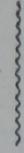


ied,  
ight

POETICAL WORKS.

223

Hout ! woman, cried my father dear,  
A wedding first I'm sure we'll have ;  
I warrant us live these hundred years,  
Nay, may-be, Meg, escape the grave !



AGAIN MAUN ABSENCE CHILL MY SOUL.

AIR—Jockey's Grey Brecks.

AGAIN maun absence chill my soul,  
And bar me frae the friend sae dear ?  
Maun sad despair her torrents roll,  
And frae my eyelids force the tear ?  
Maun restless sorrow wander far,  
Now seek the sun, and now the shade ;  
Now by the lamp of yon pale star  
Dart quick into the thickest glade ?

break.

When morning sleeping nature wakes,  
And cheery hearts wi' laverocks sing,  
And glittering dew a jewel makes,  
That shines in many a sparkling ring ;  
Her saffron robe is nought to me,  
Though wi' the woodbine's fringes tied ;  
Things a' look dull i' the watery ee  
If what we fondly love's denied.

I've seen when Evening on yon hill  
Wad sit an' see the sun gae down,  
y.

speech.

And, as the air grew damp and chill,  
Draw on her cloak of russet brown :  
Her hamely garb was mair to me  
Than a' the Morning's eastern pride ;  
A' things look beauteous i' the ee  
When by a dear lov'd favourite's side.

Take these away, what else remain ?  
A voice of melancholious strain,—  
A memory that longs, all in vain,  
For joys that ne'er return again !  
E'en books o'er me hae lost their power,  
And wi' them fancy winna stay ;  
Heavy and sad creeps on the hour  
When absence sickens through the day.

I've tried to break her potent spells,  
I've pac'd unequal to and fro,  
I've flown to where her name yet dwells,  
But wander'd back again full slow :  
And to forget, how oft I've strove—  
How oft to send sad thoughts away !  
But still they meet me in the grove,  
And haunt me wheresoe'er I stray.

Affection pulls the heart's soft cords,  
And draws the eye from cheerful scenes,  
And, pondering o'er a favourite's words,  
Bids fond Remembrance tell her dreams.

But weary dreams through life maun stray,  
And weary hours that life attend,  
And heavily maun move ilk day  
That keeps us frae a darling friend.



## ON THE MARRIAGE OF MISS JOHANNA GALE

WITH THE REV. F. GRAHAM, RECTOR OF ARTHURET.

18TH FEBRUARY, 1792.

ONCE a grove of sweet myrtles soft Venus would rear,  
And wreath it with roses around ;  
'Twas a green shade for Hope in each change of the year,  
In which she lik'd best to be found.  
Hymen mark'd out the spot, and would plant some  
sweet flower,

So he set down his gay torch the while,  
Which Cupid snatch'd up to set fire to the bower,  
For he joys in a mischievous wife,

The taper burnt clear, yet no leaf would consume,  
Nor wither, nor drop from the spray ;  
It just warm'd the buds, and increas'd their perfume,  
Like the incense that's offered to May.  
Hope ran from her covert, to Hymen she flew,  
He smil'd, and to comfort her said ;  
" Your grove's in no danger, 'tis sacred to you  
And a meek blue-eyed beautiful maid.

P