace:
 So well quaint knavery his vice refined,
 His morals flourishing among mankind,
 He's thought a worthy without crack or flaw,
 A good and holy man, the brag o' a';
 So well did nature mould his pliant soul,
 He could have laughed at what you would ca'd dole—
 Supped sow'ns and praised them, tho' both thin and sour,
 And with pure complaisance could ma'n'd a w—e;
 Could talked as much with apostle's zeal,
 As any other in old Granua Wall,
 'Bout saving graces and besetting sins—

'Bout priests and synods, and sic other things—
 Sang loud 'gain whiskey, and it would not taste,
 Except a mouthfu' wi' a friend in haste;
 Cadged buttermilk, and selt it wi' an air
 For unchurned cream, if possible, and mair;
 And every kine hill he did pass or see,
 Like May-morn hag, he'd cry, "come a' to me."

Thus, while Humility would stand his frien',
 Still Pride and Avarice peeped frae hint the screen;
 Money his study, self-interest what he sought,
 And pure religion covered every faut;
 For oh! see holy, faith, he wouldna curse,
 Except a wee ane to befriend his purse.

But now to leave this moral, worthy man—
 This staunch believer, worthy o' the clan—
 This pious creature of this modern age—
 This fair winged seraph, fit for history's page—
 This man unsullied, without sin or stain—
 This holy patriarch, who would not blaspheme;
 We'll leave the moralist with him to dwell,
 While we pursue the tale we have to tell.

Beneath a hill, in a sequestered glen,
 Lived Tearaway, far from the haunt of men;
 The bracken rustled o'er the neighbouring brae—
 The clustering crawtae blossomed round the slae—
 The spreading ivy up his gables sprung—
 A wimplin burnie by his cottage run—
 The gay green holly bloomed around his door,
 And as a hermit, there Tam lived obscure.

Now, holy Tam at last was grown so good,
 And living lonely in sic solitude,
 That far and near it was the country's sough,
 That he could sca'd the witches frae the pl'ugh,
 And be mair soney in a little case,
 Than common folk, wha lacked o' half the grace.

So, 'mang the neighbours oft he roved out bye,
 And whiles presumed to doctor pigs and kye—
 Help'd molly for to calve, and meby worse,
 Or out of pure love would have bled a horse.
 In a stiff case too, he could gi'en a pill,
 A vomit, gliester, or whate'er you will;
 And by a sick bed, been as grave's could be,
 With many a *sigh*, *hem*, and *oh*, *ochance*!
 Yet, in the country, name was for a' that
 Famed better for knowin' how to cure the c—
 Esteemed for cannie lore by man and maid
 Too, whiles he wrought awce at th' conjuring trade;—
 Could gared the dwatit bairn ance mair to thrive,
 And been right soney 'mang young maids, so blythe;
 Raised the rude whirlblast by the chimley log—
 Sent hence the witches, or p—d in a jug,
 And gi'en the balsam to the owerlooked gear,
 And talked his jargon in the beastie's ear;
 Ram'd the warm couter in the bewitched cream,
 And craved his five shillings when th' butter came.

Thus holy Tam was ever on the rake,
 Doing good his neighbours, e'en for virtue's sake;
 Nor was there house for twelve miles round his hame,
 But Tam could tell wha lived there, and their name.

Time's ever on the wing and on the race,
 Seasons hunt seasons, and in seasons chase:—
 Ae spring found Tam, baith, without corn and rye,
 And, faith, that year 'twas unco hard tae buy—
 And whare, poor fellow, in his perfect need,
 Is he to find now what will be his seed?
 Why he maun buy, no doubt, ye'll say of course:
 Buy! na—he sold his own to fill his purse!
 To buy were treason, and to beg were shame.
 How'er, his fine calf park cannot want grain—
 It maun be sown, let what like come or gang,
 And that the easiest way the creature can.
 'Twas a bad way to gain a winter's breed,
 To let his ploughed lan' lie without the seed.
 And what think ye, did enter Holy's min'?
 A noble thought, and aye that was divine—
 A thought 'twould fit a heart of courage too,
 Why, he would steal't, and have no more ado!

He'd ance a mind to borrow't frae a frien',
 And never pay 't—but then the woe bedeen:
 The scandal great—he scorned to be made black—
 Stealin' the best way, it kept him free frae debt:
 And wha could blame him? not the heart of fua,
 Maybe oft ill paid for a' the conjuring done;
 The crime was nothing when in perfect need—
Man mind thyself, the key note of his creed.
 So, like a Cacus* plotted sleekit Tam,
 And formed the resolution and the plan.

Tam had an auld yad which he styled the "Bear":

* Cacus, a renowned French robber.

Ay, bare enough, good knows, wi' teeth and hair:—
 A rackle blade, but worn tae skin and bane,
 Wham beetled whins and mild-dust did sustain.
 He thought—in that respect thought unco weel,
 This auld lean yad would help to scar the de'il;
 Alike he thought, he weel might back a sack;
 And if the inmates rose him to attack,
 Might nobly from their grasp him carry aff,
 Like a down pillow or a bag o' chaff.

A' things being planned, the night been set apart—
 The night being come Tam was to make the dart,
 'Bout listless twall, as a' the hills aroun'
 Sat sad and silent, and was veiled the moon,
 Poor piteous Tearaway to the "Bear" did say:
 —" This night, my nag, before the br'ay o' day,
 You maun a job do for me in my need,
 As mony a ane ye've done, my gallant steed.
 The hill M'Calam's ass helped you tae pl'ugh,
 Is good corn lan', as ever corn on grew;
 And now while harrows sough ower a' the braes,
 Maun my good awal this year leverocks graze?
 Na—that cant be, though sinner I am nane,
 This night a pickle corn, just, as our ain
 We maun gae tak', be't barley, oats, or bere,
 To seed and breed us for anither year.
 We'll steal't the night, we'll saw it in the dawn,
 Then let them come and swear tae it wha can."
 —Then in his crib a seed-brown slouter threw,
 And bade him smash and drink, till he was fu';
 Then ower his head he cast a good hair tug,
 And led him forth as you would dae a dog,

Alang an auld road verging an out-farm,
 Lest sounding footsteps might the folk alarm,
 And the auld horse saucy o' the pack,
 To hae the pride o' bearing't on his back,
 Right brisk and cagey, marched at his heels,
 With wand'rous courage through among the fiels—
 The buck-goat followed, but Tam nae look'd back,
 But kept his e'e weel forret on the track.

As a wild Arab upon his desert san',
 Or lurking savage, Tammie strode alang;
 Through wilds of Nature, as a scoft recluse,
 He courted by-pads, far aff hu' or house;
 Or as a christian in a forest strays,
 Wh're hideous howls and horrid cries essays:—
 With every forward step he looked askance,
 And the next bent hough feared the consequence.
 Each heifer browsing on the sprouting lea;
 Each wilder hare that from his presence flee;
 Each whinbush nodding terror armed the dart;
 Each rustling holley shot it to his heart.
 Thus on he roved, and as he wandered fro,
 Each passing gale snag to him as a foo;
 Each lark that flushed as brushed his feet nigh o'er,
 Still with the same he jumped, as if to soar;
 He had the heart, yet hadna courage, voo!
 To make a thief courageous and true.—
 Yet, on he steered, and conscience 'gain grew bright;
 No stolen goods yet—what for a' this fright?
 And as a Quixoto, now his yad astride,
 Nighterrant, or as Sancho he did ride,
 Sprightly as Time, when jolly Time was young,

On good stout sackan for a saddle sprung.
 Adoon the lea side of' winding hill,
 He sogers on, and by a clacking mill,
 Right o'er the Lang-lan's, whare the night bird sang
 Her ae note melody, as he rode alang,
 Till near the country half way through he's gane,
 And on the main road three lang miles frae hame—
 Now by a river and a sprouting grove,
 A loch, a ferry, and a moss he's drove—
 O'er howe and hollow, hillock, bunk, and brae,
 Till drew a halt upon the king's highway.

Weel sped brave Tam, as yet nae trouble near,
 Set up your stav, boy—what way will you steer?
 Four roads are here, which one will ye pursue?
 He onward jogs—nae odds what ane to you—
 Until the auld Bear, lastly, I allege,
 Field side a dyke, he tied behind a hedge,
 Till up a lonnin', lang as winding Suir,
 He would his passage and his prog procure.

Shortly, by this he's to a farm house went,
 Whose barn he knew was never griped by want;
 And round the house in every bore he prys,
 And all is silent without din or noise;
 And to the barn door cannily he draws,
 And in its wards a cunning' key he thraws.
 It winna fit, anither he maun try.—
 The cock he craws, and loud roars o' the kye—
 But what for craws or watches o' the night?
 These, these were things devout Tam couldna fricht.
 'Tis now or never he maun make the catch:

He threatens molly wi' a gagin' witch,
 And sets his spells to keep them sleepin' soon',
 And locks the bulldog in a double swoon :
 Then frae his side a cannie couter drew,—
 The ane the churns charmed a' the country through ;
 And soon the bolt before it gied a sringe :
 Wi' that the door is opened on the hinge,
 And Tam is in and at the blanter mon,
 Riving away to fill his bag right fu'.

Snell blew the win' aff Collin's windy moor,
 The cauld nor-wast, wi' bitter biting po'er.
 That night at dusk, came to the farmer's ha',
 A queer grim body, black as ony crow,
 To beg his lodgin'—a poor wandering sweep,
 Forfairn and weary, toiled, wayworn, and meek.
 He craved his lodging, and got leave to st'y,
 But in the barn the creature had to lie.

Well done brave Tammie! now thy sack's right
 staunch,
 A guid hale bow tae serve thee in thy pinch ;
 And stout and rackle, faith, ye'll strain a rib,
 But on the Bear's back soon the same ye'll lih.

Belyve, the auld horse, souple as a grew,
 Tam has him doon, and laigh the battery drew ;
 And for to get the sack put on his back,
 A' through the barn he's groping for a truck'.
 This corner, here, he tries, but has found none,
 The other, there, but without stick or stone ;
 At length, the laigh end of the barn he's tae,

And finds ane whamumeld on a pickle strae.
 He gies 't a rive, but as he stackers back,
 Preserve us, oh! the deil, and nae mistak'!
 —“ Hurra! hellfire! rise, people rise, come here!
 A thief, a murderer, and a knave's asteer.”

Thus cried a voice, and Tam jumped through the gloom,
 As wi' a stick the Sweep lays thousands roun'.
 The buck-goat gets it, and wi' tear and rair,
 It takes the door, just, as Tam has won there ;
 Another thud, a hellish meigh it gi'es,
 And headlong Tammie's cast among the geese :
 And sic a screaghin' never yet was heard,
 For wi' the soun' the very auld Bear scurred ;
 And three ahead they're to their scrapers ta'en,
 Tam, and the Buck-goat, and the Bear, for hame.

The third dyke ower, yet naethin slacked his fear,
 What terror wild do yet poor Tam cashiere.
 A poor doylt drunkard dozing and astray,
 When hameward gann, had wander'd aff his way—
 As brave a heart as e'er made tavern roar
 For eight days at a stretch, or maybe more—
 And seeing Tam, though Tammie him nae saw,
 While near ran ower him horse, and ane, and a'.
 He bawled aloud—“ haloo! Tam Tearaway,
 Here's Jone Mountford, your neighbour, on him stay,
 For why sic hurrying, what's your haste the night ?
 Take time on me Mountford's drunken wight.”
 But stopped na Tam, but faster scour'd along,
 Now on the auld Bear, and the highway gann,
 Cursing the buck-goat, wishing 'twas in h—l,
 As at his heels it meighs wi' mony a yell.

The morning up, now a' the country through,
 The news was spread ere breakfast time, I roo!
 The Sweep was questioned if the thief he knew,
 Or what appearance he had to his view.
 He said, he looked to be about six foot,
 A rackle carle, wi' a lang slip-coat;
 And the auld beast that was baith poor and done,
 That sae took sear when loud the geese gied tongue,
 Was grey as grixy or a harran sark,
 But horse or mare he knew not in the dark;
 And if he rightly minded, or took note,
 A something followed like a bleating goat.

"Ha!" quoth the goodman, "that's Tam Tearaway:"
 "Na"—quo' the goodwife, "dinna sic thing say,
 First let us look the bag that's left behin',
 For holy Tam would no'er do sic a sin."

The sack was looked; wi' great red keil stripes co'erd,
 In honest letters there was Jone Mountford.
 Mountford was ta'en, and 'fore the justice brought,
 And poor Jone near was hanged before was caught;
 Though honest, ay, as was the heart o' steel,
 But he, that night, was known to be afeil'.

Jone's wife, a poor heartbroken woman, swore,
 Wi' brimfu' e'e and heavy heart full sore,
 That her man knew not of the cursed fray:
 For lo! behold! unto Tam Tearaway,
 The night in question, she the sack had lent,
 Believing him a goodly living saunt.

Poor Jone himsel' said, he denied the crime
 Of being a thief, or stealing frae mankin';
 But if a crime it was to be abroad,
 He nae denied that night bein' on the road.
 "Four nights and days," quoth he, "frae hame I'd been,
 Just, at that time, and hame comin' late at e'en,
 Tam Tearaway cam' by me, as in fright,
 Or as if some ane chased him in the night:
 I cried at flyed Tam Tearaway to stap,
 But he ran on and didna want my crack;
 And what the Sweep swore, I swear to be true.
 The Bear and Buck-goat bore him company, too."

Bauld Tearaway was now ta'en for the deed,
 But holy Tam stamped, foamed, and shook his head,
 He ca'd them louns and liars, me and a',
 And gravely swore without a hum or haw,
 Till guid stout swearing brought the knave awn'—
 But, sure as hell wi' hypocrites is stored,
 Tam was the thief, instead o' Jone Mountford.

Henceforth, good people, learn a moral here,
 'Tis Heaven's first law that man should God revere;
 The next in greatness, Justice, comes in sight,
 Self preservation, then, will man's duty write.—
 What then, fond man? use all the means you can,
 Of doing good, and watch designing men;
 And learn till death, as on through life you wend,
 A rigid bigot's but a midding friend:—
 Of all the sinners that you chance to meet,
 Th' o'er godly knave is apt the greatest cheat.

Poor Phelim.

I anticipate. Oh, Heaven! than my anticipation may be vain.

As aged old Autumn so grey,
Blew her withering breath o'er the waste,
Commanding the wizard, Decay,
All verdure and blossom to blast.

A Bard, once the pride of the swains,
Though hoary in youth and green years,
Lamentingly view'd his blight plains,
Then vexiously burst into tears;

And sobbing condolingly wild,
As onward meandering he strayed,
He wept as misfortune's lone child,
Neath night's sable cloud cover'd shade.

But lo! now in study he stood,
And he drooped as a pilgrim of woe,
While he gazed on a desolate wood,
That the spring of his life went to know.

Then turning himself half around,
His bosom he bared to the breeze,
And, with eagle-like eye o'er the ground,
He steadfastly gazed on the lens.

Then fitting—elusive, again,
His wan-looks he raised to the skies,

And he murmurs and murmurs amain,
While no earthly can know what he cries.

But calmed, and from sorrow soon free,
A poet I marked him full well;
For all round him I megrims did see,
And a Muse from aërial cell:

And his murmurs th' Muse seemed to chide,
For in silence he reigned for a while,—
Though a rustic, his eye glowed with pride,
As Erina* upon him did smile;

And said, with an angel's sweet voice,—
"Take this, my dear son, in thy hand,
And sing the sad song of thy choice"—
And with poesy inspired him bland.

Then her beaut'ous form sweetly he pressed,
And her lute he tried gently o'er;
And he sang, as his utterance was lose'd,
In a masterly tenor of lore.

And no lullaby murmurs were heard,
Mute Nature with all her profound,
Ev'n listened with silence the bard,
As these doleful strains flowed from his sound:—

"Ye poor hapless mortals unblest,
Who are pilgrims on earth doomed to rove,
Come, hearken my tale, and take rest,
For sorrow's the fate of the brave.

* A name for the Muse.

Ye mountains with hoar frost so dressed,
That now seem afar through the gloom,
But a few dreary months and your vest,
Again shall be verdure and bloom.

Ye yellow green meads once so gay,
Now so hoary, moss-coloured, and dead,
For why should I mourn your decay?
Your greenness awhile's only fled.

Ye hapless wee birds of the air,
Now though dolor and woe you arraign,
A season thus passed in dull care,
Ye yet shall be joyful again.

And soon Joy shall waken th' morn,
When all shall have blitheness a time;
But to me there's no joy to return,
For I'm blight in my verdure and prime.

In my youth-hood the hours ran sweet,
I thought it no crime to be poor,
I cared not for Ambition a leek,
Nor for Fortune a sigh did endure.

But the years came me riddled of joy:
No more, like a hart in his glee,
With pleasure did ramble the boy,
A lass-lorn lover roamed he.

O love! thou bereaver of peace!
Till love first engrossed my young soul

I ne'er knew one hour of grief,
My young heart was free from dark dole.

First I loved a darling, blithe fair,
But she loved a fop of the town,
Because I was not fortune's heir,
The haughty dame on me did frown.

Joy's carnival then was away,
Cares many they crowded my mind;
Not one, but two, three, in a day,
Till I was cares minion resigned.

The friends I loved dearest are dead,
Like the prismatic rays of the bow,
They bloomed but a moment, then fled,
And left me lone darkling in woe.

And lonely too, left me a prey
To the merciless brokers of wrong,
All friendless, oh! lornness to say,
Mid relations tho' many and strong.

The friends should have nursed me were vile,
And corruption, their zenith star, own
That their actions were base, and defile
All the orbs that enlivened their zone.

In filthy, degrading disgust,
They, uncaringly, sotted away;
And though often they talked of the just,
They seldom or never did pray.

Too, foul were their errors and false,
 And agony does fleet from them flow,
 They were harsh, and me grief does convulse,
 For their hatred I was doomed to know.

But soon from their limits I's turned,
 To seek the wide world for a home,
 Because their dark doings I spurned,
 And to countenance their ill, would not own.

Thus an outcast, no prodigal child,—
 I defy my worst foe such to state,—
 I wandered earth up and down, mild,
 And bare, e'en with meekness, my fate.

Till lo! fell Disease, the dire scourge,
 In her reckless and merciless strife,
 She launched me on misery's lone verge,
 To weep and pine out my whole life.

Thus abandoned, forsaken by all,
 I from servitude quickly was tossed;
 For the stranger for me had no call,
 Since health, with robustness, was lost.

And gloom round me gathered with speed;
 Despised by this world and its pride;
 A cripple man, begging my bread,
 I sought alms from the haughty 'neath chide.

And mourning with trouble, I groaned,
 As the ransacked heir of mishap;

And I carelessly, heavily roamed,
 'Till me ruin no further could get.

Then a hermit, desponding and low,
 With my staff and a heavenly guide,
 I sought, e'en with limping steps, slow,
 A solitude where I might hide.

And far in a desert's thick nook,
 Where on herbage, I, beast-like, did meal,
 I wickered, and built me an hut,
 That, obscure, I might rest from my ail.

But not long in my hermitage moored,
 When the fierce thunder, dismal and dread,
 Sent a fluid, electric, that gored
 And burned down the hut I had made.

Then my toil and my labour I rued,
 But not houseless intend to remain,
 I my skill and my labour renewed,
 But my toil again proved to be vain.

Yet with wooden spade, mattock, and hoe,
 Intending my art 'gain not void,
 I picked my foundations full low,
 And my knowledge in building employed.

And with clay and shorn grass in a mix,
 I catted the work of my need;
 And I built it as warm as with bricks,
 Where the songsters but cheer'd me to heed.

No level my building supplied,
 Nor plumb-rule my walls did direct,
 But, in silence all needful I eyed,
 And built as best me to protect.

And a hermit-like cot I soon formed,
 'Neath the shade of three ancient old trees ;
 And I thatched it, and found it well ferned,
 Intending to live at my ease.

