

Still through my heart thy image strays;  
Thy breath is in each breeze that blows;  
Thy smile, thy song, in by-past days  
In Memory's page more vivid glows!  
So long my thoughts with thee have dwelt,  
They're far the dearest part of me;  
For, O ! this heart too long has felt  
It loves and only lives for thee!



THE AULD CARLE WAD TAK ME FAIN,

The auld carle wad tak me fain,  
And trou's my dad will gar me hae him ;  
But troth he'll find himsel mista'en,—  
When wrang is't duty to obey him ?  
I telt him but the other night  
How sween I was to cross his passion ;  
That age and youth had different sight,  
And saw things in another fashion.

Quo' he, now Meg, it canna be  
But that ye think the carle handsome ;  
He's younger by a year than me,  
And goud has for a kingdom's ransom.  
Come, tak advice and be his wife,  
'Tis fine to be an auld man's deary ;  
I's warrant ye'll lead a happy life,  
And aye be mistress, never fear ye.

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POETICAL WORKS.

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My mither then laid by her wheel,  
And said, Dear Joe, why will ye tease her ?  
I ken ye lo'e our lassie weel,  
For a' your joy has been to please her.  
Nay, come now, think upo' the time,  
When ye were just o' the same fancy,  
When I was young and i' my prime,  
Ye cried—N'er tak an auld man, Nancy.

Then father like a tempest rose,  
And swore the carle should be the man ;  
That wives were certain to oppose,  
Whatever was the husband's plan :  
But Monday, Miss, shall be the day ;  
And, hark ye, gin ye dare refuse me,  
One shilling never shall ye hae,  
Practise what arts ye like t' abuse me.

To lo'e the carle that is sae auld,  
Alak ! it is na i' my nature ;  
Save but three hairs he wad be bald,  
And wears nae wig to look the better :  
The staff he's used this twenty year  
I saw him burn it i' the fire ;  
Sae young the gowk tries to appear,  
And fain wad mak ilk wrinkle liar.

My Sandy has na muckle gear,  
But then he has an air sae genty ;  
,ye.

He's aye sae canty, ye wad swear  
That he had goud and siller plenty.  
He says he cares na for my wealth ;  
And though we get nought frae my daddie,  
He'll cater for me while he's health,—  
Goodnight—I'm off then wi' my laddie.



I'M TIBBY FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

I'M Tibby Fowler o' the glen,  
And nae great sight to see, sirs ;  
But 'cause I'm rich, these plaguy men  
Will never let me be, sirs.

There's bonny Maggy o' the brae  
As guude as lass can be, sirs ;  
But 'cause I'm rich these plaguy men  
Hae a' run wud for me, sirs.

There's Nabob Jock comes strutting ben,  
He thinks the day's his ain, sirs ;  
But were he a' hung round wi' goud,  
He'd find himsel mista'en, sirs.

There's Wat aye tries to glowr and sigh  
That I may guess the cause, sirs ;  
But Jenny-like I hate to spell  
Dumb Roger's hums and ha's, sirs.