But th' ways of misfortune are hard,
 When sorrow and want are still near ;
 Though an exile, from joy, I was starved,
 The licentious it roused not to fear.

For one night, and not long since the date,
 As the faggot blazed on my lone hearth,
 A banditti came, and when late
 They entered my cabin with mirth.

And my home, and my store, and my all,
 To these ruthless barbarians were spoil ;
 And I narrowly escaped from thrall,
 Through the gloomy night, by a defile.

And homeless, and fate wills me so,
 With the rushy bank but for my lair ;
 Full long I have roved to and fro,
 The sad, gloomy child of despair.

Till here, to the vale of my birth,
 Through tracklands unknown and wild.

I have wandered, and heedlessly, forth
 To that home from which I's exiled.

There to breathe my last breath, and combine
 With celestial and heavenly throgs ;
 And to lay down my life at the shrine
 Of all my sad woes and my wrongs.

That home, ah ! but where is it now,
 That once I saw plenished and gay ?
 Oh, hark ! as the wind whistles loose
 Throughout the dark aisles of decay.

Alas ! is this all's for my hall ?
 The home that with right mine should been ;
 But a lodge for the bat and the owl,
 And but naked walls left to be seen.

Is it Silence, or Solitude thine ?—
 Ah ! where is the mother me bore ?
 Ah ! where is the father unkind,
 Or stepdame, are none to the fore ?

Or where is my Gunner, so true,
 Or the steed I fed many's the time ?
 That neighed on the day I withdrew,
 As poor Gunner he whined me behind.

"But Gunner," said I to the dog,
 "Go back to thy master at home ;"
 And the dog he obeyed, and did jog,
 Which never done aught that was wrong.

Yet he eyed me as far as could see,
 And he fawned on me far o'er the plain;
 Then long notes, and howls, o'er the lea,
 Told me Gunner 't my fitting had pain.

And a thousand bow-wows to my sighs,
 To me ached as I trudged on along;
 And again the mild gale brought the noise,
 Crying, "Phelim, might Gunner not come."

That was all of poor Gunner I knew,
 Till incessant years over me ran;
 Till many fell troubles I's through,
 And far in the wood had my den.

When an old dog so ancient and grey,
 So weary, and tattered, and torn,
 Did enter my cabin one day,
 And crouching, approached me, so lorn,

And laid his head down at my feet,
 After wandering months without end,
 Having found out his Phelim's retreat,
 My faithful dog, Gunner, my friend.

Ah! Gunner, full well might I've known,
 (When fallacy glitters in show,)
 When so feeble and hirkled thou came,
 That thou we'rt the bearer of woe.

But curse them, oh! curse them, the band,
 I'd yet had affection, so warm,

Had they not killed my Gunner, so fond,
 I would had a friend yet to mourn.

Ah me! here's a clump in the yard;
 Do there any meek spirits lie here?
 Oh! speak, a poor pilgrim regard,
 And tell me?—the worst I but fear.

Look around, see the hedges how mowed!
 The fruit trees torn up every set!
 Of the sun-house I nearly adored,
 Nor the shrubbery scarce left are a quick.

The laurels have vanished from view,
 The rose-bud alike have met blight,
 Devastation has crept o'er the yew,
 Nor laburnum to gladden the sight.

And culture, too, it has destroyed,
 The stately old sage of the mound—
 By tillage the seven has died,
 Nor lilac or holly is found.

Oh Flora! now where are thy flowers,
 That once thou attended so gay!
 Pomona, now where are thy bowers?
 Torn up now for Ceres and clay!

A Syrian waste is the croft,
 That once bright Elysian might been;
 Not a lodge for the blackbird is left,
 Nor as much as the robin would screen.

And ruin, see, creeps over all,
 And all's wearing fast to an end;
 Alas! now I see it, so fell,
 Oh God! be my merciful friend!

They are gone to the land that's of peace—
 Alas! that I ever was born—
 And some mortgage has bought out the lease,
 And called it a stranger's out farm.

And the servile, mean vassal it owns,
 He feasts on my sorrow with mirth;
 When ah! like a mist from the loams,
 Some morning he'll vanish from earth.

But why should I rave in despair,
 Or sigh for the things earth unfold,
 Or earthly possessions to heir?
 God's riches are better than gold.

Afar lies a land without guile,
 Since prosperity frowns on me here,
 Let me welcome that home with a smile,
 And pray God to forgive and forbear.

I long for life's evening to close,
 For in youth I am hoary and grey,
 And I long to find rest and repose,
 From this world and it's merciless way.

For why, should I not long to go
 Where the flowers of pleasure are sown—

Since friends I have none here below?
 The friends I lov'd dearest are gone.

Hail Death! then come speed to my aid,
 And prepare me, oh God! for th' tomb;
 And let nature's great debt now be paid,
 For which, worthless, I escaped the womb.

And, lo! in the narrow house wrapped,
 Let me slumber from hardship and care;
 Where the earth worm may feed on my fat,
 And obliterate grief and despair."

Then in silence awhile mused the Bard,
 And awhile he then writhed in dull woe;
 Then he mutters, "oh fortune! thou'rt hard!"
 And he beckons on Death to come fro.

"And so much for Intemperance," he cries,
 "And so much for Debauchery and Strife,
 And so much for Licentious Joys,
 And so much for a Poet and Life."

Then cursing the world and its ways,
 As Erina he smilingly eyed;
 Thus ended the Youth his sad lays,
 And his moistened eyes closed he, and died.

Epistle

To an old Schoolfellow, who was educated for the Ministry, on hearing that he gave up the notion of turning Preacher, to become Farmer.

While western winds do o'er us wing,
 And all Lough Neagh the weet do bring,
 I clasp my pen to write,
 When July's rains crush lowly doon,
 The bonnie list that is in bloom—
 Bein' wearied o' the dyke:
 So, Davy, lad, I beg you'll heed,
 Thir twa or three lines I pen;
 The Musie kittles up my reed,
 And points you for a frien'.
 And fearsome, yet cheersome,
 She double strikes my brain:
 But right sir, 's no slight sir,
 I've hope she's no ill ta'en.

Though care and sorrow do surround,
 The most of mortals here that's found,
 And mar their peace and joy—
 Though every flower that decks the brae,
 The rarest gem, oh, must decay:
 Yet, why, to mourn should I?
 Or fret my head wi' grief that's sad,
 About the thing ne'er sa'?'—
 A man, nae odds how tae the bad,
 Should never mourn ava.

As grievin' and screevin'
 Do mak' but bad aye waur:
 Nae mair then, I'll care then,
 While I can draw the car.

My soney chiel, leal, kind, and free,
 Think ye, that I less value be,
 Though troubles here may pest,
 Than they wha rant in splendour's train,
 And run their race so proud and vain,
 In revelry and waste?
 Although I'm doomed to labour sair,
 I ither joys can ken
 Than they, wha 're growlin' aye for mair,
 Though countless thousands spen'.
 So coo here, there's joy here,
 The primest wealth I swear;
 If get not, I'll fret not,
 Nor fash my lug 'bout gear.

Nae odds how indigence may thuil,
 Let's be content wi' fortune's will—
 'Tis meby best to be:
 For nought will mourning do but vex,
 And your poor bosom but perplex,
 And mak' ye think ye'll see
 Far waur than o'er will you befall.
 Though lieve until auld age:
 For aye some way will turn the ball,
 ' T will blackest woe assuage—
 So thereby, and hereby,
 'Tis folly for to mourn,

Sweet Nature's Creator

Will aye some way upturn.

Behold! while time keeps hale my pow,
In blissfu' youth or age, I vow,

I ne'er my banes will stable;

But aye I'll tak' a wee bit spree,

And rant my days in jollity,

As lang as I am able.

And when the sod may co'er my clay,

I canna tell how be't—

As far as ither folk astray,

Wha plain pretend to see't.

What harm is, or term is

Found rang in harmless joy,

I can't know, nor wo'nt show—

Some ither man may try.

So, Davy, wauken up your voice,

And blithely sing to pleasure's choice,

If but tae please yoursel';

And ne'er frown in your Maker's face,

If run your own unlucky race—

I spier gif you are well.

You've left auld Horace, Davy, man,

I hear, for good and a',

To learn of culture's bruckle plan,

And slavery's vile law.

But hearken, be markin',

Short time will let ye feel,

Wi' sweatin' an' weetin'

The College not the fiel'.

Yet, hark! my lad, I count ye wice,

Ne'er to be crushed by man's advice

To what your mind don't lead—

Lo! as the mind do lead the heart,

That is the work for you to start:

At it ye'll come maist speed.

For, easy it is for to wot,

That men will nae perform

What nature has not in them set—

The same they'll ne'er adorn:

Wi' frettin', regrettin',

They'll ever at it frown—

Remind aye, the mind's aye,

What makes the happy crown.

So as the plugh and pick did lead

You frae the scripture book to read,

To be a farming lad;

'Tis meby best, for there's in creed,

Far mair than rightly win their breed.

Keep aff the hotch-potch squad,

Whose cursed broils on every day,

E'en noise the very nation;

While Virtue, off she stands at bay,

To hear sic desecration.

Their jarrin', and rairin',

Wad jot your vera bluid,

Wi' bryin' and lyin'

That's perfidy, indeed.

Nae doubt, there'll labor come in view

Unto ye every day, that's new—

Especially for a while,
 That ye will think baith hard and sair,
 And mak' ye fret, 'cause left your lear,
 In drudgery to toil;
 But when to it you're got insured,
 You'll happier far be,
 Than monk or college ape, immured,
 Of gospel pedigree.
 Thus, jauntin', and rantin',
 Throughout th' country wide;
 Nae guile, man, tae file man,
 Sweet merriment's your bride.

Now sproeing round in pleasure's ring,
 It matters nae what way ye wing—
 'Tis ablins less remark,
 Than if ye did pretend to preach,
 And be a subtle guilefu' leech,
 Like some that geck the wark.
 Ne'er thinkin' 'bout the bonnie thing,
 They screech out Heaven and Hell—
 That we are born and framed in sin,
 And shall wi' devils dwell.
 Just howlin', and gowlin',
 Like ony mastive dog;
 And rangin', and changin',
 Mair stipend but to prog.

This points the way that some folk lieve,
 By preachin' up what best may please
 Their stupid congregations;
 While they, themselves, do not believe

The parrot tales they forward heave
 For others' acclamations;
 But scorn the catalogue of lies,
 With their whole heart and min',
 While with their lips they truth despise,
 And back the enormous crime:
 Both seeing and knowing
 That they are doing rang—
 Nor caring, nor fearing
 The great and mighty One.

There's nae sic vileness in the clan,
 That sows the nut-brown furrowed lan',
 Or reaps the corn and wheat,
 While ilka heart w' pleasure rings,
 And ilka woe bird blithely sings
 W' merriment tae see't.
 Behold, fair Nature's face when gay,
 The shamrock fair is seen,
 And verdure doth the groves array,
 And deck the dappled green.
 What bounding, resoounding,
 By meadow, bank, and grove?
 What springing and singing?
 Sure all is joy and love.

When sunny Summer glads the ground,
 Or cheery Winter knits them round
 The bonnie fire side,
 Where is the joy in ony kind,
 Like what the rural swains can find?
 They kings vie in their pride.

Oh, every hue that docks the fields,
 Wl' cheer they view the same ;
 Alike, when Autumn plenty yields,
 Or Winter blights the plain.
 All seasons bring reasons
 To please the rustic hind,
 The farmer's the charmer,
 That comfort still does find :

That is, I mean the working class,
 That they hae maist contented bliss,
 Though whiles, it's true, they're bare :
 Yet still when they survey their state,
 They aft behold the rich and great
 Far, farder sunk in care.—
 Not lang since, my lord lost at cards,
 Five thousand for his fun—
 The footman croose the daughter beads,—
 My lady's at *crim. con.*
 Thus losses and crosses,
 For aye disturb their peace ;
 The farder ;—the nearder
 The throne, frae joy and grace.

Ambition's barb can never wound
 The peasant's heart, or pelf confound
 Or mar his peaceful rest ;
 Nor can the demon Lust annoy,
 Or Pride consume his simple joy,
 Or Luxury molest.
 His wants are few and cheap supplied,
 His hands to him are wealth,

A country girl then for his bride,
 He asks no more than health.
 Wl' joy then, sae coy then,
 He cracks his cheery joke ;
 Nae crise then, for vice then,
 And lags at idje folk.

Now Davy, lad, let's tune our harp
 Wl' glee, tae crush doon a' the sharps
 That e'er may ower us roll ;
 For we'll no get contentment's grip,
 Unless we set our minds for it,
 Wl' patience a' tae thole.
 Thus for to clim' up comfort's breast,
 A central way ye'll steer ;
 Whatever comes aye think it best,
 The greatest cross ye bear.
 Nae wranglin', or canglin',
 About this world ava ;
 Nor pinin', or whinin',
 En'ugh we'll get o't a'.

Though cruel hearts you whiles may see,
 'Twould laugh to scorn poor poverty,
 So merciless and blind ;
 O! gi'es your hand my social boy,
 You'll ne'er forego a virtuous joy,
 For being good and kind.
 The poor man's friend be you for aye,
 And fear not fortune's fa',
 And if he asks a night tae stay,
 Oh! gratis, lodge him twa.
 For depend, to befriend

Either misery or pain,
Is to lead, not to spend,
And God shall pay't again.

What real contentment could it giv'
You, wad ye right the tyrant-be,
And prove sweet virtue's foe?
Or crush low down the poor folks rank,
The way that great folk proudly rant
And bury them in woe?
To heap upon them mair than's right,
By roguish act obscene,
It makes their day-light turn to night,
Their bliss here but a dream.
But blissin' and wishin',
We'll hope a happy time,
Though crushed now, and dashed now,
They can't for aye us tine.

So, fare-ye-well, my cock o' glee,
And many days e'en may ye see,
Contented, without pain;
And when that Death round you does clasp,
His spindle arms, wi' the last gasp
May joy in' you remain.
And let us hope we'll go to God,
When we cast aff the clay;
And ne'er fear Satan's lawless rod,
As wicked sinner's may.
God chooses not, refuses not
Those seek Him for a friend;
Adieu then, may we then,
Wi' cheer on Him depend.

Epistle

TO MR. JOHN PETTIGREW.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."—FOOT.

My denty Jone, while winter r'agh,
Wi frost and sna' keeps back the pl'ugh,
And barn-men's jabs are few en'ugh,
The lang storm dreadin';
While auld guid dame no'er tak's the huff,
Tae see you readin'!

What wad ye think since it is snawin',
As by the ingle noof ye stan',
Or cosey sit, as cosey can,
Out ower the em'ers,
Tae tak' a blink wi' Nature's one,
At men and menners.

I'll dae't quo' Jone—so I begin,
The Muse been kittled up in trim—
I wat ye wadna denk or rin,
Tho' I sud shoot ye!
So, ho! my boy, my right haa' man,
Hist! here I'm at ye.

Money's the standard o' the day,
The gandy tyke mak's worth a prey—
And see sae prosperin' as the gae,
The rogues o' naethin'!

While worth and honour's vital few,
Can scarce get claithin'.

Wealth hides enew o' fau'ts sae vain,
If wealth ye hae, ye've en'ugh o' fame,
Tho' kith, and kin, and a' your ain,
Yeirsel' an' a'
Ken'd nae a beetle frae a stane,
Or d—m—'t big A.

If money, money ye can claim,
Mister and maister's a' your ain;
But O! guid God! if you hae nane,
Wi' every cur,
Ye'd think the Devil, or Tom Paine,
Was 'gain astir.

It matters nae tho' lump and jore,
In some folks e'e what hell ye are;
Tho' murderer, whorson, thief and liar,
You're love and honey;
Damn it for dirt, and a' that's dear,
Gif has the money.

Let but Sir Calter gas to woo,
Bag'd out, and like a ton sack fu';
And rustic Mike, wha dear does looe
The bonnie Jenny;
And mark the odds that's 'tween the two
Made for the money:—

The festive kiss is pledged sincere,
The heart is pledged to grasp the gear,

She ca's the muckle brute her dear,
And shames her deary;
And aff he's hoy't wi' guid dames jeer,
Vow! half delectery.

In poverty's sweet, modest dell,
Where grace and beauty love to dwell,
O! bonnie girls for you I wail,
As weel's mysel;
The time was when o'er fortune's hell,
Ye bore the bell.

But view astride the purse-proud chiel,
His yad he spurs now far affel'
Tae court Don Banker's palefaced gal,
A perfect clooty,
And leaves behind the very saul:
O' love and beauty.

For money, wives can't sleep or lie,
For money, girls darn't tig or toy,
For money, we maun tine ilk joy,
Nor spend a ha'e't,
And worship but the ae thing coy,
Curs'd rank and state.

The anld guid times are now awa'
When fouk could met at friendship's ca'
The poor as weel's the rich, and bra'
In social fizz,
An' taen a glass, at weel, or twa,
Without a bizz.

The poor man's day's no now in vogue ;
 Gif' out he gangs but to the road,
 He's stared at, ay! like onnie toad,
 An' stoited by,
 By muckle jums wha onward stoge,
 And leuk on high.

So, so ye eithly see it clear,
 'Tis wealth an' rank that's worshipped here ;
 Nor do we God revere or fear,
 But Geordies faces ;
 Nor for the Being shed one tear,
 Who died to save us.

Thus much for wealth—the bill o' fare—
 While auld an' young sigh it to heir ;
 Let you and I vile self-deter,
 The gross thing, base,
 An' tak' a han' amang the poor,
 And plead their case.

O, Vanity! thy empty boast,
 What is it? but a bedlam toast!
 I'd rather be a p——n' post,
 I vow, for collie,
 Than enter, e'en, with fops thy list,
 Or show thy folly

Prayer.

O God! within thy holy ways,
 With grace and love, so true,
 Guide me to walk, me lead always
 Thy precepts to pursue.
 For, oh! what's proud man's pompous boast,
 Though king from pole to pole?
 Or what's the miser's hoard, engrossed,
 Compared unto the soul?

The soul through endless age shall live,
 For ever, on, and aye ;
 And dark as utter night's the grave,
 Redemption, there's none nigh.
 Alas! too long in fairy dreams,
 My froward mind has fled—
 Too long am I in wicked scenes,
 To merit aught from God.

But, oh! Thou gracious, plastic Friend,
 To harshness not inclined—
 Thy sovereign will being Mercy's end,
 With bounty great and kind.
 Grant that my days henceforth may shine,
 In faith and virtue, too,
 Throughout this earthly turn of time,
 And baser lusts subdue.

Discretion, be it mine through life,
 With wisdom as I go—

Be mine a wise and virtuous wife,
 With sympathy below ;
 Nor thirst for fame, or wealth's caress ;
 Nor sensual pleasure lure ;
 My home, a home of happiness ;
 My destiny obscure.

This being mine—with every gale
 That murmurs through the trees ;
 With every spring that decks the vale,
 Or blossoms on the leas.
 Contentment more shall crown the boy,
 Since Heaven's a favorite found :
 And when the dark day comes—of joy
 I shant be wanting found.

Epistle

TO A FRIEND, ON COURTSHIP.

" They gallop fast that de'il's and lassie drive. "—RAMSAY.

I, who erewhile, Macoubroy sang,
 How for to wield the nuptial wan',
 To make a bad wife good ;
 Now sing to Jemmy o' the Hill,*
 The boy's can weave the strip and quill,
 And keep a wife in food.
 When out he gangs among the girls,
 At Fortune's fickle ca',

* James Haldiman, Round Hill, Moneymore.

How for to pick frae 'mang the pearls,
 A good ane and a bra'.
 For, tho' all's dears and nae fears,
 To get a bad when young,
 The auld anes are bauld anes,
 A good when wi' the tongue.

Ye, wha ower candles vain do glime—
 Like creatures in a foreign clime,
 Just glimmerin' at the sun ;
 I'd hae ye o' your sense make use,
 And ne'er expose things keen and croose,
 That is the deil for fun.
 Throw 'wa' your airs, draw in your stools,
 Unto the fire wi' me,
 And learn nae mair to play the fools,
 But seat them on your knee ;
 And hug them, and tug them,
 And clasp them to your breast ;
 And kiss them, and press them,
 And soon they'll face the priest.

Dear Jemmy, lad, pick up a heart,
 And 'mang the hissies play your part,
 For, troth, they're spunks o' glee ;
 And cock your bonnet to the north,
 And be ye jumpin' mad wi' mirth,
 As ower the hills ye flee.
 There's Nan below, as brave a lass
 As ever stepped in shoon ;
 And Mall aboon, ower a' the clach
 That weighs the gentle doon :

Go see them, and pree them, and well
 And try to strack a light;
 For man here, alone here,
 Without a wife is night.

There's lasses braw in every airt,
 And loesome girls can win the heart,
 Sae lovely in their sheen;
 But n' the lasses e'er I saw,
 The lass o' Divis beats them a',
 She's wordy o' a king.
 Ye ken her, Sir, I'll say nae mair,
 Ye saw her bonnie face;
 And for her mind, I vow and swear,
 It does not lack o' grace.
 The dearie, so cheery,
 That few, e'en, can excel;
 The rare one, the fair one,
 Alluring bonnie Bell.

But if you're bent on fortune's grays,
 Douse trig yourself in Sunday claes,
 And haud awa' frae hame;
 There, 'ca' yourself a gentleman,
 Whare nae ane kens frae whence ye cam',
 And gie some lady pain.
 A ready note, man, would dae't n',
 Wi' mony a sleekit loun!
 And what the matter if 't na'en twa,
 Tae please the maid and groom?
 Go tesse her, and please her,
 And spur your pownie tight;

Till your kiel, the bridal,
 Does charter in his right.

Thus, if you're bent, and for the shine,
 (And has the suit of broad cloth fine),

To try some lady gay—
 Tak' my advice, and ye'll dae weel,
 And let her know ye hae the steel.

'Twill tame her, tho' a fae,
 When ance you get her chanter up,
 Again ne'er let it doon;

Scour on the courtship, like a buck,
 And hae the marriage soon.

For ken, lad, that tongues bad,
 Wi' tales may sell the pass;
 But wedded, and bedded,
 She's then your pretty lass.

But if you wish to woo at hame,
 Just some half-poor, half-gentle dame,

Wha has thy heart astir—
 Wha hae en'ugh o' cash in store,
 To make her proud and vain, galore,
 And set the boys abirr.

O leeze me, Jemmuck, without fun,
 As girls are blithe and hale,

Before the music o' the tongue,
 They'd rather hae the tail.

Then ne'er seek, nor ne'er speak,
 To sic a ane for wife,

Unless Sir, the fosh Sir,
 Can stump her a tag life.

But tent me lad, and tak' advice
 Of me, and never spier her price,
 Nor headstrong play the fool;
 A moment's pleasure's but a flash,
 Besides an age o' care and fash,
 And downright ridicule.
 For me, man, would I tane my wit,
 'Bout ony dorty dame?
 Na—first I'd use the satire whip,
 And nobly thong the same.
 Cheer up boy, nor time joy,
 Far better looes thee Rab,
 Than wed ye, or hed ye,
 Or tie ye tae a jade.

Let money ne'er your study crave,
 Nor wealth's proud jade, your heart enslave,
 Or great, or gran' ava;
 For fortune apt is to deceive:
 Then ne'er be you her servile slave,
 The virtuous is the bra'.
 A lazy trollop in a neuk,
 What b—l's the takel for?
 But killing, poor soul, wi' heart brak',
 Or beggaring a Sir.
 Ne'er pine, then, or whine, then,
 For money's tinsel'd Miss;
 Depend sir, offend her,
 She'll cast it in your dish.

Nae doubt, a bonnie face is nice,
 When forth ye go to spier it's price,
 A lily hand an' a',

Wi' ancles tight, baith jimp and clean,
 And gait like Hebe, in her shoen,
 And tender waist sae sma'.
 But then it tak's awa' the feast,
 When ance ye're fairly yok'd,
 Tae think this dame, for a sae graced
 And lovely as she looked,
 Will much say, and nought dao,
 But rant the country through:
 And nae draw, but aye thrav,
 And swearins wi' ye pu'.

Cards in a lady may seem gran',
 And royal blood may boast the one
 That's never from the play;
 But then a poor man's wife ye ken,
 Should never nothing needless spen',
 Like those wha plenty hae.
 Then never mind the peerish squad,
 That ape the royal fools,
 Wha gape ower card and dice till mad,
 And stonkard, aye, as mules.
 Your Miss, yes, your bliss is,
 In sic a case as this is;
 'Fore laughing or scoffing,
 Lord help them weds sic Misses.

I've knew them by the toilet stay,
 'Tween lust and love to pass the day,
 Ner out of doors to roam;
 Who loved to tend their neighbour's shop,
 When evening's gloom around would drop,—
 And steer away from home.

But, Jem, nae bird o' gloamin' hour,
 Do ever make your spouse;
 The very mix of Brothel Tower,
 Can nobly thus carouse.
 Be sunlight, not moonlight,
 Your partner, so bra',
 In night's shade, the skite said,
 The cock that liked might craw.

Those glaikit hissies in the toun,
 That still are skelplin' up an' doon,
 Like cats a caterwauling;
 Although that they were mair than clay,
 I'm sure you'll no take ane o' thae,
 Lo! wi' their vulgar squalling.
 Of whistlin' maids and crawin' hens,
 Too, ye have heard the adage,
 That they're no gear, for a' sae fine
 Their feather's seem, but baggage.
 By her ringin', or singing,
 Then never choose a wife;
 Keep min', boy, in time, boy,
 The bargain is for life.

Believe not that she's virtues best,
 That ne'er has clocked, or had a nest,
 Sae min, precise, and shy;
 I've known as fair, as brave a lass
 As her, to bear the country's clash,
 And hae a brave wee boy.
 The castle's easy kept, my man,
 That never was besieged;

The youth that is set to trepan,
 The sweetest bird has caged.
 Then hint not, nor think not,
 That she is honour's best,
 That's mimest, or primest,
 Till ance the prude you test.

It's no tae heed the country's clash,
 Bout what ane's haes or wants the cash,
 Or wha is rich and fu',
 Or wha haes lan', or wha haes wealth—
 The choicest gear is grace and health,
 When fortune yokes the pl'ugh.
 I've known them thought they'd caught the moon,
 Got only but a star;
 I've known them hunt the country roun'
 For cash, 'twas bitten sore.
 When truth told, the youth bold
 A trifle paid it a'.—
 Take care, then, beware then,
 For fear the dove turns craw

I don't say altogether poor
 Your wife should be, for to be sure,
 She should hae rosy health;
 Then dinna deal in dirt and lice
 A beggar wretch, ye ken's no nice;
 Hae just en'ugh o' wealth.
 A ready hundred at her hip,
 I'm sure 'll be nae harm:
 But if she wants the beauty spot,
 Keep mind it has nae charm.

A poor wife, a sour wife
Is she, that has but gear;
She rich is that rich does,
And mak' that aye your dear.

On beauty's fairface be not set,
Ower bonnie a lass is but a pet,
Pick something that's mair common;
Too many boys are in her train,
Who'd fondly speak wi' her her lane,
To be an honest woman.
Too boonie a wife's no oft reserve,
Ower ugly a aye's a poster;
Too proud a aye will no ye serve,
Ower rich a aye's a maister.
Thus ill tis, a pill 'tis,
Ye see to pick a wife;
But hearken, be markin',
I'll tell ye wha tae price.

'Tween sixteen years and twenty-two,
The while the maid's both young and true,
Leal-hearted, ay, and kind;
I'd hae ye wed a lovely youth,
Whose very heart's the key o' truth,
And mould her to your mind.
Ne'er care a snuff what church she's o',
If otherwise she please;
Let ne'er religion be thy foe—
But vice thy vitals freeze:
Of auld light, or bauld light,
Or Calvin we can't brag;

Of new light, or true light,
We've known them good and bad.

Nae purse-proud dame shall be my care,
Nor haughty jade, though ne'er so fair,
Nor prude, or coquet common;
Gie me the lass that's leal and free,
Akin to honest poverty,
And she's my darling woman.
Thus in my arms, the fair one, meek,
So full of mirth and glee,
My sweetest pear her rosy lip,
My brightest star her e'e.
What mair, then, would care, then,
E'en for a fortune hae;
Sweet featured, good natured,
In pleasure still we'll stray.

A country lass that's free from strife,
That's not too proud, nor yet o'er nice,
Wi' modesty and glee;
That's not too high, nor yet too low,
With as much learning as ye'd know,
Of honest pedigree;
Who, skilled in Wisdom's classic lore,
Is nobly poor and blithe—
Who, kens to make the money more,
And scorn the spen'thrift live,
Is the lass, sir, the blossom, sir,
That bride might make an earl,
The posey sae rosey,
That's heaven's brightest pearl.

Then leeze me, Jemuck, and tak' care,
That when you deal in female ware,

You may not go alee;

The girl that's generous, mild, and kin',
Akin to all that is divine,

Be her the wife for thee.

'Tis her's to make the cottage bright,

And sweeter than the ha';

'Tis her's to cheer the weary wight,

And banish care awa'.

Thus tending, not spending,

Through life she's still the same,

Her whole care, thy welfare,

Wi' her a heaven is hame.

Now gies a laugh, and bena swear,

Nor frown for a' the tear and wear

That e'er may come your w'y;

Though poverty be ours, my lad,

Upon my sooth, it's no sae bad,

As we were tint o' joy;

And courtship's sang to riddle true

Away, go try your speed,

And I'll go push my fortune, too,

And wed a wife for need.

Nae marryin'—miscarryin'

The other side o' time;

Our miss here, our bliss here,

If not wives divine.

FACTS

ON THE DEATH OF A POOR WOMAN,
CALLED NANCY WILSON.

The funeral comes—behold how gay

The multitude that throng around;

No weeper mourns the friend away—

No tearful eye among them's found.

The sexton whistles—but in wrath,

No fee to please the surly slave;

He even casts a frown on death,

And hurls the corpse into the grave.

'Tis Poverty that thus is served—

Alike in life the sport and play

Of Fortune was the wretch, half starved,

And now insulted is her clay.

Rest, sweetly rest, departed one,

Their insult now can't prove thy foe;

The glittering fops of pride, so vain,

Are one day with thee levelled low.

But yester eve the friendly ray

Thou sought and hospitable door,

Till long was sank the bitter day,

Or thou a shelter could procure—

Where thou might'st pillow low thy head,

Upon an humble couch of straw,

And bless the donor gave the shed,

To screen thee from the night so raw.

At last thou found'st the friendly home,
 That ne'er yet turned away the poor,
 Where thou might'st lay thee careworn down,
 And once more grateful Heaven implore.
 But, ah! how cheerless was the night!
 Disease had ruin's work begun;
 The withered, pale, and drudged out wight,
 Again ne'er saw the coming sun.

No friend to by the stranger sit;
 No lamp to light the sullen gloom;
 No mead to wet the sufferer's lip;
 No comfort nearer than the tomb.
 The constant sigh, the deadly fetch,
 With many a less and heavier moan;
 These were the fiends enslaved the wretch,
 Till ah! the Comforter did come.

Thy night of sorrow now is past—
 Thy day of trouble now is o'er;
 Thy spirit on the murmuring blast,
 Has reached, at last, the blissful shore.
 The sweetest sleep that e'er thou'st slept,
 Through all life's sorrowing term of years;
 The sweetest cup that e'er thou'st supped—
 The cup of Peace at last appears.

No more thou'lt groan 'neath hardy toil,
 Or Poverty's low cumbersome load;
 No more thou'lt hear the insolent call
 Of hardy strangers on life's road:

No more from needful slumber hied,
 Art thou, or from thy bed of straw,
 To seek that bread which fate denied
 A wretch, whom want did hither gnaw.

Poor wandering lone one, sleep secure,
 Nor fear e'en fortune's favorites there,
 Where Goodness ne'er frowns on the poor,
 But makes the good and wise his care.
 Ah! little can the haughty gent,
 Look down now on thy piteous call:
 To thee, now, as the pompous monk,
 Perhaps redemption is as fall.*

* The prose history of this poem is true, as short, as interesting, as beautiful. The tale is nearly related in the poetry:—A poor old woman, a stranger in the land, begging her way in a humiliating state, came one night to a neighbour's door supplicating lodging, when late. She said, she had wandered long seeking the stony hearts of the populace to shelter her from the bitter blast for the night, but had found none with that charity which was necessary to her welfare; and which the Great Friend of all enjoys, who is alike Lord of the poor and the rich. However, at last she had tickled at the bosom of a friend; she awakened the sympathy of the Cottager—a place where misery seldom calls in vain—and gained admittance. The homely supper past; the inmates retired to bed; the rustic family in the room, and the poor woman in the kitchen. Many were the moans and sighs, which the Cottager and his wife heard through the dreary hours of the night, but thought it was the poor care-worn mortal's uneasy way of sleeping. Towards midnight, she, accompanied the agonizing throes of the sufferer; but after a time, all got quiet and tranquil, as usual, and they slumbered on till the morning. The morning dawned, and the Cottager and his wife arose; but never more awake the poor wanderer. The sun that oft had played on her lowering brow, now smiled on her cold and livid cheek. The poor stranger was a stiff and pallid corpse—she had crossed that house where the weary are at rest, and the heavy laden find a release from their burthen.

Panegyric on Ireland.

I sing not of Elysian plains,
 Nor of Boetian soil, my muse ;
 War has no part in my sweet strains—
 Then Greece or Rome don't meet my views.
 A nobler flight awaits the Bard,
 Another theme do I pursue ;
 My lot, sweet Erin, 's with thee starred,
 And lo, my song's reserved for you.

Blest, hallowed Isle, what land more fair,
 What soil more sweet, or sky more clear ?
 Is there, 'neath Heaven, a land more rare
 Than thee, and take thee through the year ?
 Can Italy, with its flowery leas,
 Or Egypt's glory thee withstand ?
 Or Persia, with its *golden trees*,^{*}
 Compete with thee, my native land ?

Where is the land so rich or fair,
 Though round the world for't you should sail,
 That for a moment could compare,
 With Shannon's plains, or Lagan vale ;
 Or where the soil on earth, again,
 Oh ! that could boast of such a race,
 As Erin's brave and kindly sons,
 And lovely daughters full of grace.

^{*} See Mullis—He tells us that at one time there was such an immense quantity of gold in the Persian Empire, that, to adorn the Senate house of the state, large trees of precious metal were erected in the midst of it.

Say, Britain say, where are thy charms !
 Can Britain boast, or Britain show—
 Can haughty Gaul's proud pampered germs
 Compare with Erin's vernal glow ?
 Where are the landscapes or the downs—
 The heathery heaths, or dappled vales—
 The rugged mounts, or flowery mounds,
 So fair as Erin's hills and dales ?

O Erin ! fairest land of earth,
 Supreme thou own'st creation's power—
 In thee no woe to damp thy mirth,
 Nor poisonous wood, or baneful bower,
 Where lurk the dangerous noxious band—
 The Lion, Tiger, Wolf, or Bear,
 But sweet thy wastes and woodlands bland,
 Nor Serpent in thy wilds appear.

Here, far from foul Ambition's reigns,
 Sweet Nature sheds her loveliest light ;
 Her wildest grace me beauty brings—
 Her meanest work does me delight.
 My soul is filled with pleasure's best,
 As on I ramble through the scene ;
 And say what poet's like me blest,
 To tread so sweet a fairy green.

Here, Music's borne on vocal wing,
 And Echo answers Joy elate ;
 And o'er the shade the warblers sing,
 To hear the vows which lovers make ;
 And yonder, in you lonely wood,
 The woodquest coos her plaintive air ;

And here, beneath the stunted scrog,
The timid hare sleeps in the lair.

Wide scattered wildy o'er thy wastes,
Behold, Ierin's beauties rise—
Emblems of love, in Heavenly vests,
To bashful blush beneath the skies.
Nor housed, in gardens fair to see,
Thy flowery, verdant, vernal smile;
Sweet Nature's gardner fair for thee,
Ierin, lovely, heavenly Isle.

There low, beneath the hermit's shed,
The modest violet screens her brow;
And here, all o'er the *strabus** bed,
The snow-white lilies nodding bow,
And genial Sol bids all to live,
And pinks and cowslips mixed are seen;
And lo! the primrose, Nature's love,
Does dignify th' enameld green.

Thy mountains bold, majestic rise,
And verdure crowns their lofty tops;
While freckled daisies sheet thy braes—
The dangling broom it gilds thy rocks,
And tall the greenwood rears its head—
And there the stately hawthorn grows,
While intersects the flowery mead,
As on the rill meandering flows.

And all before us Nature seems
A sacred vista to our eyes,

* Strawberry.

Where Beauty she may reign supreme,
And feast upon Elysian joys.
What sights promiscuous to be seen
Before us lie, in beauty toss'd;
The glen, the wood, the glade, and green,
Are all in heavenly transport lost.

Thy splendid rivers smoothly glide,
With banks bedecked with shamrock bells;
Nor danky margin thither stide,
But clear thy tepid lakes and pools.
Thy chalybeat and limpid streams—
Thy sulphurous, healing, mineral wells—
As beauteous Erin's wholesome springs,
What waters boast such fairy spells?

Primeval—formed by hands divine,
(The mighty God let us adore;)
Nor Art could garnish Erin's clime,
Nor Nature do for Erin more.
The hazel copse her shores adorn—
The wood-bine, sloe tree, sorrel, bean;
And far her rude cliffs gleam alarm,
And awful grandeur crowns the scene.

And Erin, Fragrance fills thy winds,
And sweetens thine—is thine alone;
And Odour with her breath expands
Thy green hills o'er with sweet perfume.
And while thy blissful charms extend
From shore to shore, the winnowing gale

Shows sprightly Health her parent land,
And wafts far from thee sickly Ail.

And oh! with thee, blest hallowed Isle,
Do worth and christian pleasure bound;
And ah! with thee alone does dwell,
That hope which heals th' oppressor's wound.
With thee, sweet Virtue rears her head,
Nor prideful in her feeling guise;
And Charity lends to all her aid,
And cheering soothes keen misery's cries.

And oh! with thee, devoid of spleen,
Sweet Friendship spreads her noble arms;
And social mortals live serene;
And Fellowship uniting charms.
And Love's endearing raptures warm
Thy sons and daughters sweet and fair;
And stainless are they, without harm—
Oh! Comfort, ever blind their care.

Thou'rt all, sweet Isle, that we could wish;
But, hadst thou freedom's warming flame
To give aright thy offspring bliss,
And turn to joy all that's of pain—
To crown thee with immortal fame,
And round the world this motto buzz—
*Of all the lands sit in the main,
There's none like what my Erin is.*

Epitaph

ON THE SEXTON OF MONEYNEA.

Below these sods lies lee and low,
The remains of Jonathan Gregg,
Wha 'mang prayers and preachers spent his life,
And making the deed folk's bed.
He's rotten now, and in the mould,
Wha buried ithers to rot—
And tho' Jonathan Gregg is the scoff of fools,
By me he'll ne'er be forgot:
For Jonathan's self was just a man,
Though of him we shant brag;
I'd rather many a one had deeid,
As poor auld Jonathan Gregg.

Epitaph

ON A SNARLING CRITIC.

A poor snarling creature of slanderous nature,
By death is packed aff to the devil;
Stop, reader, and know, here his body lies low,
Wha to my poor Saags wasna civil.
But no longer now, here, he is Satan's state peer.
Who professed to be Virtue's apostle:—
Yet, in in h—l itself, there is not such an elf,
For in h—l there is nae sic a rascal.

A Sketch o' the Times.

"Oh, where, O where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of ostentatious pride."
GOLDSMITH.

The rotten praties sore us goads,
But more the knavery of rogues.

Depravity—thou wretch of vice,
Morality's for thee too nice,
The hearts of men thou hast engrossed,
And shipwreck made from coast to coast :
Auld Erin weeps, my mither roars
Beneath oppressive wrongs and sores ;
Now Comfort's fled awa' frae hame,
And Peace demurred, she lies her lane,
Hunger and hardship o'er the lan'
Are by the brulliments o' wrang ;
And Pride and Ignorance cock their nose,
Where Love and Worth once reigned jocose.
The want of truth pervades the times,
And Cruelty the imp of crimes ;
Honor and Honesty may bark,
Now with the rascal in the dark ;
Falsehood and Envy scours the plain,
And man's whole study now is gain :
And he who has much cash or land,
Though hell's grim devil, he's the grand.

A sober youth, oh ! sad to state,
Is now less thought of than the rake ;
A bonny lass now has no charms,

Unless she has the gold for arms.
A word you scarcely now could drap,
But's round the country in a crack,
Wi many lies tied on it's back.
Nor can ye ken who's foe or friend,
From whom to borrow or to lend.

A fox in livery's unco droll,
The greatest fox that wears the stole.
On every hill a kirk there's set—
In every house a preacher's got—
The Crusades* back are came of yore—
The country is in an uproar—
Religious mad the people's grown,
So many different creeds they own.
The noblest saint, now, o' the day,
Is he wha best can thieve and pray.
The paecher now that bears the bel,
Is he wha maist can taak o' hell.
The book, alas ! that virtue seals,
They've thundered it a' into spales.
I go to this kirk, you to that,
We meet, we part, without much chat,
Or else the tulzie gangs mair t'ugh.
We shou'der ither in the shough,
While Truth and Virtue, far awa'
Bewail, that man so far should fa'.

And bonny lasses, now-a-days,
Ye kenna how to wear your claes ;
But top-most pride, with you, and sin,

* The Holy Wars.

To you the clergy are akin :
 'Tis your mischance, and their mishap,
 Makes you so fair, and them so black ;
 But high flown baggage a' thegither,
 And vanity may stan' your brither.

Such is the folk, and such the times,
 That has the bard provoked to rhymes—
 And he who can them heartily praise,
 I wish him luck for better days.
 It grieves my heart, it boils my bluid,
 To see folk bad that might be good ;
 And now to try to mend the state,
 A word or twa I'll gie the great.

As it's a customary thing,
 God bless the king—lo! to begin :
 Och! headsmen, for our humble bliss,
 The tim'er o' the state is this :
 Reduce your rents, and landlords ken,
 We're rightly a', but no' to then.
 The beagle tanned, he, sure, maun yelp ;
 Nor should ye poor folk sae sair skelp.
 'Tis yours to cure, most noble gents,
 Do as you're bid, bring down the rents,
 And leave it to the farmer then,
 To cure us every hapless ane.
 Hoot! sirs, what's a' the sacrifice
 Ye'd mak' ? a wee thocht would suffice :
 You weel can spare't, you'll never miss't,
 What would mak' mony a creature blest.
 O'er meikle does your pantry's pang,

There left to rot is ham on ham,
 The while your tables groan beneath
 The wastrie load o' veal and beef,
 And never are your coges half scrapit,
 While, by my sooth, poor folks are lickit—
 Hence carnal dealing wi' the cat !
 Now comes a crack, nae hoax, hear that,
 Tho' sway you've great got in the state,
 And a' because your rich and great ;
 Oh! ance a day, for a' your fyke,
 Think ye, the world was all's alike ?
 With all your vile rampaging ower,
 Then think frae whom ye got the power ;
 The rank, the wealth, and every figg,
 Makes them so poor, and you so big.
 Forget ye Eden's bonny twa ?
 Sure, we're their weans as well's the bra'.
 'Tis deeds we wish, not words we want,
 L—d bliss ye do't, and quit your cant
 And taukin—lea' it to their graces,
 They're weel paid for't, and for grimaces.
 Think ye, wi' rhetoric's jargoned fass,
 Wi' canny terms, and phrases cross
 To stem the ill, (wi' craft o' rogues,)
 Gainst all necessity envogues ?
 Your eloquence, and fire, and flame,
 But blind men's buffs to cure the lame ;
 Ye'll cant lang wi' your oily revel,
 Ere frae us grief away you pavel ;
 You'll preach lang wi' your sounding speeches,
 Ere you on naked Tam put breeches.

The ae thing needfu'—bet the cry—
 Low rents, the times mend bye and bye.
 You're this way, that way, do as you will,
 Rise tenfold crops on every hill,
 Suppose at your word things would thrive,
 Would that pay cess, and rent, and tithes?
 Unless you say yo'll tak' ilk year,
 Your standing rent in corn or bere.

Thus, statesmen, to you, hat in han',
 I've spoken plain, an honest man;
 For it is yours, ilk poor man swears,
 Him to make blithe, or batho in tears.
 And since I've shown how strife may cease,
 How peace and plenty may increase—
 Oh! is there lives would make us dogs?
 A wee bit mair, sirs, aff your coges,
 An' gie the creatures, 'thout regret,
 A living, from whom all ye get.
 We pleadna, boys, for rich ragout,
 A wee taste mair to fill us out,
 Of manly, desty, kintra cheer—
 And blessings, aye, from year till year
 Attend ye, sirs, and every good,
 And may ye 'scap' the gulf o' bluid
 When you day comes, by fate's command,
 When a' the wicked shall be damned.

Now vicious man your actions guard,
 Vice brings with it its own reward.
 Improve your conduct by my rhymes,
 If times are bad, improve the times;

Let Folly, vile, take charge of Evil;
 Of Evil, Sin; of Sin, the Devil.
 A fig, then, for the gets of shame,
 Shame may go mad when none's to blame—
 When man and man, locked hand in hand,
 Jog through the world chaste virtue's band.

A side-wipe at something.

Get up ye squadders, 'gig and reel,
 And gie the Clergy milk and meal,
 Yet dinna spurn the honest chiel
 Who tells you aye;
 It gots! if better, no a deed,
 Than you, are they.

Cease, heretics, t' say as you like!
 Learn, to believe's an honest rite—
 I canna think, wi' a your spite
 About hereafter,
 That aye poor souls a lang dark night,
 Shall find 'thout laughter.

Awow! my thought this world o' whinges
 But past, then comes the crise o' changes—
 For me, good Lord, I'm feart o' linges.
 If get my wordy:
 But haud my head, still mair off hinges,
 I'm on the clergy.

I doubt—yet L—d forgi'e the judge,
 Religion's wi' them but a budge.—

Though they profess the pad to trodge,
That leads to Heaven,
I fear some thither, hellward nodge,
Plum'd like the raven.

Ah! silly fools, so black arrayed,
Your's but a trade of vain parade;
Oh! how unlike that One, who bled,
Whom say ye follow,
Or Galileans, poor indeed,
Of creed so mellow.

Were they of Ostentation's clan?
Were they of Pride or Foppery's gang?
Despised the world poor fishermen,
Their Lord to laud.
But ye, to paint yoursel's mair gran',
You love than God.

Salvation nought to you pertain,
Nor moral worth, else I'm mista'en:
Thus, Cut and Caper in your train,
And Lust and Beauty;
Mair thought to show yoursel's, so vain,
Than Sense or Duty.

Humility is yours, ye say,
The poor man's only friend and stay—
And yet, behold, the rich and gay,
How they're preferred
By you, upon the king's high way,
Or the kirk yard.

Here is my lord, and there's a man,
An honest pl'ughman no' sae gran'—
While far aback the ane maun stan',
Though his born brither;
Oh see, how kindly by the han'
Ye grip the ither.

By you, the poor man's door's oft pass'd,
But next the gent's your e'e you cast,
And there you like to visit best,
Where hunger isna;
Sae weel ye like to pree and taste,
What poor folk haana.

All hail! meek Modesty and Sense,
Sublimely hail, Divine of essence!
For why such vileness in thy presence,
Perfection pure—
Must Virtue still be scorned—(propense)—
For Babel's whore?

Mark, now the preacher o' the group,
Is he wha best can roar and rout,
And rant, rampage, stamp, fight, and shout,
And froth and gesture;
And ca' his brother priest a nowt,
The devil's pastor.

Oh! that such strains should sing the Bard!
Oh! that such feuds should peace retard!
Oh! that the fop, in wagtail garb,
Wi' clipped out story,

Should so belie sweet Reason's herd,
The Sage of glory.

Away, ye noisy, pithless canters,
Polemic wranglers, sakeless rasters;
Oh, horror gowls, while frae your chanters,
Comes damns and devils,
Till hopeless man, sae fled, scarce ventures
To pray for evils.

Of fire and flame, and brimstone smoakin':
Of hapless prodigals a choakin':
Of devils joying! sinners skippin',
Wi' sca'din' spelter!
And bleezin' mortals a' a weepin',
Yet nae whare shelter.

The tither shout o' Heaven and H—l;
Hark! how it comes wi' deadly knell,
Stout orthodox, I see warr'nt it, Nell,
Saunts staunch and true;
Not one, they hae't, in Heaven shall dwell,
But them and you.

Sic talk as this me canna please,
And yet ye talk o' this wif ease;
And say poor man, like Autumn bees,
Shall be put doon;
And, Nero-like, set up to bleeze,
T'illum the gloom.

Alas! sic preachers grate the ear,
Enough our souls to frie wi' fear—

But, oh! Almighty Friend be near
In every clime,
Before such torture comes to bear
Upon the crime.

Ah! heinous, scoffing, wicked crew,
How in the *grand review* this do—
This horrid tirade that ye spew
O' gross abuse?
Think ye, if but to h—l go few,
'Twill be your loss?

Oh! in that day of solemn grey,
What will ye do, what will ye say?
Wi' a' your goods, and sermons tae,
Got in your fist;
Think ye, a passport it will be,
A paper test?

Will ye then stand and tell your freen,
Ye'll blaw the devil in his een,
Till the saut tears adoon do stream,
If he refuse
To feed or cleed ye like a king,
Or sign your views?

Alas! if Virtue ben't the stake,
Faith deils themselves may black-coats pake;
Then saunts beware—mair godly get—
Lay good things by ye,
For, faith some day, and sleeKit Nick
May come annoy ye.

Away then wi' your school-boy rules,
 Clod heads, and points, and a' to fools,
 And pen, and ink, and paper tools,
 And heathen rage,
 And study as may warm your souls,
 Salvation's page.

Sweet, sprightly shepherd, thou the one,
 Devotion's star, Religion's palm!—
 I hate the dull, insipid gang
 O' bungling blouters,
 Wha borrowed briefs drone out, sae lang
 That a' are sleepers.

Why not of folly g'ives a sight,
 And skelp away, and drub it tight,
 And point out Virtue's good sun light,
 'Thout plot or plan;
 I'se warrant if preach the Lord aright,
 Ye'll no' gang wrang.

Commend me to the chap o' pith,
 Wha does't aff han', without an if;
 He's colleg'd by the book o' faith,
 'Thout eight-days broodin';
 Religion's mair to him than snuff,
 It gies him breedin'.

Sure onnie rude, unlettered hulk,
 Or onnie p'ughman frae the bulk,
 And gie him time to think and skulk
 Behind the lum;

Could fuss and preach, if weel held till't,
 When Sunday'd come.

A good tight sermon, 'bout an hour,
 Weel kneaded down wi' pith and power;
 Is priest and hearers fit to tire,
 And worth applaud,
 And weary mortals to inspire,
 With love to God.

Murder! my lug! terror! near felt,
 Something has come along't a skelp.
 Crying, "hoolie! softly! Rab flee guilt,
 And quit your fun;
 We'll yet gie elderfells o' milk,
 For a' your din."

The Song of Crecy Ra' Muse.

* 'Tis parting sad, 'tis anguish more, to be asunder given;
 We hear it all, we'd suffer more,—and why? we meet in Heaven."
 BLAKELY.

The eve got dusk, the wind was still,
 The Corncaik tuned her haverl' lyre,
 And far away o'er Seefar-Hill,†
 The Cuckoo's chorus joined the choir;
 The thrush sang drowsy day to rest,
 In Anderson's lone sylvan shaw;

* Crecy Ra' and Spangon are names given to the family seat of the Rev. F. Blakely, father of our youthful poet, Rev. Wm. J. Blakely, whom the Muse laments.

† A quiet eminence in the vicinity of Castleburgh.

And onward, as I homeward pressed,
The Redbreast sung by Creevy Ha'.

But, lo! upon the zephyrs borne,
I heard a sad voice sweetly glide,
Deep mourning, in a grove that's lone,
A little grove by Creevy side;
Its mellow tones my heart enthralled,
I stopped, I paused, I loved to hear,
And cowering low, I squatly crawled,
And gained a spreading beach 'twas near.

There, glimmering through the nut brown fence,
I spied, low seated by a pine,
An angel bland, like maiden wench,
Thus, bowing low at sorrow's shrine;
And as her wan cheeks dreeped with woe,
Her heavenly voice high raised these lays,
Till echoes far rang to and fro,
Throughout the verdant Spa-mount braes:—

“Alas! fond youth, oh! art thou gone,
Though I had numbered thee my own;
Dear, polished youth, oh! art thou flown,
And left me here to sigh alone.
Alas! the salt tears down do stream,
And many a trouble round me fa',
Since I'm no more the poet's queen,
Nor he, the Bard of Creevy Ha'.

Ah! with what pleasure did I hail
That joyful hour which gave thee birth—

Ah! with what joy did Phoebus smile,
And bless a poet brought to earth.
Can I forget the hallowed couch,
Where oft I lulled thy infant cares?
Can I forget, ah! no—I vouch,
Who wreathed thee one of *poesy's* hairs?

Can I forget those happy days,
Before to lisp you scarce began,
When nature lit with heavenly blaze
Thy un aspiring, gentle tongue?
Can I forget, and not behold,
Thy youthful fancy, quick, and strong,
When first to thee I did unfold
The sacred mystery of Song?

Ah me! ah no!—oh, how forget,
Those blissful records of the past?
And how remind, and not regret
That time such rapturous scenes should blast?
When forming in myself the plan,
That thou shouldst Poesy's laurels wear;
And long poor Erin's cause maintain,
And nobly Freedom's banner rear.

But ah! those happy hopes are flown,
And days of thrall and darkness lower,
And I must weep, and weary groan,
To think on death's destroying power.
Now here, beneath the wind and rain,
Both dark and cloudy are my days,
Since none to lift the passing strain,
Nor none my mournful song to raise.

Thalia my name—poor hapless one,
 Though chief of all Apollo's weans—
 'Twas I that taught a Beattie song,
 'Twas I a Drummond stored with strains,
 'Twas I that Milton owned to find,
 When walking in the heavenly way;
 'Twas I the flowery garlands twined,
 That wreathed sweet Goldsmith, Pope, and Gray.

But now, dejected, I must mourn,
 An outcast in my native isle,
 Since no exulting mortal's born,
 To court a polished Muse's smile.
 For lo! the coquette thrums the lute,
 And foppery dares the harp to swell,
 And o'er its silken chords the wit
 Pours rudeness for a Muse's spell.

No village tales, ah! now are told—
 No burlesque coxcomb, crammed by art,
 Can with the poet be enrolled,
 Whose fame is deathless nature's part.
 Thou'rt Nature's self to touch the heart,
 Sweet Auburn's Song,* and I, the Muse;
 Nor captive critic, e'en so pert,
 But meanly borrows from thy views.

All hail! thou powerful source of light,
 Thou, Universal Eye, on high;
 Where shall I go, a genius bright
 To seek, beneath this frowning sky?

* See Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

Can Erin not say, here am I?
 Has Celtic mothers none yet bore?
 Must Erin's harp now sleep for aye?
 Can Erin boast no poet more?

O, Moore! Ierin's darling son,
 Thou faithless object of my toil,
 How oft I've lulled thy cares with song,
 How oft through sorrow caused thy smile:
 Thou wert the pride of Erin's boast,
 Hadst thou not spurned the land of birth,
 Or left thy native island's coast,
 To bask in British joy and mirth.

Ah! where can peace or pleasure lie,
 When lo! thy island's wrapped in gloom?
 Must thirst of gain thy bliss annoy,
 And pride destroy the poet's boon?
 Can riot give a happy feast,
 When fame and honour, all are foiled?
 Can pomp uphold for riches lost,
 When Erin cries thy name's defiled?

But why Ierin's praises sing—
 And drowned in dolor here she rose—
 Since poet none inspires my theme,
 Nor bard my mournful song disclose.
 Ah, no! no poet treads the green,
 To brook assiduous o'er my lore,
 To turn to joy the gloomy scene,
 Or fondly Thalia's ways explore.

Erato fires the toil-worn few,
 My lovely sister mild and bland,
 And Huddleston, with heart so true,
 Attentive waits her high command.
 But, ah! no poet seeks my aid,
 My sun is set to rise no more,
 And woeful here I seek the shade,
 To weep the youth did me adore.

But sleep, fond youth—sweet genius rest,
 And though thou ne'er return again;
 Dear memory in this beating breast,
 Shall fondly still thy name retain.
 Farewell! adieu! for now I rove
 By many a moor, morass, and shaw,
 To weep his death, and sing my love,
 For the sweet Bard of Creevy Ha.''

Note.—Perhaps, it is necessary to state, that the Author conceived the foregoing poem while returning from Belfast one evening, shortly after the death of the Rev. Wm. J. Blakely. Mr. Blakely, though falling a prey to consumption at the very early age of twenty-one, was known to have published some very beautiful pieces of poetry. These, and the remembrance of the man, while passing the family mansion, gave birth to the production. A more fruitful genius might have done more honor to his worth; but it is hoped that the cancelling critic will look over the defects of the piece with as much lenity as his mourning friends.

Verses

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE REV. JAMES COWAN,
 ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIENDS.*

Alas! sweetest friend, o'ercastled's thy sun,
 A star from thy circle's gone down to the grave;
 Though here as a wonder of learning he shone,
 Are there none from oblivion his name now to save?
 Ah, me! a fond youth, could his song but avail,
 Can ne'er remain silent, since Cowan's no more;
 But grieve for the friend, with the hollow-voiced gain,
 From whom he derived all his learning of yore.

Hark! the knell of sad tidings comes far o'er the sea!
 Where, Penn-like, his bright soul had roam'd to be free:
 The star of our country is fallen—dire tale,
 And left here, at home, the poor widow to wail.
 Alas! for our sorrow! but why weep in vain?
 Our tears unto earth can't recall him again;
 Our day fast approaches—kneel man and adore,
 The friend we loved dearly, a Cowan's no more.

If on earth there's a pleasure that age can't destroy,
 'Tis the pleasure of thinking I once was a boy—
 Still memory recoils on the care-beaten track,—
 To the scenes of our youthhood we love to look back.
 But when there back we look, and behold with dismay,
 That the friends we loved dearest are all fled away;
 How we groan in our sorrow, and love to deplore,
 The same as we weep, since a Cowan's no more.

Oh! Moneyrea, weep! for great was thy foil,

* The Rev. James Cowan was long Master of the Moneyrea School, but owing to some difference arising between him and the Committee; he left the charge of his native hill, like the immortal Penn, to seek the land of Sherry. When in America, his health failed him; nor had he been long there, till Disease, the cancer worm that peeps on the human form, gnawed him severely; and like the Saints of old, he laid aside his clay tabernacle, to welcome the eternal day, and hail the land of joy and peace.

The day that you left him to roam from your soil;
 Thy children, alas! now as brutes may grow wild,
 Thou hast none that can nurture Philosophy's child.
 Now the wit of the ancients may lie unexplored,
 And Thompson and Euclid may sleep on the board;
 While pedants, pedantic, may chatter their lore—
 There's none to rebuke them—a Cowan's no more.

O! speak not of sorrow ye bigot's so blind,
 Who could tramp o'er the man for the bent of the mind;
 Tho' ye talk of your grace, tho' you preach and you pray,
 You scorned the *good heart* led to heaven the way.
 'Twas his to be poor, lowly, humble, and meek,
 As the hind plods the lea, or the swain tends the sheep;
 Yet 'twas his the proud task, with sweet Science to store
 And train up the young mind—but Cowan's no more.

Oh! how unlike this to our now-a-day saints,
 When the pride of curled monkeys all godliness taints—
 When with vanity dandied o'er, the priest is a bean,
 And the schoolmaster, dressed like the wag of a show.
 Thus with grey coat to-day, and to-morrow white trows,
 The next day a kissing some honest man's spouse;
 Our modern sages, how unlike those of yore,
 For wisdom was Cowan's, but Cowan's no more.

O! gold, thou mean wretch, which oft friendship on smiles!
 Thou hard-hearted monster, the poor man reviles!
 Thou rod of oppression! thou deity of fools!
 Thou power of tyrants, and hire of tools!
 Had Cowan but had thee, the dear man, renowned,
 Would long in the breasts of the people been found—
 But schoolfellows wake, let his name ever soar—
 Respond to the anthem—a Cowan's no more.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

Downshire Nannie.

Tune.—"Highland Mary."

Amongst old Erin's fruitful dales—
 The land of health and honor,
 High on a hill, where friendship reigns,
 And kindly is the owner;
 There blooms a pink whom I love dear,
 The flower of flowers, sae bonnie;
 And spotless as the snow-white dove,
 Is bonnie Downshire Nannie.

The violet in the lowly shade,
 The grey brown moss adorning;
 The leverock up aloft the lay,
 The gloomy morning charming;
 The rose upon the rugged waste,
 The lonely orphan fennie—
 All mind me of my lovely lass,
 My bonnie Downshire Nannie.

'Tis true, she's poor, but what of that,
 She's rich in worth and pleasure;
 For fortune's fa' I'll never fret,
 If Nancy is my treasure.
 Let lordly knights go hug their lands,
 And miser churls, their money;

For me, I love 'bove all earth's wealth,
My bonnie Downshire Nannie.

I'll heed na what the folk may say,
Or how the world may jeer her ;
Oh! for myself I'll choose the wife,
As I shall hae to wear her.
Then wha could say it would be rang,
If I should pick the many,
And wed the lass, if she'll wed me,
My bonny Downshire Nannie.

Give me my head, my hands, and health,
I'm never feart of wanting ;
Though poor I'm at the present time,
Chaste Heaven's kindly granting.
My whole delight shall be to tend,
The girl I love 'bove any ;
And live in peace and rapture sweet,
With bonny Downshire Nannie.

Away o'er th' hills at gloaming, O.

TUNE.—"The Dandy, O."

Away o'er the hills at gloaming O,
Oft have I wandered for women, O ;
But false the sex,
And man sorely vex,
And no more for the same I'll go roaming, O.
I once loved a lass, so blooming, O ;

She said she loved me, so cunning, O :
But ae night at e'en,
I hied to my queen,
When she did not know of my coming, O.

Down by the glen, sae dreary, O ;
Round by the birks, sae cheery, O ;
Over the hill,
And through the fell,
I'ae soon at the cot of my dearie, O.
I tapped at the pane, when there, fu' low,
Where oft I'd tapped before, ye know,
Saying,—rise my dear,
And don't keep me here,
But let in your own kind Rory, O.

She starts, as if something alarms her, O ;
My eye through the window discerns her, O ;
But what my woo,
Thus far roamed fro,
To find in another man's arms her, O.
Alas! for the poor worn, rover, O,
Entreaty he found, couldna move her, O ;
Afar to his hame,
Through cold wind and rain,
Was left thus to ramble the lover, O.

Ye lads that to girls go sporting, O,
Take my advice in the courting, O ;
But truth applaud—
If in them fraud,
Oh! ne'er trust your lot to fortune, O.

For lasses, though young, blithe, and bonnie, O ;
 Depend they are crafty and funnie, O ;
 And women, you know,
 Love two strings to their bow—
 And above all, the man has the money, O.

Come, fill high the cup, and be steady.

TUNE.—"Come fill high the cup, and be steady."

Come, fill high the cup, and be steady,
 Come, fill high the cup, and be steady,
 There's a pleasure in drink which the churl cannot think,
 Poor niggardly, pitiful bodie,
 Poor niggardly, pitiful bodie.

The fond and the brave let us toast them,
 The fond and the brave let us toast them ;
 But woe to the knave 'twould poor mortal enslave,
 May his own guilty conscience still roast him,
 May his own guilty conscience still roast him.

Now gi'e me your hand, my sweet croney,
 Now gi'e me your hand, my sweet croney,
 And here's mine in thine, to the pleasure's of wine,
 And the man that's no feart o' the money,
 And the man that's no feart o' the money.

And here's to the ane we lo'e dearest,
 And here's to the ane we lo'e dearest,

For, though wide we may roam, still there's Heaven
 and home,
 And ane aboon a' we lo'e dearest,
 And ane aboon a' we lo'e dearest.

The dear land of freedom the sweetest o' a' ;

OR, THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE
 COUNTRYMEN.

TUNE.—"The green fields of Canada's sweeter by far."

By slavery so straitened, by want so oppressed,
 Far, far from my own native isle I must roam ;
 I now must cross over the blue briny ocean—
 The land of the stranger must now be my home.
 Without peace or comfort, no more I shall linger
 To hear my poor brother complain, but awa'
 I will hie to that country where hearts speak to other,
 The dear land of freedom, the sweetest o' a'.

For friends or relations, that care for my going,
 I've none left behind me 'twill very much grieve ;
 A simple, poor clown, then, forlorn I'll wander
 Where tyranny vile, me no more can enslave.
 Independent, though low, his compeer, and his equal,
 The servant there good as the master they ca' ;
 And wearied, I'm here, in this isle of oppression,
 The dear land of freedom, the sweetest o' a'.

By landlords, and clergy, and tax, and tax charges,
 Our isle's every product is all from us torn ;

Then what's the poor farmer but menaced with slavery,
 And his poor humble kinsman but left for to mourn.
 Thus the boards of the wealthy but groaning 'neath
 wastrie,

The lot of poor poverty, hunger, and a' ;—
 When the last lonely shilling must go to lewd randies,
 Is freedom's land then, no the sweetest o' a' ?

The small birds rejoicing, there night and day chanting—
 Not as here, without coverts for greed of the gain ;
 Or wild mountain savages happier than we are,
 Who free rove the forest in search of the game.
 The Atlantic let's cross then, and try for promotion
 We cannot be worse than we're here, no ata—
 O bind up your bundles, my leal hearts, and follow—
 The dear land of freedom, the sweetest o' a'.

What! though it may grieve you, my brethren neglected,
 To leave your own native vales far in the east,
 Oh! be not o'er biased, by Heaven protected,
 But quit the old country, and speed to the west.
 A dollar a-day, there, 's the pay for your labor—
 More flour for six-pence you'd buy than'd feed twa ;
 Then swift flee from hardship, my sweet boys, to plen ty
 The dear land of freedom, the sweetest o' a'.

Mechanics there flourish, and tradesmen of all kinds ;
 Restrictions or duties, there's none to concern ;
 But friendly the soil, and salubrious, and mellow,
 And healthful's thy own native island, sweet Er'a.
 With your fathers, what then, though your bones be not
 buried ?

The great day it comes when together we'll draw,
 And meet 'neath a kinder sky fondly exulting—
 The dear land of freedom, the sweetest o' a'.

O Erin! my country, now farewell for ever,
 My heart loathes to leave thee, yet I cannot stay,
 Thy green hills so lovely—thy fountains and rivers,
 Adieu, too, and comrades, for now I'm away.
 Again ne'er I'll see you, in time again never!
 No tyrant by nick-name shall e'er me misca',
 Where every flower blossoms, I'll go be an equal,
 The dear land of freedom, the sweetest o' a.

The merry Boy, Bab.

TUNE.—" Whistle and I'll come to you my lad."

Ye maidens so gandy, saug laced up in braid,
 Though poor is my laddie, and poor I'm mysel',
 Yet pleasure does always belong to the trade,
 And Mirth is the goddess of courting hersel'.
 I beg ye, flee sorrow, and single-hood shun,
 And don't be so ill to conx as you're begun ;
 Be kind to the boys, and maybe they'll wed,
 For now I'm in love wi' the merry boy, Bab,
 For now I'm in love wi' the merry boy, Bab ;
 Be kind to the boys, and maybe they'll wed,
 For now I'm in love wi' the merry boy, Bab.

He lives in a valley, below a high hill,
 And oft by the burn he at gloamin' does stray,

Composing, and singing, as many can tell,

The sweet rural bard of his native Mon'rae.
 For why should I not then delight in my swain?
 Oh! should I despise him because he is lame?
 Na—Willie and Eby, and a' may gang mad,
 For aye I'll lo'e my merry boy, Bab.

For aye I'll lo'e my merry boy, Bab;
 Oh! Willie and Eby, and a' may gang mad,
 For aye I'll lo'e my merry boy, Bab.

Oh! sorrow can't bite me, nor care me can't hurt,

A fig for cauld fortune, I care not the toy,
 Sae lang as my kind laddie comes me to court,
 To kiss me, and clap me, and fill me with joy.
 He comes when it's late, and he can't gang awa',
 He waits a' the night, till the mornin's cock craw:
 He tickles my oxter, and makes me a' glad,
 And aye, I'll lo'e my merry boy Bab.

And aye I'll lo'e my merry boy, Bab;
 He tickles my oxter, and makes me a' glad,
 And aye I'll lo'e my merry boy, Bab.

My daddie may flyte, and my mammie may scould,

My auld doating uncle may brag o' his kin,
 And boast that my portion he'll greatly curtail,
 For shaming my people if I should tak' him.
 But Shame fly to them, that shame e'en may think,
 For me, I care nought about a' their vile clink;
 I'll tak' him for good, and I'll risk on the bad,
 And aye I'll lo'e my merry boy, Bab.

And aye I'll lo'e my merry boy, Bab;
 I'll tak' him for good, and I'll risk on the bad,
 And aye I'll lo'e my merry boy, Bab.

I'm niver so happy as when I'm at home,
 AND THERE WITH MY OLD CLOTHES ON ME.

TEXT—"Shame Boy."

Ye follyful youths who delight take to roam,
 Oh; hearken the tale that I tell you,
 Ye may rue going abroad, but for staying at home,
 Grief never can very ill kill you.
 Therefore, I advise you at home still to keep,
 And no one can taunt you, or fun ye;
 I'm never so happy as when I'm at home,
 And there with my old clothes on me.

I have had money plenty in every pouch,
 And out to the world I have rambled,
 And "here awa', there awa'," many where's been,
 Till spent all the money I'd scrambled;
 But when I came back to the old hearth stone,
 And thought on the race that had ran me,
 Says I, I'm ne'er happy as when I'm at home,
 And there with my old clothes on me.

Abroad in the world, oh! what troubles ensue,
 With such silly fellows as I am?
 Exposed, ay, to spend in a thousand of ways,
 Oh! every nick-nack we are buying;
 And many more evils that I will not name,
 Besides, our good name, it is gone, too;
 I'm never so happy as when I'm at home,
 And that with my old clothes on me.

No longer ago than last week, at a fair
 I was out, and fell to my spreeing,
 But, before I came home I got a black eye,
 Which set aside all my sweet gleeing.
 I went to the ale-house with decent folk, vow!
 And ended with blackguards upon me;
 And happier far would I been at home,
 And there with my old clothes on me.

Oh! when I'm at home I can roam through the fields,
 Without either heartbreak or hardship;
 No sore heart have I, nor to-morrow pain'd head,
 Nor ought sad to trouble my hardship;
 I can laugh in the face of my neighbours like fun,
 Nor neighbour have I that will shun me;
 I'm never so happy as when I'm at home,
 And there with my old clothes on me.

Ye follyful youths, now ye've heard out my song,
 And by it I hope ye'll take warning,
 But when ye've an errand, to ne'er go abroad,
 Lest you may get one ere returning.
 And when that a sight of your folly you've seen,
 Depend that repentance will slam ye,
 And better you'd been, had you stayed at home,
 And there with your old clothes on ye.

The Old Woman's advice to the Young Lassies.

—
 Tune—"Cockabody."
 —

Girls be busy while 'tis day:
 Hearken to your grannie,
 'While the sun shines make the hay',
 Lest you grieve like Annie.

Annie once was young and blithe,
 Too, had sweethearts plenty,
 But the dark day came at last,
 Made the poor thing scanty.

Fortune is a fickle jade,
 And a rank deceiver,
 That awhile smiles on the maid,
 Then does go and leave her.

Now, nae doubt, ye think yer'e fair,
 In youth's morn so sunny;
 And 'mong the lads awhile ye'll sport,
 'Fore ye pick your honey.

But nought ken ye o' the boys,
 Or ye'd them be fearin'—
 When women woo, the lads will run,
 Nor, wait till they near them.

Bargains mak' then while you're young,
 For 'fore ane and twenty,

If you dinna get a man,
Faith, you're born a banty.

Trust not much, then, unto choice,
Nor to giddy fortune ;
Tak' the lads that spier your price,
Leave aside your cartin'.

Robin O'Lare.

Toss,—Robin O'Lare.

In Erin the Emerald, and isle of the shamrock,
There ne'er was a Paddy so gallant elsewhere,
As he, the famed hero, the boast of Louth shepherds,
The pride of green colors, misfortune's poor heir—
When his country him needed, he feared not for danger,
He flew to the war-field, her sorrow to share ;
And then when at leisure, how love it did soften
The fond heart of Erin, bold Robin O'Lare.

He wooed to his choice—and so just was his choosing,
A young simple maiden, e'en past'ral as he—
A neighbouring fair lassie in shepherdess habit,
Who blithe fed her mild flock by bonnie Ardee.
Sweet Anna her name, of the famed house of Connor,
Her wealth flushed and flown, yet gentility there ;
And fate, that vile fary, as yet had left honor,
As clear in fair Anna as Robin O'Lare.

Our royal twa nobles now on the bleak moorland,

From pride, and ambition, and splendour set free,
How oft would they talk of the times and their fore-
bears—

Their woes and their pleasures—with sorrow and glee,
And great was their trouble when evening came lo'ering,
And sad would they part—oh, so dire to their cure,
And of other they'd dream, till the bright sun returning
Brought joy to sweet Anna and Robin O'Lare.

Thus, long did bold Robin woo Anna so fairly,
And oft did he muse on her manifold charms—
As oft kissed her ruby-lips, modest and tender,
While roving the hill with his love, without harm.
And oft would meek Anna returning his kindness,
With love's noblest motto, e'en, smile at him fair,
And of all the blithe swains, vow!—that tripp'd o'er
Duncery,
The one she loved best was bold Robin O'Lare.

Thus, seasons rolled over, and years passed in glory,
The day was set that these twa should be paired,
And join both their fortunes, to make good their world's
gear,
And trip at the hint o' ne bonny bra' herd.
But ah! false delusion! how stole you their senses,
While death their fond prospects laid leafless and bare ;
Ah! little they thought that one honey-moon ever,
Would gladden fair Anna or Robin O'Lare.

Alas! cruel fortune adverse to their union,
Sweet Anna, she drooped in the height of her bloom,

And oft gazed on Robin, and sighed in her sorrow,
 As the day of their bridal it now whirled aroun'.
 And sairy poor Robin lamented his dearie,
 And strove far to cheer her, but useless his care;
 She sank to the grave like a bonny young lily,
 And left but a pale corpse to Robin O'Lare.

Bereft of his Anna—oh, doleful distraction!
 How Robin bewailed her; desponding and low,
 He wild rent his sheep plaid and wandered forlorn,
 Demented and maniac-like, sad in his woe.
 He'd fly to the wild hill where went they to ramble,
 And madman-like there he would talk to the air,
 And weep for his Anna—his Anna so loving—
 And sigh so heart-rending, poor Robin O'Lare.

O phrenzied and fired—by love's sorrow madden'd,
 He'd seek the retreats, oh! where oft they reclined,
 And there, as augmenting his grief in a sudden,
 He'd chant o'er some sad tale how lover's had pined.
 Then swift from his sheep he'd flee, and leave them
 strolling,
 And hie to her grave in the height of despair;
 And there vent his sorrow, and wallow in anguish,
 And cry on his Anna,—poor Robin O'Lare.

But could grew the winter, and months scarce elapsed
 Since from him his Anna was mercilessly torn,
 Till sick'ning in sorrow, with grief he grew paler,
 And death brought a cure for his trouble—the urn.
 O, nae kindly sun could again bring him pleasure,

Nor time, e'en so naughty, his woe could impair,
 Till he went to his grave—and thus true lovers ending,
 Now sleeps with his Anna, bold Robin O'Lare.*

* This Ballad is founded on fact. It is illustrative of the children of *Love, Lie, or Liar*, who were driven from their homes in the early ages of the wars of poor Ireland. Robert O'Lare, the eldest son of the noble family of *Lie*, herding the sheep, under a mask, on the mountains of Louth, became acquainted there with Anna Connor, one of the Irish king's daughters, who, alike, had fled her princely hall to escape the pressure of the times. It appears from the pages of history, that she had chosen this asylum, rather than fall into the hands of the triumphant and brutal enemy; and followed, in disguise, the same pastoral occupation of her noble countryman. One day, while driving her sheep round to the sunny side of the mountain, she and O'Lare met; mutual greetings did ensue; and they became enamoured of each other. But the exertion necessary to attend a flock on a bleak mountain, soon overcame her strength; the delicate constitution of a woman was not able to withstand such a severe trial; and the royal maid, with the dissolution of her noble house, sank to "her grave like a bonny young flower"; and left her lover, the brave O'Lare, to weep his fortune—beware his country's fate—and mourn his fallen, betrothed, and departed Anna, till death, alike, laid him low.

Song.

TUNE.—O, the honest labor, O!

When sorrow damps the weary mind,
 O, ken ye how to war it, O?
 The idle man nae rest can find—
 The busy swain can dare it, O.

CHORUS.

O the heartsome labor, O,
 'Tis it that grief can labour, O;
 The only class contentment has,
 Belongs to honest labor, O.

Th' enlivening glass may care o'erturn,
 And sorrow, for a flatter, O ;
 But when returns again the morn,
 Fell sorrow sinks but deeper, O.
 O, the heartsome labor, O, &c.

Blest wi' gear are dake and gent,
 And nobles round the nation, O ;
 But for the wealth they hae, or spent,
 I wouldna swap my station, O.
 O, the heartsome labor, O, &c.

Your lordlings' smiles are just but frowns,
 Sic troubles round them linger, O ;
 Their idle life, sae fa' o' strife,
 They're half time mad wi' anger, O ;
 O, the heartsome labor, O, &c.

The man endowed with strength and health,
 Whose hands are never busy, O ;
 He never tastes contentment's wealth,
 Nor does the glype so lazy, O.
 O, the heartsome labor, O, &c.

'Tis he, alone, the working man,
 Who counts his health a treasure, O ;
 Whose happy mind can ne'er think lang—
 Whose bosom swells with pleasure, O.
 O, the heartsome labor, O, &c.

Heigh-hum! for a wee house and comfort.

TUNE.—" *Moll Rie in the morning.*"

Heigh-hum! for a wee house and comfort,
 And weena bit yard on the bent,
 And gie to me comfort, I'm better
 Than had I the world 'thout content.
 The king without comfort's a beggar,
 Though many bra' guards by his side ;
 The poor man that swaggers in pleasure,
 Is richer than lords wi' their pride.

What's grandeur, what's splendour so brittle ?
 What's rank, but an empty fop's phrase !
 What are garters or stars, but mere titles !
 What's life but a trifle of days !
 True poortith's an emblem of friendship ;
 Cauld wealth's but a baughty proud vague,
 And he who would woo the vain hussy,
 Dolts forth in the world like a teague.

For titles imperial, I sigh not ;
 Nor do I for court favours care ;
 Och, och! though I'm poor, sure, I'm honest,
 And that's the grand title esq're.
 Oppression's a fault in a statesman ;
 Ambition's a poor silly fool ;
 Then where is the monarch that governs,
 As happy as those he does rule ?

The poor man, there are few to trust him,

He eats as his labour can earn ;
 The rich man, has many to break him,
 And pander to drive him astern.
 What sairs, then, his rents, and his taxes,
 When all he can grasp can't assuage ?
 His coach and attendants but cross him—
 The poor man's the lord, he's the page.

Then what about maidens, or money,
 Or haughty lords branksome and bra' ;
 The mines, e'en, of Java and Ophir,
 Since Comfort's the king aboon a' ;
 A merry mind's nae body's debtor,
 A cheery heart's nae body's slave ;
 A little, ane's ane, is much better,
 Than meikle that ithers can crave.

Then gi'e me my wee house, sae cosoy,
 And weena bit yard on the bent,
 A snug, bonny lass of my picking,
 My dog, and my cat, and content ;
 And what! though my station be humble,
 And what! though my income be sma',
 And sma', sure, my rents and my cesses,
 And happiness crown ower a'.

Song.

TUNE—"Crazy Jane."

O, Delight! what bland sensations,
 To the heart of joy thou bring'st ;

But how vain thy exhibitions,
 To the breast which sorrow wrings.

Prudence binding—heaven approving—
 Lovers locked in lovers arms—
 'Tending to my God, and loving,
 Pleasure once to me had charus.

But now, fortune, ruthless, galls me,
 Fate's a foe—and I'm half old—
 Time, with care and trouble, palls me,
 Love I have, but have not gold.

Flora slights me—I must languish,*
 Until death, nought cures my pain ;
 Joyless thus, through life in anguish
 I must drag the lover's chain.

O! that woman was so haughty—
 O! that poor man was so blind,
 As sell himself for love or beauty,
 When proud woman is unkind.

The Isle of the West.

TUNE—"The Shan leas Doct," or, "The Cuckoo's Nest."

O! raise the sunburst* high,
 Says the Isle of the West ;
 O! raise the sunburst high,
 Says the Isle of the West ;

* The Flag of Ireland.

O! raise the sunburst high,
That the *green* may never die,—
And Erin's foes shall fly,
Says the Isle of the West.

Unite, and be but strong,
Says the Isle of the West;
Unite, and be but strong,
Says the Isle of the West;
Unite, and be but strong,
Against slavery lift the thong,
And victory's yours, ere long,
Says the Isle of the West.

Shall strangers claim my soil?
Says the Isle of the West;
Shall strangers claim my soil?
Says the Isle of the West;
Shall strangers claim my soil,—
Make my children slaves of toil,—
And run off with the spoil?
Says the Isle of the West.

No—no longer, I ween,
Says the Isle of the West;
No—no longer, I ween,
Says the Isle of the West;
No—no longer, I ween,
Shall the Saxon in his spleen,
Trample over my green,
Says the Isle of the West.

There's a spirit me within,
Says the Isle of the West;
There's a spirit me within,
Says the Isle of the West;
There's a spirit me within,
That dares oppression's sin—
'Twill make the tyrant's run,
Says the Isle of the West.

And h—l itself combined,
Says the Isle of the West;
And h—l itself combined,
Says the Isle of the West;
As well might think the wind
To enthrall, or busy mind,
As the mighty spirit bind,
Of the Isle of the West.

The Lass of the Falls.

TUNE.—"The bonny wee Lass that dwells on the Round Hill."

As by Suffolk* I wandered, beholding the beauties
Which Nature out-spread on the bonny green leas,
Behold! in an arbour I spied a fair maiden,
A pretty young creature a monarch might please.
And as I beheld her, astonished in wonder,
My heart beat responsive to Echo's quaint calls,
As the Genins of Beauty proclaimed through the valley,
'Twas pretty Jane Hamill, the Lass of the Falls.

* The Seat of Wm. McCann, Esq., Falls

As steadfast I gazed on this lovely young fair one,
 And feasted my eyes on the charms of her face ;
 I saw in her countenance an angelic sweetness,
 And found her composed of wealth, beauty, and grace—
 No horse-laugh so rude—oh! vulgarity's token,
 Nor wild seeming ogle that virtue appals,
 Appeared in the maidenly, modest deportment,
 Of pretty Jane Hamill, the Lass of the Falls.

As forward she bent o'er the green grassy garden,
 Though attired at home, as domestic would be,
 My heart with love's passion was all on a fire,
 For love at first glance had possession of me.
 With neck like the lily, and crest like the raven,
 Away she went from me next her native walls ;
 And ever since then, oh! my heart's in the keeping,
 Of pretty Jane Hamill, the Lass of the Falls.

Oh, Erin! oh, Erin! my own mother isle, were
 Thy daughters all rich as this goddess of mine,
 Thou might'st banter the world, oh! for human perfection,
 For flowers so fair, and for women divine.
 The humble, at home, I have learned she ne'er spurns
 them,
 Though oft the poor beggars on her make their calls,
 For good as she's bonny, and kinder than any,
 Is pretty Jane Hamill, the Lass of the Falls.

All hail! then, kind Fortune, and, oh! my wish grant it,
 Though it may ne'er be that fair Jane's to be mine,
 May happiness blossom around her sweet dwelling—
 The Treanch* be proverbial for comfort in time.

* The seat of Mr. John Hamill, Falls.

May virtue ne'er stray from the side of the maiden,
 But hold up her head o'er the reptile that crawls ;
 And may God in his wisdom, bestow a good husband,
 On pretty Jane Hamill, the Lass of the Falls.

Erin go Bragh.

TUNE—"General Mair."

Oh! Irishmen, long time bath gloom round you hung,
 Again to the sabres, your bows let be strung,
 And one noble struggle again, oh, come draw,
 In defence of your country, brave *Erin go Bragh*.

How sweet are your green hills, your valleys, and fens,
 Your shamrock-clad mountains, springs, lowlands, and
 glens ;
 Yet sweeter your freedom, and dearer than a',
 And bold is the heart of brave *Erin go Bragh*.

Must the weight of oppression for ever be borne,
 Must your homes thus by tyrants be pillag'd and torn,
 And no grievance redress'd, but a heartless gaffa,
 When you seek but the rights of brave *Erin go Bragh*.

Will the throne of Ambition you ever enslave—
 Oh! remember your forefathers, sons of the brave!
 Then hurra for your country—and traitors awa'—
 And on for the freedom of *Erin go Bragh*.

How heartless the kingdom a despot o'er reigns,

How joyless the freemen that Slavory enchains;
 How glorious to fight, or like freemen to fa',
 For the rights of your country, brave *Erin go Bragh*.

Too long ye've submitted, like brutes to the yoke,—
 Be the blood on the head of them does it provoke—
 The olive yet blooms, and the shamrock does blaw,
 Such time as it is up and fight for *go Bragh*.

Too long have you slept, and 'neath slavery groaned,
 Too long have you suffered your island dethroned;
 Oh, haste! muster clans! and up Irishmen a',
 And on for the freedom of *Erin go Bragh*.

A Country Lass my Love sae bra'

TEXT—"My Nannie O."

A country lass, my love sae bra',
 Sae fair's nae ither hissy, O,
 And oh! her mind's sae sweet o'er a'
 It peerless makes my Leesy, O.

The snow-drop fair, the fragrant bean,
 The blooming bud sae rosey, O,
 Are not more sweet to garden sheen,
 Than is to me my Leesy, O.

Thus decked by Nature, form and face,
 Not Art can dress my daisy, O;
 Sae fu' o' virtue and sweet grace,
 Heav'n says she's bonny Leesy, O.

She cares not by the miser churl,
 Nor wealthy glype sae lazy, O;
 She couldna frown, gi'e her the worl',
 Sae pleasant is my Leesy, O.

Can make and mend, and card and spin,
 The lovely lass sae tosey, O;
 The rich man's pride, the poor man's frien',
 To get a wife like Leesy, O.

Nae clouts upon her hing like dirt,
 Nor black her skin, or greasy, O;
 But clean and tidy frae the shift,
 A lily fair's my Leesy, O.

My cotter darg but done ilk night,
 Though sairy toil might tease me, O,
 I'd laugh at *independence* light,
 E'en housed beside my Leesy, O.

What care I then by cent per cent,
 Or gouted peezyweezy, O,
 I've wealth en'ugh, wi' sweet content,
 A carrige gilt's my Leesy, O.

£ once was a maiden baith winsome and blithe.

TEXT—"Ballinteen Dren."

I once was a maiden both winsome and blithe,
 But the cauld breath o' fortune would not let me thrive—
 A gentleman wooed me from Cushendun glen,
 And for this fine offer I spurned nine or ten.

But woe to this false one, may ilk ill him snool,
 He came off the wise one, and left me the fool;
 I ance could made matches, but now can mak' nae;
 My whole soul is sorrow, care, trouble, and pain.

There's ae thing that mak's my grief doubly severe,
 Tae think I spurned truth for that sakeless thing, gear,
 And loved but the foul one that proved my o'erthrow,
 And left sweeter callans to sigh in their woe.

Now Sawnie and Andy may laugh in their sleeve,
 And scorn me as I scorned them, who scorned to deceive,
 And sigh nae mair for me, while I sigh my lane,
 Nae mair the sweet lassie, the pride of Colerain.

Ye maidens, so tender, take heed unto me,
 A poor weeping outcast whose mirth's all algee;
 Ne'er sigh for cruel fortune, for falsehood's in show,
 Nor dont on the great ones this world does bestow:

Make the fair ones your lovers that's constant and true,
 Nor spurn the poor fellow whose coffer's not fu';
 Though homely and simple he'll ne'er bring ye shame,
 Alas! that I'd wedded the boy of Colerain.

Carrigan's Lament for his Mistress.

TUNE—*Menie's awa'.*

Awake, wake my harp in the height of my mourning,
 Awake, sound thy last lay and ne'er wake again;
 Accord your soft notes, oh! ye lovers so charming,
 And hear a poor pilgrim forlorn complain.

I once was as blithe as the lark in the morning,
 But now I'm as sad-like as wild nature's shaw,
 Or the little bird's weeping for winter returning,
 I can't help but sorrow since Menie's awa'.

O! she was the fairest of a' the gay lasses
 That roved o'er the green hills of Donaghadee,
 And nobles, they sought her and spurned haughty misses,
 But fixed was her heart, and I joyed it to see.
 At maket and fair the folk ca'd her the bonny,
 At kirk and at sermon the good and the bra',
 And I loved her as dear, oh as dear as could ony,
 And Menie loved me, but now Menie's awa'.

Amang you green bowers, oh! oft in our glory,
 With pleasure the veriest, we spent the sweet noon,
 And you rising moon, oh! can tell the sad story,
 How oft we held converse wi' love in the gloom—
 How oft to my bosom I pressed her so loving,
 And kissed her mair sweet than the bloom o' the haw,
 While she leaned on my breast and exclaimed so heart-
 moving,
 Thou'rt Menie's sweet callan, but Menie's awa'.

Alas! thus heartbroken, harsh fate, in thy fury,
 Oh! let me not languish, defeat all my grief,
 Thus robbed of my olive, my kind blooming dearie,
 There's nae transient pleasure can bring me relief.
 O gi'e me the coffin, sae black, for a posy,
 Since I can ne'er love again—oh ne'er ava!
 And there in the mould's wi' cauld death, e'en sae cosy,
 I'll laugh o'er my sorrow, wi' Menie awa'.

An Idea has struck me, and I shall record it.

Air.—"King Tyrrell."

An idea has struck me, and I shall record it,
 When here with sweet friendship our goblets o'erflow—
 That the heart that is good shall be by mercy awarded,
 And never be ask'd whether merry or no.
 The emblems of innocence, pure in each feature,
 They gape for the dew-drop, the flowers so bright :
 Then who can decry us for sipping the crater,
 If more to our nature, our taste, and delight ?
 Come, fill high the goblet, this jubilee night,
 And let us be blithe over sorrow and woe ;
 Since the heart that is good, when the trial stands
 tight,
 Shall never be asked whether merry or no.

To the brave and the mighty, the toast let go round,
 The patriot, the sage, and the hero—nay, more,
 Contempt to the wretch who'd a vassal be found,
 Or drink off his neighbour and a shilling in store.
 And sip your's so purple, and I'll mine so clear,
 To the blue eyed daughters of Erin, the while :
 And here's to the friends that love other so dear,
 And freedom and harmony round the "Green Isle."
 Come, fill high the goblet this jubilee night, &c.

And while we thus revel—with Concord and Glee,
 May gay hearted Pleasure here dance out the night ;
 And may we be harmless, and social, and free,
 From all that's obnoxious, or aught that's not right :

And may Friendship preside o'er the scene till the morn,
 And Mirth keep her seat till the dawn of the day—
 Who knows if our meeting on earth may return ?
 So let us be joyful, e'en now, while we may.
 Come, fill high the goblet this jubilee.

Paddy's Lamentation.

Tune.—"Cauld house o' Clap."

O Erin! O Erin, thou gem of the sea!—
 Alas! oh, alas, for my ain country ;
 But far frae its borders, afar far awa',
 I lie in New Holland, dull woe, frae "go bragh."
 Though fourteen lang thousand miles 'tween it and me,
 Was I a wee birdie to it I would flee ;
 But oh, what daft thoughts, when I'm doomed to stay,
 And drudge like a negro, and till Botany Bay.

The times they were hardy, and hardship was rife,
 The cauld breath of tyrants engendered strife,
 For what cared base despots and bloodsuckers a',
 Wha sunk if they flourished baith happy and bra'.
 And Irishmen willing we took to the plain,
 With pike, gun, and pistol our freedom to claim,
 And there fought like Cossacks and bravely did slay
 Without thought or notion to see Botany Bay.

Oh! woe to ye, haughty lords, men of the state,
 Oh! woe to ye, kings, and ye monarchs so great ;
 May bad luck attend ye, and black be your fall,

Oh! every one, all ye that propagate thrall—
 'Twas thus for my country, been fearless to dee,
 I stood like a hero, too valiant to flee;
 But, alas! I was taken, and far, far away,
 I was sent as a traitor to till Botany Bay.

O how I would joy and my task with contend,
 Was my exile or slav'ry to e'er have an end,
 Had my years but been numbered, my heart would re-
 trieved,

And hoped for the better, though fate might deceived,
 But oh! how heart-rending out life to deplore!
 My own native island I'm ne'er to see more.
 Let who like be cheery, I'm ne'er to be gay,
 Since destined in sorrow to till Botany Bay.

My diet is light, and I'm pale and I'm wan,
 The heat of the sun, oh! I cannot withstand—
 I'm thawing away as I hing o'er my toil,
 I'm loathsome with ulcers, and sores me embroil,
 With whip, scourge, and torture, my poor flesh is torn,
 I weep, as my tool to I'm chained, and sad mourn;
 My taskmaster's hard, and by night and by day
 There's no slackens for Paddy in grim Botany Bay.

But Ellen don't weep for't, though slavery's my doom,
 But think on that bright land where care cannot gloom,
 Be loyal and faithful, live single for me,
 And constant as Damon I'm ever to thee.
 The wild Indian savage, though dragged from his home,
 He knows at his death he returns to his own;
 Then, alike let us sigh for the dear joyful day,

When we're blithe o'er our sorrow and grim Botany
 Bay.

O! that existence I never had knew!
 Alas! that to manhood I never had grew!
 O! that my father had ne'er been of yore!
 Alas! that my mother had never me bore!
 O! that I'd lain with the clods and been still,
 On fam'd Edenavady,* or Donegore hill;
 How glorious for freedom to fight and to die,
 But life's not worth having in grim Botany Bay.

Maiden, mine 'tis to Deplore.

TEXT—*Bonnie Leary.*

HE.

Maiden, mine 'tis to deplore,—
 Lassie, we must part once more.—
 Let me not long sigh my lane;
 Say, sweet lass, when thou'rt my ain,
 Say when we're to meet again,
 Say't, my bonnie Leary.

SHE.

Wilt thou part with me my boy?
 Gae the gate, but I'm 'thout joy;
 Drowned wi' care, and wild wi' woe,
 If you do, 'twill e'en be so—
 If you would not prove her foe,
 Stay the day wi' Leary.

* Edenavady and Donegore, sites of two Rebel encampments, in 1798.

HE.

Lassie, hide thy grief and teen,
 Swollen pity smoores my een ;
 Though lang the pad 'tween you and me,
 I'll come you again to see,
 I'll come back, and blithe we'll be—
 Farewell, bonnie Leesy.

SHE.

Ne'er come back when ye're awa',
 Ne'er come back again ava ;
 If that love and truth don't bind,
 If your heart is false, unkind—
 Ne'er come back without the mind,
 Nae mair to part your Leesy.

© wilt thou go lassie to Kerry with me ?

The shortening day lowered o'er mountain and wave,
 The grey face of Winter hung hard on the eve ;
 The clear, sparkling stars were rose bright o'er the plain,
 But Patrick was sever'd from home by the main ;
 His bonny Scotch Meg he had trysted obscure,
 To meet him that night by the kine-cooted moor ;
 And true to their promise, they meet there awae,
 Before he'd go home his sweet Kerry to see.

'Tis now—but sweet Maggie sit down with content—
 But two or three months since we became acquaint ;
 The hay-ricking's over—the corn-shearing's past,
 And so I must kiss my sweet Meg for the last.

This night I'm paid off, and sweet Meg will forget
 Her brave Irish Pat ere again he comes back ;
 I'm a true-hearted fellow, as light as a bee,
 O wilt thou go lassie to Kerry with me ?

O canst thou not mind Meg, how dearly we've lo'ed—
 When lock'd in each others arms too, how we wooed—
 What nights we have sat in this nowt-shielding cruce,
 And kissed till the rising morn dawned on our love ?
 When off to the milking you went in your pride,
 How oft the filled 'bowie' I've borne by your side,
 From time to time courting how blithe in our glee—
 O wilt thou go lassie to Kerry with me ?

Meg, say dost thou love me? sweet lassie so fair,
 O canst thou not love me, and thou my whole care ?
 But hark! the cock's crowing, and I must begone,
 You clear star that's rising foretels of the dawn.
 The slup is to sail at the break of the day ;
 Then farewell sweet lassie for I cannot stay,
 Be heaven thy warden when I'm far from thee,
 Since thou went go lassie to Kerry with me.

This last touching sentence to love was severe,
 Fond Maggie she sank in the arms of her dear ;
 She sighed for to think on her lad-lorn distress,
 The loss of her Pat, and his fondling caress :
 She sobbed in her grief, and cried, 'oh maun we part,
 Ah! no, dearest callan, you've long had my heart,
 O could I but think that ye'd faithfu' still be,
 I'd gae my sweet laddie to Kerry wi' thee.'

O lass of Kilmarnock, look now to thyself,
 Sure, thy true love has said it? and is he an elf?
 Where, where is the rogue? is't an Irishman's plan
 To make love to a lassie, with heart to trepan?
 My girl shall be handled as tender's an egg,
 She shall live like a lady, and none but my Meg.
 Then come my sweet lassie both fondly and free,
 And share peace and plenty in Kerry with me.

Meg soon dropped her sorrow, Pat wiped all her tears,
 And soothed all her troubles, and quelled all her fears,
 And vow! the sweet lassie she could not say, nay,
 As Pat stole the kisses, and up rose the day.
 And swift to the misty pad, Patrick is aff,
 With his Meg in his arm linked, a bonny Scotch staff.
 And now in the steamboat, as blithe as could be,
 How he frolicked with joy his sweet Kerry to see.

The morning soon brightened right clear o'er the plain,
 The fond farmer sighs for his daughter in vain—
 The runaway bargain soon came to their eyes,
 But the brave ship had sailed then—and what for their
 noise?

Oh! what for their anger? base heart 'twould deride!
 Pat's blithe o'er their nonsense, he has his sweet bride—
 He aye sings so cheerly and chaunts it with glee,
 Meg left friends and country for Kerry and me.

Sweet Nancy is the Girl for me.*

TUNE.—"Mary weep no more for me."

Far from my home to rove the while,
 And cruise on Fortune's troubled main—
 Time ne'er fond memory can beguile,
 When woman bids the thought to reign;
 And though I roam from her afar,
 Now, cast on life's tempestuous sea,
 Love is my only guiding star,
 And Nancy is the girl for me.

I thought I could have wandered fro,
 And ne'er for parting had a pain;
 But ah! too late, I've learned to know
 The sunniest day may turn to rain;
 Tho' blithe with an unclouded sky,
 My summer day may seem to be,
 While others smile, the hidden sigh,
 Says, Nancy is the girl for me.

'Mongst Fortune's favourites, tho' I roam,
 And is with some a welcome guest;
 The girl I left behind, at home,
 Is never absent from my breast:
 She has a way to chase despair,
 And set the woe-worn captive free:—
 Though this one's rich, and that one's fair,
 Sweet Nancy is the girl for me.

* This song was written in Scotland, when far from the object that my heart
 at that time, doted on.

True as the needle to the pole,
 Till life's last sand my course does run,
 She shall be mistress of my soul,
 If that she seeks no other sun.
 Though poor in wealth, she's rich in worth,
 And sweet her honey lip to pree ;
 The fairest pink of all the earth,
 Sweet Nancy is the girl for me.

☉ there's a lassie in the West.

O there's a lassie in the west,
 And her I lo'e sincere, O,
 Nor day, nor night, my mind can rest,
 For thinking on my dear, O.

CHORUS.

O, she's the lassie fills my e'e,
 And ne'er a one her peer, O ;
 O, she's the girl, the girl for me,
 The wench that has the gear, O.

O, wha'd nae woo a damsel neat,
 O, wha'd nae kiss the fair, O ;
 But oh ! how doubly dear and sweet,
 To kiss one has the gear, O.
 O, she's the lassie, &c.

Your beauteous *beaus* may smiles impart,
 And fools their price may spier, O,
 But she's the lassie warms the heart,

The lass that has the gear, O,
 O, she's the lassie, &c.

Waes me ! yon toiling swain, for life
 Now slavery doomed to bear, O,
 How fain would he he'd ne'er wed wite,
 Else wed one had the gear, O.
 O, she's the lassie, &c.

How sweet enjoyment spreads the sails,
 What pleasures sweet us near, O,
 How blithe are we ower a' our ails,
 Whan wi' the bit o' gear, O.
 O she's the lassie, &c.

O, beauty's flowers swiftly fade,
 Then fancy legs asteer, O,
 But still the yellow clink keeps good,
 Stands bonnie, aye, the gear, O.
 O, she's the lassie, &c.

If cash in store, the wide world o'er,
 Nor matter where career, O,
 In every port ye've friends galore—
 The noblest friend's the gear, O.
 O, she's the lassie, &c.

O gear it makes the orner bright,
 O gear it makes the cheer, O ;
 O gear it makes a black skin white—
 What are we without gear, O ?
 O, she's the lassie fills my e'e, &c.

Morning's dawning now to our care.

HE.

Morning's dawning now to our care,
 Joyful eve, but joyless air;
 Now the howlet's off the wing,
 Hark the wild birds as they sing,
 Yet I wi' my lassie hing,
 Though far frae hame, my dearie.

Lovely lass have joy, ne'er fear,
 Love is chaste, and I'm sincere;
 Make the tryste before I gae;
 Would neist hallow night no dae?
 Fain I'd stay the lief long day,
 Could I do't my dearie.

SHE

Come then, laddie, as ye say,
 The tryste thy Mary won't delay,
 But before't my heart will br'ak!
 O that we twa ne'er had met,
 If I'm left to care and fret,
 No more to see my dearie.

Sure as Heaven is chaste, above,
 Sure as innocent our love,
 Sure as severed we shall mourn,
 Sure as you is PURDYBURN,
 So sure, sweet lad, if ne'er return,
 Joyless is poor Mary.

HE.

Smooth those frowns, my love, take cheer,
 Dry those tears, my dearest dear;
 Heavenly blessings, sweet and bland,
 Yet await us love so fond;
 Soon, ere long, the night we'll spend,
 To nae mair part my dearie.

Felix O'Neill.

Brave Felix O'Neill was "the broth of a boy,"
 He was born in the year *seventy-four* at the Moy;
 And, young, tall, and manly, and stiff as a stake,
 He was able to serve in the year *Ninety-eight*.
 But what will I tell you? for fighting his foes,
 For humbling the pride of the proud, haughty rose,
 And singing old croppie songs, like *Grannua Wail*,
 Beheaded for treason was Felix O'Neill.

Oh Erin! oh Erin! her own Freedom craves,—
 Will the old mother Isle still be peopled by slaves?
 Fitzgerald, Munro, Tone, and Murphy bewail,
 While I weep for brave Emmett, and Felix O'Neill.

Oh! sons of the west! does your hearts never burn,
 To see the old island, though peopled, thus torn?
 Your homes thus ransacked, thy altars laid low
 By the blood-thirsty Saxon, e'en Erin's worst foe?
 Be justice your pass-word, and flee to the field,
 And gird on your bucklers, intend ne'er to yield;
 Let the war-cry re-echo from mountain to vale,

For the blood of your patriots, and Felix O'Neill.
O Erin! oh Erin! her own Freedom craves, &c.

From the broad swelling Shannon to Lagan's slow tide,
From the Foyle to the Liffey, throughout the Isle wide,
Up! Irishmen, up! for your liberty call!
And let Erin be free, or no more suffer thrall!
Through mountains of carnage, and rivers of gore
Unite in your hearts as when led by O'More,
And Freedom's green banner soon floats on the gale,
And Erin's made free by stout hearts like O'Neill.
O Erin! oh Erin! her own Freedom craves, &c.

O fair is green Erin, the land of the brave,
But by cruel oppressors the land of the slave.
May the brave sons of Freedom long slavery detest—
May the spirit of Liberty long cock her crest—
May Time, that old veteran, step in soon to aid;
And cut-throats and tyrants, as will be, repaid:
And soon may the vanquished reveal the sweet tale,
That Erin's as free as when king was O'Neill.
Oh Erin! oh Erin! her own Freedom craves, &c.

My Mother's Son ne'er was a fleecher.

Tune.—"Na Gailloch y' Goiden."

My mothers son ne'er was a fleecher—
Brave Paddy's the boy for a bride—
I'll sing you a song, though no preacher,
For praying I'm easy beside;

The clargy's the devil on pocket,
Come, let the ould darlings alone;
Och, och! sure the money they'll take it,
Though bread they could make from a stone.
CHOIRS.
Wid his single nap, double nap, napping,
His kissing and courting, so gran';
Wid his drinking, and brawling, and smoking,
Sure, Paddy's the broth of a man.

Though poor, you shant spurn me for riches,
For some where in Patrick's ould isle,
The wearie be on my ould britches,
But friends I have lords of the soil
And who knows but fate, in her swithers,
May one day create me an earl;
If purple-men hung were on teathers,
And priestcraft was shot like a squirrel.
Wid his single nap, double nap, napping, &c.

My grand-sire was blood of St. Kivir;
By Connor my grand-dame was bred;
But somehow, with odd and uneven,
Our race is degenerately spread.
Och! arrah dear shoy—tare anountry!
There never stood better on shanks
Than I myself, friend of my country,
And what about titles or rank?
Wid his single nap, double nap, napping, &c.

My shillelagh's still true to the scutching,
And I am the blade for the brawl;

Each head it comes over needs patching,
 My heart is my powder and ball.
 A fig for your clarets and brandies—
 I grudge not the English their roast ;
 Give the 'brooes' to the Scotch, the vile randies,
 The whiskey's the Irishman's toast—
 Wid his single nap, double nap, napping, &c.

The Friend in the Jug.

TUNE.—*The Friend in the Jug.*

My song shan't run of lasses,
 The proudest clan on earth—
 My theme it is of glasses,
 Of social glee and worth—
 Of mellow, sweet young fellows,
 Who dearly love the grog,
 The friend 'twill never fail us,
 The friend in the jug.
 The friend in the jug, my joes,
 The friend in the jug ;
 The friend 'twill never fail us,
 The friend in the jug.

What tho' the world all over
 We rove, or round and round,
 Yet still at last we love to draw,
 To the old calf ground ;
 And there wi' frien's forgather'd,
 Wha wouldna toom a tub,

And knit around wi' frien's o' youth,
 The friend in the jug.
 The friend in the jug, my joes,
 The friend in the jug ;
 And knit around wi' frien's o' youth,
 The friend in the jug.

The miser, poor wordling,
 What about his trash,
 He'll get his time, and but no more,
 And we'll get ours, by guess.
 Oh! see the wretch as tottering,
 The hollow-hearted rogue,
 What kens he of life's pleasures,
 'Thout the friend in the jug.
 The friend in the jug, my joes,
 The friend in the jug ;
 What kens he of life's pleasures,
 'Thout the friend in the jug.

What tho' wi' bare back weary,
 We batter through life's storm,
 Wi' a hole coat, a ragged shirt,
 And nought to keep us warm.
 Ev'n tho' we were in beggary,
 Thus roaming for our prog,
 Sure, all our cares it smothers,
 The friend in the jug.
 The friend in the jug, my joes,
 The friend in the jug.
 Sure, all our cares it smothers,
 The friend in the jug.

I've prank'd with friends twere jolly,
 And found them false and vain,
 I then wed bonnie Molly,
 But Moll, too, took me in.
 Of all the friends that e'er I've had,
 Commend me to the grog,
 The friend that ne'er deceived me—
 The friend in the jug.
 The friend in the jug, my joes,
 The friend in the jug;
 The friend that ne'er deceived me,—
 The friend in the jug.

Song.

When sorrow blocks up the poor wanderer's way,
 And the cares of this world fills his sad heart wi' wae;
 To banish the same—what so good as a glass,
 The swats o' a bottle, or kiss of a lass?

CHORUS.

O! whare is the soft heart so tender as mine?
 O! whare the hard bosom, fell Fortune, as thine?
 Lock up your coffers, and keep in your cash,
 Your heart is in money, but mine's in a lass.

When th' sweet sunny smiles of my lassie I see,
 I skip and I loup, like a lamb on the lea;
 When wi' her, nae mortal mair happy than I,
 But, oh! when I'm frae her I ever maun sigh.
 O! whare is the soft heart so tender as mine? &c.

Ah! cease, thou soft thrush wi' thy singing so clear,
 Thy voice, as my Norah's voice, rings in my ear;
 Yet, go on thou, sweet bird, for type of her thou art,
 The notes that thou wakest brings peace to my heart.
 O! whare is the soft heart so tender as mine? &c.

Oh! that a peasant could fill a lord's bed;
 Oh! that the poor boy could prig her to wed;
 Though the gent of the city might pout and go by,
 The king on the throne not more happy than I.
 O! whare is the soft heart so tender as mine? &c.

Song.

There's many a bard to sing for fame,
 Or touch the string that lucre brings—
 Full many a one to raise the strain,
 For those that wealth enough for sings:
 But I no gem of Fortune choose,
 To be the favourite of my song;
 The one that wakes the rustic Muse,
 To poverty's dear orbs belong.

Gentle the heart of the mild hare,
 Stately the gait of bounding roe,
 Sweet modesty the violet's share,
 Simplicity the daisy's show.
 For all these excellencies extolled,
 Besides the beauties of the mind;
 Oh! in perfection's noblest mould,
 My darling would not lag behind.

Another year may deck the vale,
 And blind us to the flowers have been;
 The breath of Time, the love-lorn heal,
 And cast oblivion o'er the scene.
 But though time should my youthful brow
 Bleach white as hoar-frost on the fell;
 While memory holds her seat, as now,
 I'll ne'er forget my Isabel.

My kind Boy, Willie.

THE IRISH MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON'S EMIGRATION TO AMERICA ON ACCOUNT OF THE TIMES.

Tune—*My kind boy, Willie.*

Alas! alas! in woe I bend,
 I'm left, I'm left without a friend!
 Ah! treacherous traitors, ye'll be calmed,
 And weep, too, for your folly.
 Hex torn frae me to cross the wave—
 He's gane the king o' a' that's brave—
 Unto the land where none's a slave,
 Awa's my kind boy, Willie.

Fate be propitious in the hour
 When sullen danger seems to lower,
 And guard him back to Erin's shore,
 Wi' comfort for his ally;
 But should cruel fortune be so sharp,
 As doubly pierce my troubled heart,
 I'll bear wi' cheer the killing smart,
 If well my kind boy, Willie.

O wail nae mair, ye caring few,
 Nae mair your woeful cheeks bodew,
 But blithely bid the warm adieu,
 And cease your grief so silly.
 Endued with love, and friendship, too,—
 Beloved by all who here him knew—
 Sweet Susan goes, a friend that's true,
 Wi' my dear, kind boy, Willie.

And now my last and latest prayers,
 If it's ordained they're to have heirs,
 May Heaven guide both they and theirs,
 In virtue's paths 'thout folly;
 And long may shine their sun, ere set,
 And may they ne'er have care or fret,
 While here on earth I'll ne'er forget,
 My friendly, kind boy, Willie.

Fair was the grove, and sweet the green.

Fair was the grove, and sweet the green,
 Along the Lagan's glassy stream,
 Where oft I met my gancey queen,
 A through-gaun Irish lad, O.
 But far awa' beyond the seas,
 I left my love to live at ease,
 Yet back I came, my girl to please,
 And coax her aff' to Cabo.

Sweet was the eve when first we met,
 The parting hour was care, my pet,

Ye mind, you bid me nae forget
 You when I's far abroad, O :
 So, Emma, true to thy behest,
 I vowed, 'boon a', I lo'ed thee best ;
 And truth was aye thy Donald's test—
 Now wilt thou go to Cabo ?

Ah ! whist ! nae mair my lovely saunt,
 Thy daddy's siller I can want,
 I've wealth en'ugh, sweet lass, tak' tent,
 If thou'lt be mine to brag, O'.
 So, gie's your hand and banish fear,
 The sea is calm, the sky is clear—
 And wilt thou go or stay, my dear,
 For I mann hie to Cabo ?

The land of freedom and of fame,
 Is the American domain—
 We'll peace and plenty there obtain,
 And ne'er will we be sad, O.
 Among its banks, among its braes,
 Far, far frae hame and a' our faes,
 We'll there spend many happy days
 Upon the banks of Cabo.

Thus said, the willing damsel sighed,
 And in his arms she sank and cried,
 I'll be my Donald's faithful bride,
 I'll go where'er I'm bade, O.
 So both bein' caught in Hymen's net,
 Swift to the clergy's aff they set ;
 And firm and fast he tied the knot,
 And so they sailed for Cabo.

A rantin' Lass was Ratty Grant.

Air.—"Maggie Lander."

A rantin' lass was Ratty Grant,
 And she lived in Kilwarlin,
 And far and near, whaur e'er she went,
 For her the boys were quarr'lin'.
 But aye day in a hasty march,
 As she was for the fair gaus,
 Wi' mizen peak in feently arch,
 She up hied Jock the Carman.

Now, Jockey was a frien'ly blade,
 As e'er was put a heart in ;
 He frankly spiered at the maid,
 And wi' her fa'd a courtin'.
 Quoth he—"gain ye be for the fair,
 Ye see my dray is emp'y,
 And welcome to't ye're o' a share"—
 And stapp'd his horse right denty.

Wi' that sweet Katty redd'ning flushed,
 And blithe she thanked him kin'ly—
 And to his cart the Carman rush'd,
 To mak' a seat congily ;
 And rapes an' rugs he kicked aside,
 And on the nagey's fother
 The sweet girl soon he plac'd beside
 Himself, and thocht nae bother.

As to the clown, now aff he drove—

He feels himsel' a' raptured ;
 He kensna how, but deep in love,
 And Tarry gets the whip for't.
 Then at the lass he fandly keeks,
 And ax'd her for her name, pray ;
 And fain wad preed her bonnie lips,
 But darna yet for shame sae.

By this young Katty frank and leel,
 'Gain blushed and grew mair lo'esome ;
 As round her neck she finds to steal
 His hand to pat her bosom ;
 Qou' she—" the name I get at hame,
 An's kent by near through Erlin,
 Is lovely Catharine, blithe an' clean,
 The lassie o' Kilwarlin."

" O! hearts of broth—are you sae named ?
 Yoursel' I've heard reported ;
 And too, sae young! and yet sae famed,
 Before has meikle courted !
 Wad ye be mine, my cantie lass,
 And love for gear nae barter,
 I'd wad a groat you'd taste o' bliss,
 Wi' Johannie Brown the Carter.

" My house and fare thou'lt freely share,
 My bed and a' the gither—
 There's naethin' left tae gie ye care,
 Last year gied Death my mithor.
 Alas! how sorry is my life,
 My cabin lock'd behin' me ;

Here, tak' the key—say your my wife,
 An' sorrow ne'er shall blin' ye.

" The fire black—how drear the night,
 When half-drowned hame I wander ;
 Ah! sure, my comfort is but light,
 And unco sma' my slumber ?
 O! war ye mine, my pretty maid,
 How ye my life wad sweeten—
 Sure, you would get my maiden-head,
 And I your carefu' keepin'.

" Then, say, come say, and candid say,
 And don't sit there me dashin',
 Will ye be mine this very day,
 And we'll be wed in fashion ?
 My honest pouch weel lined wi' cash,
 My heart ne'er 'fore sae lovin'.
 Ho! by my boots, we'll cut the dash,
 When tae the clergy's rovin'."

Soft ower her nose the lassie looks,
 And, oh! her smiles were greetin' ;
 " I'm ower young for married gates,"
 She fondly would be speakin'.
 But, 'fore she kent, right ower her cheek,
 Guid faith, he timed her clever,
 And gien her rosy lips a smack,
 That gared her heart to quiver.

And what could o'en the poor thing dae ?
 Och! sure her heart grew safter,

For aft they tousel'd on the hay,
 And vow! he sairly daft her,
 Till o' her hame, and a' 'twas there,
 She clean had quite forgotten;
 And thocht o' nane but him 'twas near,
 The Carter by her sittin'.

Quoth she—"tho' strangers are we twa,
 An' ne'er before's been cheersome;
 Yet, something's rattlin' through me a',
 That mak's me glad and queersome.
 I'm just nineteen on Thursday niest—
 A fig for a' their girnin';
 I carna tho' I face the priest,
 I'll wed wi' Jock the Carman."

Now on brave Tarry, he went fast,
 They nae on time were thinkin',
 Till through the fair-folks a' they drift,
 And's at the clergy's linkin'.
 Whan there, the priest, wi' weel creash't loof,
 He tied the knot fir' aughty;
 And Jockey was a saucy calf,
 And Kate was nae less paughty.

Frae morn till evening, through the fair,
 Out o'er the sparkling liquor;
 The toast was o' the smiling pair,
 Wha wedded had the vicar.
 But eve worn in—now sprucely proud,
 A' that was at the waddin'

Brave Jock took hame wi' his sweet bride
 On the cart he'd there to laden.

And there was meat, and drink, and fun,
 And too, they danc'd and ranted;
 And nighbor's a' they, too, cam' in—
 A' 'twas wi' Jock acquainted.
 And Jock he tald the drolesome tale
 O' his waddin' an' his courtship,
 And squared the floor wi' his bride himsel',
 And sae till dawn they sported.

But morning up, and night been fled,
 And they a' aff been ranket,
 Jock thought it was fu' time to bed,
 And show'd his girl the blankit.
 And Kate was pleased tae hearts content,
 Her man bein' weel provided;
 And lang they've liaved, and ne'er knew want,
 An' sae in love they bide it.

Ye jolly toppers hush your mirth,
 No more of drunken Bacchus;
 Nor pride, nor affluence grovelling forth,
 Wi' war or bluid mair "wrack us."
 But, oh! my song, and it so sweet,
 Wha wadna sing sae charmin',
 Despisin' a' the wealth o' state,
 In Kate and Jock the Carman.

Ballad.

TUNE—"Cora rigs are bonnie."

As o'er my toil wi' sweaty brow,
 While sang the Robin clearly—
 As Autumn's winds did round me rowe,
 The season I love dearly.
 My thought ran high, my fancy far
 O'er moors and mosses many,
 And distant crags, and many a scaur;
 And off I hied to Jeanie.

My heart beat light, my bosom heaved,
 My nerves all went a sporting,
 A thousand springs my frame received,
 As legging to my courting;
 But oh! sad sorrow, fell and sour,
 Soon banished joy, sae gloomy;
 I kendna when the evil hour—
 I thought weel lo'ed me Jeanie.

But oh, alas! when thither sped,
 How, how could I be merry?
 I found a rival in my stead,
 Close seated by my dearie;
 The false maid, too, I found untrue,
 I knew she thought of Sawnie,
 And what could e'en poor Rabin do,
 He couldna live 'thout Jeanie.

My ardent mind enflamed to skaith,
 Weel thairmed my ideoe sae waulie,
 I's ance amind to rush in wraith,
 And trap sic silly folly;
 But more becoming manhood's self,
 For a' their jokes ane funny,
 Thus I took huff, and scorned her pelf,
 Nor mair gaed back to Jeanie.

Back o'er the hill, as hame I stabbed,
 Aboon the glen sae bushy,
 There stood a cot, and in I jogged,
 To see as sweet a lassie;
 To her I gied the presents a',
 That I'd prepared for Jeanie.
 And passed the night till morning da',
 Wi' cracks and kisses many.

O ance a week, this many a week,
 To Ann I hae been roving;
 Each night I go my tea's more sweet,
 And aye the girl's mair loving.
 And happly I'm wi' pleasure blest,
 To court my lass sae bonnie;
 I bless the happy night I left,
 Proud Jeanie for my Annie.

The Lovely Pink of Ballyhay.

TEXT—"The bonny lass o' Ballyhay."

The setting sun dwelt on the hills,
 The evening's shade fell o'er the lea—
 And wandering through the flowery vales,
 Outskirts the woods of Donagh'dee;
 Behold! a female fair I spied,
 That beauty's charms did all display;
 And simple truth proclaimed the maid,
 The lovely pink of Ballyhay.

Fair as was Eve, or beauty's queen,
 Before defiled by guilt of man,
 With simple, unaffected mien,
 And easy step she strode along;
 Her voice was like the linnet's song—
 Her countenance as the summer day—
 Her breath was as the primrose blawn—
 So sweet the Pink of Ballyhay.

She was a maiden, like the one,
 Not Julia in the myrtle shade,
 But like Don Juan's other dame,
 Ev'n Haidee in her bridal braid.
 Oh! had the Muse of Byron met
 This lovely sunflower on her way,
 The magnet of attraction yet,
 Should been the Pink of Ballyhay.

Oh! while you revel round the board,

You sons of youth, with mirth divine,
 Be chivalry once more restored,
 To her and love send round the wine.
 Anacreon's Lute, or Sappho's Muse,—
 The Harp of Moore, nor Milton's lay,
 Did ne'er a fairer flower produce,
 Than the sweet Pink of Ballyhay.

O fortune! how my soul would shine,
 And how my heart divinely glow,
 Did thou but stamp the fair one mine—
 No more of lingering grief I'd know.
 I long not for the castles store,
 Nor for the gems the rich array;
 The meanest cot on Erin's shore,
 Were joy, with her of Ballyhay.

I want a Wife, just, like my Mither, &c.

My mither is tidy, and easy, and clean,
 My mither is winsome and bonny,
 She looks near as wool in her auld torn goon,
 As some o' your young anes, sae funnie;
 My mither can knit, and my mither can spin,
 My mither's nae laxy or lither;
 To speak for mysel', I hae nae better freen,
 And I want a wife, just, like my mither.

Though it reddens the eyes, some say, sitting up late,
 And the nose, when you work after dinner;
 Though washes and paints the complexion can make,

And to work none at all the hand's thinner ;
 Yet a' these fine graces, hae nae charms for me,
 For bit wi' the same was my brither ;
 I'll ne'er frown on a lass, though a hack in her thumb,
 If her cap's like the cap o' my mither.

O, she is the girl that is leal, kind, and true,
 Who is about half poor, half wealthy ;
 O, she is the lass that a monarch might lo'e,
 Who wears in his bosom the fealty.
 My wife must be loyal, and loving, and kind,
 No idle house scatcher or bleather ;
 And wi' these sweet graces and virtue combined,
 She'll just be the stamp o' my mither.

Away then my leal heart, and rove the world round,
 And as the cock, amorous, and clever,
 Go woo at each hall where a sweet lass is found,
 To a hundred brave girls be a lover ;
 But ne'er court a lass for the sake of her cash,
 Before that you wed one consider ;
 'Tis prudence in woman that makes the man's bliss,*
 And wed a wife, just like your mither.

The poor heart-broken Widow.

I ance had joy, but now 'tis blight,
 I ance kenn'd what was pleasure,
 But youthhood's days are a gane gite,

* If the blessing, sweet fair one be on either's Mas,
 But a lass, just the stamp of my Mither.

And it's a world o' treasure.
 If there's a world, as we expect,
 Beyond the grave of blisses,
 Oh ! that my cradle ne'er had rocked,
 If better ben't than this is.
 O ! r'ugh the road, and lang the ride,
 Through life there's many an ill, O ;
 And better far than be a bride,
 The cauld earth for ane's pillow.

I've seen sae many days o' sad—
 Sae much o' this world's scorning,
 Wi' sorrow hung, and crape o'erclad,
 That a' my joy's to mourning.
 My goodman deed, my son's a' slain,
 In Geordie's wars a' fightin',
 My dochter's ruined 'fore my een—
 What's left me too delight in ?
 O ! r'ugh the road, and lang the ride, &c.

I lang the hour that gies me rest,
 I lang the time, sincerely,
 That sets me free frae care, sae prest,
 And lays me wi' my Charlie.
 Nae mair to sigh, nae mair to weep,
 Nae mair of troubles boding ;
 How sweet my dreams, how soft my sleep,
 Mung worms and clocks corroding.
 O ! r'ugh the road, and lang the ride, &c.

O ! playful years, and teenful bloom,
 Regardless of to-morrow ;

O! happy maid that dies when young,
 Nor kens the goads of sorrow;
 Unstained by crime, unhurt by want,
 At death ye've nought to dread, O;
 You ne'er can know the ills torment,
 A poor heart-broken widow.
 O! rough the road, and lang the ride, &c.

I care for naebody cares not for me.

This world may go height w' its riding and running,
 It's pride and its sauce is a vomit to see;
 Its vice and its folly can hae charms for naebody—
 I care for naebody cares not for me.

Though this aye is bonny, and that aye is handsome,
 A third aye has wit, and a fourth aye has glee—
 Though the world may ca' them a' bonny that hae the cash,
 I care for naebody cares not for me.

There's many braw nobles and lords round the empire,
 And many more gentles fu' high in degree;
 Yet what hae these nobles or gents e'er done for me?
 I care for naebody cares not for me.

'Tis for Sammy, the farmer, wha's harrassed w' rise rents,
 And Jonnie, the slave, who munn toil until dee,
 To say whether great folk has e'er done ought for them—
 I care for naebody cares not for me.

Would the poor folk, together, aye cling to the poor folk.

And ne'er to the rich folk go bending the knee;
 Soon the great folk, more humble, would look on the
 poor folk,
 The poor in their turn, then, might laugh and be free.

The heart truly honest will ne'er stoop to nae aye,
 Though poverty-stricken, and poor as can be;
 'Twill ne'er brook an insult 'thout manly exclaiming:
 I care for naebody cares not for me.

Weep, weep wi' me.

TEXT.—"The Land o' the Lea."

Like Niobe for her children,
 Mysel' I am bewilderin',
 W' grief awa' I'm moulderin',
 As sad as sad can be;
 I'm weeping late and air, aye—
 Forlorn, in despair, aye—
 My breast's sae fu' o' care, aye,
 I canna taste o' glee.

The day may shine and thrive bloom—
 The birds may chaunt right blithesome—
 The lambs may sport and live seem,
 And wanton may the bee.
 But a' this beauty blooming,
 This brightness all illuming,
 That summer brings perfuming,
 Nae pleasure brings to me.

Our weans are a' awa', Sam,
 Death has our dearest twa, Sam;
 But three we had in a', Sam,
 The tither's o'er the sea.
 Then wha shall noo befrien' us
 In auld age, oh! or screen us
 Frae all the blasts that keen is—
O! Weep, weep wi' me.

HUSBAND.

What for is a this roarin, Meg?
 Dry up your tears, nor mourn, Meg;
 This clay house a bit worn, Meg.
 Sure, we maun leave it tae:
 Then, what for a' this crying,
 This sobbing, and this sighing;
 Your sorry een be drying,
 And ne'er sae woeful be.

As if devoid of grace were,
 As if the piteous case were,
 Ye know, it unco base were,
 To mourn at Heaven's decree.
 The bonniest flowers, and fairest—
 The loveliest, and the rarest—
 The nearest, and the dearest
 Maun part, and so maun we.

But there's a land most fair, love,
 Most beautiful and rare, love;
 So cease, and don't despair, love,
 But joyfu' be wi' me:

We'll a' there meet again, love,
 Where wordly care can't pain, love,
 And big a happy hame, love,
 Nae mair to sundered be.

WIFE.

O! welcome land, so merry—
 The meeting we'll hae cheery!—
 But 'gain comes gloom so dreary—
 How lang until I dee!
 Disconsolate, sae heart-broken—
 The mair I would forget them—
 The mair I think, aye frettin'—
O! weep, weep wi' me.

My Nannie.

TUNE—"Corn rig."

Once I was fond of many a lass,
 I'd once a mind for sporting.
 And nights, at weel, wi' Peg and Bess,
 I've sat the young things courting:
 But time jogs on—the proud and great,
 It balds them like my grannie;
 So am I tamed, nor care a haet,
 For ony now but Nannie.

CHORUS.

O, she's the girl that's something worth,
 For late and air she's busy;
 An hour, when spent wi' her, 's worth twa
 Wi' ony ither hissey.

Jean, ance was sunshine o' my e'e,
 But now she's gloom and mair o't;
 'Tis now turned to a rantin' key,
 And ye may guess the air o't.
 Her haughty pride she has laid aside,
 And she's as humble as ony;
 And fondly would she be my bride,
 But I'll now kiss but Nannie.
 O, she's the girl, &c.

O, Nannie is a winsome wench,
 And bears the stamp of sterling;
 She soothed my care when in a pinch,
 And aye she'll be my darling.
 Oh! a' the girls that e'er I saw,
 Though numerous they've been many;
 There's nane compare to her ava',
 To her, my charming Nannie.
 O, she's the girl, &c.

She's sportive as the playful lam'—
 She's blithe as is the linnet—
 She's modest as the primrose blawn—
 She's odorous as the shamrock.
 Nor blackbird sweet, or mavis mild,
 So innocent and funny;
 But emblem of sweet "Nature's child,"
 My ain, my charming Nannie.
 O, she's the girl, &c.

Though doomed to toil in slavery's chain,
 Or work hard for my neighbour,

The lovely lass, was she my ain,
 Light, light would be my labour.
 O, I'll no'er fret, nor grumble nane,
 Nor will I envy ony;
 Give me but aye an hour at e'en,
 To touse wi' my Nannie.
 O, she's the girl, &c.

Burns sang of a Nannie, as well as many thousands before him; but you will find by inspection his Nannie and mine to be quite different. "My Nannie, O," the heroine of Sticher Water, was the daughter of a rich farmer, adorned with all the gaiety of dress: the heroine of this song is but a poor peasant lass.

© but a single man's lone!

I'm waefu' and heartless, tho' plenty I hae,
 And a lad baith of brass and of gumption;
 I can't eat by day, nor by night I can't sleep,
 I hae aye a want as want somethin'.
 I'm never content, for my heart's like to break,
 I'm lank, and I'm lazy, and lith'er;
 I loiter and rhyme, like a poor silly rake—
 I study, and think, and consither,
 O, but a single man's lone, lone!
 O, but a single man's lone!
 Wi' him sorrow's sharp, and the cat breaks his heart,
 And the girls are his deed, ochone, hone!
 And the girls are his deed, ochone!

There, Tammie can laugh, and be blithe in the park,
 Tho' an auld married man, e'en sae cheery;
 And Neddy can whistle, and sing at his wark,
 And vow, that o' life he's no weary:

But I canna whistle, nor I canna sing,
 Or be merry as ither's I see, O;
 The hale day I'm pensive, a poor dowie thing,
 And joyless, as joyless can be, O,
 O, but a single man's lone, lone! &c.

Thus Bauldy one evening his fate did deplore,
 As he walked through a grove 'twas him shadin',
 When a voice from a thicket attracted his ear,
 The musical voice of a maiden:—
 'Tis love, gloomy love, that o'ershadows thy soul,
 And clouds the sweet joys of thy mind, mind;
 No more bend to sorrow, or sigh with dark dole,
 But come to my arms if thou'rt kind, kind:
 And quit now your sighing, ochone, hone!
 And quit now your sighing, ochone!
 O, go wed a wife, to sweeten thy life,
 And keep you from lying alone, lone—
 To keep you from lying alone.

He hied to the bower, embosomed his dear,
 And he cried as he kissed the sweet lassie;
 Thou'rt sweeter to me than three thousand a-year,
 For his leal heart was light, blithe, and saucy.
 The priest was swift sent for, and soon they were wed,
 And still they've been joyful since syne, syne—
 He can now laugh and sing, like his ain plughman, Ned,
 And vow, that a married life's fine, fine:
 And he's quit now his sighing, ochone, hone!
 And he's quit now his sighing, ochone,
 The bliss of this life, he ne'er knew till a wife
 Came to keep him from lying alone, lone—
 Came to keep him from lying alone.

The Drunkard's Complaint.

Tune.—"The unfortunate rake."

O once I was tidy and rich as my neighbours,
 Though now I am filthy and torn in rags—
 But by Sloth and Folly, and following drinking,
 Oh! like a poor sloven I'm on my last legs.

In the days of my youthood, my hours passed sweetly,
 The cold breath of sorrow ne'er sadden'd the boy;
 But, oh! since the day that my old uncle died,
 Full little I've known of sweet comfort or joy.

That worthy old friend at his death had a will made,
 Which gave me possession of all that he had;
 And I was just eighteen, a time that impressions
 Can easily be made on a thoughtless young lad.

Open-hearted and merry I then went a courting,
 While thousands had laid out their snares to trepan,
 And from courting to sporting I hastily rambled,
 While every one called me a clever young man.

I entered the world unsuspecting and loving,
 Believing the people all uncles of mine;
 And had flatterers many to praise and commend me,
 Whose only chief objects were women and wine.

At length, one Bill Dooney, a noted old toper,
 Who had laid out his plan to lead me astray,

Bespoke me so fair, that away I went with him,
And to the Red Lion* we both bent our way.

With the lips of old Satan, and tongue's sweet as honey,
And music 'twould charmed, oh, the ear of sad pain;
Bill flatter'd and wheedled, and told me such stories,
That his funny company I could not refrain.

A habit begun is not easily conquered,
Especially in youth, when the spirits are gay;
And day to day squandering my time on the fiddle,
At last to the Lion I became a prey.

A principal favorite was I there at parties—
The man and the money's still welcome tho' late;
Thus the landlord would say, and would smile at the
mistress,
"Who'd wish that our Bessy and George ben't too
great."

I found myself now round encompassed by fellows,
Who fortunes had once, but had none now to spend;
And these witty wretches being bent to undo me,
They vied with each other for who'd be my friend.

Each thing that I said was a fund of amusement,
And thus by their plaudits was I extolled high,
While no churl was I to fill up the decanter
Whenever our goblets began to run dry.

Thus sitting away in the height of debauchery—
Now ready fresh women were scarce from our call;

* A noted Public House.

And poor silly booby, I never could see that
My poor uncle's property paid for it all.

From step to step sinking, I ne'er thought of ruin,
Till one day the Sheriff my all from me hurled—
Till here a poor wretch in a beggar's condition,
That might have had plenty, I wander the world.

Ah! what is my boast in this wretched position,
T' repay my poor uncle was this the best way—
Thus vile and ungrateful to squander his fortune,
And brand his good name with cold death and decay?

Was this my great love for his prayers unto Heaven
To guide me with counsel in paths that's divine,
To wander so far from the precepts of virtue,
Where in weary being, alas! now I pine?

A spoiled reputation, besides all that's dear else,
Full sore my sad heart does help to weigh down,
Nor one in the nation to on me have pity,
Or save me the gallows would lend me a crown.

O well may I curse now the drink that makes drunken,
And Comus, and Bacchus, and all the whole band,
Who robbed my poor heart here of peace and contentment,
And beggar'd me thus of my silver and land.

But why thus be cursing my poor fellow-creatures,
Since none but myself is to blame for the crime;
Yet be this a warning to brisk, jolly fellows,
Who think it no sin to get drunk by a time.

Dear youths, be industrious, and never mind drinking,
 Nor enter the ale-house, your mind to perplex;
 For if that you do, besides losing your credit,
 The Lion will tear all the clothes off your backs.

Epitaph for the Author.

Let not the giddy schoolboy linger here,
 Nor jeering fop, ambitious, or gay;
 But let poor Pity's children draw near,
 Nor stem, ye sons of Pride, their humble way.
 And reader, if of Nature's soul thou art,
 Thy heart, a heart that's ever prone to feel,
 Here rest a while with death and me apart,
 And read the ditty this stone doth reveal.

Here lies below a solitary swain,
 Deaf now to all thy busy world bestows;
 Whence, as you do, felt its joy and pain—
 Its miseries, misfortunes, and its woes—
 Here lies below a Bard of rustic song,
 "The unlettered Muse" his study and delight,
 Whom wilder passion scourged life's vale along,
 And fostering Nature nurtured but thro' spite.

But what is life? a bubble on a stream!
 And what is fame? an idiot's fleeting laugh!
 This world most dear to vanity and gain,
 All it can give poor genius is its scoff.
 Then, reader pause, before his race you run,
 Think on the thorny path you have to plod,
 His virtues imitate, his follies shun,
 'Tis man's best study how to serve his God.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

SCARCELY, to you I owe much—for more than it is in my power to pay. To you I owe every thing that is near and dear to me, only light and life. To you I owe the publication of my annual book, a thing that not heavy at my heart, until you dispelled the gloom. Your encouraging smile made me proud never again to be brought low. Yet, should obscurity stand my destiny, or the hasty multitude revile me, I shall leave it to you, who feel not as other folks feel, to rebuke my teachers, and tell them, that, if life is feasible, by your patronage and generosity, some future day I will make one grand effort to redeem my character from careless and illiberal slanders—beings who dare as well reproach your humane and benevolent spirit, as confront face to face the man they assail.

Thus saying, ladies and gentlemen, I leave you to chat with the evile ploughman in his paper clothing, until such time as we may chance to meet again.— Thus saying, I make my bow of respect to you, and retire, in hopes that you will not be the poorer for encouraging genius, under whatever garb you may have found it.—Thus saying, I tell you with confidence that I am grateful to you for your patronage, and have inserted your names as they were pronounced, in this my book, in hopes that they will long live for bringing before the public an object dear to my mind.

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